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THE
NATION
America's Leading Liberal Weekly Since 1865

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JULY to DECEMBER, 1963

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THE RUSSIAN THEATRE (I): Harold Clurman

THE
NATION

July 6, 1963 . . 35c

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Greece

The Masked Civil War

Harvey Goldberg

THE DAY THE COLD WAR CHANGED

Sir John Lomax

ENGLEWOOD and the NORTHERN DILEMMA

Gerald Walker

LETTERS

The real security

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs: The article on April 27 by Lionel Abel under the title "Theatre of Politics: the Negro" contains a gratuitous affront against the so-called Peace Movement. He says, "The peace movement . . . lacks intellectual coherence. If you are concerned about the security of the people of this country then you have to be worried about the possibility of Russian military superiority, and if you are indeed worried about that, you cannot be part of a peace movement."

In the first place, we are assured by our President that we have no missile or other delivery inferiority and we have much evidence to indicate that the United States has an "overkill" capacity greater by a considerable margin than that of the USSR.

Even more important is the point, ignored entirely by Mr. Abel, that the greatest risk to "security of the people of this country" may well be Russian military weakness, relative to our own strength, or simple accident, or miscalculation, or insubordination of the military (here or there), or escalation.

The only intellectually coherent position regarding public security is one which could lead to ultimate removal of the mechanisms which threaten the lives of everyone on the planet Earth. *Maurice B. Visscher*
University of Minnesota

Chemical warfare

Penrhyndeudraeth, Wales

Dear Sirs: I am disturbed by the fact that I have not been able to make known to the American public the facts concerning the use of chemicals in Vietnam. When I originally raised this point in my letter to *The New York Times*, that newspaper attacked me editorially for failing to provide evidence. . . .

The U.S. Government has been charged by the South Vietnam Liberation Red Cross, after a year's study by them of the chemicals sprayed in South Vietnam and their effect upon the health of human beings, animals and crops, with using weed killers which, in the large doses used, are harmful; with using white arsenic, various kinds of arsenite sodium and arsenite calcium, lead manganese arsenates, D.N.P. and D.N.C. (which inflame and eat into human flesh), and calcic cyanamide (which has "caused leaves, flowers and fruit to fall, killed big cattle like buffaloes and cows, and seriously affected thousands" of the inhabitants of South Vietnam); with having spread these poisonous chemicals on large and densely populated areas of South Vietnam. Admittedly, the South Vietnam Liberation Red Cross is, as its name suggests, allied with those opposing the U.S.-supported Diem regime, but its published findings cannot be ignored, since it has urged international investigation of the situation. The use of these weapons, napalm bombs and chemicals, constitutes and results in atrocities, and points to the fact that this is a war of annihilation.
Bertrand Russell

Pope John

Newport, R.I.

Dear Sirs: Your understanding editorial on Pope John's death [June 22] was in marked contrast to the sniggering, bitter editorial to be found in the June 18 issue of *The National Review*. You correctly noted several points that Pope John, in his last encyclical, dwelt on with pointedness — racism is evil, and disarmament is necessary to the spread of social justice among all peoples. He was well aware of the evil (so often hidden) in the blandishments of the warfare state — a state, incidentally, that the *Review* relishes as it heads toward its own brand of martyrdom. . . .

No force in the Vatican can stop the flood of intelligence which John let loose in his Church. Regardless of intransigent bishops molded in a post-Reformation mentality, the work of John will help all people, of all persuasions, or of none, as Christ intended. *Albert J. McAlvan*

Oceanography

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Aerospace to Oceanography" [May 4], states: "sad to relate, the National Academy of Sciences Committee on Oceanography recently [sic] issued a report recommending a ten-year program for research without once mentioning industry." In fact, however, the committee is deeply interested in the contribution which industry can make to the future of oceanography. . . .

The first chapter of the committee's report (published in 1958), "Introduction and Summary of Recommendations," stresses five major recommendations, of which the final one reads: "Private foundations and universities, industry and state governments should all take an active part in the recommended program of expansion." Furthermore, the chapter on "Engineering Needs for Ocean Exploration" identifies the lead that industry should take in this field. The chapter on "Ocean-Wide Surveys" states that "a portion of the survey work should be done by arrangement with competent groups from private industry who are experienced in geophysical explorations."
Richard C. Vetter
Executive Secretary
Committee on Oceanography of the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council

THE
NATION
Saturday July 6, 1963
Volume 197, No. 1

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The Nation, July 6, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 1

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

Logic of Circumstance

There is nothing deterministic about the events that, week by week, month by month, year by year, engross the minds of statesmen. If there is such a thing as the "locomotive of history," circumstances do not furnish its motive power. Chance plays its role and no man can predict its entrances and exits. Just the same, circumstances have their long-term logic, for the simple reason that events arise out of the past and what men have done is bound to influence what men will do. That inescapable fact lies behind President Kennedy's June 10 overtures to Premier Khrushchev. The cold war, in its phase of mounting intensity, has gone on long enough — in truth, too long. It cannot be stopped all at once. But, except for baldly partisan purposes, the steam has gone out of it — at least as between the United States and the USSR. Hopes for a renewal, with Red China and the United States as the antagonists, may spring in the breasts of our war-hawks. But they will have to wait, perhaps in vain.

An understanding between the United States and the Soviets makes sense and it is coming. There was never any reason for a military showdown, except ideology and the reluctance of a great *status quo* power to yield some of its dominance to a great emerging power. The two countries have no common border, no designs on each other's territory, and no history of mutual hatred. And now both are entering a world different from the world of the past, and one which will beset the United States, in particular, with problems of appalling magnitude at home. The United States will find it needs peace even more than the Soviet Union does. It will be an uneasy peace, to be sure, and one marred by irritations and bickering, but peace it will be.

It is said that the mail reaching the White House on the June 10 speech is predominantly unfavorable. Assuming it is grass-roots mail (an assumption which may be quite unsafe), this merely shows that the American public has been brainwashed over the past fifteen years out of its normal good sense. Abroad, reaction has ranged from commendatory to enthusiastic. The fact is that Europe has been emerging from the cold war faster than we have — which is one reason for the disarray of the NATO alliance.

The difficulty of permanently brainwashing a people like the Americans is shown by an editorial in *County Government*, the limited-circulation magazine of the County Officers Association of the State of New York. The editorial, by James H. Heineman, the magazine's publisher, appeared in the April issue and must therefore have been written in March or before. Mr. Heineman called the turn. He did not use weasel words: his title was "IN BED WITH THE BEAR — OR THE COMING ALLIANCE WITH RUSSIA." *The Nation* does not go this far and the title may make Senators Mundt, Dirksen, Goldwater, et al., see red, but the question is whether they can answer the logic which Mr. Heineman has found in current circumstances.

Compressed to a degree which does injustice to the original, the components of this logic are: (1) War has been made prohibitive by thermonuclear weapons and has become useless as a means of economic expansion; (2) our constantly expanding industry *must* find new markets, nevertheless, and the one great potential market, transcending all others, is the Soviet Union (and don't imagine that Western Europe is not aware of it, too); (3) technology overleaps all boundaries and "progress cannot be stifled by the nationality of scientists" (the Pugwash conferences, which are actually exploratory exchanges among scientists in high official positions on both sides of the rusting iron curtain, are only a harbinger of what is to come); (4) U.S.-USSR defense requires that the two nations get together to try to stop, before it is too late, the uncontrolled proliferation of nuclear weapons.

"Americans," Mr. Heineman concludes, "may yet regard Khrushchev as a great man, not for any political contributions toward peace that he might make, but for recognizing and accepting the inevitable, which could lay the groundwork for peace." To which one can only add the prayer that, speaking at the Berlin Wall, Mr. Kennedy will not undo what he has so promisingly begun.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

After July 13, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only: July 27, Aug. 10 and Aug. 24.

The Two Genii

Presidents before John F. Kennedy have been known to let genii out of bottles, but never before has a President let two out of their respective bottles on successive days. The statement is not strictly accurate, however. The cold-war genie was indeed released by the President at American University on June 10, but the Negro Revolution genie — and that's what it is — got out by himself on June 11. Arthur Krock has criticized the President for evading problems until they reach the crisis stage. In the case of race relations, the criticism is just. Trying to hold Southern support for his legislative program, the President waited too long. On the legislation which counts most

— that on civil rights — he will get precious little Southern support in any case. His only hope of skidding it past the filibusters is aid from the Republican side of the Senate, where a tender love affair has long existed with the selfsame Southern Democratic bloc which will attempt to talk his proposed civil-rights legislation to death.

One thing is certain — the genii are out, and the Negro one is certainly not going back into his bottle. The cold-war genie would also be difficult to recontain, but it might be done, temporarily, by either Mr. Khrushchev or Mr. Kennedy himself. As far as the interests of the United States and of the world are concerned, both sets of issues might as well be faced now. They are, in a political sense, complementary; if Mr. Kennedy can succeed in putting one to rights, he will have a better chance with the other. But the interaction goes much deeper.

The fact is that the world is badly out of balance, with mores and institutions lagging far behind technology. Nowhere is the lag more glaring and more dangerous than in the United States, precisely because our technology is so far advanced and our institutions that much farther out of phase. The mores of the Deep South, for instance, have scarcely changed since James Buchanan was President. The mores of the Negroes, North and South, certainly have changed, but even the Negro leaders, intelligent and resolute as they are, give no sign that they appreciate the diastrophic changes that lie ahead. James Farmer, for instance, inveighs against the "white Establishment" and demands preferential job-hiring for Negroes. For every Negro who is exploited by the white Establishment, five or ten white workers are exploited — not to the same degree, but enough to unbalance the economic system and foment endless industrial strife. As automation proceeds apace, white men will be thrown out of jobs on the heels of Negroes; and uncounted thousands of white boys, like black, will never find work. Retraining? Does Mr. Farmer propose to make a computer programer out of a laborer, white or black, who has never finished primary school?

Such are the problems of American Presidents, present and future, and of the American Congress, most of whose members are scarcely more awake, sociologically, than a somnambulist on the edge of a roof. Mr. Kennedy is wide awake, but he has his work cut out for him. What he needs, above all, is some of the political and personal magnetism which made Franklin D. Roosevelt a great President. For it is on the ability to arouse the voters to the country's peril, and their own, that the outcome will depend. President Kennedy might be re-elected, and leave to his successor the same sort of situation that President Buchanan left to President Lincoln. If he takes on simultaneously the two interlocking problems, domestic and foreign, that threaten us, he may find in himself the spiritual and political resources that he and we so desperately need.

In God We Trust

The New York *Daily News* is the most widely read — or it might be better to say, widely bought — newspaper in the United States. A good many "readers" just look at the funnies and leave the paper on the subway seat, but a minority probably reads the editorials, too. A certain percentage of this minority must have been startled by an editorial titled, "God Booted Out of School." Hopefully, the *News* felt "reasonably sure" that the Supreme Court's "anti-God crusade" will "shoot more steam into the already widespread demand for some sort of curb on the Supreme Court itself."

This is the gimmick. In any country which has allowed itself to be plunged into a war neurosis, or which has no idea of how to cope with its political problems, the courts are the last resort of the citizen who has not gone completely off his head. It was so — for a while, at least — even in Nazi Germany, and in McCarthyite America. The Supreme Court of the United States, certainly, is a civilized tribunal, and anyone appointed to it who may be lacking a trifle in some of the attributes expected in the office, may acquire them with the years.

This situation has a natural consequence: every idiot and Yahoo in the country hates the Supreme Court as the devil hates holy water. Those who have a professional interest in rallying the dregs of the nation are well aware of this, and they would like nothing better than to emasculate the Justices of the Supreme Court. Whenever the Justices make a decision touching on religion, these fakers and fanatics think they see their chance. When the Court decides on the basis of the plain words of the Constitution that compulsory Bible reading, or recital of the Lord's prayer in the schools, is an illegal establishment of religion, they scream that God is being kicked out of the school. What they would really like is to kick men like Chief Justice Warren out of office, and reduce the rest of the Court to a rubber stamp for their own schemes. It hasn't worked, and we don't believe it will. If it ever does, the Bill of Rights will join the Court in a desuetude that will be far from innocuous.

The Uses of Violence

We know nonviolence has its uses, but so has violence — especially when you can induce your opponent to use it in its most outrageous forms. At some point revulsion sets in, and at that point the practitioners of violence have come to the end of their rope.

Exhibits are numerous, but here are two culled from the struggle of the American Negro — and his white friends — for the Negro's constitutional rights. The scene is Danville, Va. — you don't need to go as far as Alabama or Mississippi. Danville is a textile center of about 46,000, one-third of whom are Negroes. It calls itself the "Southside Capital of Virginia." Its fame will now spread beyond the great state which has given the Union so many Presidents.

With some minor exceptions — Negro "meter maids" and the like — Danville remains segregated. Some 65 Negroes organized a protest demonstration. They did not represent the whole of the Negro community by any means; many Negroes who were comparatively well off, economically, stayed home. A fracas began which could probably have been contained by a few level-headed public officials. Instead, Mayor Julian C. Stimson roared at Police Chief E. G. McCain: "Give 'em all you got!" Immediately the hoses were turned on the demonstrators, some of whom were standing, some on their knees praying, in front of police headquarters. Under cover of the water barrage, the Danville police force, augmented by deputized garbage truck drivers, charged, swinging clubs. Forty-seven Negroes and whites were injured. One may be sure that Negro casualties predominated.

An announcer covering the event for the local radio station, which is strongly segregationist, was appalled. "Why . . . why . . ." he stammered into his microphone, "this is mass police brutality!" It is not recorded whether the station admonished him for his lack of guts.

Exhibit No. 2 comes from WNEW, a large and enterprising radio station in New York City. From June 5 to June 9, WNEW gave authenticated accounts of sexual abuse of both white and colored women in the jails of Jackson, Mississippi. One twenty-three-year-old white girl who had been arrested in a freedom demonstration told a story of girls subjected to "unsanitary and unmedical vaginal examinations" ostensibly to make sure that they were not bringing in dope. The girl herself went on a hunger strike. To improve her appetite, she was forced to stand naked before male prisoners in the jail yard. Other instances of the same sort of Southern chivalry were detailed at a press conference in New York, but, according to the WNEW transcript, the papers were not interested. "Honey," said one reporter, "it's not news."

Who Said Two Drinks?

In explaining the new regulations and depreciation allowances and investment tax credits which will save business up to $4 billion a year, Mortimer Caplin, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, also used the occasion of an address to the American Management Association to reassure the executives on a subject even closer to their hearts than corporate profits, namely, expense accounts. These basic "guides" will be followed: "active conduct" of a business discussion at a meal; "the business discussion" directly before or after a meal; and "the quiet business meal" emphasizing "modest entertainment" — in a word, before, after and during. By way of added comfort, Mr. Caplin, with the fervor of a genuine New Frontiersman, assured the assembled executives that no one in his organization had ever thought of "telling anybody how many drinks to have at dinner. . . . I challenge anyone to tell me where the regulations say only two drinks are allowed instead of three or one instead of two." These genial reassurances should put a stop to the cruel anticipations of austerity that have been agitating executives and restaurant owners for the last six months. The big expense-account binge will continue, at least through '64, at a level that will keep the executives in the style to which they have grown accustomed.

THE MASKED CIVIL WAR . . . . Harvey Goldberg

Athens

From the columns of the press, May-June, 1963:

Athens, May 23-June 3: *The assassination of Gregory Lambrakis, a prominent left-wing deputy of EDA (the Union of the Democratic Left) during political clashes in Salonika, touched off a storm of protest in Greece, which took a sharp anti-government turn. The funeral brought out an emotional crowd of 100,000 in Athens, shouting "Long Live Immortal Lambrakis" and "We Want Democracy." Premier Constantine Caramanlis ordered an investigation of the Salonika tragedy which led to the arrest of one Katzramanis, member of a Fascist organization. The organization was ordered dissolved.*

Ankara, May 22-June 1: *An attempted coup against the government of Premier Ismet Inonu, led by ex-Colonel Talat Aydemir and a group of military cadets, failed to topple the regime, which had itself emerged from an army* coup *against the hated Menderes government in May, 1960. Sensitive to growing attacks on his government as ineffective and conservative, Inonu has met the unrest with martial law and press censorship.*

Teheran, June 5-6: *In the worst Iranian riots since the fall of Dr. Mossadegh in 1953, the Shiite Moslem followers of Rouhallah Khomaini broke into revolt against the regime of Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi. Though to some extent an attack by conservatives opposed to the Shah's land-reform program, the riots followed others in recent years from the Left, aimed against military and anti-parliamentary government. The riots were put down, and Iran again is under martial law.*

Athens, June 11: *The resignation of Caramanlis after eight years in office has created a ministerial crisis in Greece. Though the ostensible cause was the Premier's opposition to a proposed visit to England of King Paul and Queen Frederika, the fall of Caramanlis reflected the deep hostility to conservative and repressive government.*

The conjuncture of these events in Greece, Turkey and Iran, all of them indicating great social instability, is strikingly significant. For they are precisely the three countries in which the cold war

---

Harvey Goldberg, historian, is the author of The Life of Jean Jaures *(U. of Wis. Press).*

began in 1946 and 1947. It was in Iran in 1945-46 that the United States first perfected its "get tough" policy and helped to force the Russians out (it has been said that this Iranian operation was in Mr. Kennan's mind when he formulated his containment policy in 1947); and it was in Greece and Turkey in 1947 that the United States charted its commitment to an anti-Communist Europe in its first military-aid crash program, the Truman Doctrine. Now, sixteen years after that intervention, the Greek government planned a monument for Truman, showing him, several times life-size, holding his great charter in his hand.

But the monument may well commemorate a bit of history, rather than a living policy. For recent events rather clearly imply that the American decisions of 1946-47 and the alliance systems which crystallized them resulted in a "holding operation" rather than a definitive political settlement. Nothing seems better to illustrate that the Truman Doctrine-NATO-CENTO era is drawing to a close than that unrest is now widespread in the three original Western bastions of the cold war.

Curiously enough, Greece, Turkey and Iran, which resemble each other neither in geography nor institutions, offer strikingly similar examples of arrested historical development. Each one, earlier in the twentieth century, experienced an important national revolution charted by a dynamic leader. In Greece, Eleftherios Venizelos, impassioned patriot and spokesman for the lesser middle classes against the dominant elites, waged the Balkan Wars of 1912-13 to establish the national frontiers and then spearheaded the drive for the short-lived Greek Republic (1925-35); in Turkey, the remarkable Kemal Ataturk preserved the present frontiers from Greek expansionism, abolished the decayed Sultanate, destroyed the power of Islam and set the course of Westernization; and in Iran, the rough-hewn Reza Shah, operating in an even more tradition-mired society, modernized social custom at the expense of an all-powerful church. However remarkable and essential, these national revolutions were incomplete (perhaps the first examples of that now-familiar condition of developing countries), for they failed to set the goals or carry through the programs which could develop natural resources, abolish mass poverty and break the power of the wealthy few. So they remained backward.

Not surprisingly, therefore, in each of them, especially in the aftermath of the Second World War, a significant left-wing "threat" developed. In Greece, the resistance movement against German occupation, though partially in the hands of the Right, had been most effectively organized by the Communist-oriented EAM (the National Liberation Front), which proclaimed as its goal a new social order. In Turkey, where Ataturk's death in 1938 had transferred power to Inonu's self-seeking Republican Party, wartime neutrality and the illiterate muteness of the Anatolian peasantry had kept down social disorder; but the postwar influence of a victorious USSR to the North generated fears (or hopes) among politicians and intellectuals of an internal upheaval. And in Iran, the Russian-supported Tudeh Party, proclaiming an autonomous Azerbaijan in November, 1945, threatened to break the all-powerful grip of the landlords.

At that point the holding operation began. By 1947, in each of these countries, the revolutionary movement had been virtually suppressed or the Russian influence circumscribed by the decisions of American diplomacy. The control of Greece, Turkey and Iran came to rest, securely it seemed, in the hands of anti-Communist, often repressive and militaristic, governments. With plenty of American aid, they built armies, occasionally dams and fertilizer plants—and often personal fortunes. Yet holding operations are hardly ever permanent in history, and it should come as no surprise that ferment is now so evident in Greece, Turkey and Iran. Nor should it seem so depressing, if it means that their internal development will, in greater measure than before, reflect not the cold war, but their own social forces.

Over the past year, I have traveled across the world (the Far and Middle East, North Africa, Eastern and Western Europe), trying to match my historian's understanding of the age with the visual realities. Everywhere I asked questions; I listened, weighed answers, and learned. My stay in Greece, Turkey and Iran lasted no more than two months; but then, how long does it take for an intellectual to express his discontent or a politician his ambition?

My findings in Greece may throw some light on recent events.

The memory of the Civil War (1944-49) is still the burning thought in the Greek political consciousness. It had been violent; on both sides it roused fierce passions; and its outcome, at least until now, had been determined by the British and then, more decisively, by the American presence. But most important, what makes the Civil War a force in Greek politics is that EAM (with its military arm, ELAS) came very close to winning. At the time of the liberation, EAM had two million followers in a population of seven million. I talked to men of both the Left and Right who still remembered, either with joy or horror, the massive demonstration of December 3, 1944, which signaled the start of the Civil War, when over 60,000 leftists, many carrying red flags, surged into Constitution Square to protest Papandreou's attempt (on British instructions) to disarm ELAS. The tide first turned against the Left when the British intervened militarily as early as December 15; then came the white terror of 1945-46, organized by the fanatically anti-Communist National Guard; and finally, the parliamentary elections of March 31 and the plebescite of September 1, 1946, both conducted with force and fraud, which produced a Royalist parliament and guaranteed the King's return.

But that was hardly the end, nor could it be in a country sick with more than one hundred years of poverty, unemployment and (after independence) unfulfilled hopes. The leftists took to the hills and began a guerrilla war. Confronted with the most frightful social problems (runaway inflation, an annual peasant income of $200, a pitiful stagnation in production), Premier Constantine Tsaldaris none the less devoted himself wholly to "restoration of public order." The net of repression, as one might expect, caught not only Communists, but liberals and trade unionists as well. Meanwhile, former Axis collaborators found their way back into the

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Trouble along a Western "safety wall."

government and wealthy profiteers had a field day. Within this context — economic collapse, social misery and a revived revolutionary movement—Truman launched his doctrine in March, 1947. The aid, which by the end of 1950 totaled almost $2 billion for Greece alone, brought the Civil War to a close. Free from the Communist menace, Greece was apparently safe for democracy, ready for NATO and destined to develop her economy.

But the memory of that Civil War has shaped the present in three significant ways. First, it has polarized Greek politics into a Right (with only a nuance of difference among its various parties and leaders) and an extreme Left (the legatee of EAM's cause). The Center exists in name only. The American holding operation hasn't altered, but has rather enforced, the either-or pattern of Greek politics. Second, it has enabled successive Greek governments to ignore fundamental economic and social problems. To fight Communists and to accept the oligarchic structure of society have become two sides of the same coin. And third, the left-wing movement, which now centers around EDA, retains the drive and spirit of Civil War radicalism. Just as EAM strove to break through the stalemate of Greek society, so EDA seeks to break through the holding operation.

At the Far Right of the Greek political spectrum are some dozen or more organizations reminiscent of France's prewar Fascist *ligues*. Their very names—the National Anti-Communist Crusade of Greece, the Union of Anti-Communist Veterans, the Blue Falange—suggest the familiar round of anti-leftist terrorist activities. The police never felt it necessary to restrain or dissolve these organizations until one stalwart Fascist drove his motorcycle over Lambrakis and carried terrorism to the parliamentary level. For, in fact, these organizations, so fiercely dedicated in their anti-communism, express in exaggerated form the aspirations of more respectable parties.

"Except for our Communists," a prominent political scientist, linked to the government, said to me one day, "our parties are not ideological." His observation was merely a peculiar way of telling me, as many others did, that there was no substantial difference between the Radical Union Party, whose 180 deputies control parliament, and the so-called Center opposition — the coalition of the Liberals of Sophocles Venizelos and the Centrists of George Papandreou. Recent Greek history had rather verified the observation; for if the Caramanlis Radical Union government was overtly rightist, fervently for "free enterprise" and the anti-Communist crusade, the Liberals and Centrists, who had several times before 1955 held office, had not been much different. "Our constitution," the political scientist explained, "is really a nineteenth-century liberal instrument. It makes no provision for social reform or state economic intervention." In an age of planning and social engineering, the major parties adhere to the ideal (itself never attained) of an outmoded "classic liberalism."

A quarrel *does* exist among the "respectable" parties. With its seventy-eight deputies in parliament and a press, which includes the excellent newspaper *Vima*, the Center Union Party (the coalition of Liberal and Center forces) wages an often-fierce campaign against the government. But that opposition turns far more on the question of method than of program. "The last general elections were rigged; they were stolen from us," I heard an opposition editor charge. "The government blatantly disregards civil liberties, but we intend to restore them." He cited telling examples of force and fraud in the elections. From what I heard, I had no reason to doubt either allegation. At best, then, when the opposition leaders aren't just office-seekers, they are decent men, outraged by the thuggish use of the Army and the police to thwart democracy.

Their resentment is compounded, however, of two other charges, sometimes obliquely phrased, which underscore their political frustration. They are essentially accusations about the influence of King Paul and of the American Embassy. "The King, after all, hand-picked Caramanlis, who had been a pretty obscure politician," a liberal journalist told me. And he added bluntly: "It may not be constitutional, but the King is the real leader of the government party. The source of his strength? Well, the Army, of course—and its very conservative officer corps." The fervent republicanism of the old liberals may be dead, but one senses its overtones in bitter criticisms of the German-born Queen ("spendthrift," "wasting the money of our poor country on that lavish dowry for the Princess") and in the deep resentment over the King's preference for the ruling Radical Union. As for the American Embassy, Center Unionists have charged that it has thrown its formidable weight behind the government party. "The Americans make their preference for Caramanlis so obvious," complained the editor. "They have almost no contacts with us at all."

But the Center Unionists, if they rightly claim a greater dedication to democracy and a resentment of extra-constitutional influences, offer the Greeks few options on social and economic questions. The Civil War weighs on them, as it does on the government, and it vitiates the mildest urge to reform. In several conversations, Center Unionists admitted the twin problems of mass poverty and economic oligarchy. But when I asked for their program, their answers were vague and therefore revealing. Thus, the editor spoke of honesty in government, of personal freedoms; but not a word about planning, reform or a fiscal policy to tax great fortunes. He fell rather into fear-ridden memories of the Civil War. "In 1944, you know, the Communists had practically all of Athens. Papandreou's support was all over in the *Grande-Bretagne* where the British mission lived. It was a close call, and thank heavens for your American aid. But the threat is still here." On substantive questions, whether international or internal, the government and its official opposition are both very much guardians of the holding operation. They are on the Right, vying for office and hurling accusations at each other.

By nature Greece is a poor country. Her peasants must live on fragmented plots (among the smallest in the world); her sparse natural resources inevitably limit her industrialization. In antiquity, the Greeks made their way by sailing the seas and planting colonies; today they can achieve a real measure of mass prosperity only by careful economic planning, which no Greek government has been willing to undertake.

Economic stagnation, as serious after independence as during centuries of Turkish rule, has been the great postwar challenge. American aid, despite lamentable waste or corruption, did stir and stimulate the economy. Between 1950 and 1962, the rate of economic growth averaged out to an impressive 6 per cent per year. "But you mustn't be deceived," warned a well-trained young economist (a Ph.D. from a great American university). "Much of that investment has been unproductive; and without new policies, I doubt that we can sustain that expansion in the future." The growth rate, he pointed out, had already dropped — 6.5 per cent between 1950-56, but only 5.5 per cent between 1956-62. Furthermore, agricultural income, the measure of peasant welfare, had risen less than half of the national average. Investment in the mercantile fleet, tourist hotels and luxury apartments creates neither plant nor jobs for the future.

Greece has been plagued by two fundamental economic problems, one linked to the other. The first, the inevitable sign of a semi-colonial economy, is her raw-material, agricultural status. Greek national wealth derives from farm produce (and not the basic grain staples, but rather tobacco and fruits) and some raw materials. The other problem is the constant threat of a serious trade imbalance between industrial imports and agricultural exports. "We've been living on foreign aid and borrowed time," the economist insisted. "Tourism and shipping bring us about $100 million each; together with an elaborate system of protection, we have used these means to close the gap. But tourism is a preposterous way out of an economic dilemma. Its profits line the pockets of hotel owners; and the whole industry rests on the whim of tourists. The Common Market? If we're full members, it will destroy our system of protection. We'll have a hard time marketing Macedonian produce if we're flooded with Italian fruit."

Greece's recent economic performance thus suffers from the composition of investments. Shipping and tourism have flourished, but the "import-replacing sector" has remained pitifully small (in the years 1954-56, industrial goods comprised 2 per cent of Greek exports and in 1960-62 only 1.9 per cent). Finally, the infrastructure, especially schools and technical education, is archaic and underdeveloped.

All of which shows up, even through cold statistics, in the poverty of the Greek masses. The per capita income is an abysmal $350, higher than a decade ago, but one of the lowest in Europe. (Nor does that figure, which averages out all districts and classes, tell the story; in backward Epirus, for example, per capita income is a miserable $100, while in Athens, where wealthy building contractors and bankers are included, it's $550.) A tiny Greek elite, reaping the whirlwind of the Occupation or the aid program, amassed great fortunes which easily escape the net of taxation (one well-known shipping magnate, I was told, paid about $400 in income taxes last year). But for the masses life is hard and opportunity limited in "warm and happy Greece."

Should the United States be blamed or praised for her economic role in Greece? "You must be realistic," the political scientist pointed out. "Aid is always *political* aid. You came in to stop communism and to build our military defenses. You weren't encouraging basic changes in the economic structure or the pattern of ownership." But neither were the ruling parties and politicians. Their *raison d'etre* is that they have saved Greece *from* communism. But *for* what? Not real political democracy; certainly not social democracy. Thus, after years of fighting communism, the extreme Left still remains "the other force."

EDA was founded in 1951 with the fusion of five small parties into one. It is frequently billed as the successor of EAM; and, in fact, since the Communist Party is outlawed, there are many Communists in its ranks and leadership, though others—varieties of Socialists and democrats—fill out its membership. Its strength, while largely in the big cities like Athens and Salonika, is considerable in certain poverty zones (Thessaly and Macedonia) and in some especially backward pockets. Despite severe handicaps —harsh police action and ingeniously contrived election laws — the party put twenty-five deputies in parliament in the last elections.

Where does EDA stand? "The repression of our freedom and the poverty of our people—these are Greece's critical problems," replied Elia Eliou, EDA's parliamentary leader. Dignified, middle-aged, warm-spirited, he spoke to me in deliberate but correct French. Except for what he said, he could have passed for a successful bourgeois lawyer. He talked at length about repression and the burning issue of political imprisonment. "The Civil War was a bitter struggle, and there's no use denying that atrocities were committed by both sides. But since the Left lost, only *its* atrocities were played up. Do you want to know about white terror? Four thousand leftist leaders were shot after courts-martial; thousands of others were imprisoned or deported to the islands. I spent five years in deportation myself. During the September plebiscite in 1946, the police and the Army roamed the countryside silencing opposition and forcing the verdict. Repression was thus built into our political system, and it serves the interests of our financial oligarchy, foreign investors and the State Department." He talked with feeling of the 1,200 or so political prisoners still rotting away in Greek jails after a dozen or more years.

With an impressive array of facts and figures (his latest book deals with economic conditions), Eliou summed up EDA's case against Greece's "semi-colonial" economy. He pointed to foreign exploitation of her natural resources; to the sale of these resources in the international market ("we have bauxite but no aluminum industry"); to American "dumping" of wheat and cotton and its depressing effects on Greek agriculture. "We have a backward economy, which can ill afford to support foreign interests or to spend 7½ per cent of the national income on the Army." And all the great structural weaknesses of the economy, he predicted, could become only more serious under the impact of the Common Market.

From these analyses, Eliou called off the main points of EDA's program: political democracy; amnesty; industrial development; agricultural modernization; the socialization of natural resources; the heavy taxation of large fortunes; and, in foreign policy, reduction of the excessive American influence and the establishment of friendly relations with both the Western and Socialist camps. Even the right-wing government, Eliou pointed out, had been forced through bilateral agreements to trade heavily with the Soviet bloc countries (up to 25 per cent of Greek exports); EDA would expand that trade for the benefit of the nation's prosperity. Freedom, justice, peace—these were the key words.

My conversation with Eliou had an epilogue the next day when some journalists of *Avgi*, the pro-EDA daily, were carted off to jail.

EDA and the future? It's a theme worth pondering. Suppose it came close to power. EAM, we know, had been led by tough Communists who might have turned the new society into purges and prisons. But what about EDA? It is a coalition, but the Communists seem the dominant faction. Are they, years after the Stalinist era, flexible, national, parliamentary? And then, would their threat, like a repetition of the cold war, call forth violence or even a Fascist coup? And what about American diplomacy? "All these starve-to-death nations we helped out are getting kind of pig-headed," Mr. Truman observed recently, "but they will come round all right in time." But suppose some "pig-headed" nation doesn't? For us, these are disturbing questions. But though we may regret the polarization of Greek politics, we can't wish away the consequences of history. And for many Greeks, increasingly impatient, EDA is the alternative to the stalemate.

Events moved rapidly in the spring: the impressive international meeting in Paris for amnesty; the jostling of Queen Frederika in London by Greek leftists; and then, as the aftermath of a peace rally in Salonika, the explosive Lambrakis affair. The furor touched off by that event has involved not only EDA but also the Center Union, which charged the government with "turning toward fascism" and "instigating political murder." Now Caramanlis has resigned, and the ministerial crisis is upon Greece. Did the King scuttle Caramanlis because he was discredited? Did Caramanlis break with the King because the monarchy is unpopular? Are new elections, before the election law is revised, a clever political gambit by Caramanlis? It is too early to know, but perhaps these questions are not so important. *The New York Times* (June 15), disturbed about the fate of the North Atlantic Alliance, referred to eight years of "stability and prosperity" under Caramanlis. But stability *how*? Prosperity for *whom*? The deeper Greek crisis turns on the answers to these questions.

Englewood and the Northern Dilemma

Gerald Walker

The precipitating facts in the Englewood, N.J., two-year school-desegregation controversy are: 495 of 505 pupils at Lincoln Elementary School are Negro; achievement tests show Lincoln sixth-graders are two years behind those of the other elementary schools, causing a higher drop-out rate thereafter.

The remedy, say Negro parents, is for their children to go to elementary schools that are not 98 per cent Negro. For support, they cite the 1954 Supreme Court decision overturning Southern *de jure* school segregation (segregated by law or school policy), which said "separate education facilities are inherently unequal" and segregation "has a detrimental effect" on Negro school children.

Englewood's die-hard City Council and many white parents deny a direct causal connection between racial concentration per se and quality of education. They also say the 1954 decision does not apply to Englewood, since school segregation there is not deliberate or, in the Court's words, "solely on the basis of race," but *de facto* (segregated in fact, largely due to housing patterns). They claim this absolves them of any obligation to reassign students.

These and related issues have so polarized and paralyzed Englewood — militant, mostly Negro Englewood Movement on one side; unbending, mostly white Committee to Save Our Neighborhood Schools (SONS) on the other — that it is no longer able to deal constructively with its own problem. Last fall, after dismissal of some Negro parents' federal court suit for want of exhausting administrative remedies, the NAACP and others sought other outside relief by petitioning State Education Commissioner Frederick M. Raubinger, whose decision is expected in late June or July. Dr. Raubinger's ruling almost certainly will follow precedent-setting guide lines enunciated in his May 15 decision on Orange, N.J., which suggested a totally new approach to *de facto* segregation.

Even in the absence of intentional school segregation, the Or-

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Gerald Walker has written extensively on race relations. The research on which this article is based was made possible through a grant by The Philip M. Stern Family Fund.

ange decision said, a school board has a positive duty to reduce racial concentration since it "engenders feelings and attitudes which tend to interfere with successful learning" and constitutes "a deprivation of educational opportunity." The first such legal utterance by a state official, it is a significant extension of the reasoning and effect of the 1954 Supreme Court ruling. (On June 18, New York's Educational Commissioner issued a similar order.)

Even with such a directive, Englewood's dispute may not be settled by fall, for someone will file a delaying court appeal which would mean another year of segregation for Lincoln.

Englewood's is but one of sixty-nine similarly divisive community fights in fifteen non-Southern states, all provoked by the fact that segregated neighborhoods produce segregated neighborhood schools. Tactically deciding that schools were more responsive to pressure for change than neighborhoods, the NAACP in the past few years has campaigned increasingly against *de facto* school segregation above the Mason-Dixon line. This has usually taken the form of an attempt to modify the North's traditional "neighborhood school policy," whereby students are assigned to the school nearest home.

The Englewood city-wide senior and junior high schools are already integrated, with Negro enrollments of 26 per cent and 39 per cent respectively. Thus, *the entire argument centers on "racial imbalance"* ("They still hate to say 'segregation,'" a Negro observes) *in two of the five elementary schools*: Lincoln and Liberty (which has risen from 26 per cent Negro in 1950-51 to 62 per cent in 1962). Negro enrollment at the other elementary schools, located in predominantly white neighborhoods, is 14.5 per cent, 3.2 per cent and .4 per cent. Negroes comprise 39.1 per cent of all elementary-school students, a workable proportion for a community interested in lessening *de facto* school segregation.

A pre-automobile enclave of financiers' estates, Englewood is now a mature suburb (pop. 27,000) just above the George Washington Bridge, a twenty-five-minute drive from midtown Manhattan. It is one-half Protestant, one-fourth Catholic, one-fourth Jewish. Some of the original mansions line shady streets in the plush First and Second Wards astride the hill east of the railroad tracks. The hill drops to the business center and the Third and Fourth Wards on low land west of the tracks. The Third is mostly middle-income developments.

The low-income Fourth Ward housed Englewood's first Negroes, brought North as domestics about 1900; many of their descendants are there still. A Negro ghetto by 1930, the Fourth's supply of good homes was outpaced by the demand of Negroes using postwar purchasing power to flee city slums. As poor Southern Negroes arrived, congestion and deterioration increased. Since 1954, some 400 middle-class Negro families have moved into the Third Ward; about seventy-five more crossed into the Second. Many others left the town.

Englewood's 7,000 Negroes comprise 27 per cent of the population; in 1950, it was 4,000 and 18 per cent. This "invasion" worries many Englewood whites, who associate the Negro with the urban blight they left behind them; now, they feel, here it is pursuing them.

Actually, blight pursues the Negroes. All local industry is zoned for the Fourth Ward, now 97 per cent Negro; a polluted stream crosses its park. Housing there ranges from fair to a large, ugly, high-rent slum (the only one in the county) around Lincoln school.

Aside from the two-year educational achievement gap, the slum surroundings account for some Negro objections to Lincoln. Other Negroes want to close or break up Lincoln because they see it as an affronting racial symbol. At nearby Liberty, serving middle-income Negroes in the Third Ward and on the fringe of the Fourth, the aim is at least to hold the line before it, too, turns all-Negro.

"Racial imbalance" first came up in June, 1961, at a meeting of the school board, which agreed to have an expert study ready by Feb. 1, 1962. When the deadline arrived and the study didn't, a stall was suspected. After an overnight protest sit-in at City Hall, eleven CORE demonstrators were arrested. Ironically, among those arrested were two residents in whose honor Mayor Austin N. Volk had recently proclaimed "Freedom Rider Day" after their jailing in Jackson, Miss. This time the Mayor spoke darkly of "defiance of law and order."

When the study was released weeks later, it recommended as "a first step" toward total integration a central intermediate school for all fifth and sixth grades featuring such new techniques as team-teaching and non-graded classes. Subsequent steps included reassigning Lincoln's lower grades to other schools, re-zoning Liberty, and urban renewal around Lincoln. The proposal was endorsed by the local NAACP and CORE chapters, Urban League, PTA Council, League of Women Voters and other civic groups. Even with this support, the timid school board backed and filled before adopting its experts' plan.

But the six-man, Republican-dominated City Council had other ideas which its one Negro member (also its lone Democrat), representing the Fourth Ward, was powerless to oppose. In some instances, the Negro Councilman was not consulted on school and other matters; as the white majority explained, he didn't agree with them anyway.

In July, 1962, three City Council members of the Board of School Estimate outvoted the two school-board representatives to deny funds needed to open the proposed intermediate school.

Local critics asserted the council was using purse-string pressure improperly to interfere with the shaping of educational policy which, by law, was solely the power of the school board. The council retorted that it was within its rights to oppose an "unpopular" school plan; its stand was, indeed, heavily backed by a subsequent "non-binding" public-opinion survey and a referendum indicating strong sentiment for retaining the *status quo*. "The council says it will back any school integration plan acceptable to the majority of the voters," a CORE spokesman sums things up, "but they manipulate public opinion so it's unfavorable to integration."

The council's action in denying the needed funds has really torn things in Englewood, perhaps permanently injecting brinkmanship into its interracial affairs. The fall term opened with a three-day boycott of Lincoln by 350 students and the petition to Commissioner Raubinger, followed by a new round of school picketing, prayer marches, motorcades, rallies, heated school board meetings and sit-ins at the offices of Governor Richard J. Hughes and of Englewood's school superintendent. Thirty-five pupils have been boycotting Lincoln since Feb. 26, simultaneously staging a "study-in" at a white school, where they sit in classes as "unauthorized visitors."

The situation has now deteriorated to a point at which the head of the Englewood Movement, Augustus B. Harrison, told the City Council that unless something is done about the schools, there will be two more years of demonstrations which, he added, "I hope we can keep under control." Not solely a talking point, this is part of the Negro's post-Birmingham mood.

In Englewood's Negro community, there was much more talk of the Muslims at the end of this school year than at the beginning. The Urban League was asked to move its office (it didn't) from the business center to the Fourth Ward; the smoldering young Negroes making this request explained, "Let's not make it so easy for whites to drop by, let them come to us." And last September, one still heard much of civil rights and equal opportunity; by May, Adam Clayton Powell could tell a rally of 1,000 in Englewood that "the white man is afraid." The crowd whooped.

Why this impasse over extending integration to the lower six grades? "They think," snorts one Negro, "that we want to knife and rape them from kindergarten on up!" But in part it is not so much a school fight as a holding action to forestall other demands. As one of Englewood's political hierarchy bluntly told a Negro spokesman on the other side of a conference table not long ago, "I don't intend any niggers to tell us what to do."

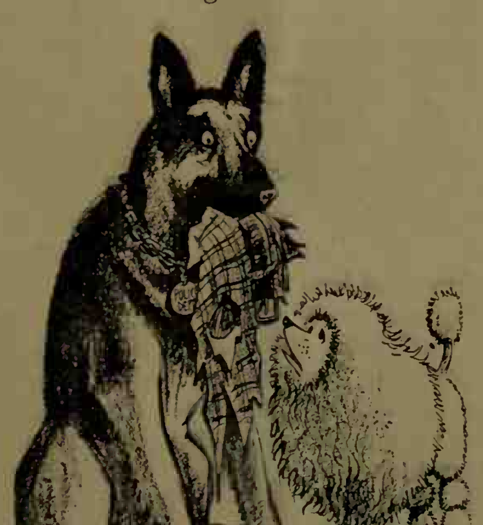
Prejudice aside, white parents do raise several intellectually respectable objections. They say, and a state fact-finding team bears them out, that there is no gross inequality of plant, equipment or teachers among elementary schools; therefore the reason for the Lincoln pupils' backwardness is to be found in their "culturally disadvantaged" homes, not the school. The answer, they go on, is to initiate a Higher Horizons program at Lincoln itself, rather than "disrupt" the entire school system; at most, they are willing to countenance an open enrollment policy whereby a few highly motivated Negro students would be allowed to transfer from Lincoln.

But this argument overlooks the stigma and the impact of attending a segregated school. "Segregated education," says LeRoy McCloud, Lincoln's Negro principal, "gives kids the feeling they're not wanted. Which is true — they're *not* wanted. When they get to junior high, they're more concerned with the attitude of the whites and fighting back than concentrating on their studies. The teachers in junior high are mostly white, too, and the kids direct their venom at the teacher: 'You teach me, make me learn.'"

In a like vein, Harvard-trained Dr. Mark R. Shedd, just finishing his first year as Englewood's school superintendent, says, "Although I know of no conclusive, controlled experiment proving that segregated education is harmful, my experience here convinces me it's so. Even without indisputable research data, you have to be guided by moral principle and by one of the major elements of our national policy."

Another argument worth discussion is *how* to integrate youngsters who are two years apart educationally. Does it make sense to put them in the same class? In this education-conscious time, it will be a rare white parent who, liberal or not, would agree to class assignments that might hinder his own child's learning. Indeed, this is ruled out by Englewood's present system of homogeneously grouped classes according to ability, which already has created a series of segregated classes within the nominally integrated junior and senior highs.

Since the two-year education gap is not racial, but socio-economic in origin, it can to a degree be overcome by a special, enriched teaching effort directed at ability-segregated Negro pupils in formerly white elementary schools. However, this means that for a transition period, perhaps a lengthy one, the Negro community must expect that a certain number of all-Negro classes must continue. This may be a hard adjustment, since some Negro spokesmen, oversimplifying, have implied that Lincoln pupils were somehow being short-changed and that a physical transfer to another school would soon clear that up. True, Negro pupils at other elementary schools score higher than those at Lincoln; but it will take time for the realization to spread that some of this differential is due to the higher socio-economic status of pupils attending schools other than Lincoln.



"Up North, we sort of nibble 'em to death."

Other reactions of resistant whites are less rational than rationalizations. The neighborhood school system possesses the virtues of convenience and logic, but the SONS group has made of it an inviolable theology. Granted, people tend to be conservative about their children. But surely perspective has been lost when a SONS parent claims more psychological disturbance would be inflicted on his children by riding buses to a new school than is inflicted on Negro children attending a segregated school.

Money enters the picture in several ways. "Most of us paid a premium for homes near schools," a white lawyer declares. "Try selling a house here now." There is a noticeable softening of property values among the more expensive homes (one $45,000 house just went for $32,000). The Taxpayers League — aware that additional school services or buses mean higher taxes — declares "there is no school problem." Parents who might feel impelled to turn to expensive, safely white, private schools oppose further desegregation because, as one mother said, "Friendship patterns are set early and, as things stand now, there isn't much contact between whites and Negroes in the upper grades."

The fear of a white exodus and a prophesied drop in property-tax revenue plays a role. "Who'll pay the city's bills?" a Councilman asked a housewife constituent. "There might not be three garbage collections a week."

Perhaps the height of self-delusion was Mayor Volk's statement (if he meant it) that Englewood was already "one of the most integrated communities north of the Mason-Dixon line." Negroes, he noted, taught in all schools and lived in all wards. He did not say that the three predominantly white elementary schools had one Negro teacher each—"token integration," says a candid school official. Nor did he say that the dozen Negro families in the exclusive First Ward are all on one street — the outermost. With $50,000-$100,000 homes, they could have bought anywhere in a truly open housing market. Here is rebuttal enough to the statement that school integration is an "artificial" solution to a housing problem that is presumably non-artificial (only God can make a tree — or a housing pattern).

"The real clash in Englewood," asserts civil-rights attorney Paul B. Zuber, Englewood Movement legal counsel, "is between the Negro suburbanite and white suburbanite, with the Negro wanting the same rights and status, and not getting them. Englewood could set the tone for the whole North. But if it goes down, nothing can stop the South from using the neighborhood school system and segregated housing to beat the Supreme Court decision. What's in it for the middle-class whites to change things in Englewood? The elimination of turmoil and strife where they live."

It is a fact that the man with the $35,000 mortgage cannot afford to run from the Negro; it is another that with the spreading suburbanization of the Negro in recent years, there are fewer places to run to — and they are progressively more expensive. These pressures, for the first time in Englewood, are causing some of the most vocal white disputants to talk behind the scenes of compromise "for the good of the community."

The stalemate will finally be broken only when Englewood comes to value its prejudices less than its peace and quiet.

The Day the Cold War Changed

. . Sir John Lomax

When history is written, it will surely be noted that during the early 1960s something happened to the cold war. Suddenly, and without a word on the record, the East-West clash was different. The origin and causes of this change have escaped contemporary notice because diplomatic reporting sticks to the minutiae of the official handout, which plays down or ignores all awkward issues. Thus the main stream of comment tends to lose focus because real issues are always awkward—and may well be officially taboo, unmentionable, secret and never to be avowed.

Hence may be deduced the rough idea that it is often an advantage for a commentator to have had no official briefings.

And now, to put this thought into the perspective of actual events, let it be said that the cold war came to an end on a certain date, signaled by the recorded specific act of a certain person; and, that professional commentators then, and for years afterwards, failed to notice it.

The date was September 30, 1961, the specific act was a statement in London by Senator J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the U. S. Senate, in which he declared that the West was partly to blame for the Berlin "stupidity" and that "the Russians had a legitimate concern about atomic weapons being given to Germany. They should not be given if there was any reasonable prospect of reaching some acceptable agreement with the Russians." (The words here quoted are from *The Times* of October 2, 1961—the only London daily which gave the item more than perfunctory notice.)

To show the crucial bearing of Fulbright's few words upon what followed and upon what is happening today, we must recall briefly the facts as known in the autumn of 1961. Earlier that year, Khrushchev had issued his ultimatum that the status of all Berlin must be settled with the East German Government. The reaction was a loud crescendo of East-West exchanges, with Khrushchev leading the chorus. But meanwhile, rather more quietly, Messrs. Rusk and Gromyko held a series of private talks at the United Nations. Of what they said the official communiqués revealed nothing. Then, in late September, General Lucius Clay, visiting Berlin as the President's personal representative, dropped a weighted hint to the West Berliners that they must "accept reality." This pregnant utterance was quickly followed by a visit to London—for a Parliamentary Association Conference — of Senator Fulbright, whose words to the press are quoted above. And finally—the last known fact of the incident—Khrushchev withdrew his Berlin ultimatum.

A little later, the East Germans, realizing that Comrade Khrushchev was not going to annex West Berlin for them "as promised," built a wall to discourage their citizens from straying out of the Marxist paradise. *But* they did not get their treaty, their regime was not "recognized," there was no Summit, and Khrushchev's ultimatum was not renewed.

What had happened? Nothing in the East-West official exchanges could be cited to explain this *volte-face*. The official spokesmen were stuck with an unfinished story; the professional commentators averred that the issue was merely in abeyance, and most of them forecast an early Summit for 1962. Could it be that the significance of

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Fulbright's words was missed because they were uttered at an unimportant function in Europe on a Saturday afternoon? In the light of the Senator's important post and known sympathy with the general lines of Kennedy's foreign policy, can it be imagined that in this case he spoke without the President's consent?

None of these questions will stand up: the known facts and their context will bear only one conclusion: somehow, somewhere (probably through Rusk and Gromyko at the UN talks), Washington and Moscow reached an unuttered and unutterable compact that *atomic arms would be kept from the West Germans, if, and for as long as, the Russians kept their hands off Berlin.* That version alone harmonizes with all the factors of the 1961 equation; equally, it fits everything that has happened since and is happening now. No other hypothesis seems to do so.

Let us see how this idea comports with the position of the four protagonists — Russia, Germany, France and the United States.

Russia. Nobody can think that Khrushchev canceled his ultimatum for nothing. Nobody seriously believes that Khrushchev really fears attack from the United States or its forces in NATO. But it is quite certain that the Kremlin fears and distrusts West Germany; and evidently something was happening during 1961 to make the Soviet leaders suspect that a move was afoot to arm the forces of Bonn with atomic weapons.

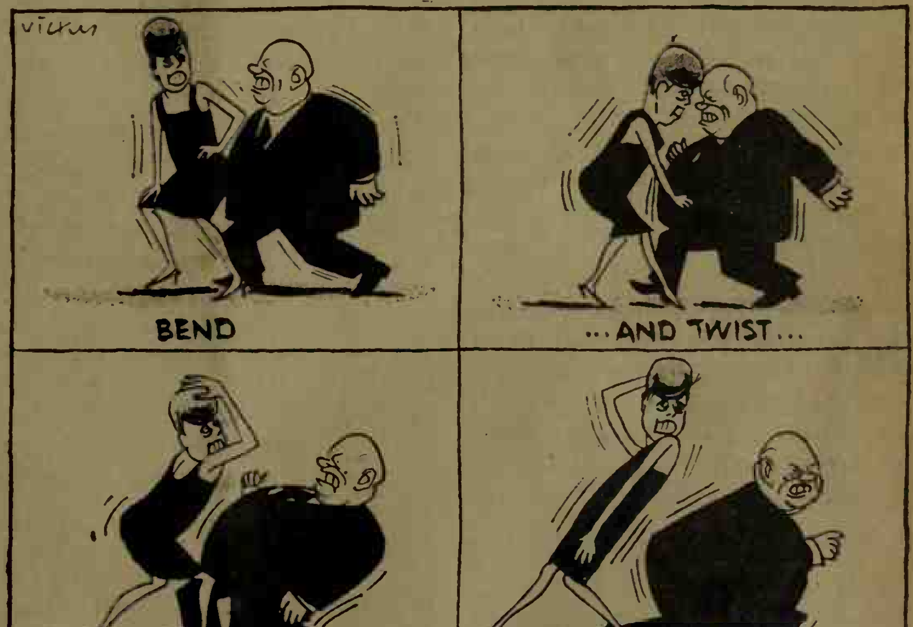
This idea leads into the most complex diplomatic and strategic questions of the day. Such matters are enclosed in layers of high policy and clouded in secrecy. Probably only one or two men have a clear view of the whole picture, but on the supersensitive point of rearming Germany, the underlying stresses are sometimes betrayed in surface indications. One such was the premature departure of General Norstad from the NATO command. The General — as became his office — advocated a nuclear deterrent for NATO; and his leaning toward the German element in his command — again quite natural — was marked. To the Russians, this may well have seemed a ploy of thin-edgemanship for giving nuclear warheads to German soldiers, and therefore more than enough to explain why they turned on the heat in Berlin in such a manner as to provide them with a useful diplomatic makeweight.

Incidentally, if my interpretation is correct, there was revealed here the Kremlin's understanding of the U.S. Constitution—an understanding rarely shared by other European chancelleries. What Fulbright said was of special significance because he is chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of that legislative body which, under the Constitution, can alone validate the President's treaty-making power.

France and Germany. All that was known in 1961 and has happened since suggests that what might be called the Fulbright "settlement" exactly suited the two veterans of Bonn and Paris. Without it, the Franco-German pact, whose best advertised consequence was to exclude Britain from the Common Market, would not have been possible. But, at the same time, it called upon the German Chancellor to accept for his people a grievous sacrifice. For fifteen years it had been Item One of the Bonn-Dulles credenda that NATO would roll back the Russian advance and reunite Germany. But implicit in an East-West *démarche* on Berlin was abandonment of any attempt as such a rollback. So Adenauer was being asked to accept a division of the Fatherland which meant the loss even of the territories won by Frederick the Great. Viewed coldly in 1961, it was long odds that the German people would resent this, and would tend to rally around the neo-Nazi, irredentist groups. But under statesmen like Adenauer the obvious did not need to happen. It was the first time since World War II that Germans had the opportunity to show the world—as distinct from telling it — that they were no longer the people who, not long ago, had followed Hitler.

That is how they saw it — or, at least, how the old Chancellor saw it for them. And, of course, by 1961 he must have known that, in a showdown, few of the NATO allies would fight to reunite Germany. But perhaps another, a more subtle and a still continuing reason, moved Adenauer; namely, the fear that a resurgence of German chauvinism would be worse than a postponement of German unity. Most Germans over forty years old must know in their hearts that a German Army strong enough to confront the Russians would almost automatically demolish the civic consciousness as free individuals which Bonn has labored tirelessly—with middling results—to build up. But, of course, they would rather die than admit it.

Likewise with de Gaulle. The reader will recall that his aversion, in the spring of 1962, to London's Summit proposal was widely pictured as holding back the Western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BEN ROTH AGENCY

foreign-affairs bureaus from prodigies of diplomacy. The truth was, rather, that a post-mortem on the Berlin "settlement" would have put him in a bad fix. His Franco-German blueprint — as we now know — called for a French, but no German, deterrent: and plainly this would be easier to execute without German unification. But obviously he could not openly espouse this proposition without seriously embarrassing Adenauer. The old Chancellor might privately concede that, for the time being, unification was dead and atomic weapons for the West German Army not a desideratum, but he would look askance were Paris openly and enthusiastically to agree with him.

Washington. Here would be seen the supreme value of the Fulbright formula's built-in mechanism of enforcement — and, if necessary, of termination. And implicit in it is the blessed comfort that nothing need be written down; indeed, nothing *dared* be written down. And so much the better! The formal engagements of diplomacy seldom last; it is the unwritten pacts which bind — and have the notable advantage, also, that their harassed authors need not do too much explaining at home.

The logic that the President would never have made the deal unless it suited his book was soon confirmed by Kennedy's ready acceptance of de Gaulle's role as diplomatic traffic cop to halt Macmillan's 1962 Summit scheme. He would see that a Summit is the surest trip-wire for an American President. Anyone who wonders why should recall how President Wilson was hunted to death and — more lately — President Eisenhower publicly humiliated.

Kennedy also had need to escape the pressure of his military soothsayers, with their pre-emptive and preventive solutions, as well as his political extremists. So, too, had Khrushchev; indeed, even more so, seeing that some of the "activists" in his entourage could be rivals. Their party "purity" and links with Peking irked him a lot. Like Adenauer, he would hate an international display of toughness, for that would exalt his many marshals.

Thus anything, in reason, that allowed the Berlin deadline to be withdrawn would be most agreeable to all concerned.

So, if we have estimated correctly, the Great Powers struck their eleventh-hour bargain, albeit by shifts so low in civic decorum that none dares avow it publicly. Its merit was to preserve the peace by an East-West coexistence plan with self-acting guarantees. Perhaps it does not deserve to be called a "settlement," but rather a positioning of opponents in a stalemate. At least it fulfills the hard-faced maxim that politics is the art of the possible.

It has stood up to two years' rough and tumble, including the Berlin Wall and Cuba; and, to all appearances, its terms still rule the top parleys such as the wrangle between multilateral and multinational NATO nuclear forces, with Washington's stake placed on the formula which will least bear the implication of a Teuton hand anywhere near the nuclear-control panel.

Not much to cling to, certainly, but better than the nothing which is the alternative. Of course, it doesn't exactly conform to the ideal of "open covenants openly arrived at," but maybe it will survive longer than the portentous engagements reached under that famous prescription during the past half-century.

Kefauver and the Price-Makers

. . Bernard D. Nossiter

Washington, D.C.

Detroit expects another banner auto year, businessmen generally look forward to a second successive helping of substantial tax cuts and President Kennedy has blessed the latest round of steel-price increases. If this is not the best of all possible worlds for the nation's affluent minority, it isn't a bad approximation. Even David Lawrence's *U.S. News & World Report*, the last innocent believer in the mythical class war between business and government, has been asking in print whether Kennedy has declared a truce. To be sure, unemployment doesn't go below 4 million, another burst of mild inflation is a distinct prospect and two-fifths of the population remain trapped in poverty or at living levels below the modest standard defined as adequate by the Labor Department.

But the vacation cruises to Europe are tightly packed, the stock market has been rising and, apart from the crusade to preserve their tax loopholes, businessmen have little cause for concern. Indeed, their self-satisfaction has been reflected across the country. Economic affairs have again been largely pushed back to the safe confines of newspaper financial sections or trumpeted joyfully on the cover of *Time*.

In this inauspicious setting, Senator Estes Kefauver (D., Tenn.) and his Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee recently took another look at the pricing practices of the corporate giants. The Senator issued a collection of scholarly papers and held three days of hearings on administered prices which drew about as much attention as a Tariff Commission inquiry into a plywood producer's plea for relief from Swedish imports. But this is hardly new. The Senator has been doggedly pursuing corporate price-making for six years. His subcommittee has published twenty-six volumes embracing 16,505 pages.

Newspapers and the public generally have paid little heed to this enterprise. It has produced only one piece of legislation, a bill dealing with drug safety, and that was largely an accident. It passed only because of the shocking thalidomide disclosures; even so, with the Administration's approval, it was stripped of the sections that dealt with the drug makers' pricing power.

If Kefauver and his tireless econ-

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omists, like John Blair and Wales Browne, often feel they are talking to themselves and a few lobbyists, it is understandable. But this is not to say the twenty-six volumes have been in vain. When the latest business boomlet fades away, as the Administration's fiscal stimuli are diluted by price increases, whoever is in the White House will have to recognize again (as both Kennedy and Eisenhower did briefly with steel) that corporate pricing bears directly on economic prosperity. The simple fact is that many large corporations, partly immune from competitive forces, practice a kind of industrial Malthusianism. They set and hold their prices to yield a predetermined target rate of return on a "standard" level of output. This tends to keep prices up, prevents production from expanding, makes innovations less likely, holds down employment and impedes faster growth.

Kefauver's hearings into steel, autos, baking, drugs and electrical machinery — the heart of the six years' labor — have been uneven and incomplete. They have also been indispensable for an understanding of the economy's mainsprings. In abundant detail, they have traced the mechanics of the pricing power that bears considerable responsibility for the peculiar stagnation afflicting the American economy since the end of the Korean War.

Apart from a brilliant handful of dissident economists centered in the University of Chicago, few scholars now dispute the fact of corporate pricing power. Most of the remaining holdouts are, or have been, on the payrolls of General Electric, United States Steel, the Business Advisory Council and similar highly interested organs. It may be that the Chicago dissidents are right, that Roger Blough, Frederick Donner, Ralph Cordiner, Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy and many, many others suffer from illusions about man-made prices. Mass delusion is not unknown in history. But it is at least infrequent enough to make it a dubious starting assumption.

Two lines of criticism are usually advanced against the corporate pricing-power doctrine and both turned up in Kefauver's examination. One, nurtured at Chicago, insists that free markets and not corporate managers really determine prices because products are frequently sold at less than the quoted price. The trouble with this thesis is that discounts are customarily a specified percentage of the quoted or list price. In other words, as Professor Walter Adams and Robert Lanzillotti observed: "Quoted prices are the foundation of the price structure — the point of departure for bargaining over premiums and discounts, the take-off point for price revisions."

The other ground for skepticism flows from the fact that there is no measurable correlation between the degree of concentration in an industry and the price increases it posts in any period. This is true, but beside the point. Administered-price theorists have never argued that every firm with pricing power exercises it to the fullest. What they have demonstrated is something else: when demand is slack and resources are unemployed (when in other words, the conditions are not ripe for classical inflation) prices have still risen because some —not all—concentrated industries have raised them.

Kefauver's latest inquiry aimed at finding out what to do about all this, a question that has at least as much to do with political science and cultural anthropology as it does with economics. Not too surprisingly, he was given a mixed bag of answers. Most of the economist witnesses, like their campus brethren generally, urged the creation of a genuinely competitive economy, one in which corporate power would be fragmented. They called for more vigorous antitrust action, new antitrust-law amendments to atomize the great clusters of power and an end to government policies that promote concentration through taxes, subsidies and purchases.

Edwin Nourse, the conservative chairman of President Truman's first Council of Economic Advisers, wants more competition as much as anyone. But he replied to the trust-busting proposals with a critique that impresses nearly everybody but professional economists. Nourse observed that modern technology *requires* large corporations and price administration. If attempts are made to fragment the structure, he said: "Gains that might be accomplished at certain points would be far overbalanced by general disruption of the intermeshed fabric of our dynamic business life."

A few of the experts pushed hobby horses of their own. Gardiner Means, that extraordinarily creative economist who first saw the significance of the separation of corporate ownership from corporate management and drew attention to the pricing power of the few, would keep the existing structure intact. But he would reward managers of corporate giants for good economic behavior with tax-privileged bonuses. A variant of this scheme was proposed by Frank Kottke of Washington State. He would give U.S. Steel and other steel makers subsidies for producing and selling tonnage that used more of their capacity. Abba P. Lerner of Michigan State wanted to prohibit price and wage increases when an industry is operating well below its capacity, or its labor force is suffering unemployment. Neither Kefauver nor the other economists spent much time picking these ideas apart. It is safe to say that the Congress and the President won't, either.

Oddly enough, neither the compendium nor the hearings explored the European experience. There the choice has been made to retain the concentrated industrial structure, but to harness it to socially approved ends. An interesting and largely successful mix of planning and free decision-making has now emerged in Scandinavia and in every Common Market nation except West Germany (although the Germans and the British are now moving down the same road). If this approach has not successfully checked rising prices, it has at least been accompanied by rapid growth and generally high employment.

At the end of the hearings, Kefauver thanked "the best minds of the nation" for participating and predicted that the exercise "will be appreciated as time goes on by legislators, lawyers, economists, students of this problem." The Senator is a persistent if quixotic man. Perhaps in the end his notion of what is relevant may be nearer the mark than that of the mass media that have so long dismissed him as a crank.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Science Explosion

LITTLE SCIENCE, BIG SCIENCE. By Derek J. de Solla Price. Columbia University Press. 119 pp. $4.50.

Carl Dreher

Dr. Price, formerly a physicist, is chairman of the department of history of science and medicine at Yale. In 1962, he presented the George B. Pegram lecture series at Brookhaven National Laboratory; this book is the result. The Pegram lecturers are expected to discourse on science and its place in society, and Price was a good choice. He originates ideas and he writes lucidly all the time, and brilliantly some of the time.

What he has undertaken, as he explains in his preface, is to turn the tools of science on itself, by measuring and generalizing, making hypotheses and testing them against the evidence, which in this case is historical and statistical instead of experimental. In the process he explodes several myths, notably the one that since World War II science has experienced an unprecedented rate of growth. Actually, the upsurge of science has been going on at a pretty constant rate for three centuries; it is only that when something has grown big, the same rate of growth produces more impressive results than when the thing was small.

Using criteria on the number of scientists, the number of scientific journals and other, more refined, indices, Price shows that since the mid-seventeenth century — a few years after the death of Galileo — scientific activity has doubled every 10 or 20 years — every 10 if we adopt a minimal definition, every 20 if we measure by work and workers of very high quality. As an average, 15 years has been, and still is, the doubling period.

Fifteen years is a very short time in such a context. If we have a right to talk about a population explosion, science furnishes a much bigger explosion, for population is doubling only every 50 years. There can be shorter doubling periods: five years, for instance, for overseas telephone calls, but for anything as permeative as science and its offspring, technology, even a 15-year doubling is terrific. It means that if there were only a handful of authentic scientists in 1650, by 1750 there were about 100, in 1800 about 1,000; 10,000 in 1850, 100,000 in 1900, and around a million (measured by scientific and technical degrees) now. It also means that at any given time the number of living scientists must be almost equal to all the scientists that have lived and died since there was such a thing as science. This ratio is radically different from that applicable to humanity in general. Only about 5 per cent of all the people who have lived since 1 A.D. are alive today or, as Price puts it, "There is much more past to live in if you discuss politics and wars than if you discuss science."

The growth of both population and science has been exponential, following a diverging series like 2+4+8+16+32 . . . but the divergence for science exceeds that for population. Obviously this can't go on. Science has already increased by 5 orders of magnitude (x 10 each time). An increase by one more order of magnitude would be startling, by two, impossible. It would mean that by 2060 we should have two scientists for every man, woman and child in the population (Price adds dogs) and we should be spending on them twice as much money as we had.

The cost of science has been increasing as the *square* of the number of scientists. But since the number of average scientists increases as the square of the number of highly productive ones, we derive what Price calls "the frighteningly costly principle" that research expenditure increases as the *fourth* power of the number of superior scientists. At this rate, by the year 2000, even, expenditure will have multiplied by a factor of 81, and the gross national product will be far outstripped no matter how it is stimulated, whether by tax reduction, lysergic acid or hypnosis.

Yet, in the past few decades, that has been the scientific pace. In 1950 we spent about $3 billion on research and development. By 1960 this item, the bulk of which is in the defense budget, had risen to $13 billion. By all indications the ratio of R&D to GNP will rise from its present level of 2-3 per cent to 10 per cent, as early as 1973. And all the time, in terms of results, the cost is more than doubling as salaries go up and the tools become ever more complex and expensive. The trillion-electron-volt particle accelerators now being projected, for instance, are so expensive that the U.S. and USSR are discussing sharing the cost and using the machines on a cooperative basis.

The financial aspect is one of several in which Big Science differs from Little Science, qualitatively as well as quantitatively. The maw of Big Science is so wide that only Big Government can feed it adequately; thus Big Science levies on the personal budget of every citizen. The exponential growth of the scientific and engineering labor force creates new professions, siphons off needed manpower from old ones, overloads educational facilities, and foments international discord as nations struggle for possession of seminal minds. Little Science had these problems, but they were almost a private matter. During and after World War II they assumed such proportions that science and technology no longer tamely served politics but began to dominate it—and that is Big Science.

Even while we are alarmed by the efflorescence of science since World War II, the exponential pattern of the past three centuries may be turning into something more prosaic. An exponential curve shoots on and on and up and up, but it represents only the heyday of a development, not what happens in the early and late stages. The more encompassing, "natural" curve is the logistic form — a slow rise, then a rapid exponential rise, then saturation or leveling, with possible irregularities consequent on the inability to continue the rise. A logistic curve is what you experience when you turn on the hot water on a cold morning. First the water runs cold and warms only slowly. This is followed by a rapid rise, but finally the boiler has given all it has and the water cannot get hotter.

The logistic curve for science may react more violently in its terminal stage. In one of his figures, Price shows several ways in which logistic growth can respond to ceiling conditions. One is escalation, in which the science, technology or industry succeeds temporarily in escaping limiting conditions and promotes another rise, or more than one, only to come up against a final ceiling. Then there are two curves in which oscillation or "hunting" takes place about the saturation locus. The convergent mode results in stability, but the divergent mode, in which the oscillations increase in amplitude, has disquieting implications, such as the construction and successful operation of a doomsday machine.

It must not be thought that any of this is mere academic speculation. The railroad industry, in terms of trackage and revenues, reached saturation and then turned down in a socially stultifying decline which still continues. Price also gives some striking curves for the annual production of bituminous coal, copper and zinc from 1870 to 1950, showing convergent oscillation after about 1920. Applying these experiences to science, he concludes that "without reference to the present state of affairs or any estimate of just when and where the ceiling is to be imposed, it is apparent that over a period of one human generation science will suffer a loss of its exponential growth and approach the critical point marking its senile limit."

What is the origin of our feeling that there has been a qualitative change in the role of science since World War II? The war itself is not the cause: Price shows that it resulted only in a sidewise displacement and that thereafter growth was resumed at the same rate. "The order of events," he concludes, "might have been different, the political implications perhaps grossly so, but there is some reason for taking a fatalistic line that it was in the nature of things for accelerator laboratories to grow as big as Brookhaven, and missile establishments as large as Cape Canaveral, and that had there been no Manhattan Project, there might still have been a Sputnik."

The explanation lies, rather, in social factors involving the proportion of brilliant scientists, the authors of "breakthroughs," to the run-of-the-mill scientists, the mass of mediocrities whose spadework and frustrations are necessary for the achievements of the leaders. For every major scientific discovery, there must be scores on scores of minor advances which bring its authors little renown, and further scores of plausible hypotheses, embarked on with high hopes, which come to a heartbreaking conclusion.

Price shows that in a crisis period like the present (perhaps he underestimates the effect of chronic cold-war crisis) the output of highly productive scientists is below the number required for the aims which national societies set themselves. The wealthy societies then try to increase the incidence of crucial discoveries and inventions by holding out material rewards to those individuals and teams that seem likely to succeed. This is an innovation. Before World War II, except for the stars—the Einsteins and Rutherfords and Bohrs and Fermis—scientists were held in hardly higher esteem than movie extras, and paid about the same. As Price says, society "almost dared them to exist."

How times have changed! Scientists, still understood only within their own community, are now regarded by the public as semi-omniscient, like medicine men in a primitive tribe, and are paid on the scale of corporation executives. Price discusses some of the resulting problems in his last lecture, "Political Strategy for Big Scientists." Among the scientists themselves there arise "invisible colleges," staffed by "affluent scientific commuters," whose numbers may be of the order of a hundred in each field (nuclear energy, astrionics, etc.) and whose chief communion and emulation is with one another. The expenses and power of such groups tend to increase as the square of the number of members. The more power the group acquires, the more it is in a position to acquire. It is a process of positive feedback, referred to in the Biblical observation that to him that hath shall be given.

At levels below these elites, we note distortions consequent on the lavish material and professional rewards offered in the United States. Scientists move from countries where they are desperately needed to the land in which the tools of research and the stipends are alike provided without stint. Not only underdeveloped countries are deprived by emigration, but, as a particularly poignant instance, England finds herself losing ground to some of her competitors, and emigration is weakening her further. While the USSR and Japan are gaining rapidly, France is contracting, and the United States has taken over a large share of what used to belong to Germany.

When backward countries are not

The inside story of
the development of
polio vaccines—and a margin
of safety that was
just not wide enough

MARGIN OF SAFETY

by JOHN ROWAN WILSON

MARGIN OF SAFETY tells a story which, for better *and* worse, could only have happened in the twentieth century; in the words of first reviewer Virginia Kirkus, it "reveals much of the bickering, backbiting and ballyhoo . . . the mistakes [which] can be attributed to the society in which we live and the characteristically American syndrome of urgency, energy and waste." Physician-novelist Wilson tells why scientific values were lost sight of even as a scientific victory was being achieved; his damning, compassionate objectivity makes MARGIN OF SAFETY the year's most explosively important book.

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DOUBLEDAY

weakened by loss of valuable personnel, their chances of scientific success are very good, since they can now pass rapidly over the preparatory stages and achieve exponential growth. Price cautions us against succumbing to panic during the "forthcoming waves of Sputnik-like scientific advances by countries previously regarded as second-rate in high science and technology." That it should be necessary to make such a point before an audience as sophisticated as the one Price had at Brookhaven shows how advanced we can be in some areas and how oblivious and ignorant in others. Thorstein Veblen, whom the author does not mention, demonstrated the penalties of taking the lead, and the advantages of coming from behind, in *Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution.* His analysis remains valid after nearly fifty years. Price estimates that the doubling period in the Soviet Union is perhaps seven years, and in Red China *three* years. India is another one to watch, and Israel; nor would it be safe to neglect the nations of Africa, once they get moving.

Price feels that the Big Scientist will soon hold the purse strings of the state and, at least in part, may be taking the place of earlier control groups—the military, financiers, legislating lawyers. Twenty-five per cent of the deputies in the Supreme Soviet of the USSR are men and women with scientific training, as compared with less than 3 per cent in the United States and Great Britain. Despite differences in the machinery and objectives of government, a similar development may be in store for us.

In this view, the military-industrial complex may be evolving into an organism of a more scientific cast, though not necessarily better for humanity on that account. Price is more optimistic than I am on the consequences of such a transition. He envisions a "maturing of a certain responsible attitude among scientists analogous to that which, in almost prehistoric times, moved physicians toward the concept of the Hippocratic Oath." This early ethical evolution, he points out, did not come about because doctors were unusually dedicated or public-spirited, but because they could only too easily fall into what their customers could call malpractice, or worse. The invisible colleges now have the power, Price suggests, to cast out their poisoners and abortionists, and so to make science serve man. I will not name my favorite poisoners but when I see one cast out—just one—I will be more optimistic.

The Good New West

WESTWARD TILT. By Neil Morgan. Foreword by James A. Michener. Random House. 411 pp. $6.95.

George R. Stewart

The book is well described in its subtitle, *The American West Today.* During the last few years the Western states have been experiencing a boom, and Mr. Morgan here gives us his description of what has happened. He mentions having read some of the works of John Gunther, and the influence of Gunther is patent. We might well think of the book as *Inside the West.*

The text falls into four sections. The first of these considers the West as a whole, with such section headings as *The Good Life; Science, Industry and Amenities; The Education Rush.* Two of these sections, dealing with the racial minorities, I found to be the most interesting parts of the book, since they helped put me *au courant* with what was happening—or, at least with Mr. Morgan's opinion as to what was happening, since I am not ready to take wholly any man's word about such complicated problems. He is, we might mention, highly optimistic about the present and future of race relations in the West, as he is highly optimistic about most things.

The second section considers California, and the third and fourth sections present the ten other states. California is, if anything, slighted. Since it contains so many people, many of its good-size cities do not even get a mention, but in other states Mr. Morgan has space to devote to small towns.

The book is thus descriptive, and its organization is geographical. The emphasis is upon cities and industry. The author sees much of the West as being in the full current of modernity, and basing its boom upon the jet plane, the atom, the missile and the electron. He passes rapidly over those parts which have not yet been caught up in this modern whirlwind.

The method of collecting information and presenting it is reportorial. The author has recently traveled 40,000 miles in the West. He depends heavily upon interviews, of which the book presents scores. Except for two often quoted Stanford professors, the interviewees are, nearly all of them, businessmen. Between interviews the text is as full of statistics as Las Vegas is full of suckers.

A book thus constructed does not make for easy reading. The focus of attention shifts sharply and often, to the point of producing museum-fatigue. There are too many statistics, and these are sometimes trivial. (For instance, you will learn that The Dalles is now "forty-five minutes closer to Portland by car than it was fifteen years ago.") There is even repetition, as when we are given the population of Cheyenne (43,505, in case you are interested) twice within ten pages. The author sometimes lets loose with a mixed metaphor so fine as to call for anthologizing. ("Much of the hard fact of such an era lies locked in the explosive question of whether the United States will do business with Red China.")

I can imagine many Westerners looking into *Westward Tilt* with great interest to see just what the author says about their own city, or about some other districts in which they have a particular interest. I can imagine a young Easterner, who thinks of going west, reading the entire book with avidity, to decide whether he should try Montana or southern California. Anyone who is concerned with the whole West as a phenomenon will wish to read the volume.

The great question about such a work as this turns upon the accuracy of its myriads of statements and the validity of its many judgments. I have noticed some errors of fact, and I am ready to argue about some of the judgments, but the real question resolves itself into that of the qualifications of the writer.

Mr. Morgan, born in 1924, has lived in the West since 1946. Although his first associations were with southern

---

George R. Stewart, recently retired from the faculty of the University of California, is the author of Storm, Fire, Earth Abides, Ordeal by Hunger, Pickett's Charge *and* Names on the Land, *among other books.*

California, he has written, since 1950, the column, "Assignment West," which now appears in about forty newspapers. He thus should seem to have a right to his own opinions about what is happening from the Rockies westward.

In writing, Mr. Morgan has maintained an almost 100 per cent reportorial objectivity. As a result, the book is curiously without passion. There is a little indignation about the tendency of the Mormon Church to withhold certain information. There is a moment of moral revulsion over Las Vegas. The author sees this new West, and, in general, it is good. He has only passing comments about ugliness, smog, water-pollution and such overcrowding that six men are trying to fish at each trout pool.

Mr. Morgan, in fact, seems to consider more people, more industry and more rat race as representing a kind of ultimate good. He is scornful of communities and individuals who doubt whether these really are such, and who are content to go more slowly and to think of quality, more than of quantity. Mr. Morgan thinks that such places and individuals are working up blind-ends and are going to be by-passed. I wonder.

At one point I pricked up interest on discovering that the interviewee was named Babbitt. The name seemed familiar. There was, I think, a Babbitt who was prominent in American life in the 1920s. Can this be a member of the same family?

The question really becomes "Who is actually out of date around here?" Is it not the booster? Does not the boom of the 1960s, in many ways, look back toward the 1920s?

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Moscow

Anyone who goes to Moscow to see theatre solely as theatre is a fool. To a certain extent this applies to theatregoing everywhere, but it holds particularly in Russia. A convenient and agreeable entry into the Soviet world is through the theatre lobby.

The Soviet theatre is truly popular; it attracts the widest possible audience, as Broadway and the Paris boulevards signally fail to do. Everyone attends plays in every part of the Soviet Union. The young people who clamor for tickets at the recently es-

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tablished Sovremenik (Contemporary) are much less enthusiastic about the Moscow Art or the Maly — the more traditional or "classic" Soviet stages — but a blood tie, a family resemblance, links all these establishments.

I saw thirteen productions in two weeks, and that, considering what the stage has to offer in Moscow alone, is virtually a neglect of the theatre. That city supports thirty-seven companies, all of them offering an average of four different plays a week. These four plays, however, represent only a small portion of the active repertory in any of these theatres. The Moscow Art, which operates two houses, has thirty-six plays on its yearly program. (There are 150 actors in its company.) The Vachtangov Theatre presents almost as many. Several months of nightly playgoing would be insufficient for seeing half the worthwhile productions.

Harold Clurman will contribute a second article on the Russian theatre, and one on the theatre of Warsaw. Mr. Clurman himself returned from Russia, via Poland, on June 10 to receive from the Carnegie Institute of Technology the degree of Doctor of Fine Arts. He left shortly thereafter for a stay in Japan.

At the thirteen performances I managed to take in there was scarcely ever an empty seat. The theatre (including ballet and opera) is the undisputed nub of Moscow's artistic life. Citizens complain that tickets are hard to obtain. An orchestra seat costs the equivalent of $1.80 and most Muscovites seem to go to the theatre all the time!

This was my third Moscow visit, the first two being in 1934 and 1935. My first reaction on the present trip was disappointment. There were no productions as brilliantly original as those of Meyerhold in 1934-35. Toward the end of my brief stay I asked Boris Alpers, an excellent drama critic and a professor at the State Institute of the Theatre (Moscow's Central School of the Theatre), if the Soviet theatre had not been more interesting in the early thirties.

Alpers replied: "The theatre at that time astonished by its unusual production of classic plays: *Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, The Inspector General*, Ostrovsky's *Forest*. Our theatre now concentrates on new Soviet plays. While these cannot be as impressive to you, they are very important for us." It was a sensible as well as a tactful answer. Yet I insisted — in order to get a more direct response— that he name one really outstanding contemporary dramatist; "let us say," I suggested, "of Gorky's stature." Alpers laughed, as did another critic, P. A. Markov, who took part in the conversation. "Or Shaw or Chekhov?!" Alpers interjected almost before I had finished speaking. "The day of the super-dramatist is over," he said. "I hope not," I rejoined without catching the drift of his thought. "And it is perhaps better so," he added. Making a virtue of necessity, Alpers meant that the cult of personality — dramatists representing "personality" — was not altogether an asset in the collective art which is the theatre.

Both critics agreed that the leading playwright of the moment is A. Arbusov. (Another critic I spoke to mentioned Leonov.) I saw two of Arbusov's plays: *The Irkutsk Story* at the Vachtangov Theatre (first produced almost four years ago) and *They Are Waiting For Us Somewhere* at the Mayokovsky Theatre, the première of which I attended. Whether these two plays are better or worse than others presently to be seen I am in no position to judge, but they are typical.

In *The Irkutsk Story* (Irkutsk is the largest city in Siberia) two young men who work at an electric plant are rivals for the attentions of a somewhat flighty shop girl. One of them makes a pass at her but is unwilling to marry her. His friend and companion marries the girl. The couple have twins. Shortly after this the husband drowns in an effort to save two youngsters who have gone in for a swim in the river. The work gang at which the drowned man was employed decides to contribute part of its earnings to support his widow. Her once-rejected suitor is opposed to her accepting the offer. She ought to go to work, he says. She takes a job among the men at the plant, and finds happiness in doing so. The man who encouraged her to go to work is now eager to marry her, but she is not at all sure she wants him: she has become an independent woman.

They Are Waiting For Us Somewhere has broader implications. By suggesting some of the play's various thematic strands I can perhaps convey more specifically what I had in mind in my opening sentences.

In a small town at some distance from Moscow a conflict has arisen between the older generation (the men of fifty) and the young folk. "We thought they would be better than us but they are worse," says one of the town's leaders. But he is not presented as a sympathetic character: he is a "reactionary," that is to say, in local parlance, a Stalinist. It is significant in this connection that at the end of the play he weeps; he cannot understand his son who turns from him and rejects his views. Addressing the audience, the father cries out, "But I am not as black as the author has painted me." The audience applauds. There are many such in the audience and they feel that something more is to be said on their behalf.

There is a scene in which a young man who still believes in God is invited to debate the religious question. The playwright treats him sympathetically. He is a good man, and cordial to the play's atheist heroine. On hearing the fine choral singing of the town's religious sect, she murmurs, "They have created some beautiful things."

This motif ties in with another of the play's themes: the craving for "lyricism." (Read: the cultivation of the arts.) The author suggests that it may constitute an even greater need than the advance of science.

The play centers on the importance of relieving the dullness and stagnation of small towns. The kids there all hanker for Gorky Street (Moscow's main thoroughfare); they want to leave their village. (Shades of *The Three Sisters*!) The religious believer says of the town, "Everyone here is either indifferent or intolerant."

The play's heroine is the newly appointed head of the town's Cultural Center. She organizes a dramatic society, preaches love of the theatre, encourages the young folk to learn to play a musical instrument, to improve their vocabulary by reading good books, to publish their own newspaper. In brief, she stirs the town with fresh life, so that at the end of the play the once dissatisfied youngsters are no longer eager to leave. But she has aroused the displeasure of the chairman of the town's governing board— the aforementioned "reactionary" — who dismisses her.

She is not discouraged. She feels that the impulse she has set in motion can no longer be quelled by officialdom. She will move on to other places where similar work is needed.

One other facet of the play is worth listing. At the approach of its final curtain we learn that the heroine is a former actress who during the war entertained the troops at the front,

Poem

> *Who is at my window, who, who?*
> *Go from my window, go, go!*
> *Who calleth there so like a stranger?*
> *Go from my window, go!*
>
> *J. Wedderburn, 1542*

Who is at my window, who, who?
It's the blind cuckoo, mulling
the old song over.

The old song is about fear, about
tomorrow and next year.

***Timor mortis conturbat me,* he sings,**
***What's the use?*   He brings me**

the image of *when,* a boat
hull down, smudged on the darkening ocean.

I want to move deeper into today;
he keeps me from that work.
Today and eternity are nothing to him.
His wings spread at the window make it dark.

Go from my window, go, go!

Denise Levertov

and that she is married to a man of note — a physicist, rather vain and something of a lady killer. He begs his wife to return to Moscow with him. Very gently she says, "I know you are a great man. But it is not enough for me to be the wife of a great man. I have things of my own to do."

All this, the reader may well exclaim, is primary stuff, "wholesome" to the point of simple-mindedness. But apart from the mature and often superb theatrical skill with which these plays are staged — and of that later — there is undoubtedly something robust and genuine in their sentiment; something which the look and "feel" of their audiences confirm and justify.

It is the audience of a new society — less than fifty years old — a society which has only recently become literate. It is beside the point to say that the Russian past produced such writers as Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov. Before 1924, 85 per cent of the population could not read them. (Our own serious native drama may be said to have developed only since 1915.) The present Soviet audience is a *new* audience — new to the theatre and to the life outside the theatre that it is leading.

As many Russian critics have pointed out, a certain calculated optimism has been imposed on Soviet literature and drama. But there was always a definite moralizing strain, a stress on what might be called humanistic didacticism or uplift, in the older Russian literature of which much Soviet writing, particularly in the theatre, is the simplified and popular descendant. To overlook this is to be historically and artistically obtuse. Do we expect this new society to produce plays in the manner of *Waiting for Godot, The Balcony* or *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

FILMS

Robert Hatch

The 20th Century-Mankiewicz, Todd A-O, four-hour *Cleopatra* cost some absurd amount and was made to the accompaniment of absurd personal and professional publicity. For all that, it is not a bad picture—except when one or another of the actors is called upon to act.

What I liked particularly were the sets—the size of them, their infinite variety. And their newness. Rome was not built in a day, but surely it was no more than a week old when Cleopatra rode into town on a basalt Sphinx that had been scrupulously proportioned to slide through the triumphal arch into the forum with a good six inches to spare. There is not a scratch on Rome, not a dent on Alexandria, the paint is still wet on the war galleys and it appears that every soldier in Caesar's legions was issued a daily suit of new armor. The only smudge on the almost total hygiene of this ancient Mediterranean is the rumpled and sweaty Antony. Unfortunately, he drank.

But in a four-hour movie, even one as lavish as *Cleopatra* with instant architecture, spurting tomato juice and pastel smoke, a good many minutes must be given up to acting. It is not just that Elizabeth Taylor is a dull actress; Rex Harrison is quite a lively actor and the result is almost as bad. The fault lies in the director's inability to find a tolerable style for portraying semi-mythical personages in events of grand moment. It is not easy to mix divinity and circuses, but something more suitable should have been possible than the spectacle of a large group of footmen and ladies' maids aping their masters at the butlers' annual masquerade.

Granted that a director must find the woman in Cleopatra, it is not very interesting when he comes up with a wench. And Caesar must surely have had more stature than one would expect of the ceremonial stand-in for Dwight D. Eisenhower. True, there are moments when Harrison shrugs himself into the role of Professor Higgins; unfortunately, Miss Taylor is no Eliza Doolittle. From Caesar to Antony, she kisses as though she had learned the pastime in the back seat of a car, and she is still saying "Oi decree" as the asp bites home. I am not going to enumerate the very large cast because it is too easy to kid actors for absurdities that are not their fault.

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certain that the audience would "identify," it was the wrong strategy. There are very few, even in a matinee crowd, so lost to reason as to see themselves as the goddess Isis or the absolute master of one-third of the world. The audience comes to fable and saga in order to gape and wonder, not to be told that one of the most romantic episodes in all tradition was conducted after the manner of a fancy-dress cook-out. The one actor who was able to suggest that he was more than the common man caught momentarily in a spotlight was Roddy McDowall. He made the epicene, craven, power-besotted Octavian look like a dangerous ferret to corner. He plays, more broadly, a part he learned at Stratford, Conn.

The film's plot was derived by Mr. Mankiewicz and two assistant scholars, it is said, from Plutarch, Suetonius, Appian, "other ancient sources" and *The Life and Times of Cleopatra* by one C. M. Franzero. As might be expected, legend, history and invention of varying plausibility (did Cleo really argue for a United Nations as she stood one night with Caesar beneath the translucent tomb of Alexander?) are creamed up into a gravy of no definable flavor. It is hard to believe that the battle of love and war between Rome and Egypt could be made dull, but this picture turns the trick. It offers every blandishment for the eye and tambourines and trumpets for the ear, but the mind is given four hours to wander.

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Mr. Uris is in this instance chairman of Rock-Hil-Uris (a corporation, not a kidney ailment). Mr. Hilton is of course president of Hilton Hotels Corp.; Mr. Rockefeller is chairman of Rockefeller Center, Inc. The common cause which has brought these three diverse types together is the building of "The New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center" — a hotel whose location is something of an exaggeration, since it stands on Sixth Avenue between 53rd and 54th Streets, a small walk from the Rockefeller ice skating rink.

I've watched the rising of their 46-story hostelry for more than a year, and have now received an engraved card to come to a press lunch, which I look forward to attending and reporting. The new building, from what can be seen from the street and from neighboring buildings, is a gigantic, pleasantly gaudy slab of hotel rooms that slices up into the sky from a substantial, windowless base. This wide base evidently contains the public rooms — banquet facilities, lobbies, ballrooms, etc. — and the contrast of its simple bulk with the beehive above is not only logically convincing, but quite graceful. Its massing has, at any rate, a straightforward, diagrammatic feeling, and that seldom happens in hotels, or in other Manhattan buildings.

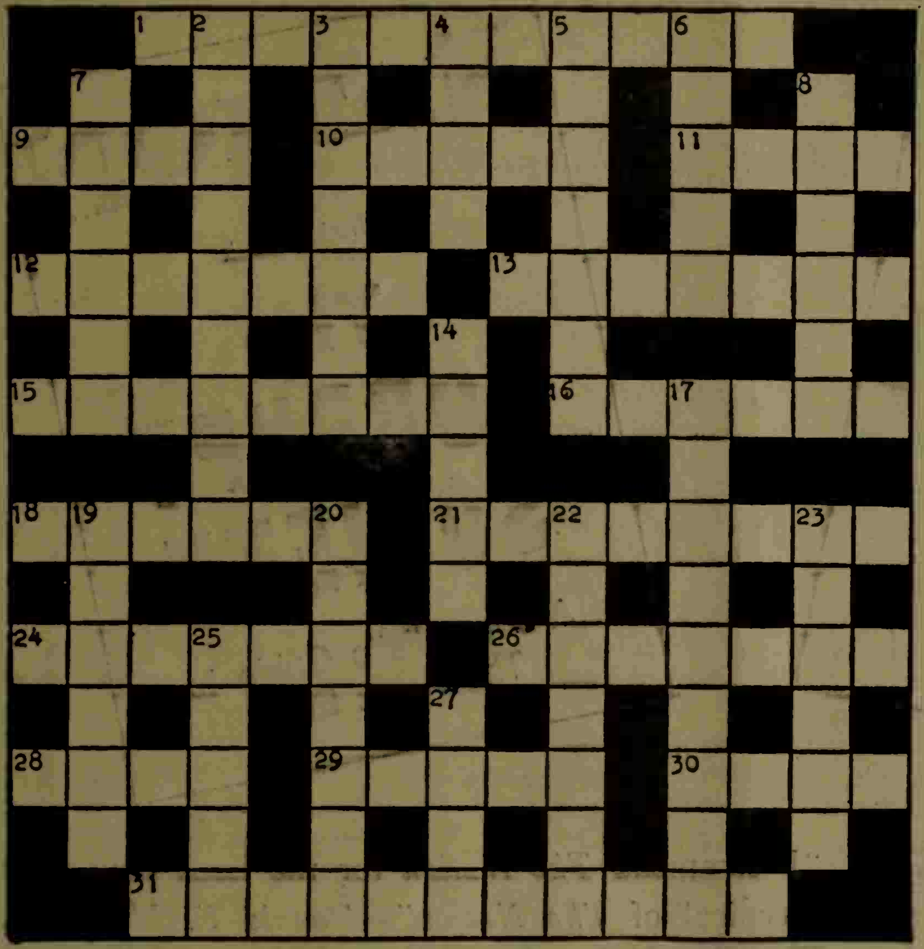
Something even better about the building (architect, William B. Tabler) is the execution of the vast curtain wall up in the sky. Unlike the usual dull and endless expanse of flat, factory-fabricated glass facing, this curtain is pleated. The wall is folded in and out, so that its reflections are not blankly staring, in the reptilian way, but diverting. In the early 1920s when the G Group in Berlin was playing with glass, that eternally new building material, Mies van der Rohe designed some skyscraper projects a little like this, if a lot richer. The same interesting way with glass had also occurred to the Chicago School architects toward the end of the nineteenth century. It is true that the technology of their day obliged them to use rather heavy framing for their windows, but several of their faceted buildings survive, with façades looking a little like great piles of bay windows, stacked side by side. They have a winsome glitter.

Architectually, then, the new hotel is both diagrammatically functional and an enterprising piece of design. It does not fake its cavernous spaces downstairs, but expresses them boldly. It doesn't merely apply its glass wall like a brick veneer, but accomplishes something prismatic. Of course, the wall may be a little too big. I'm glad that I don't have an office window in a building facing it nearby, for it might not be a good constant companion. It is a little too deliberately happy.

And if one approaches the problem — and the building — from another angle, it could be objected that the blank ends of the tall, slim structure should have been used more effectively. These narrow ends are, in proportion, as the spine of a book is to its boards, and the spine is the place for a few furbelows. Perhaps something really extravagant should have been done with them. As in the UN Secretariat, the hotel's ends were left windowless. If they had been seized upon as an opportunity to outdo the pleated side walls in an act of real industrial *Gaudi*-ness, they might have improved the total effect, intensifying it. As it is, the pleated walls come to a dull stop at the corners. However, by comparison with the Americana, a neighboring new hotel, the solution is still very imaginative. The big Americana's tall slab begins to fold, a little like a menu, and its main entrance is exactly like the quick sketch found on the front of the menu, but here, by mistake, built. The Americana already seems rather stale. The three odd partners — Uris, Hilton and Rockefeller — are doing much better.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1017

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Worked unremittingly to get to Mississippi, for example, to find such as Legree. (5, 6)
9 and 11 As likely to get morsel to mouth as stock to storage. (4, 4)
10 and 28 The treasury of the Local might be standard. (5, 4)
11 See 9 across
12 Changes the leopard's complexion like some Roman emperors? (7)
13 Where to find ships or settlers — or even dates, alternatively. (7)
15 He is decorated with little ornaments all around, as Raleigh was. (8)
16 A cozy little place like a hogan is nevertheless excessively damp. (6)
18 Ragout of lamb, as something having distinctive fragrance. (6)
21 Came back after the attack, to pride's undoing! (8)
24 A wandering nomad is logically suggestive of extensive stretches of land. (7)
26 A noble trait belonging to us when surrounded by bars. (7)
28 See 10 across
30 and 29 Plant on the crest of one of 2 down. (9)
31 Bede's father never had it so soft! (7, 4)

DOWN:

2 Keeps a lot of writers in trouble, obviously! (4, 5)
3 Horses, ceilings, and bars might be. (7)
4 Some people like their shirts this dry. (4)
5 There's a stretch between the top and bottom of a certain one of them. (7)
6 Found in the clatter associated with brilliant success. (5)
7 A little firm at this spot, so stick together! (6)
8 The results if you do are inconspicuous. (6)
14 The way people love the stuff commercials are refined from! (5)
17 Is a defrocked archbishop so? (9)
19 Not provided with a key? (6)
20 Are kept inside a money-making enterprise, in place of certain callers. (7)
22 Saw this, and a lot more in a well-known book. (7)
23 "Some chaos now, and in a whirlwind's ring ...... the planets." (Sonnet 49, Santayana) (6)
25 They used to consider a well-turned one less painful. (5)
27 There is no jesting with such tools, according to Beaumont and Fletcher. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1016

ACROSS: 1 and 4 In the beginning; 9 Citadel; 10 Addenda; 11 and 13 Mash note; 12 and 15 In the wrong; 16 Theseus; 17 Corpses; 19 Xanthin; 22 Tongues; 24 Alba; 25 and 28 Twin stars; 26 Take; 29 Palermo; 30 Guarded; 31 Caretaker; 32 Sided. DOWN: 1 Income tax; 2 To taste; 3 Ends; 4 Belongs; 5 Graphic; 6 Nude; 7 Igneous; 8 Grape; 14 Delhi; 18 Suspended; 20 Nebular; 21 New York; 22 Tanager; 23 Unaided; 24 Aspic; 27 Trot.

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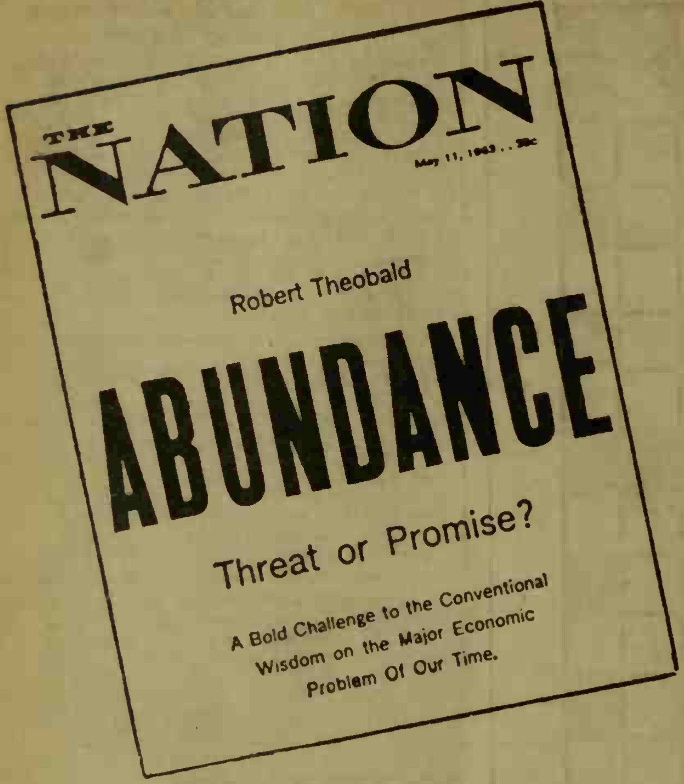

THE NATION

May 11, 1963 . . 35c

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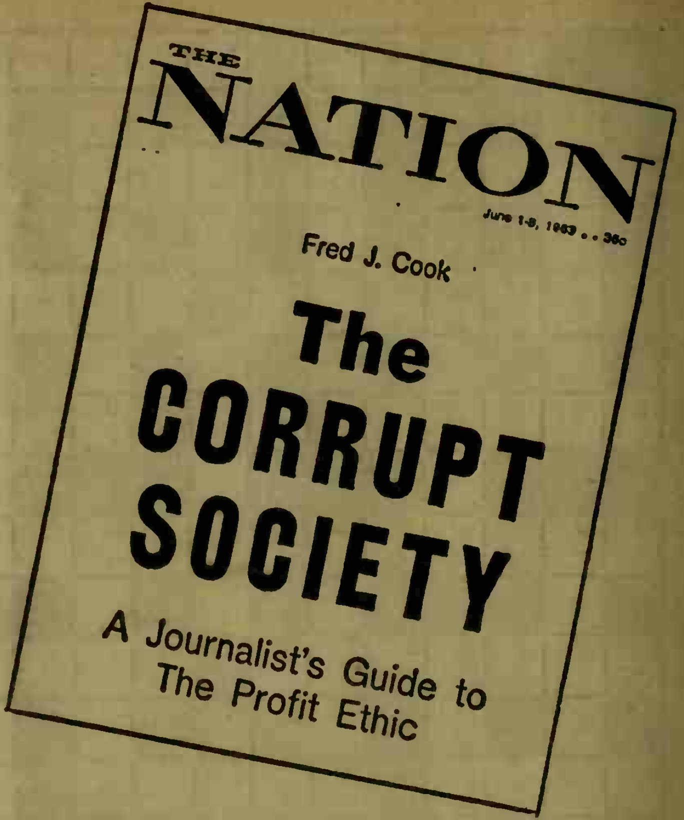

THE NATION

June 1-8, 1963 . . 35c

Fred J. Cook

The CORRUPT SOCIETY

A Journalist's Guide to The Profit Ethic

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THE NATION

July 13, 1963 . . 35c

Review and Forecast

The Adenauer Years

Heinz Abosch

Religious Freedom

THE COURT EXPANDS A CONCEPT

Thomas G. Sanders

Rockefeller's Cool Campaign

James Desmond

LETTERS

A century in Carthage

San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Fred Cook ["The Corrupt Society," *The Nation,* June 1-8] feels that the ". . . traditional American ethic—essentially, the Protestant ethic—is dying with the society which gave it birth. . . ." Alexis de Tocqueville, writing in 1831, observed:

> *When one considers the chastity of their morals, the simplicity of their manners, their habits of work and the religious and settled spirit which prevails in the United States, one is tempted to believe that the Americans are a virtuous people; but when one considers the commercial fervour which seems to devour the whole of society, the thirst for gain, the respect for money and the bad faith in business which appears on every side, one is soon led to think that this pretended virtue is only the absence of certain vices, and if the number of human passions seems restricted here, it is because they have all been absorbed in just one: the love of wealth.*

The demonstration that a condition existed in the past does not lessen the probability that it exists in the present, but if America possesses the mores of a Carthage, it is hardly a recent acquisition. . . . *G. L. Rowsey*

Undue punishment

New York City

Dear Sirs: I am an American writer married to a Filipina, Celia Mariano Pomeroy. We were married in 1948, in the Philippines. My wife, Celia, is a teacher. Both of us became involved with the Philippine Huks, an anti-colonial national liberation movement. The Huks were suppressed, civil war followed, and . . . we were captured in 1952 by government troops.

Both of us were sentenced to life imprisonment for rebellion and served ten years in prison before being released through pardon in December, 1961. But we were still denied the privilege of being together; I was deported at once from the Philippines and my wife was forbidden to accompany me. . . .

All efforts have been made by us to obtain my wife's entry into the United States, but she is barred by provisions of the Walter-McCarran Immigration Act. The American government refuses to waive those provisions to permit our reunion. Our only alternative is to go to a third country to live. . . .

Six months ago my wife applied for a Philippine passport to join me abroad. Her application has been frozen, and recently the Foreign Affairs Office has indicated that it will be denied. Such a denial would have neither legal nor moral grounds; it is a policy of continuing a punishment long after a penalty has been paid.

The Philippine President has the power to approve a passport for my wife. If he received enough letters urging him to do so, I have confidence that he would realize the wisdom of being humane. I ask you to write such a letter (or even to enclose this, with your endorsement). Airmail is preferable. His address:

President Diosdado Macapagal, Malacanang, Manila, Philippines.

William J. Pomeroy

Censors at Yale

New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs: With regard to your cogent article, "Banning the Campus Speaker" [March 30] it may be of interest to readers of *The Nation* to know that Yale has recently fallen from grace. On May 24, permission for V. T. Lee of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee to speak at the university was withdrawn. This occurred the day after Lee appeared before the HUAC and was questioned regarding his scheduled speech at Yale. . . .

Paul B. Huber

Mental illness

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his article, "New Frontiers for Mental Health" [May 18 issue] Professor Loeb takes a stand against the inertia which blocks the emergence of new thought. His remarks about treatment are particularly cogent. . . . Professor Loeb shows, by implication, the necessity for the treating personnel to bring to the care of the mentally ill a sense of urgency.

I regret that the article failed to mention the need for implicit trust in the ability of the mentally ill to contribute to his treatment, and the need for respect of his wish, indeed, to recover. Such a position could do much to counteract the hitherto prevailing sense of futility regarding mental illness. I am referring to the theory which Professor Loeb rejects, namely, "That most mentally ill people in mental hospitals will be there for a long time—many even for a lifetime." *Albert Bryt, M.D.*

Correction

Brewster, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: My review of Dr. Price's *Little Science, Big Science* in the July 6 issue contains the statement: ". . . the number of living scientists must be almost equal to all the scientists that have lived and died since there was such a thing as science." "And died" is an error. Actually, 80 to 90 per cent of all the scientists that have lived are still alive; consequently, dead scientists cannot exceed 20 per cent of the total. *Carl Dreher*

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The Nation, July 13, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 2

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

OCT 1

EDITORIALS

Importance of Being Earnest

In politics, as in life, there is an importance in being earnest—or at least seeming so. On the latter point we can give President Kennedy the benefit of the doubt: his eloquence in assuring Europe in general, and the Germans in particular, that we stand ready to sacrifice our cities in the common defense was probably unfeigned. But it will take more than eloquence to patch up the Grand Alliance from which grandeur has fled. One indication of the magnitude of the task is General de Gaulle's withdrawal of what remained of the French fleet under NATO command. This action, timed to coincide with Mr. Kennedy's trip, borders on the contemptuous, and confirms earlier evidence that General de Gaulle is willing to dismantle NATO. And the General does not readily change his mind.

But it is not merely de Gaulle that the President is bucking in trying to salvage the alliance. If he wishes to weigh the forces of history arrayed against him, Mr. Kennedy has only to consider the following:

1. A united Europe is meaningless as long as the East-West division endures. Eastern Europe was always part of Europe and still is. De Gaulle, with a sense of history which far transcends that of Kennedy and his entourage, has consistently and correctly said that even the USSR is part of Europe—a thesis to which the current Sino-Soviet quarrel lends support. Sooner or later the integrated European concept was bound to undermine the cold-war division of the Continent.

2. As long as East and West Europe were war-ravaged and impotent, the two major opponents in the cold war could mobilize and manage their respective alliances reasonably well; they had the resources and the military power. But as East and West have recovered, both camps have tended toward "polycentrism." De Gaulle, after all, is no more of a thorn in Kennedy's side than Tito was in Stalin's. A recalcitrant power does not even need to be big to make a nuisance of itself—look at Albania.

3. With relative prosperity and well-being, two factors emerged. The first is the desire for more prosperity and a still higher living standard; the other, acute competition and the urgent need of larger trade units. In Western Europe, everyone ostensibly hates the Russians—and everyone (except possibly Spain and Portugal) is trading or wants to trade with them. The British are trading, the West Germans are trading on a large scale and want it to be even larger, and by all indications the French will soon reveal a similar urge.

Presumably, Mr. Kennedy is aware of all this, or what was the purpose of his American University speech, on which Chancellor Adenauer read him a lecture that was none the less insolent because the censure was diplomatically disguised? The cold war has been Adenauer's stock in trade, and he will never part with it. (See article by Heinz Abosch, page 28.) But he will not be around long, and Mr. Kennedy has now paid his respects to the old man.

Yet Adenauer's successor might also see opportunities, pro tem, in playing the United States against the Soviet Union. Hence the talk of what amounts to a Bonn-Washington axis, implemented with such harebrained schemes as a surface fleet of multinational Polaris ships, piratically disguised as merchant vessels, to preoccupy the Soviet submarine fleet. What Mr. Kennedy must reckon with, however, is the fact that the West cannot give the Germans what they want—reunification—and the Soviets can. At a price, of course, but there is incentive for the Soviets, too, what with their failure to achieve their industrial goals in East Germany. Strategically, then, Mr. Kennedy's task is to hold NATO together for bargaining purposes, and to carry out the *détente* suggested in his American University speech when the time is ripe. Such are the political realities behind the parades, the popular enthusiasm and the earnest willingness to immolate urban America.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

After this issue, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only: July 27, Aug. 10 and Aug. 24.

Civil Rights and the GOP

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Republican Party — faced with one of the gravest crises in its history. The President's civil rights program may not be an ideal package, but in this imperfect world it constitutes a sound beginning, and its early enactment is dictated by obvious and compelling considerations, both national and international. Briefly and simply, the nation's honor is at stake.

Nevertheless, there are disturbing indications that the Republican leadership in Congress — notably Messrs. Dirksen, Halleck and Goldwater — is determined to sabotage the program. Their reasoning is revolting but clear: the Negro cannot be wooed away from the Democratic Party; Barry Goldwater can carry most of the Southern states; many Far Western and Middle Western states, which have few Negro voters, are lukewarm on civil rights; the Negro's drive for equality now is creating concern and tension in Northern communities, particularly in the predominantly "white" suburbs.

But these assumptions may prove to be fallacious as well as base. Fortunately, the non-Congressional or national leadership of the GOP takes quite a different view of the party's responsibilities. Governors Rockefeller, Romney, Hatfield and Scranton will have nothing to do with this disgusting attempt to convert the party of Abraham Lincoln into the party of white supremacy. Governor Rockefeller, in particular, merits high commendation for his forthright endorsement of the President's program. And in the end, a majority of Republicans, and many Southern Democrats as well, may find they do not relish the low appraisal of their intelligence and idealism, their morality and patriotism, implicit in the "pitch" of Messrs. Dirksen, Halleck and Goldwater. But if the party is tagged with responsibility for the defeat of the President's program in Congress, the danger is not so much that Goldwater will win the nomination as it is that no candidate other than Goldwater would want it.

South Africa and the UN

What to do about the Union of South Africa looms, after the Congo, as the UN's most perplexing problem. The Africans, at their conference in Addis Ababa, made their intentions plain. They wish to isolate South Africa—Portugal as well—and to align world opinion on their side. In particular, they are prepared to put the United States and Britain on the spot, together with any other Western power that is reluctant to take a stand. Britain and the United States both have large investments in South Africa. Britain has the additional liability of three protectorates bordering on South Africa and tied to it commercially. The African leaders are trying to line up Britain and the United States behind an economic boycott of South Africa, as the only alternative to more forceful action.

Past efforts to curb the wicked apartheid policies of the Verwoerd regime have been unavailing. More than two dozen deprecatory UN resolutions have been duly passed, and the situation approached the ludicrous some time ago. Now it is reaching a critical stage. As in the United States, if nonviolent methods fail to work, the leaders committed to such methods will find themselves in an untenable position. In politics, impotence is worse than evil: it inspires contempt, and for contempt there is no remedy.

David Morse, director general of the International Labor Organization and a former U.S. Under Secretary of Labor, has drafted a resolution which would bar South Africa from the Labor Organization's day-to-day operations. South Africa cannot be expelled from the Labor Organization as long as it remains a member of the UN. Such a step would, however, be a preliminary to expulsion from the UN itself.

The initial impulse of foes of a tyranny as loathsome as the one the Afrikaners have imposed on South Africa is to support expulsion. But that action may not be wise at this time. South Africa, like every other tyranny, has its vulnerabilities. The people who should be heard from, and who should have a voice in the UN decision, are the opponents of the Verwoerd dictatorship in South Africa. The Africans, of course, are almost completely suppressed, but the white opposition is by no means negligible. Helen G. Suzman is the only member of the Progressive Party in Parliament. According to Robert Conley, writing from Johannesburg in *The New York Times*, the Afrikaner party regards her as "the voice of the West" and looks to her for an indication of what the world's reaction will be to the next contemplated atrocity. Mrs. Suzman pressed Balthazar J. Vorster, the so-called minister of justice, for figures on the number of persons in jail. The minister replied that the information could not be furnished, then he furnished it. According to his figures, 67,636, mostly Africans, are in jail, and 10,760 are awaiting trial. One out of every 236 Africans is already imprisoned, and the proportion will no doubt continue to mount.

The Afrikaner policies are insane, but the Afrikaners are not. If they are not very susceptible to pressure now, they may be shortly. If all Africa unites against it—this is the prospect which animates much of the internal opposition—South Africa may need the UN desperately, and as the day of doom approaches even the Afrikaners may come to realize that they must give way. If they are still in the UN at that juncture, it may be easier to deal with them.

No More Free Smokes

Ordinarily *The Nation* is sympathetic with those who lose their jobs to the scientific revolution; but it has no tears to shed for the campus cigarette pushers who will now have to find other ways of making pocket money because colleges can no longer ignore the scientific evidence that cigarette smoking is detrimental to health. The manufacturers have yielded at their most vulnerable point—advertising in campus publications—which *The Nation* has been decrying for years.

American Tobacco made a virtue of necessity. Its policy, it declared, had *always* been that cigarette smoking was for adults, and now American was taking "special pains" to emphasize this policy. Actually, the growth of cigarette consumption was largely premised on the companies' getting their hooks into the kids early, through campus publications, give-aways, ingenious promotions, student solicitors, and almost every method short of forcing the students to smoke. Furthermore, the industry has begun to stop this early poisoning of the population for only one reason: it had to. The American Cancer Society and the Public Health Service have been harassing it, the Canadian and British medical societies are on record, and it was only a question of time before even the A.M.A. would crack down.

The one victim of this long-delayed reform for which one need feel any solicitude is the campus press, that has been dependent to the extent of 40 per cent of its revenues on the tobacco industry. It doesn't cost much to publish a campus paper, but it does cost something, and money is scarce for such ventures. At the same time, the campus press is a vital factor in American journalism, not only in preparing its personnel for later jobs, but for the abuses it uncovers and the training it gives students in resisting the unjust exercise of authority. Enlightened college administrations, and alumni associations, should be concerned about this problem.

Sabbaticals for Labor

By all odds the most interesting feature of the agreement between the United Steelworkers and the steel companies is the provision that would give a three-month vacation with pay every five years to all hourly paid workers. About half the present work force is eligible for such vacations right now, and Steelworkers president David J. McDonald estimates that it will add at least 20,000 jobs in the basic steel industry. If the plan is extended, it could ameliorate, though not solve, the unemployment problem.

McDonald got the idea on a trip to Australia in the mid-fifties. Industrial sabbaticals are nothing new there. British immigrants fought for, and won, extended vacations every five years for visits to England. Another type of sabbatical had a similar colonial origin. When the Dutch held Indonesia, the personnel of wireless stations in the islands served ten years, then received a one-year sabbatical in the Netherlands; served another ten years—and were retired on pension for life.

The sabbatical, a middle-class idea, has appropriately enough been borrowed by labor, which is becoming more middle class all the time. Workers need to be "refreshed" just as much as do tired professors—perhaps they need it more. And there is no reason why sabbaticals should be limited to three months. Schoolteachers in New York get a year to themselves for every seven years of work, and that seems like a minimal ratio. Beyond a year, a worker might tend to lose his skills; but given a year, he might return with renewed zest for work. Under present conditions, many employees, except for short intervals, are on the treadmill until they retire to die. And unlike many of the ideas which are being proposed to deal with unemployment, this one makes practical sense.

Not So Equal

On June 19, the House voted to supend for the 1964 Presidential and Vice Presidential elections Section 315 of the Federal Communications Act, which provides that if any candidate for political office receives broadcast time, his opponents must receive equal time.

The Kennedy-Nixon debates of 1960 were held under a similar suspension of Section 315. That earlier bill, however, waived the equal time provision only for Presidential debates; the new bill suspends it entirely, leaving to the discretion of the broadcasting industry which candidates will be heard.

Congressman Ryan (D., N.Y.) offered an amendment which would have by-passed Section 315 only under the conditions of 1960, but it was rejected on the ground that it would help third parties. The 126 votes against this pro-network, anti-democratic bill were cast by a curious coalition of those who care about the open exchange of ideas: liberals, Southerners and extreme conservatives.

Rockefeller's Cool Campaign

. . James Desmond

Can Nelson Rockefeller surmount the criticism about his remarriage and go on to win the Republican nomination for President next year? The question seems to be bothering everybody but Nelson Rockefeller. While acknowledging that his remarriage will be "one factor" in his final decision, Rockefeller has been demonstrating recently by words and action that he considers himself very much a contender and that he has no intention of withdrawing prematurely as he did in 1959.

The Rockefeller position, as conveyed by those around him, is that his drop in the national polls immediately after his marriage on May 4 to the former Mrs. Margaretta Fitler Murphy was transitory, triggered by the outbursts of indignation from some members of the clergy and certain not entirely disinterested politicians — none of whom, it should be noted, will be in a position to exert significant power in the Republican convention. Furthermore, he rejects as invalid the moral strictures laid upon him by his critics. As an honorable man, he feels he has acted honorably. He is confident that when the excitement dies away, the critics of his morals will find themselves isolated. Certainly, the millions of divorced Americans who have remarried will ignore the strictures.

Put in these political terms, the assessment seems almost cold-blooded; actually it is rather the reverse. Those who have talked to Rockefeller since he began presenting his new wife as the First Lady of the State see a deep conviction in the Governor that his bride will take her place at his side, normally and graciously, once the immediate excitement has lost its novelty. A number of commentators have noted that she could prove a definite asset when Rockefeller again presents himself to the people.

That he will so present himself —possibly in the Presidential primaries which open with the New Hampshire contest on March 10—now seems definite. He has invested too much time in building his power in the last several years to throw

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James Desmond, a political writer for the New York Daily News, *has just completed a political biography of Nelson Rockefeller, to be published by Macmillan early next year.*

it all away without seeking at least a test of strength. And when he seeks a test he will involve others who would have every right to demand a follow-through.

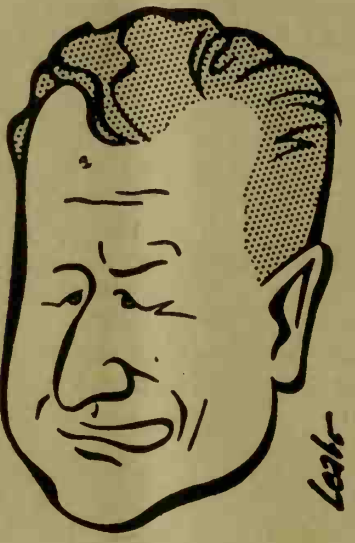
This is not to say that Rockefeller will necessarily take the primary route when he makes his move. As recently as April there were those around him who argued that his position was so overwhelming that he could skip the primaries and wait for the party to come to him. Right now, of course, such thinking is being reappraised. The decision won't be a hasty one. Rockefeller had plenty of reason in the first six months of 1960 to regret his December, 1959, resignation of Presidential ambitions and he will not repeat that mistake. Moreover, as Nelson Rockefeller he doesn't need time for a build-up.

Given time, the Rockefeller strategists feel, public opinion will swing back in his favor. This has shaped the actions of George L. Hinman, New York's national committeeman, who works out of Rockefeller Center in tandem with Tom Stephens, once of Eisenhower's secretariat. Hinman, in charge of the national Rockefeller effort, has been counseling patience to supporters disturbed by the apparent surge of sentiment for Senator Barry Goldwater since Rockefeller slipped in the Gallup poll. At the recent meeting of the National Republican Committee in Denver, for example, Hinman quietly encouraged the forming of "holding" blocs in the Western states, forbearing to put forward any claims for Rockefeller.

Up to now the strategy seems to be working. The announcement by Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania that he will go to the convention as a favorite son, and the movement in Denver to promote Senator Gordon L. Allott of Colorado in a similar role, indicate the professional politicians feel that the safest place for the next several months will be the sidelines. The Rockefeller people expect more favorite sons to emerge.

Rockefeller and those around him believe that the Goldwater boom, regardless of the Senator's sentimental appeal to the more conservative Republicans, has failed to get off the ground. The Senator is attracting headlines and fervent cheers, but in the big industrial states, where the convention power lies, his appeal hasn't swung a single important leader to his camp.

Indeed, some Rockefeller people doubt that the Goldwater sentiment is as all-pervading as his publicity would make it appear. They note that last year, in a test of strength of sorts, the Conservative Party in New York (which claimed Goldwater as a spiritual godfather, although he carefully stayed aloof) ran up only 140,000 votes against Rockefeller, who won by 529,000. Considering that Rockefeller's handicaps in 1962 included his recent divorce (in March), lingering resentment over the tax rises he imposed in his first year, strong New Frontier pressure, and a certain disarray in the state organization, the Conservative achievement was not particularly impressive as an indicator of right-wing power. Incidentally, Rockefeller moved personally to stop a Republican effort to knock the Conservatives off the ballot (a legal maneuver that might have succeeded) in order to challenge the right wing under combat conditions.



Although the identifiable reason for Rockefeller's falling behind Goldwater in the Gallup poll was his remarriage, there has been an increasing disposition in some quarters to depreciate his performance as Governor. The downgrading has concentrated on three things: first, the scandals in the State Liquor Authority, which elicited national attention because of the $50,000 bribe allegedly paid by the Playboy Club to get a liquor license; second, Rockefeller's ill-advised attempt to disguise a tax rise last winter that brought on a legislative revolt, and, third, the feuding that broke out in the Republican Party when State Chairman L. Judson Morhouse resigned just before being called before the grand jury in the liquor inquiry.

These are strictly local matters, of the sort that traditionally don't mean much once you cross the state line; but it is a measure of Rockefeller's determination to put his house in order that he has tackled them vigorously. There is little he can do about the liquor-license scandals, but he has fired state officials who refused to cooperate with the inquiry and has gone so far as to call for a judicial trial looking toward dismissal of a judge, appointed by him, who refused to testify. On taxes, he has already promised that, so far as can be foreseen at this point, there won't be any tax rise next year. And, with his new chairman, Fred A. Young, plucked from the Court of Claims bench to reorganize the GOP, he is strenuously trying to end the party strife.

What makes these routine political exercises important in this instance is that Rockefeller is devoting himself almost exclusively to them. Although he receives thirty or more speaking invitations every day from all over the country—and the number has held steady despite his drop in the polls—he has remained at home base. His only important out-of-state date this month, for example, will be the Governors' Conference, July 21-24, at Miami Beach, where the new Mrs. Rockefeller will make her bow on the national scene.

But like all prudent Presidential hopefuls, he will manage a trip to Europe before the year is out. His present plans are to fly to Brussels about the end of September to open a New York Commerce Department office there. He will probably tour around after that, but the itinerary hasn't been set.

So much for Rockefeller's "availability" and present prospects. One other point should be made. Rockefeller, unlike many political observers and including some highly placed Republicans, is convinced that President Kennedy can be beaten next year if the challenge is made with a strong candidate and on the proper grounds. But the proper grounds, as he sees the problem, involve further broadening of the party along the lines laid down in the 1960 Republican platform. That platform, it will be remembered, was forced down the throats of the reluctant convention delegates after Vice President Nixon joined forces with Rockefeller to avoid a bitter floor fight, and accepted, almost without change, the Rockefeller program. In 1964, Rockefeller believes, the Republican Party must be even bolder, particularly on civil rights and foreign affairs, or risk a shattering defeat that could keep it out of power for years.

Under the circumstances, he can hardly do less than go all-out for the nomination.

Religious Freedom

The Court Expands a Concept

. . Thomas G. Sanders

The long-awaited Supreme Court decision on required Bible reading and recitation of the Lord's Prayer in public schools is a significant affirmation of minority rights in a religiously pluralistic society. In declaring unconstitutional state laws that prescribed these religious practices, the Court has responded to the realities of American society in the mid-twentieth century, though its discussion of establishment of religion bears only remotely on the concept set forth in the First Amendment. Nevertheless, the willingness of a civil liberatarian Court to discern more in the Constitution than the men who wrote it ever envisioned may well put the recent cases, along with *Engel* v. *Vitale* (outlawing the New York regents' prayer), on a parallel with the milestone in civil rights achieved when the "separate but equal" doctrine fell before the recognition that separation in itself constitutes a form of inequality. Society benefits from decisions based on a combination of sensitivity to minority rights and an awareness of social change, even if the legal reasoning may seem somewhat tenuous.

Confusion about our system of church-state relations springs in large part from the popularity of the slogan, "the wall of separation between church and state," first articulated in Thomas Jefferson's famous letter to the Baptists of Danbury, Connecticut. Under the banner of "the wall of separation" an anomalous alliance of Protestant evangelicals and anti-clerical liberals has thoroughly muddled our understanding of American church-state relations by waging war on those whose interests lay in maintaining or extending the obvious and numerous "breaches" in the wall. Defenders of the wall range in sophistication from Justices of the Supreme Court, who have used the phrase several times in their decisions, to paranoiacs who find the phrase a convenient vehicle to criticize all public actions by Roman Catholics.

Although the separationists are surely rejoicing over *Abington Township* v. *Schempp*, which overruled a Pennsylvania statute requiring the reading without comment of ten verses from the Bible and the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, and *Murray* v. *Curlett*, a similar case from Maryland, they should not ascribe the results to self-evident derivations from the principle of the wall, but to the Court's recognition that preserving minority rights in a changing religious climate made these decisions necessary.

Technically, the Court argued on legal grounds, pointing to American tradition for support, but the results would certainly not have occurred in the nineteenth century. The Court has always tended to interpret the First Amendment in terms of the nation's religious sociology, reflecting the horror of respectable Christians at the practice of polygamy among the Mormons, or affirming that America was a "Christian nation," as Justice Brewer so piously and lengthily did in *Holy Trinity Church* v. *United States* (1892).

Although the United States has always harbored a variety of religious and non-religious beliefs, public awareness has moved from the assumption that we lived in a Protestant, to a Christian, to a religious society. The Court in the *Engel*, *Schempp* and *Murray* cases has now pointed this evolution to its logical conclusion: that along with citizens of religious conviction our society nourishes and respects its citizens who hold unconventional religious views or no religious views at all. Given the presence of the non-religious, one cannot speak meaningfully any more of America as a religious country. The breakdown of a once-Protestant culture into a genuinely pluralistic one is the dominant social reality in understanding our contemporary church-state furor.

Statisticians often point to the fact that only 5 to 10 per cent of Americans held formal church membership in 1790. Statistics do not, however, reveal the pervasive Protestant consciousness in American society at that time, for while most citizens had let lapse the indifferent church membership they had held in the "old country," they were accustomed to varied symbols of the Protestantism they had known in England, Scotland and Germany. The First Amendment to the Constitution forbade, to be sure, a national religious establishment, but the populace accepted without criticism manifestations of Protestantism in public institutions. Nearly everyone, for example, expected the public schools to include the Biblical tradition in its teaching and prayers to the Almighty. Consistent with the prevailing views, textbooks interpreted Protestantism as the beacon of enlightenment and freedom after the ignorance and horror of the "Dark Ages."

The torrential influx of Roman Catholic immigrants in the early nineteenth century first qualified this crypto-Protestant environment in a nation where church and state

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were formally separated. It is ironic that Catholics, who almost unanimously criticized last year's regents' prayer decision, challenged the reading of the King James Version of the Bible in the courts of the nineteenth century and objected to the Protestant orientation of textbooks and instruction. Although the Protestant leaders of the school boards, often ministers, tried to accommodate to the Catholic complaints, they failed to sense the subtle indoctrination of their system. Horace Mann, who is usually regarded as a leader in "nonsectarian" education, preserved the Bible at the center of the curriculum, on the assumption that it should speak for itself without sectarian interpretation. Unfortunately, letting the Bible speak for itself was a prime principle of evangelical Protestantism in the early nineteenth century. The Catholics, who believed in reading the Bible in the light of the Church's teaching, ruefully withdrew wherever possible to preserve their religious integrity from the subtle inroads of the majority Protestant "consensus."

By the end of the nineteenth century public opinion had matured. Few people would defend the thesis that this was a Protestant country, but many would argue that we were a Christian nation. Catholics were now a part of the consensus, as they assumed a more significant status in professions and politics. The public statements of the great liberal prelates, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, gave American Catholicism a degree of respectability. Strangely, even in this period those who held formal church membership were still a minority of the population, but domestic leaders and foreign visitors all commented on the broad Christianity that pervaded society and was symbolized on appropriate occasions.

Where were the Jews in this land of Christian consensus? The major immigration of Jews to America began after 1880 and increased until the spigot was almost closed by the restrictive laws of the early 1920s. Until recently few Jews had the status or interest to challenge the legal and customary view of American religious composition. In 1955, the Jewish theologian and sociologist, Will Herberg, published an influential and at the time, perceptive, book. Its title, *Protestant-Catholic-Jew,* pointed to one of Herberg's basic themes: that as a result of the postwar religious revival and the acceptance of religion as a good thing, Jews were now part of the American consensus. Surveys indicated the overwhelming tendency of Americans to identify themselves with one of the three religious traditions, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. Moreover, the average American accepted the equality and integrity of his fellow citizens from the other broad religious traditions. The public consensus no longer looked on our nation as either Protestant or Christian, but as religious. The cold war had stimulated an assumption that God existed and a quest for assurance that he was on our side. People were joining churches and synagogues in significantly increasing numbers.

Many manifestations of the acceptability of the Protestant-Catholic-Jew concept sprang up. When Jews questioned Protestant or Christian symbols or ceremonies, compromise created a happy solution. Along with Christmas pageants, schools depicted the meaning of Hanukkah. (The regents' prayer in New York illustrated this era of good feelings, for it sought to join under a common religious, if innocuous, aegis those who could affirm from different perspectives a belief in God as the source of morality and social providence. Reading the Bible in a devotional atmosphere represented an accommodation to the beliefs of all who accepted the Biblical tradition as normative. The Lord's Prayer, while manifestly Christian, contained no doctrines unacceptable to the three large religious traditions, unless one were a Biblical scholar and grasped the implications of "Thy kingdom come" and "Deliver us from the evil /one/.")

The shock of religious spokesmen over the regents' prayer decision came from their unwillingness to face the fact that one thing was wrong with the Protestant-Catholic-Jew concept — it described a public assumption, not a genuine religious composition. Besides religious groups that do not fit into the scheme, such as Eastern Orthodox, Mormons and Jehovah's Witnesses, a small but vocal minority holds no religious beliefs at all. And in theory they are as good American citizens as the religious ones. The more subdued response in religious circles to the *Schempp* and *Murray* decisions indicates that religious leaders have reflected on social reality in light of their theological resources. The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., and the general board of the National Council of Churches, as well as several prominent Roman Catholics, have supported the decisions and pointed to church and home rather than public institutions as the reservoir of religious faith and practice.

Justice Stewart, in his dissent to the *Schempp* and *Murray* cases, reflected a position widely held among religious people: "a refusal to permit religious exercises . . . is seen, not as the realization of state neutrality, but rather as the establishment of a religion of secularism." This subtle argument fails to recognize a distinction between the phenomenon of limited institutions and secularism as an ideology or counter-religion. The latter is not a stranger to the United States, for many "liberals" advocate with religious fervor the ultimacy of humanistic or democratic values, while striving to cripple the freedom to function of traditional, especially authoritarian and "dogmatic," religion. On the other hand, the limitation of public institutions to certain functions preserves both individual rights and social order. To eliminate religious practices from public schools merely affirms that, given the inescapable and insoluble religious and non-religious pluralism of American society, the school should limit itself to education and perhaps to moral training. It avoids statements about ultimate reality to maintain public peace.

Despite our contention that the fact of social change illuminates most adequately the *Engel, Schempp* and *Murray* decisions, the Court decided all three on the argument that the practice in question represented an establishment of religion. The Court has clarified the meaning of "establishment of religion" only in recent years. Justice Clark, in his opinion in *Schempp* and *Murray,* pointed to eight cases as precedents, all of which, it should be noted, have occurred since 1940. While we feel that the trend of these cases enhances minority rights, the view of establishment they reflect springs more from the civil libertarian impulses of the members of the Court than from the original intent of the framers of the First Amendment. In the earlier of these precedents, such as *Everson* v. *Board of Education* (1947), which upheld the transportation of pupils to religious schools, and *McCollum* v. *Board of Education* (1948), which overturned religious instruction in the public schools, a strange and strained interpretation of non-establishment was promulgated. But once decided, these cases were precedents. Justice Clark had a relatively simple task in his recent decision. He could cite ample precedents, but the men who formulated the First Amendment probably would have been surprised to see the outcome of their phrase about establishment.

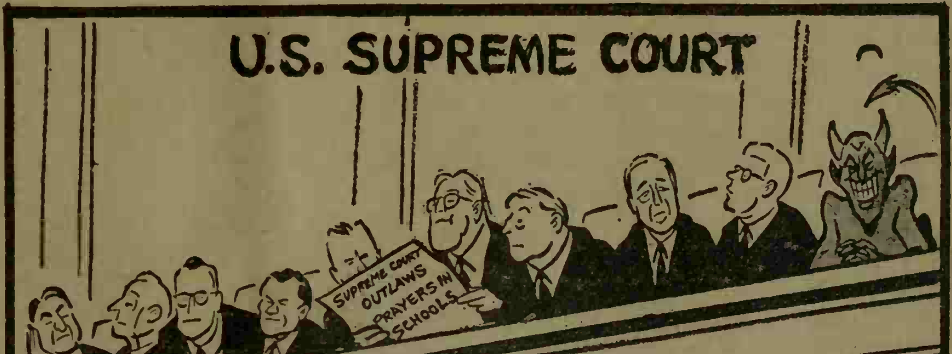
The original First Amendment barred the federal government from establishing a religion, solely in the sense of giving special privileges to a single denomination. It represented a response not only to those in Virginia who had disestablished the Anglican Church, but to those in Massachusetts who wanted to continue their Congregational establishment and feared that Congress would replace it with another denomination on the national level. The Amendment envisioned no relief for those who suffered under the existent state establishments which continued in Connecticut until 1818 and Massachusetts until 1833. The federal government in subsequent years scarcely hesitated to adopt prudent religious manifestations, from Sunday services in Congress led by eminent divines to federal payments for mission schools among the Indians.

In 1868, the Fourteenth Amendment, which intended to prevent the states from subjecting the newly freed slaves once again to servitude, was ratified. It held that no state could deprive any citizen of "life, liberty, or property without due process of law." After a long and tenuous evolution of Fourteenth Amendment theory, the Supreme Court concluded in 1940 that the Fourteenth Amendment's guarantee of life, liberty, or property placed upon the federal government a responsibility to protect all its citizens from abridgment by the states of their liberties described in the First Amendment, including free exercise of religion and non-establishment.

The Supreme Court has rendered many more church-state decisions since 1940 than it did in the previous century and a half, nearly all involving the First Amendment as applied to state and local statutes by the Fourteenth Amendment. Most of these decisions helped clarify the free exercise rather than the establishment clause and were closely related to concurrent judgments on freedom of speech. Religious groups did not react negatively to the decisions on free exercise of religion. They could see that the federal government served a valuable function for both religion and society when it prevented the states from penalizing, for example, Jehovah's Witnesses for proselytizing in their inconvenient and peculiar ways.

The implications of the establishment clause were not so clear. In 1947, however, Justice Black, writing in the *Everson* case, held that the establishment clause not only said the obvious, that neither state nor federal government could set up a church, but also that neither could pass laws which "aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another." At the time critics did not explore the prohibition of aid to "all religions" because they were concentrating their fire on the conclusion of the Court that bus transportation of parochial-school students did not violate the dictum Justice Black set forth. But religious groups reacted vocally to the *McCollum* case, which abrogated the voluntary system of religious instruction conducted by Protestants, Catholics and Jews in the public schools of Champaign, Illinois. Their argument, as it was offered in the sophisticated journal, *Christianity and Crisis*, edited by Reinhold Niebuhr and John C. Bennett, was that the *McCollum* decision departed from a longstanding tradition of accepting religion in public institutions and that the original establishment clause did not anticipate such a radical prohibition.

The Court's view of establishment, despite its untraditional character, interprets the word "religion" in a subtle and creative way that its critics have not grasped. In 1791, the word indubitably referred to a particular denomination among the many in the United States. And religious critics today still argue that general support of religious teaching or exercise acceptable to Protestants, Catholics and Jews does not support a particular religion as the First Amendment conceived it. Although this is true in an organizational sense, the Court


U.S. SUPREME COURT
SUPREME COURT OUTLAWS PRAYERS IN SCHOOLS
HOW MANY OLD MEN DID YOU SAY THERE ARE ON THE COURT?

First published in the San Francisco Chronicle *with the following caption: ". . . This cartoon doesn't really express our sentiments . . . but it portrays, rather admirably, we think, the devil-concept of the Supreme Court that some other newspapers in our immediate area hold dear. . . ."*

seems to have realized that religious beliefs are so diverse that the vague generalities of even the regents' prayer conflict with the views of people who deny the relation of God to morality and national well-being. More concretely, government support of generalized religion gives official sanction to a watered-down version of the Judaeo-Christian religion as over against Hinayana Buddhism, for example, which does not believe in a God, or against the "religion" of disbelief. Just as the Court's insight into the nature of racial equality expanded in a hundred years, its understanding of religion transcended denominational categories to a recognition that religion in general is after all *a* religion.

The more recent decisions have centered on the distinction between free exercise of religion and establishment. Critics of the decisions have argued that as long as pupils were excused from participation, as in New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland, they suffered no coercion and should not object to the religious practices of their classmates. Justice Stewart followed this position in his *Schempp* and *Murray* dissent, holding that religious practices become constitutionally invalid "only if they are proven to entail the use of the secular authority of government to coerce a preference among such beliefs."

Apart from his failure to see that even "nonsectarian" religion is a religion, Stewart disagrees with his colleagues' distinction between free exercise and non-establishment. Initially elaborated by Justice Black in *Engel*, this distinction, which captured the majority opinion of the Court in the recent cases, contends that the establishment clause is more all-embracing than free exercise of religion. The establishment clause forbids state and federal governments from supporting or sanctioning any religion, even where students suffer no restriction of their religious freedom. Free exercise takes no precedence over establishment. State and federal governments cannot abridge either. Justice Clark in *Schempp* and *Murray* reiterates Black's statement in *Engel* that the "establishment clause, unlike the free-exercise clause, does not depend upon any showing of direct governmental compulsion and is violated by the enactment of laws which establish an official religion whether these laws operate . . . to coerce non-observing individuals or not." To support any kind of religion results in "the hatred, disrespect, and even contempt of those who hold contrary beliefs." Since all pupils have equal rights, government exempts itself from the realm of ultimate convictions lest it imply that the views of a minority, whether religious or non-religious, are suspect or un-American.

Why does the Court not permit the major religious segment of society to symbolize its faith by ceremonies in public schools? Because the Bill of Rights obligates government to defend the rights of minorities. Here the axiom of democratic government that the majority rules breaks down, for the Court has little interest in the majority consensus. Even obnoxious minorities can challenge the tendency of the majority so to implement its religious faith through public institutions that it fosters an "establishment."

With *McCollum*, *Engel*, *Schempp* and *Murray* as almost indestructible precedents, our chief problem of the future will be the adjustment of conscientious religious people to the social virtues of these decisions. Most of them have responded to this challenge to God and ecclesiastical interest with outrage or worse, but our religious traditions possess the resources for a creative affirmation of the political equality of all religions and non-religions in American society.

While we shall continue to hear politicians talk of a constitutional amendment, and many communities will conduct religious exercises as before by subterfuge, the Court's position is actually far more true to the character of Protestantism, Catholicism and Judaism than the thoughtless and self-righteous damnation of the Court which the press has reported. In the first place, the insipid "public cult" bears almost no relation to the richness of our three majority traditions. In close agreement with the Old Testament prophets, a few contemporary religious spokesmen have correctly discerned the manipulation of religion for social and political purposes and denounced it for what it is — idolatry. Secondly, at their best, the religious traditions have abjured self-interest in favor of the oppressed. With effective leadership they may be able to see that religious ceremonies fostered the interests of the churches, but at an intolerable ethical price — the coercion and resentment of religious and non-religious minorities. Finally, the comments of religious spokesmen have exhibited a strange and pretentious view of the God they purport to worship. What kind of impotent God is it who must depend on some vapid ceremonies among indifferent pupils to keep himself in business?

THE ADENAUER YEARS

Heinz Abosch

Bonn

Now at last, all uncertainty has ended: Konrad Adenauer will resign from office this fall. On April 24, a two-thirds majority of his own party in parliament voted against him and for Erhard. The brewing revolt had burst wide open. For the first time since the Christian Democratic Union (CDU) was founded, it had succeeded in asserting itself over Adenauer's dictates.

By the same token, the party's victory was the most grievous defeat in the Chancellor's career. He could have avoided it had he not displayed a stubbornness that, in Bismarck's day, would have been praised as the highest virtue of statesmanship. After the elections of September, 1961, he had pledged to resign within two years (he was then eighty-five, surely the oldest government chief in the world). But he gave no sign of keeping his word.

Adenauer's political path is strewn with broken promises; strangely, most of them helped,

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rather than hurt, his prestige. In the spring of 1959, he had also promised to resign, only to renege on the plea of the "seriousness of the situation"—his favorite phrase.

In the past four years, however, the radiance of the Adenauer myth has noticeably dimmed. People began to question his abilities and the correctness of his policy. Today even the most cautious observers feel that the Chancellor's time is up; he accomplished great things, they say, but now he must make room for the younger generation.

Adenauer is no master of subtleties. His rather narrow cultural background has not equipped him for complicated, analytical appraisals. From youth to old age he has chosen to see everything in simple blacks and whites. He places vast importance on his enormous will power, which, he believes, will by itself bring victory. This limited philosophy marks him as a typical product of the Kaiser's Germany. The blind battle he waged against his own party symbolizes his whole political attitude.

If Adenauer had kept his promise in 1959, he could have retired in a blaze of glory, with his myth unimpaired. But like a bad actor, he muffed his chance of making a good exit. His craving for power, which with growing age took on almost pathological traits, blinded him to political changes. Clinging to his will-power philosophy, he continued to believe in his ultimate triumph, and the increasing difficulties that beset him merely roused his pugnacity.

Adenauer's era is not without originality, the most remarkable feature being its long duration. For fourteen years, Cologne's former Lord Mayor has been in power, ruling virtually without a government crisis and with an authority envied by the statesmen of the democracies. This feat is even more outstanding when compared to the fourteen years of the Weimar Republic that were marked by countless Cabinet shake-ups and rebellions from the Right and the Left, culminating in its collapse.

The Bonn Republic has had nothing like that. It is marked by unshakable stability: no extra-parliamentary struggles for power, few strikes, no effective parliamentary opposition from the steadily weakening Social Democrats (SPD), who ended up accepting Adenauer's basic policy, though they vehemently fought it for years. The stability is further reflected in the present *Bundestag*, with only three parties, as compared to the first, when there were ten. Current attempts to eliminate the small Liberal Party by changing the electoral procedure are paving the way for a two-party system.

The men who worked out the Bonn constitution planned to create stable conditions that would avoid the Weimar chaos at all costs. Both the demagoguery of plebiscites and the great power of the state president were abolished. With more than 5 per cent of all votes required to qualify for parliamentary representation, aspiring new parties face a difficult hurdle at the outset. The constitution, which gave the chief of state considerable influence, suited Adenauer's taste, and he used it ruthlessly for expanding his own power.

Party leader and government chief in one person, he took personal advantage of the people's desire for peace and quiet after the war years. He refused to accept the Social Democrats as partners, and would not even debate with them. He slandered them as "unpatriotic" and contaminated by Bolshevism. Undermining the development of democratic thought, he used existing authoritarian sentiments for his own role of rising "savior." He wanted to save Germany and protect the people from the external and internal "Red danger." The alliance with the Western powers, economic prosperity—all this was Adenauer's doing.

Subsequent elections degenerated into popular decisions for or against him—he was the only issue. His thinking was always geared to crass oversimplifications. A vote for him was happiness, Christianity, decency, God—and Mammon. He rashly accused the SPD of furthering "Germany's destruction." Thus he developed into a kind of Hindenburg in mufti, who tried as best he could to restore the old Germany. In spite of his initial Socialist proclamations, he promoted capitalism; in spite of his pacifist statements, he carried out rearmament; in spite of his condemnation of the Nazis, he permitted their rehabilitation, at least in part, and turned Globke, the official commentator on the Nuremberg laws, into his most intimate collaborator.

His success was based on his consistent drive for an alliance with the West, particularly with the largest power, the United States. As far back as 1945, Adenauer understood that this was bourgeois Germany's only chance. He expected an early Western break with the Soviet Union, and as Chancellor he tried first and foremost to deepen the breach. In the past fourteen years, his worst nightmare has been an understanding between East and West. His triumph was solely due to this split: the Federal Republic was born, grew in strength, became allied to NATO, and was rearmed as the Western bulwark against the East. As the cold war intensified—particularly during the Korean crisis—he could reap further benefits.

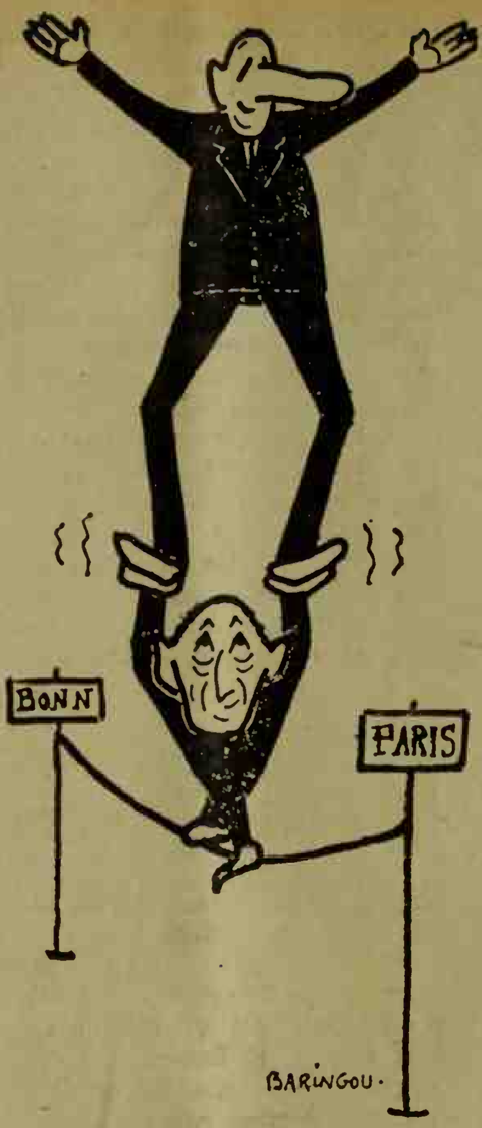
All this fortified Adenauer's position vis-à-vis Schumacher, the Social Democrat leader, who constantly reproached him for "selling out" without a tangible *quid pro quo*. This was demonstrably untrue and became one of the reasons why the SPD, just as Western-oriented, eventually adopted the government's foreign policy. Notwithstanding the vehement criticism hurled at him during his first years in office, nothing could turn Adenauer away from the West and its cold-war tendencies. Hence his close friendship with John Foster Dulles, which developed into a genuine political community of interests.

The Chancellor declared that "reunification in peace and freedom" was his goal. This meant that a reunified Germany would be allied to the Western bloc. He categorically dismissed all proposals, at times emanating from Moscow, that might give Germany a neutral status. But an all-German alliance with the Western bloc was unacceptable to the Soviet Union for two reasons: it not only implied the destruction of the German Communist state, but also threatened Poland's new borders.

The fact that his goal, like a mirage, kept moving further and further away did not perturb the Chancellor. Time and again he stressed that "reunification in peace and freedom" was around the corner because West Germany was a member of the "greatest military alliance in history." But even though he continued to rely on sheer will power, the facts gradually began to speak their own language. The nuclear armament of both blocs destroyed the notion of military superiority of the one over the other. The only way Adenauer could reach his goal peacefully would be through capitulation by the Soviet Union predicated on military weakness. The weakness never developed. Instead, a "balance of terror" has been established, forcing both blocs into a *modus vivendi.* Thus the foundations of Adenauer's policy have been proved wrong; hence the decline of the Adenauer myth and the beginning of a political malaise.

The year 1961 registered further lack of confidence in the Chancellor. The Berlin crisis militated against him; it revealed that the West—whatever it might say—was devoted to the *status quo.* If anything, the Berlin Wall underscored the weakness of West Germany, which was forced to recognize the *fait accompli.* The population was greatly shaken. Adenauer's "policy of strength" had proved to be hollow, and no amount of solemn proclamations could delude the people about the continued existence of East Germany. The bill was presented in September of that year, one month after the wall was raised: the CDU lost the absolute majority it had won in 1957.

The failure of Adenauer's strategy with respect to the Soviet Union resulted in growing conflicts with the partners of the Western alliance. Since President Kennedy's election, West Germany's relations with the United States have deteriorated. The Dulles honeymoon is over—a subject of melancholy reflection in Bonn. Adenauer had staked his money on Nixon, suspecting Kennedy of appeasement. To him, any policy that recognizes the *status quo* as an immutable law in this atomic age is odious because it endangers West Germany's only salvation—a revision of its Eastern border. Kennedy is suspected of being guided by political reality—an unforgivable lapse in the eyes of Bonn's leading politicians.



France Observateur

The conflict was deepened by West Germany's demands for atomic weapons of its own. In 1961-62, supported by Adenauer, Defense Minister Strauss never tired of asking for nuclear arms as a "symbol of national sovereignty." Following the *Spiegel* affair, which compromised both the Chancellor and his Minister, Strauss had to go. But the policy designed to give Germany atomic equality has remained. This is all the more distasteful to Washington and most of the NATO partners because Bonn's defensive conception, in case of war, provides for immediate use of atomic weapons. On this basis every combat action in West Germany would necessarily result in a nuclear catastrophe. All those who know the explosive situation between the two German states, which virtually live in a state of civil war, must regard such a perspective with horror.

As his last act of defiance, the Chancellor hurled the pact with de Gaulle into the Western camp. This was an act of revenge against Kennedy; and, for Adenauer, a new device for acquiring nuclear arms. All this shows that the Federal Republic, nursed along like a baby chick by the Western powers, is today strong enough to try out an independent role.

West Germany today looks very different from what it did fourteen years ago: no more ruins or starvation. It is the greatest economic and military power in Western Europe. But there can be no question of "reunification in peace and freedom." The powerful German Army heightens international tension, threatens democratic development and domestic social progress. The achievement of peace and freedom requires a stop to rearmament; instead, the Federal Republic keeps 500,000 men under arms (the Weimar Republic, with twice the territory, had only 100,000 troops). Adenauer's successor will have to decide which way for West Germany: the road to peace or the road to militarism.

Another legacy, no less important, involves domestic affairs. The German use, in the past, of the plebiscite tended to strangle democratic thought, which was replaced by simple-minded clichés handed down from above. Those who opposed official principles could expect to be denounced as "enemies of the state." This produced a kind of McCarthyism that continued to spread long after its prototype in the United States had died out. The civil-war atmosphere sharpened; thought became subordinated to mendacious propaganda; it was more expedient to be the "servant of the state" than its "enemy."

The 1949 goal — which established a regime free from crises—was achieved. But today we must ask whether it was not "over-achieved." There are no government crises; but there are no differences of opinion, either. A general conformism has leveled everything—parties, trade unions, schools, newspapers, churches, motion pictures. In the fight against communism, many opinions are suppressed, and just as many that are expressed are untrue.

While Weimar perished in multiparty strife, the Bonn Republic is choked off by a conformism content with cheap slogans expounding a "community of national interests." The three parties in the *Bundestag* are separated not by principles, but only by nuances. The system of state-financed parties insures the monopoly of the leaders and hinders critical voices from being heard.

And yet it is the questionable part of the aged Chancellor's legacy that may well stimulate a change. The shadows on foreign policy, on the slowing rhythm of the economy, strikes that have broken out—these are among the unresolved problems waiting to be solved.

Presumably West Germany, under Chancellor Erhard, will tighten the bonds with the United States and Britain and disown the escapade with de Gaulle. Erhard may also lend a close ear to the urgings of the Ruhr industrialists clamoring for stepped-up trade with the East. As an economist, he is closer to reality than Adenauer, the crusader-propagandist. We may expect the cautious start of a new approach to the Soviet Union, now that the former policy has utterly failed.

However, any reawakening after this long Rip Van Winkle sleep will take time. With the exit of Germany's Old Man, the hypnotized German masses will come out of their trance, realizing that the clichés they have been hearing are not the last word in wisdom. The spell is broken, new elements are stirring. The main problem will be to take a close look at the over-used phrase of "reunification in peace and freedom" and to give it a brand-new political meaning.

Science Talks About Peace . . . . . . **Carl Dreher**

The Congress of Scientists on Survival, Inc. (S.O.S.) is an elite outfit which in 1962 staged a public conference in an endeavor to avert a nuclear cataclysm. Messrs. Khrushchev and Kennedy having kindly refrained from settling the Cuban dispute in this fashion, the scientists survived to hold their second conference, June 14, 15 and 16 at the Hotel Biltmore in New York. Judging by local publicity, which is always much heavier than national publicity, one might have concluded the affair was a flop.

Reaching the public was only one objective of the conference, and valuable results of another kind were achieved. Nevertheless, the disappointing publicity, aside from reflecting on American journalism, points to something organically wrong with the S.O.S. operation. I say organically, because mechanically everything was fine. The press was assisted by a public relations firm, the professional staff of which functioned most competently and was backed up by hard-working volunteers. Attendance was good: 500 or more, including some of the country's leading scientists. Hudson Hoagland, S.O.S.'s president, is also president of the National Academy of Arts and Sciences. The keynote speaker was Prof. Hans A. Bethe, who discussed "Stability and Arms Control." At the last plenary session Harold Taylor was chairman and the speakers included two of the most intelligent, peace-oriented members of Congress: Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier of Wisconsin and Rep. George E. Brown, Jr., of California. The concluding speaker, familiar to *Nation* readers, was Prof. Fred Warner Neal, who does his own thinking on international relations and is not afraid to publish his conclusions. At one session in between, the speakers were Sir Robert Watson-Watt, the British inventor of radar, H. Bentley Glass, professor of biology at Johns Hopkins, and Bernard T. Feld, professor of physics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Not a bad foundation, surely, in names and personalities, and in the technical sessions the material was equally promising.

What was the matter, then? For one thing, I feel the conference was too heavily weighted on the side of government and government-dominated organizations and individuals. As Prof. David F. Cavers of the Harvard Law School said at one point, we are a nation at war. It is a new and special kind of war, but the psychology is not utterly different. There is little enough honesty in government at any time, and still less in wartime. Because of this, and for other reasons not unrelated, the conference lacked both a sense of urgency and a specific focus. A lot of nice, genteel people — almost everyone referred to the Soviet Union by its proper name—felt better for getting together and talking. I am sure that a certain amount of good will come out of some of these exchanges, but it must be added that a sizable minority came away feeling more frustrated and impotent than before.

I could not cover more than a fraction of the technical sessions. On Saturday there were eight in the morning, a luncheon speech by Franklin A. Long, assistant director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, then another eight technical sessions in the afternoon. I passed up Seymour Melman's symposiums on the economics of industrial conversion. I also let biological effects go, although that session included "natural upsets," itemized by R. U. Ayres of the Hudson Institute as probable enhancement of ozone production in the stratosphere, with meteorological interactions; probable consequences of changes in the earth's albedo (reflectivity) as a result of dust production; possible consequences of widespread deforestation due to insect outbreaks, radiation or fires. And enhanced run-off. And wind erosion.

While missing so much, I was simultaneously blessed by serendipity, the current vogue-word of research, meaning that if you don't find what you are looking for, you may stumble on something just as good. On Sunday morning I walked into a very small session on social effects of thermonuclear war where R. Christen, of the Department of History of Manhattan College, was preparing to demonstrate an analogy between the possible ruin of our civilization and the downfall of Mesopotamian culture in the Mongol invasions at the end of the thirteenth century. The Mongols destroyed the irrigation canal system, which was vital to Mesopotamian agriculture. It was not so much a matter of frontal attack on the hydraulic installations as inability of the managers and engineers to maintain the flow of water, and control floods, under wartime conditions.

I anticipated quite early what Dr. Christen was coming to. I have thought about it a great deal, not out of perspicacity but because I began vocational life as an electrical engineer. The most precious resource of a modern metropolis is its electrical power supply. The Consolidated Edison Company is to the City of New York as the canals were to Mesopotamia, and the progression of the disaster would be far more rapid. What do you do in your twentieth-story penthouse without operational plumbing (neither water supply nor sewerage) and no elevator service? The Mesopotamians, at least, were on the ground.

Just the same, they never recovered. The population seven centuries ago was 17 million or more, with infant mortality which we would regard as appalling; the present population of Iraq, which is modern Mesopotamia, is 5 million. And the Mongols were merely horsemen with spears and leather shields.

The problems of our time being so complex, unstable and dangerous, scientists must enjoin caution on themselves, refrain from oversimplification, and not harbor false hopes. But, with humanity faced with the threat of extinction or, at the very least, a grave setback in civilization, scientists must also bestir themselves to provide clarification wherever and whenever possible. They are citizens as well as scientists and they owe allegiance to their respective nations; but to their fellow men, including their own countrymen, they also owe the maximum objectivity of which they are capable. With some exceptions, I do not think this was achieved at the S.O.S. conference. If another conference is held in 1964, this is one of the dilemmas which should be pondered between now and then. It is, in fact, something we should all be pondering all the time.

Even so distinguished a scientist as Dr. Bethe, with a praiseworthy record of moderation in cold-war affairs, seems to have been converted into a supporter of the Administration policy of negotiation from a position of overwhelming nuclear strength. Now, a scientist as gifted as Bethe cannot escape making some sapient observation whenever he opens his mouth; it is true, also, that Bethe supports Kennedy with certain qualifications and cautionary advice. He points out, for instance, that whereas Khrushchev overplayed his hand in the crisis of last October and lost, voices in this country are now urging Kennedy to overplay his hand. Bethe also observes that, for it to be fully effective, the strategy of counterforce (i.e., a plan of attack aimed at the enemy's military installations) requires that you strike first, and he decries the irrationality implicit in Herman Kahn's interpretations, with each side "constantly watching for indications of hostile intent, eager to strike first if war is threatening." But then Bethe goes on to justify our present forces of bombers and ICBMs, and our planned forces of 800 Minutemen ICBMs and 700 Polaris missiles, the former hardened to 100 pounds per square inch or more, the latter ready to fire on predetermined Soviet targets from undersea locations, all together constituting an "invulnerable deterrent." "Clearly," Bethe concludes, "there is no longer any profit in a counterforce strategy."

Quite so — if you are looking at counterforce from east to west. But does it make counterforce less attractive from an American standpoint? This overwhelming concentration of nuclear power, much of it relatively close to the Soviet borders (current Polarises are IRBMs) must seem as menacing to the Soviets as the Soviet IRBMs emplaced in Cuba seemed to us.

Bethe takes some account of this when he hails the Soviet announcement that they too are building missile-carrying submarines as one that we should welcome "because it makes it less likely that they will try a counterforce strike against us." In that case, since it will take them some time to develop their own nuclear subs and these may be inferior to Admiral Rickover's product (there have lately been reports of serious defects in the Soviet Union's conventional diesel-electric subs), why don't we furnish them with a few prototypes and speed the day when our security will be enhanced by the allaying of Soviet fears? The idea is absurd, of course, but it brings out the fact that superiority is still our fetish and that we shall never believe we have enough of it.

Another flaw in Bethe's apologetics is the increasingly convincing demonstration that American military-industrial resources so far exceed those of the Soviets that parity cannot be maintained and our adversary will be progressively disadvantaged. How alarming their real, and widening, missile gap will be to them may be gauged by the agitation that a strictly phony, synthetic missile gap provoked on our side.

The Soviets are now trying to counter this ominous progression by loud fulminations à la Malinovsky and, more to the point, development of 100-megaton incendiary bombs, which are a relatively inexpensive deterrent. Bethe points out that such a weapon, detonated at a thirty-mile altitude, would start fires over a radius of about fifty miles, but the warhead is so heavy that it probably cannot be carried by any rocket currently available. A bomber could deliver it but would be vulnerable to anti-aircraft fire and the altitude of detonation would be reduced to ten miles or less, reducing the effectiveness of the weapon by a factor of at least two. On this account Bethe regards the 100-megaton weapon as "relatively ineffective." But, as larger rockets are developed by both sides for space exploration, they will also be available for delivery of large nuclear weapons, 100 megatons being only a beginning. There can be little doubt that we are also planning along these lines and, if the arms race continues, the next stage will

Valdemar Nissen

involve the development of Gargantuan thermonuclear weapons.

If Dr. Bethe's speech was informative but disappointing in general tone, the speech of Arthur Barber on Methods of Inspection: Problems in Current Negotiations on Arms Control, was just about what one would expect from a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense (Arms Control). I don't mean that Mr. Barber deserves any of the epithets that the Soviets might apply to him. He seemed mild-mannered enough and I am sure that his intentions are in no way malign, but his address was permeated with the usual protestations of American virtue and the obligatory accusatory tone toward the Soviets.

There were discreet references at the conference to the institutionalized role of armament research and manufacture in the American economy, and the fact that economic chaos could result if peace were permitted to break out. There were also some guarded references to the fact that in a Socialist economy, the transition from military to welfare spending would not involve the problems that it involves with us. The truth, which should be bluntly stated and restated at every opportunity, is that our meat is the Soviet Union's poison. William C. Foster, head of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, said as much before he assumed his present office, but the deduction he drew from it was outrageous. He advocated increasing our arms spending from 10 per cent to 20 per cent of gross national product in order to deprive the Soviet people of "one-third of the already sparse good things of life they have." (General Electric Defense Quarterly, I, No. 2, July-Sept., 1958, page 7.)

Perhaps someone mentioned this scheme at the conference, but it didn't seem to be that kind of conference and it is in none of the speeches of which I have the texts. It seems to me that if we can't have plain speaking on such vital matters, a group like S.O.S. loses a substantial part of its reason for being.

With all their good intentions, the organizers rigged the conference. About 30 per cent of the listed participants (chairmen, speakers, discussants) were connected with the armed services, war industry, government agencies, government-supported "think factories," etc. I do not dispute anyone's intellectual integrity, but everyone working for the government, directly or indirectly, must have security clearance, a corollary function of what I would call thought control. Clearance cannot be had if one has engaged in any activity, or expressed views, contrary to the American position in the cold war, or at variance with the myths, distortions and outright lies that characterize all war propaganda.

People unwilling to apply for clearance, or unable to obtain it, could ask questions from the floor. They could also make little speeches in the guise of asking questions, but the bulk of the talking was done by the programed speakers, and they set the tone of the discussions. To those who were members or beneficiaries of the military-industrial complex, we must add another group, perhaps larger, who would be jeopardizing their chances of promotion, or even their jobs, if they said the wrong things out loud.

Let me take it clear that I do not object to the inclusion of the war workers and thinkers who were programed. Some have something to contribute, more of them have something to learn. I am merely arguing for a better balance. A conference such as this might well be patterned, to some extent, after the Pugwash meetings, with this addition: let the two sides not only represent Americans and Soviet-bloc nationals, but also Americans of diverse views on the cold war. Dr. Hoagland's announced purpose, to "explore new ideas and encourage those wishing to engage in serious peace research," would surely be furthered.

I suspect that Alex Gottfried of the Department of Political Science of the University of Washington diagnosed a weakness of S.O.S. when, referring to the necessity of keeping the peace movement "honest," he said:

> *In the effort to sell the message to opinion leaders, decision-makers, power-holders and the masses, there is always the understandable temptation to tone the message down to what these are ready to buy, while the necessities of compromise involved in backing "winners" for public office, or in being a winner, are too well known to need elaboration here. Only the conscientious scruples of the purists can be counted upon to keep reminding us of what the message really is—to keep the power of the idea, so to speak, until its time comes.*

S.O.S., of course, is not a peace organization in the sense of this passage. It specifically disclaims any function as a peace-action body. Even in its stated role as an idea-exploration group, however, it may be subject to somewhat the same infections. Dissipating its vital energy in repelling its dissenters and would-be activists, it could end up as hardly more than an intellectual arm of the military-industrial apparatus. It needn't even expel objectors publicly and unpleasantly. Since it is not a membership organization, its twenty-three-member council can simply ignore the feeling of frustration which the 1963 conference left in a considerable number of participants.

Then what? Assuming that our luck holds out for awhile, S.O.S. could stage a few more confabulations, the principal effect of which would be to make a certain number of humanitarian arms manufacturers and their academic colleagues feel virtuous once a year. Less tractable participants will be likely to quit, since level of discernment is generally high, and a lot of them have had previous experience with self-eroding organizations. If, on the other hand, the directors, who include a hopeful proportion of able, conscientious, educable persons, conclude that a problem exists and set themselves to solve it, S.O.S. might serve in no small measure to save both our hides and what we owe to ourselves as men.

Common Sense on Dostoevsky

DOSTOEVSKY. By David Magarshack. Harcourt, Brace & World. 399 pp. $8.75.

Helen Muchnic

To all intents and purposes, although he died in 1881, Dostoevsky belongs to the twentieth century. His posthumous influence is an extraordinary, probably a unique, phenomenon. Major novelists of France, Germany, England and America have been writing for sixty years under his spell; leaders of a celebrated philosophic movement have proclaimed him as a source of their theories; psychologists have drawn on his novels to illustrate types and special cases; university students take him up in courses on literature, religion or philosophy; the general reader knows him through translations; the already enormous critical literature about him, in half a dozen languages, continues to grow. His reputation has passed through periods of misinterpretation and neglect to stages of enraptured adulation, and now seems to be entering a phase of scholarly, level-headed appraisal. It is to this latter school of sanity that David Magarshack belongs. Since 1950, he has been publishing his translations of Dostoevsky's works, accompanying them with lucid introductory essays that, based on material which has been coming to light in Russia since the 1920s, supply in each case the essential background. Thus, his latest study is grounded, as was to be expected, in a thorough knowledge both of Dostoevsky's creations and of all available first-hand sources about him. Together with a characteristic common sense, which is the mark of his biographies of Chekhov, Gogol and Turgenev, as well as of his introductions to Dostoevsky, this is the outstanding quality of his writing.

It is a quality, however, which, unless one accepts the restricted scope of his book, may figure as a defect. For what Mr. Magarshack has produced is neither literary criticism nor, strictly speaking, even biography; not an interpretation, not a portrait of Dostoevsky, but, quite simply, a chronicle of his life. A very valuable chronicle! Without dramatization, without analysis or speculation, it plays down those sensational circumstances and events — Dostoevsky's involvement in the revolutionary movement, his later change to a reactionary position, his two marriages and several love affairs, his exile to Siberia, his gambling, his epilepsy—which are usually treated emotionally, dogmatically, luridly. Mr. Magarshack sifts controversial evidence, tells his story with admirable impartiality.

And to any one familiar with Dostoevsky's work, his book is rich in hints about its development. Dostoevsky's imaginative creations, although not analyzed, are nevertheless so clearly and importantly there that one is constantly struck by the relevance of the biographical data to the literary event. Sometimes Mr. Magarshack himself points to the relationship between Dostoevsky's life and his art, as for example in the interesting pages which he devotes to the genesis of *The Brothers Karamazov* and *The Possessed (The Devils,* in his translation); or in his observations on how Dostoevsky transmuted his unhappy childhood and his parents' tragic marriage into imaginative episodes and the stuff of his most cherished themes and theories; or in his convincing suggestions as to the prototypes of various fictional characters: of Shidlovsky, the friend of Dostoevsky's youth, as the original of Alyosha Karamazov; Karepin, Dostoevsky's brother-in-law as, quite unfairly, the source of Julian Mastakovich in "The Christmas Tree and a Wedding"; of Alexander Isaev as the Marmeladov of *Crime and Punishment* and the General Ivolgin of *The Idiot,* and Anna Korvin-Krukovskaya as Aglaya Yepanchin. Very perceptive is the remark that Apollinaria Suslova, with whom Dostoevsky endured his most tormenting love affair, served as model not only for his "infernal women," Nastasya Fillipovna in *The Idiot* or Katerina Ivanovna and Grushenka in *The Brothers Karamazov,* as has been generally recognized, but also for the saintly Sonya in *Crime and Punishment.* Mr. Magarshack has seen that, with all their differences, these personages have one trait in common, "the capacity to be exacting and uncompromising," a trait which Dostoevsky admired especially in his Pauline, and which, incidentally, in a portrait of Dostoevsky, might well serve as the focal point. Other parallels are implicit.

One gets fascinating glimpses of Dostoevsky's dominant ideas at what appears to be the moment of inception, as when, in a letter to his brother, the seventeen-year-old Fyodor declares that "the atmosphere of [man's] soul is composed of a union of heaven and earth," a sentiment which one hears echoing down his pages all the way to Dmitry Karamazov's passionate, perplexed avowal that the ideal of the Madonna and the ideal of Sodom live side by side in the heart of man; or when in 1847, in an article about "the dreamer" quoted at length by Mr. Magarshack, he gives voice to that revulsion against romanticism which prefigures the dualism of his tormented anti-hero in *Notes from the Underground,* the wonderful long monologue which seventeen years later, in 1864, was to inaugurate the series of his major novels. (It is unfortunate that Mr. Margarshack insists on translating this title as *Notes from a Dark Cellar,* for the "Underground Man" has by now become a well-recognized and significant type.)

Within bounds of the strictly rational and the ordinarily human, Mr. Magarshack has a firm grasp of his subject. He sees Dostoevsky's life as a whole, is aware of his tragic complexity, appreciates his genius, but declines to be histrionic about the one or transported by the other, refuses to plunge to psychologic depths or soar in speculative heights. His Dostoevsky appears as neither angel nor demon, but as a man capable of courage and nobility—at the time of his arrest, he chose to shield others rather than save himself—but equally capable of pettiness, malice and hypocrisy. As a thinker, especially in matters of politics, he seems, as Herzen saw him, "naive, a little confused," and in his religious idea, as Pobedonostsev held, rooted in "vacillation" rather than faith. Mr. Magarshack demonstrates both the confusion and the vacillation. "The whole of Dostoevsky's concept of the Russian

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peasant," he says, "smacks of theory rather than fact. . . . He never really knew the Russian peasants." And quoting from his famous oration at the Pushkin celebrations, which provoked something like the mass hysteria of a revivalist meeting, he remarks on Dostoevsky's going on "with ecstatic abandon, having by now reduced his audience to a state of limp acquiescence in any insane political doctrine that his inflamed imagination might conjure up." Christ walked over "this poor land" of Russia, Dostoevsky exclaimed, "Why, then, should we not be the receptacle of His last word? Was He not born in a manger himself?", on which Mr. Magarshack comments acidly: "The logic of the last sentence is not very easy to follow." He recognizes Dostoevsky's unevenness as an artist, his need of "the inspiration of a great moral argument" and his failure when such inspiration was lacking.

I find Mr. Magarshack weakest in dealing with topics on the borderline between emotion and idea, as with Dostoevsky's concept of man's need, particularly "the Russian's" need, to suffer. Here the author, confusing desire and enjoyment, picks flaws in Dostoevsky's argument and, in the course of his book, contradicts himself. But for the most part, he leaves such issues in abeyance. "The question how much Dostoevsky was influenced by Belinsky's radical ideas and, especially, by his atheism [which is essentially the knotty question of Dostoevsky's belief and unbelief] has never been satisfactorily elucidated." "The dichotomy in his nature, on which he was so fond of expatiating towards the end of his life, can be best seen in the difference between his thinking as a creative artist and as an ordinary man." (But *why* this difference?) These crucial matters Mr. Magarshack does not elucidate. And yet they bear on what he recognizes as the central problem in dealing with Dostoevsky, that "irreconcilable inner conflict," to which he points at the outset of his study. His book begins: "Dostoevsky has always remained an enigmatic figure to his biographers," and if at the end, the enigma has not been resolved, if Dostoevsky still remains unexplained, the factors of his complexity, at any rate, have been made credible, the obfuscating clouds of rhapsody have been dispersed, the groundwork has been laid and the way toward a possible interpretation has been indicated.

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Mr. Holmes Makes His Mark

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: The Proving Years, 1870-1882. By Mark DeWolfe Howe. Harvard University Press. 295 pp. $5.

Earl Latham

The first volume of Mark DeWolfe Howe's fine biography of Justice Holmes carried the account to the venture of Holmes upon the practice of the law with his brother in 1870. These were the "shaping years," and now the second volume extends the biography to 1882, when Holmes became an associate justice in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. These — the "proving years" — were a time of test, in which the son of Dr. Holmes strove, sometimes with unfeeling egotism, to establish his credentials as a man of mind. The judicial appointment was to provide a platform of public notice on which Holmes, for the next half-century, was to play the role of Yankee sage in Boston and Washington, and to arbitrate the intellectual style of generations of liberal lawyers. But the three steps to this elevation were not without sacrifice to Holmes, and some pain to others. These steps were his editorial work on Kent's *Commentaries on American Law*, his distinguished lectures on *The Common Law* and his brief tenure as a professor at the Harvard Law School.

Although the biography suggests that the striving of Holmes for personal distinction was somehow a consequence of his life with a rather overwhelming father, the thought is not extended beyond the suggestion. Whatever the motivation for striving, Holmes pursued his advantage among the gentle wits and scholars of mid-century Cambridge and Boston with Darwinian imperviousness—as in his editorial work on Kent's treatise. The grandson of the famous Chancellor Kent had arranged with James Bradley Thayer of the Harvard Law School faculty to bring out a twelfth edition of the *Commentaries*, with grandson Kent's name on the title page, and Thayer's within, as editor. Thayer then engaged Holmes, who was twenty-eight, to assist him in the editing, and it was understood that the name of Holmes would appear with that of Thayer, in a place subordinate to that of Kent. The twelfth edition of the *Commentaries* appeared in December, 1873. The name of Jesse Kent the younger did not appear on the title page, but that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., did. The closing paragraphs of the Preface, signed by Holmes, acknowledged his gratitude to James Bradley Thayer. Thayer was outraged by this behavior, noting in a memorandum book he kept that Holmes "with all his attractive qualities & solid merits" was nevertheless also "selfish, vain, thoughtless of others." Of this incident Professor Howe says that Holmes had "transformed a joint venture in scholarship into an individual achievement and publicly took credit for the accomplishment." It was a fact that Holmes had done most of the work, but a "person of more delicate modesty" might have shared his individual achievement with one who was, nominally at least, a partner in the enterprise.

During the years of his work on the *Commentaries*, Holmes was also co-editor of the *American Law Review*, for which he wrote numerous pieces that were published anonymously. These are extremely interesting for the information they provide about the development of Holmes's jurisprudence; and Professor Howe does a great service by identifying, with the aid of his subject's private papers, the articles that were written by Holmes.

There is a certain present-day irony in the matters that concerned Holmes as an editor—for example, the constitutional power of the governor of a Southern state to enjoin the President of the United States in the enforcement of federal laws; and the power of the federal government, in the Force Bill of 1871, actively to guarantee the rights of Negroes in the South. An article in *The Nation* of April 20, 1871 argued that the Force Bill was unconstitutional, but Holmes thought that there was some room for the exercise of the national power. In these early years, Holmes was no innovator in the law, his work being notable, in the main, for a somewhat legalistic conventionality.

It was the series of Lowell Lectures on the common law that gave Holmes international credentials as a legal scholar, and with this achievement, he moved out of the valley shadowed by the Autocrat, to an Andean eminence in his own range. Five of the lectures had originally appeared as signed articles in the *American Law Review* between 1876 and 1880, and two had appeared earlier as unsigned papers. Four of the lectures had never been published before, and the last was a summary of the whole series. The five chapters of *The Proving Years* which Professor Howe devotes to a critique of *The Common Law* will be invaluable for other scholars and for students. It may be noted that Professor Howe has also prepared a new edition of this great originating work of Justice Holmes, with annotations by both Holmes and Howe.

The great contribution of the lectures is the demonstration that the

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The Falls

O rash! As if our mercies must become
Impetuous to keep our souls intact,
Stiller than stones in the foam —
Motionless — the rim of the cataract!

And we — as fast held! If assent
Matches a beauty so pulsed to pass
Its swift eternity lightly pent
By ordinary trees and grass,

Not these bright mists whose overtow
Shimmers into light's sublimate
Have, pouring, christened all we know
Of purity with power and weight —

But we ourselves! Surging, steep,
Mortality spins to arabesques.
Only our cares and crafts can keep
The inclination of our deaths

Where thunders rouse old infantile
Lost credences in so many keys
We stand confounded by the rile
And roaring birthsound of our peace —

Our cries but unheard breaths of air!
For though our hearts may fear to be
Impersonalized everywhere —
Such love brinks their apostrophe

Our sixth senses and twigs and stones,
Beseeching and daemoniacal,
Swerve as one likeness and at once
To a verge where meanings fall

So dizzily staunched that if we seek
In spray where dreams have disappeared
Such values still are what we make
Standing together, twice endeared.

Broken are lives that undergo
The urgencies of mortal years —
But once compassion is all we know
Majesty can stop our tears.

Frederick Bock

principal roots of the common law were Teutonic and not Roman, although in the essay on contracts—the influence of which Professor Howe says has been "extraordinary and profound" — the Teutonic elements may have been unduly weighted. Although Holmes wanted to ascribe due credit to Teutonic influences of the ninth century, he also wanted to rescue Anglo-American jurisprudence from the Teutonic influences of a millenium later, notably those contributed by the metaphysics of Kant and Hegel, which seemed to him to sacrifice what we know to what we think. As he was to say in the opening lines of *The Common Law*, "The life of the law is not logic but experience."

Not all of the first readers of Holmes's notable work were enthusiastic. Henry Ware Holland, in an unsigned notice in *The Nation* of June 30, 1881, thought that the book was marred by long philosophical discussions. It should be said right here—eighty years later—that the work is *not* marred by long philosophical discussions.

The year 1882 was the watershed of Holmes's career. In the spring he agreed to give courses in the Harvard Law School to begin the following fall, and he did start them. But in December he quit the law school, without consulting the dean or the president of Harvard University, to accept—on a few hours' notice of the offer—appointment to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. His precipitous action was greatly resented by James Bradley Thayer (who had already had reason to complain of Holmes's behavior), and he confided to his memorandum book his opinion that Holmes had committed an "unhandsome and indecent action." Professor Howe looks upon the incident with kindlier eye, pointing out that Holmes, when he accepted the professorship for which a special endowment was raised, had said he would feel free to accept a judicial appointment if the opportunity came; and it is true that Holmes did say such a thing. He did not say, however, that he would knock down his friends in his eagerness to accept. It would be unfair to characterize Holmes at this stage as the Sammy Glick of the Yankee aristocracy; nevertheless a kind of unfeeling ambition was what made both Wendell and Sammy run.

In the striving of Holmes, philosophy and personality reinforced each other, although it is the opinion of Professor Howe that Holmes was more a Darwinian by conviction than by temperament. Holmes aspired to eminent intellectual distinction, and the "Darwinian view persuaded him that for that goal to be achieved an almost ruthless dedication of effort was required." Even if the intellectual elements of conviction and temperament are as separable as this statement seems to suppose, they certainly combined in an easy fusion, and it would be hard to separate them in such assertions of Holmes as ". . . while I often feel like a worm when I read of men whose dominant motive is love for their kind, I console myself by thinking that most of the great work done in the world comes from a different type." He denied tacit assumptions of the solidarity of the interests of society, argued instead that there was a diversity of interests among the different parts of the community, and said that the function of legislation was to allow the dominant interest to have its way. After a brief acquiescence in the Austinian theory of sovereignty, Holmes came to modify it by admitting as "law" whatever rules the courts enforce, and rejecting speculation about the imaginary will of a fictitious sovereign. He criticized an English decision of 1872, which convicted the leaders of a gas stokers' strike of conspiring to break contracts of employment, less because he thought the decision morally unjust (although he did think the judges had been abusive), than because it was politically insensitive. As Professor Howe puts it, the judges "were unaware that the *de facto* power of labor had reached such proportions that the erstwhile ruling classes must recognize that their own power was no longer supreme."

This relativism was hospitable to progressive social change, and liberals of the first half of the twentieth century in America found its toughness congenial to the reforms they fostered, and exploited it. But if the law should be modified to suit the requirements of new liberal power because it is power, and not because it is liberal, it follows that it should adjust to the requirements of reaction, once the same credentials of power are clearly established. Presumably, those should dominate who can, and the proof of their patent is their mastery. The Darwinianism of Holmes has to be worthless, both as philosophy and

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program, for if the fittest are those who survive, fitness is established by survival, and other distinctions of quality are irrelevant. One of the difficulties of the doctrine is that its explications are always in the hands of survivors, like Holmes, and it is bound to look better to them than to the mute destitute, and the dead.

In the "proving years," Holmes had some experience with the actual practice of the law, first with his brother, in the time of the *Commentaries*, and then in partnership with George Otis Shattuck and William A. Munroe. His imprint on the law, however, was not to be made by him either as editor or as advocate, in both of which roles he performed with competence, but without the brilliance he was to achieve as author and jurist. In relating this transformation of intelligence into intellect, of feeling into philosophy, Professor Howe is producing what will rank as one of the truly great judicial biographies in the English language, of which he is a master.

Revelations of What Is Present

THE NEXT ROOM OF THE DREAM. By Howard Nemerov. University of Chicago Press. 143 pp. $5; $2.45 paper.

THE BRANCH WILL NOT BREAK. By James Wright. Wesleyan University Press. 59 pp. $4; $1.45 paper.

Louis D. Rubin, Jr.

There are two kinds of poems in Mr. Nemerov's new book (also a couple of verse plays about which I shall have nothing to say one way or the other). One kind is exemplified in the first poem in the collection, "To Clio, Muse of History." In this poem, as in numerous others, Mr. Nemerov assumes a posture: he is the urbane, civilized, disaster-minded modern, with a pessimistic eye for the ironies. The statue of an Etruscan warrior proves to be a forgery, and the poet is unhappy at the loss of more illusion:

He, great male beauty
That stood for the sexual thrust of power,
His target eyes inviting the universal victim
To fatal seduction, the crested and greaved
Survivor long after shield and sword are dust,
Has now become another lie about our life.

It only goes to show that it is next to impossible to know what *is* real, because the statue, in what it meant, was "real" in a way that authentication or refutation could hardly affect. A good poem, it says what it has to say interestingly enough; no complaints are in order. So now we know.

The other kind of poem doesn't say which attitude we should assume; it isn't content with pointing out ironies or deficiencies of vision; it has no truck at all with being "wise." Instead, it shows us our world, directly, unequivocally, with breathtaking clarity. In no way *vers de société*, it is the lyric voice of a poet who isn't merely interesting, but excitingly perceptive. Here is one such, "A Spell Before Winter":

After the red leaf and the gold have gone,
Brought down by the wind, then by hammering rain
Bruised and discolored, when October's flame
Goes blue to guttering in the cusp, this land
Sinks deeper into silence, darker into shade.
There is a knowledge in the look of things,
The old hills hunch before the north wind blows.

Now I can see certain simplicities
In the darkening rust and tarnish of the time,
And say over the certain simplicities,
The running water and the standing stone,
The yellow haze of the willow and the black
Smoke of the elm, the silver, silent light
Where suddenly, readying toward nightfall,
The sumac's candelabrum darkly flames.
And I speak to you now with the land's voice,
It is the cold, wild land that says to you
A knowledge glimmers in the sleep of things:
The old hills hunch before the north wind blows.

One could compose pages of commentary on this poem, and it would all come to this: it offers an almost perfect balance between the most simple and simply described phenomena and their exact summation in meaning, so that the poem does not theorize, does not attempt to instruct us in how we should feel; it shows us what we do feel, inescapably. One could scarcely omit or change a word in this poem; it seems utterly natural. Yet it is the product of great artifice—skillful repetition, extreme care for the precise denotation and connotation of nouns and adjectives, a masterful use of energy-charged participles and verbs grounded solidly in tangible objects. And there are almost a dozen such poems in this book: "Human Things," "Somewhere," "De Anima," "Maiden with Orb and Planets," "The First Point of Aries," "Vermeer," "The End of Summer School," "Junction," "Burning the Leaves" and "The Dial Tone," which I especially like for its (to me) astounding revelation of what is present and readily apprehensible in a seemingly trivial phenomenon.

Poems such as these by Howard Nemerov go beyond attitudes and ironies, beyond the ordinary run of intelligent, clever verses that comprise most of the good poetry of this or any time. They provide that rare experience, in I. A. Richards' words, of "instants when the 'film of familiarity and selfish solicitude,' which commonly hides nine-tenths of life

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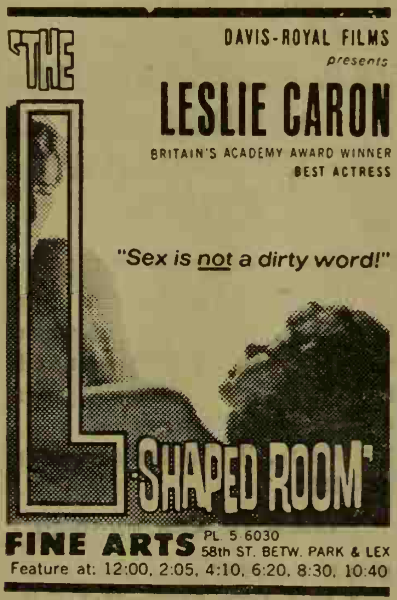
Louis D. Rubin, Jr. is the author of a novel, The Golden Weather *(Atheneum), and author or editor of a number of books on American letters. He teaches English at Hollins College.*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from the ordinary man, seems to be lifted and he feels strangely alive and aware of the actuality of existence."

In *The Branch Will Not Break,* James Wright has gone way off on a tangent, it seems to me. He has completely abdicated the job of giving meanings to what he describes, and is trying to show things as things, after the manner of pictorial art. It is a kind of willful refusal to enter into the business of interpreting experience, an insistence upon presenting only surfaces. Witness a characteristic lyric from the new collection, "From a Bus Window in Central Ohio, Just Before a Thunder Shower":

Cribs loaded with roughage huddle together
Before the north clouds.
The wind tiptoes between poplars.
The silver maple leaves squint
Toward the ground.
An old farmer, his scarlet face
Apologetic with whiskey, swings back a barn door
And calls a hundred black-and-white Holsteins
From the clover field.

Very nice; meaning, so far as I can tell, no more than what it obviously says. I can see no real difference between this sort of poetry and the imagist poems that Carl Sandburg was writing in the 1920s and earlier, back before he took up Public Relations. But with Sandburg it was the real thing; he was able to invest his descriptions with a sense of physical vitality, so that an apparent incongruity of detail was equivalent to a decisive presentation of the way things really are. I miss any such inner logic in Mr. Wright's new poems. They seem arbitrary, unorganized; the images don't combine to make poems. They remain static; the relationships are missing. Why Mr. Wright has chosen to back off from attempting to show relationships, I don't know. But given his past work, I hope that he soon returns to the business of trying to make things add up in verse.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Moscow

On a warm May evening most Russian males come to the theatre in their shirt-sleeves and without ties. Women come in the kind of dresses American lower-middle-class housewives usually wear for shopping at the neighborhood grocery. When there are musicians in the pit, they are also in shirt-sleeves, except for the conductor. To the Western eye the effect is startling, particularly when such an audience throngs the corridors, buffet and auditorium of the regal Bolshoi Theatre, whose settings and costumes are overwhelmingly sumptuous.

It is an extremely attentive audience, fervid in its applause, devoted to its artists. It is said to demand realism. Most of the new plays dismay the foreign visitor by their literal interpretation of traditional moral premises—the age-old verities. In one case a young Russian who accompanied me said of the play we had just seen, "It's too primary."

These plays mirror the dignified innocence of the audience. The contradiction within the theatrical situation here may be inferred from a conversation I had with another young man: "The trouble is we don't have enough good playwrights. Still," he hastened to add, "the plays reflect the concerns of the people." "Too simply," I prodded. He caught the look in my eye. "No, it isn't official pressure which is the source of the difficulty. These plays are what the people understand, what they are like."

I thought I'd press my point humorously. Referring to the hydroelectric worker "hero" of *The Irkutsk Story,* who at the age of twenty-five has never kissed a girl, I said: "A man of that age who has never kissed a girl is not pure; he is sick." My companion laughed. Then he went on to assure me, "But many workers in our small towns are just like that." (He meant that they are chaste.) I am convinced that it is so.

The realism of the Soviet theatre is not at all like ours. To begin with, the new plays are produced with a scenic freedom, a sophistication of means, which bespeaks an advanced stage technique. Years of experiment in many departures from late nineteenth-century representationalism have furnished Russian directors and designers with an extremely rich stage palette. (There is no worry over costs.) From the vast storehouse of theatrical inventions, the new directors have learned to choose tastefully — that is, without artiness or what the Russians call "formalism" — to create effects with direct audience appeal and of great service to the content of their plays.

Most theatres are equipped with one or more revolving stages. This is of no particular advantage when stages are shallow, but most Moscow stages are extensive in all dimensions. (Broadway stages are rarely more than thirty feet deep.) The principal characters in *The Irkutsk Story* make their first entrance down a ramp which runs some sixty feet from the rear down to the stage level — and plenty of playing space remains in the foreground. The effect is magical. The revolving stage also makes the dances in the wedding scene most exhilarating. The Russians love music in the theatre and employ it generously.

In other words, while the plays themselves are usually characterized by a simple topicality of subject matter, these texts are projected with such sweep and richness that the term "realism" as we understand it cannot properly be applied. Economically and technically, our theatre lacks the facilities commonly put at the service of extremely meager Soviet scripts.

Many Russian critics and directors

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profess admiration for American acting. They like its forthrightness. This surprised me — if stage rather than film acting was meant. For I found much of the acting in the Soviet theatre even simpler than ours and, what is more remarkable, less intense. What Soviet actors for the most part now seem to be after is clarity. This aim may also have a socio-psychological cause.

The American actor (under forty-five) today often goes through an agony of effort to give his acting emotional substance. In its extreme form this becomes a sweating sincerity. It would seem that the life the American actor leads and the world around him afford him little opportunity for any but casual or mechanical responses. Through his acting he seeks to compensate for a lack he feels in his environment and consequently in himself. The Soviet actor takes feeling for granted. It is always present; he does not need to strain himself to achieve it. The Russian player's concentration is bent on the most basic truth of physical action — of look, movement and relation to immediate circumstances. One is amazed by the quietness and repose of most Soviet acting. Only the comedies or highly stylized satires (as in Mayakovsky's *The Bug*) are boisterous and colorfully complex.

These impressions were strongly reinforced by the performance of a new play called *Before Supper* that I saw at the Central Children's Theatre. This large theatre in the center of town is devoted to plays for children performed by a company of seventy-three admirably trained adult actors. It has four directors and there are twenty-five plays in its present repertory.

Before Supper, I was informed, is a play for children of high-school age and for grownups. What struck me here was the subdued realism of the acting, combined with themes typical of the public's present temper. One might describe the acting as *healthy*. Except for rare moments of agitation, no one raises his voice beyond a conversational tone; yet the dialogue is not only comfortably audible, but is rendered dramatically clear and interesting. Thoughts become visible without stress. The inner life of the character is externally realized without the aid of physical exertion or the heavy fumes of emotionalism. The acting is lucid rather than "deep," direct without being dry. In this limpid stream that flows with an almost classic ease, both children and their parents may behold their own ideal image. Here, rather than at the Moscow Art Theatre or at the Sovremenik (Contemporary) Theatre, its youthful offshoot (now playing Gibson's *Two for the Seesaw*), the latest fruits of Stanislavsky's teaching are to be studied.

As for the play's content, its emphasis is on the "new way of life." In the first act the theme is lightly limned in a comedy scene between two seventeen-year-olds. The boy has just received a letter from a French youth whom he has never met, but with whom he has begun a correspondence. The Russian boy answers the letter with one in French which someone has told him contains nine errors in grammar. His girl friend says: "You shouldn't have made those mistakes. It gives the Soviet Union a bad name abroad." "You're a Stalinist," the boy jokingly retorts.

In the second act a man of the older generation offhandedly remarks about a French ornament done in abstract style that he notices in the room: "See how far the Westerners have gone from realism." Then he proceeds to boast that he has never crossed the Soviet border and has never spoken a word of any foreign language. This leads to a bitter dispute related to the play's plot. In the crossfire of argument, the man cries out, "You wait. He'll come back." (It is understood that "he" stands for "Stalin.") To which the reply is, "He can't be brought back. He is nothing but ashes now."

At the end of this scene the quarrelsome man notices a dictaphone in the room — an instrument that the seventeen-year-old boy of the family uses as a diary. The old man turns pale; he fears he has been spied on! He tries to destroy the machine. The boy grabs the dictaphone speaker, holds it up to the older man's mouth and shouts, "Continue! Keep talking!" implying that under the new regime one may speak without fear.

It would be easy to dismiss this as Boy Scout dramaturgy. I shall not do so. What we have here is a kind of morality play. The atmosphere of the theatre, from stage to auditorium, is clean.

Apart from the Children's Theatre itself, almost every other theatre presents matinees for children at 11 A.M. At these, a wonderfully eager and well-behaved audience of children from the ages of five to ten see many different kinds of plays. At the Moscow Art Theatre I saw Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird* (a Stanislavsky production dating back to 1908) and a Soviet play for children, *Three Fat Men*, about rebellion against a triumverate of fat rulers dressed in gold; it was done with delightful pyrotechnical adroitness. But the Moscow Art Theatre's latest success is the staged version of the Bernard Shaw-Mrs. Patrick Campbell correspondence, *Dear Liar*. The Moscow Art's repertory also includes dramatizations of *The Brothers Karamazov* and *Anna Karenina* and such old standbys as Gorky's *Lower Depths* and Tolstoy's *The Fruits of Enlightenment*.

Another great new success is the Brecht-Weill *The Threepenny Opera* (Brecht is respected but not altogether favored here) at the Stanislavsky Theatre — which is not the same as the Moscow Art Theatre. This was the last show I attended in Moscow, and I shall speak of it in connection with my visit to Warsaw. The Polish theatre — quite different from the Soviet — is highly rated by Russian theatre professionals, some of whom believe that the greatest progress in their part of the world is being made in Prague and Warsaw.

Tight Rope

We live in fragments
like speech. Like the fits
of wind, shivering against
the window.

Pieces of meaning, pierced
and strung together. The bright bead
of the poem, the bright bead
of your woman's laughter.

LeRoi Jones

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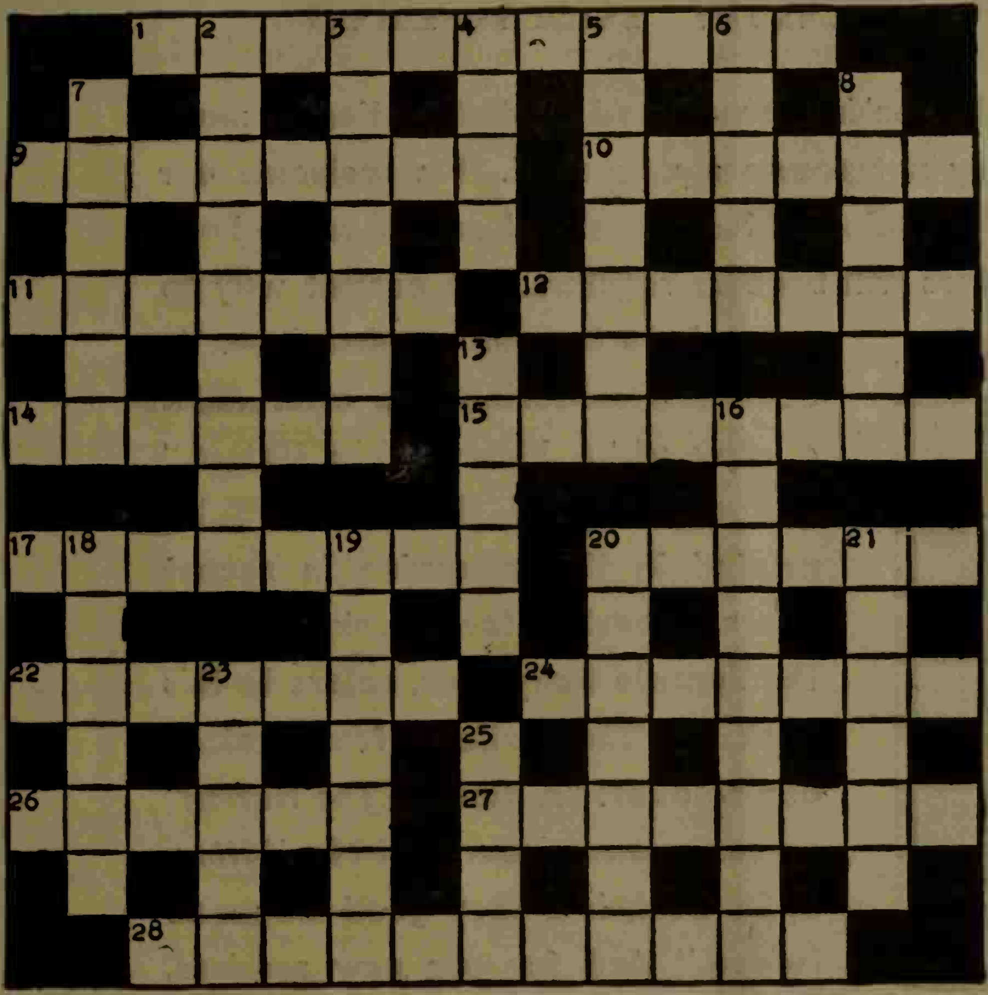
Crossword Puzzle No. 1018

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Implying the choice between a circle and a ball shouldn't result in harmonious combination. (11)
9 How some might be carrying the hose? (8)
10 and 12 "Through the Looking Glass"? Or just 22 and 24? (6, 7)
11 Refuse to make this, since some consider it nonsense. (7)
12 See 10 across
14 Half of the first might be reputedly fair, but the rest is not wrong; altogether quite a ringer!
15 Is such a drug nice or not for the underweight? (8)
17 Where to find a panorama to disregard? (8)
20 It's rather large to be rested on a receptacle for ashes! (6)
22 and 24 Rather like 10 and 12, though some might consider it on the ball. (7, 7)
26 Get back, if you see it contorted in rage! (6)
27 Finished twice? No wonder such a combination isn't rare! (8)
28 Contemning's certainly not the way to get a shipment of it! (11)

DOWN:

2 Where things were hatched in the height of Fidel's domain? (9)
3 Conquest's wing was, according to Thomas Gray. (7)
4 See 13 down
5 Well-thought-of, but dead wrong about the turned-up edge of 3. (7)
6 There is lacking in Latin, if you want to get a word in! (5)
7 Bring in to something other than 1 across. (6)
8 Interrupt with a brass cue? (4, 2)
13 and 4 Does it go all to pieces with anger at the size of the commission? (9)
16 N.Y.C. and Toledo both contribute to a necessary part of the plant.
18 Turned away by Kipling's Danny, if disturbed. (6)
19 See 25 down
20 Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as this, according to Milton. (7)
21 Climbing gear, built around something opposed to standard. (6)
23 Time to find someone responsible for romantic verse? (5)
25 and 19 Otherwise known as the air of a wise man, in a manner of speaking. (4, 2, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1017

ACROSS: 1 Slave driver; 9 and 11 Fork lift; 10 and 28 Union jack; 12 Despots; 13 Instead; 15 Beheaded; 16 Sodden; 18 Balsam; 21 Riposted; 24 Domains; 26 Courage; 30 and 29 Coleridge; 31 Feather beds. DOWN: 2 Lake poets; 3 Vaulted; 4 Drip; 5 Innings; 6 Eclat; 7 Cohere; 8 Efface; 14 Adore; 17 Disgraced; 19 Atonal; 20 Minaret; 22 Proverb; 23 Engulf; 25 Ankle; 27 Edge.

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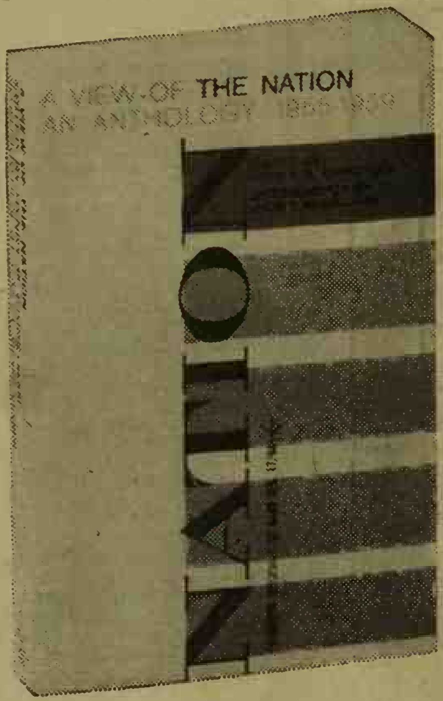

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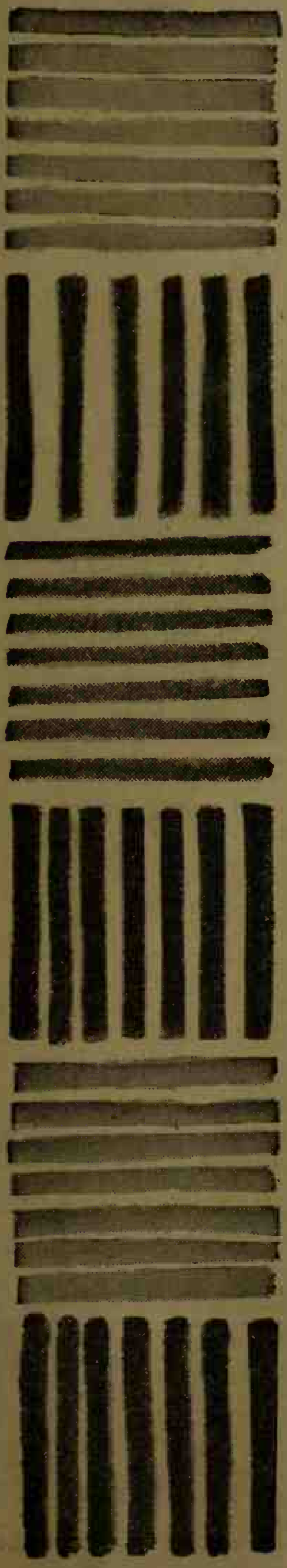

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LETTERS

JFK abroad

Hamburg, Germany

Dear Sirs: I read the article by Senator Claiborne Pell, "Berlin: a New Approach" [June 22]. There seem to be two things which are irreconcilable:

(a) The President cannot very well ask for more and more contributions to NATO, to aid for the underdeveloped countries, to the general efforts for better defense, more and better arms by the Federal Republic, if, simultaneously,

(b) he wants to come to some kind of settlement with the USSR in regard to the German question and, specifically, Berlin. After all, if we interpret the Russian wishes correctly, it is *less* arms spending that the Russians want, and certainly they would not wish to see the Federal Republic have a say in the nuclear pool that seems to be going to be erected shortly.

We are currently spending about 18.5 billion *Deutsche Marken* for defense. This amount, according to U.S. requests, is to be augmented to something around 21.5 billion during 1964. And there is yet no end in sight. How should all that stimulate the USSR to come to terms with the American President? *Horst Ritt*

New York City

Dear Sirs: That part of President Kennedy's Paulskirche speech in which he placed our cities in pawn to nuclear incineration . . . seemed to me ill advised and needlessly provocative. I thought it the defiant cry of a strong man, well armed to defend himself against his enemies, but so inwardly insecure that he is impelled, like Roderick Dhu, to proclaim to one and all his readiness to fight to the death. Such militance may well rally his reluctant allies but will not help to abate his quarrel. . . . I find myself wondering, had this section of the President's speech received prior full consideration by the Congress which alone represents the will of all the people of the United States, might not some voice of reason have said, "Hold. We've given you a big stick. Speak softly." *Taylor Adams*

No dope

El Paso, Tex.

Dear Sirs: In his review of my novel *City of Night* in *The Nation* (June 29, 1963), Mr. Robert Kiely writes that my book describes a "night journey through the world of drug addiction, prostitution and male hustling." Later he refers to its "world of 'scores,' 'queens' and 'junkies.'" Still later he mentions its "pages of sex, alcohol and drugs." And still later he writes that the narrator discovers "that heroin isn't much of a substitute for heaven."

I am sure that we all agree that narcotics addiction is certainly a condition worthy of exploration in literature. However, for the purpose of factual accuracy (as well as for the clarification of readers who may wonder whether they are reading the same book Mr. Kiely reported on), I would like to point out that my novel does not deal in any way with narcotics addiction, "junkies" are mentioned only in passing, and there is no reference whatsoever to heroin. *John Rechy*

Cuban crisis

Dear Sirs: I am doing a study of behavior during the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962. I am particularly interested in having information from individuals who took concrete steps to protect themselves and their families during this period, whether this involved digging, stocking or running. All diaries, personal statements, etc., will be treated with utmost confidentiality and returned to sender forthwith. Newspaper clippings reporting panic buying would be appreciated.

My address is 86 Hammond Street, Cambridge 38, Mass. *Irvin Doress*

Rare poem

New York City

Dear Sirs: We are moved to write to you by a poem appearing in your June 29 issue ("Lines for a Young Man Who Talked" by John Logan).

We both responded to it as an experience—in the way that one wants to respond to a poem—and so rarely can to contemporary ones.

Elizabeth and Joel Markowitz

Seven-year mirage

Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Dear Sirs: "Schoolteachers in New York get a year to themselves for every seven years of work, and that seems a minimal ratio" ["Sabbaticals for Labor," *The Nation,* July 13].

May I offer a correction? Schoolteachers in New York may *apply* for a semester's sabbatical leave for every seven years of work. . . . If it is granted, they receive about 40 per cent of their salary. From this must be deducted social security, all taxes, pension contributions, etc. So few can afford such a luxury that the number requesting the sabbatical leave is perhaps 200 a semester of the 40,000 teachers. A teacher on maximum salary can expect sabbatical checks of $65 a month.

Of course even that is better than what most workers receive, but please do not perpetuate the fiction that New York schoolteachers have a year off every seven years and can afford to use the privilege!

Marjorie H. Greenberger

THE
NATION

Saturday July 27, 1963
Volume 197, No. 3

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The Nation, July 27, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 3

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

EDITORIALS

Pentagon Payola

In an article on "Congressmen in Uniform" in *The Nation* of December 2, 1961, Jerry Greene first broke the story of the liaison between Congress and the Pentagon. Until then, probably not one American in a thousand had any idea that no less than fifty Congressmen were holding reserve commissions. He was accustomed to the idea of their belonging to law firms, owning substantial shares in radio and TV stations, putting their relatives on the federal payroll, etc., but that they were also members of the Armed Forces, while dispensing forty, fifty or sixty billions a year to these same organizations, was too much of a strain on the imagination.

Now, however, this particular rat hole is being probed, and perhaps is due to be closed up. The voters might decide that even a Congressman can go too far. Jerry Greene had all his facts straight except one: Jim G. Lucas of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, which seem to be regaining some of their old crusading zeal, reports that not fifty, but 175 Congressmen hold commissions. Either Greene missed some of the Congressional warriors, or the Pentagon has redoubled its recruiting in the legislative halls.

Editorially, the *New York World-Telegram*, one of the Scripps-Howard chain, refers to this practice as "Pentagon payola" and calls on the Senate Judiciary and House Rules Committees for a complete inquiry. If such probes should be undertaken (some of the Congressmen might be investigating themselves), the prospects could enliven an otherwise dull summer. The Pentagon, which has been known to deliberate for months, even years, before allowing an enlisted man to sew a single additional stripe on his sleeve, is much more generous in assessing the martial capacities of Congressmen. In one case, a future Congressman served in the Navy as a seaman. After his discharge he studied law and applied for a commission in the Air Judge Advocate Corps. The Air Force showed no interest. When the gentleman was elected to Congress, however, he was soon elevated to the grade of Major and, further, qualified as an ICBM launch officer after fifteen days' training.

These Congressmen doubling in brass are violating the traditional American principle of civilian control of the military; they are guilty of a conflict of interest—they can and do raise their stipends as reserve officers; they are members of a built-in lobby for which the public pays; and they get preference in grade because some operator in the Pentagon figures they may be generous when appropriation time rolls around. At one time ethical standards were higher. When, during the Civil War, Senator Lane of Kansas accepted a commission as a Reserve brigadier general, he was unceremoniously ousted from his seat in the Congress. The Constitution reads that ". . . no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office." It is high time that this provision be applied.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

Through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: Aug. 10 and Aug. 24. We will resume normal publication with the issue of Sept. 7.

To March or Not to March

Serious misgivings have been expressed about the civil-rights demonstration scheduled to take place in Washington on August 28. These objections are not to be taken lightly, if only because many of them come from persons wholly sympathetic with the Negroes' struggle for equality. Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer, for example, has an outstanding record in the civil-rights movement and she knows Washington—her family owns *The Washington Post* and *Newsweek*. In her opinion the march would be disastrous; she predicts "catastrophic outbreaks of violence, bloodshed and property damage." The possibility cannot be ruled out. It is not the Negro demonstrators who will perpetrate violence; the danger is that the occasion will be made a field day by the American Nazi Party, the Ku Klux Klan, the Citizens Councils, the Birchites and other organizations of the far-out or pathological Right.

That risk must be taken: the demonstration should and will be held. The leaders emphasize that it will be a mass gathering for redress of grievances, that and nothing else. There is no intention of invading the Capitol, no plans for sit-downs, lie-downs, or any form of civil disobedience. The mass of the demonstrators will assemble, march to the Lincoln Memorial and disperse. Visits to Congressmen, to importune them to vote for cloture and pass the Administration's civil-rights legislation, will be by small groups of the sort that regularly call on Congressmen.

And the arguments for holding the demonstration are well-nigh irresistible. The salient fact is that the nonviolent Negro revolution has reached a critical stage in its haphazard development. It is being carried on by a congeries of organizations, not one of which was designed to cope with the mass flare-up which rose suddenly out of long-smoldering repression. To name them—the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the Congress of Racial

Equality, the Urban League, the Negro Labor Council, the Student Non-Violence Coordinating Committee—is to give an inkling of the potentialities for conflict, if not chaos, in the future course of the movement. Moreover, within each of the participating organizations there exists the normal competition among groups and individuals for leadership, power and control of policy. All are agreed on the general objective, but when it comes to tactics and techniques, the objective may be lost in a welter of disagreement.

Within the movement itself, then, there is need for a major, nation-wide project which will tend to integrate the efforts of these more or less disparate organizations, and perhaps eventually lead to mergers which would make the integration movement more effective in the series of conflicts that still lie ahead. Externally, there is Congress to consider. Some opponents of the demonstration seem overly tender of the sensibilities of the Senators and Representatives. For God's sake, don't pressure them, seems to be the slogan. The average Congressman is being pressured all the time, and he rarely succumbs to nervous prostration. Probably not many votes will be changed by the march on Washington, but even the most recalcitrant Congressman will be impressed by the fact that 100,000 citizens are willing to go to the trouble and expense of coming to the nation's capital —in August!—to demand their rights.

This Congress, in particular, could stand a bit of shoving around, even if the Negroes are not the ones to perform that patriotic service. It has been doing substantially nothing for six and a half months, and it is about time it accomplished some constructive work. "The slow-motion Congress of all time," one liberal Democratic Senator calls it. In *The Wall Street Journal* Jerry Landauer describes its dominant mood as "lackadaisical, rebellious and a bit tired of the critics who demand thorough reform of Capitol procedures as a prelude to swifter action. . . ." Perhaps the Negro march will have a catalytic effect.

The Crack in the Door

The chances favor the conclusion of a limited nuclear test-ban agreement at the up-coming Moscow conference. Khrushchev wants it, and so does the President. As Senator Humphrey observes, "a softer wind is blowing west, and a sharper wind blowing east out of Moscow." Despite this country's clearly superior nuclear capability—including delivery capabilities—a stalemate of a sort has been achieved. In nuclear warfare, power does not need to be balanced evenly or exactly in order to achieve a stalemate; indeed, both sides are today burdened by the dimensions of their respective "overkill" capacity, and it makes no difference that this burden may be unequal. Secretary McNamara's announcement that he will negotiate cutbacks in the nuclear materials stockpiling program confirms the existence of an "overkill" stalemate.

Further tests are not needed and both sides have the gravest reasons to be concerned about the spread of nuclear weapons. Furthermore, the negotiations will center on an eminently feasible proposal. Premier Khrushchev's July 2 suggestion of a test ban that excluded underground explosions is substantially what President Eisenhower proposed in 1959, and President Kennedy (with Prime Minister Macmillan) in 1962. In his East Berlin speech, Khrushchev did not make the achievement of a nonaggression pact a prerequisite for negotiating a limited test-ban agreement; the pact or its equivalent could come "at the conclusion" of such an agreement. As to its content, a joint statement of nonaggressive intentions might well meet this face-saving requirement. A limited test ban on these lines accords with the proposal advanced by Senators Humphrey and Dodd which secured the approval of thirty-three additional Senators. It is an agreement which the President and General Eisenhower would both approve, and it should encounter no insuperable difficulties in the Senate—the more so as recent polls have shown 73 per cent of the country's public opinion to be in favor of an agreement of some sort.

Nevertheless, ratification must not be taken for granted. The right-wing elements, reading the signs correctly, have set up a new target; no longer is "atheistic godless communism" their major phobia. Their pet hate now is "disarmament" and the possibility of a *détente.* If the July 15 negotiations are successful, if an agreement is reached, the overtones of debate may well extend into the 1964 Presidential campaign, particularly if Senator Goldwater should be the Republican nominee. The usual obstructive tactics are already being used by the elements that have consistently opposed any form of test-ban agreement, but they now stress the theme that a test ban would be "meaningless." This argument overlooks the fact that a test-ban agreement would be important more for what it would imply, and entail, than for what it actually achieved. For one thing, it might well set the stage for a settlement of the Berlin issue along the lines indicated by Senator Pell and others; more important, a test-ban agreement would engage the Soviet Union and this country in a concerted effort. When it has been achieved, as during the Suez crisis, such joint action by the two major powers has provided the UN with the support it needs to be an effective peace-policing agency.

The cold-war hawks are aware of the possible consequences of a test-ban agreement and can be counted on to fight bitterly against its ratification. But if an agreement is reached, the President should be able to secure ratification, and a national debate over the issue could clarify other foreign-policy objectives. It would align those who favor a *détente*, or limited accommodation, with the USSR, against the hawks. So let no one be deceived by the specious argument that a limited test-ban agreement would be "meaningless."

Suicidal Alternative

If no settlement is reached in the railroad labor dispute by the time the extended deadline expires, and the President then feels that he must ask Congress for powers to prevent a walkout and to compel binding arbitration of the issues, it will be interesting to watch developments on two seemingly unrelated fronts. Will Congress be able to devise a formula by which those who are about to be severed from their jobs will willingly accept the severance? Up to this point, the firemen have been confronted with the alternative of either slitting their own throats or drinking the hemlock offered by management. It will also be interesting — and instructive — to see whether business and industry in general will rally to the principle of compulsory arbitration which railway management, in the comfortable belief that it enjoys a strong legslative and political bargaining position in the present dispute, is apparently willing to accept. Perhaps, when the chips are down, management will be no more enthusiastic about having the terms and conditions of employment imposed on industry than the firemen are at being asked to commit suicide.

The Honors List

On July 4, President Kennedy named thirty-one persons who will receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom at ceremonies in Washington next September. This new award, highest civilian honor, replaces a former Medal of Freedom which had been bestowed on individuals who had meritoriously acted "in the interest of the security of the United States." The present honor is given for outstanding effectiveness in the area of security, but also commemorates contributions to "world peace, or cultural or other significant public or private endeavours."

It was wise, we think, to extend the criteria beyond security to the more creative areas of peace and culture, but it is also undeniable that the terms of the medal now have about them something of a grab-bag quality. This is reflected in the quite disparate backgrounds of the present recipients: Edmund Wilson is honored, so is Robert J. Kiphuth, retired swimming coach at Yale; in September, Marian Anderson, Pablo Casals and Mies van der Rohe will share Mr. Kennedy's felicitations with Edwin H. Land, manufacturer of the Polaroid camera; John J. McCloy, former High Commissioner for Germany and former head of the U. S. Disarmament Agency, and Mark S. Watson, "hard-line" military expert of the Baltimore *Sun.*

We are a heterogeneous people and perhaps the widest possible net should be cast for the men and women we honor. However, this medal is designated as the *highest* honor, and it is possible that awards for superlative conduct should preserve the luster of considerable rarity. Honors lists tend to depreciate in value over the years. One starts with heroes and bards and too soon finds oneself pinning immortality on business acumen and bureaucratic zeal.

The President's first list is excellent, including as it does such eminently suitable names as Alexander Meiklejohn, Rudolf Serkin and Edward Steichen. But thirty-one recipients in a single year would seem a good many for a medal intended to mark an absolute standard of social or creative achievement.

Sino-Soviet Loggerheads

Recriminations in Moscow . . . .

Alexander Werth

Paris

The Chinese, with an uncanny sense of timing, certainly threw a spanner in the works when, on June 14, i.e., four days before the meeting of the Soviet Central Committee in Moscow, they produced their "Letter of 25 Points." Through the good offices of the Chinese Embassy in Moscow a copy of this letter was delivered to every member of the Central Committee—a very curious prelude to the Soviet-Chinese meeting of July 5. In order "not to complicate relations still further," the Russians decided not to publish the letter; but everybody in Moscow who matters has read it.

No doubt reflecting Peking's annoyance at Fidel Castro's gang-up with Khrushchev, it is the sharpest and most open attack yet made by the Chinese on the Soviet leadership. Little is left unsaid. In effect, the letter is an appeal to the "Socialist camp" to rally round Peking, rather than Moscow. Times have changed, the letter argues; if, in the past, when the Soviet Union was the only Socialist country in the world, people could be judged by their attitude to "Moscow," the real test now is whether people defend "the camp as a whole" and "the unity of this camp." China stands for this unity, while "others" encourage schisms and divisions, collaborating with the capitalist world, and betraying the cause of proletarian internationalism. Fundamentally these "others" (meaning Khrushchev, and probably also Togliatti and Thorez) are not interested in the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America and are, if anything, opposed to the "Chinese way" to communism—a way comprising peasant revolts, the formation of a united front among the peasants, the "progressive" bourgeoisie and the proletariat and the "armed conquest of power" by this front.

Worse still, Khrushchev is accused of having enormously and *unilaterally* exaggerated the importance of peaceful competition with the capitalist world—that is, without having received any proper guarantees from the West that it is bent on such "peaceful competition." Khrushchev (though again without being mentioned by name) is also charged with having "invented the legend" that China is eager to start new wars. In reply to Russian charges that Mao Tse-tung is the object of a "personality cult," the Chinese denounce the attitude whereby "exaggerated credit" is given to certain people (i.e., Khrushchev) and all mistakes are attributed to others (i.e., Stalin). There are also various hints in the Chinese letter that Russia is going "bourgeois," that the Russian claim that the Soviet Union is on the threshold of communism is nothing but a lot of eyewash. Finally, the Chinese made it clear that they intended to probe deeply into certain decisions taken at the last three Soviet Congresses, and that they regarded the meeting of July 5 as merely a prelude to a general conference of all the Communist parties of the world—which is precisely what the Russians want to avoid.

With this as background, the July 5 conference opened to the accompaniment of quite violent demonstrations of anger on both sides. On the day the Chinese delegation arrived in Moscow, Khrushchev found himself in Kiev; he left no greeting for the visiting comrades and displayed a preference for the company of that arch anti-Red, Paul-Henri Spaak. Meanwhile, Peking was staging one of its mammoth demonstrations in honor of the five Chinese expelled by Moscow for distributing the Letter of 25 Points.

In addition to breaking Chinese Embassy windows, the Russians have been charging their ally with anti-white racism; to which the Chinese reply with accusations of bourgeois nationalism. The Chinese also flaunt the support they receive from various Vietnam, Korean and Malayan newspapers and spokesmen. And at the rally honoring the expellees Marshal Chen Yi praised the unity of spirit between the Chinese and Russian people without mentioning parties or governments. China is encouraged in its present truculence not only by the support from Asia, but also by Rumania's recent show of opposition to Moscow and by the atmosphere of great cordiality in which that country recently signed a cultural agreement with China. This alleged shift, finally, is endorsed by the fact that Rumania has sent a volleyball team to Albania, where it met champion volleyists from North Korea and China.

Khrushchev's meeting with Spaak was significant of more than his pique with the Chinese, for the Belgian statesman is known to oppose the Franco-German alliance and to favor an agreement between NATO and the Warsaw Pact nations, which Khrushchev himself has linked to a test-ban treaty. His meeting with Spaak also coincides with his realization that President Kennedy's visit to Germany was as great a success as de Gaulle's visit was a frost. The Russian premier's greatest ambition at the moment is to accomplish a Soviet-American meeting based on the sentiments of the President's American University speech, and the Russians are treating with more sorrow than anger Mr. Kennedy's departures from those sentiments in Berlin.

Apart from tortuous ideological criticisms of the Chinese in the Soviet press, the Russian Communist Party is conducting more direct verbal propaganda to the effect that what the Chinese really want is enormously increased Soviet economic aid. They say (thus giving some substance to the Chinese charge that their Russian brothers are not the revolutionary idealists they once at least claimed to be): "We can't afford to support 700 million people without disastrously lowering our own standard of living." Another popular curbside argument against support for the Chinese is the danger that it would hasten the day when they too will achieve an atomic bomb.

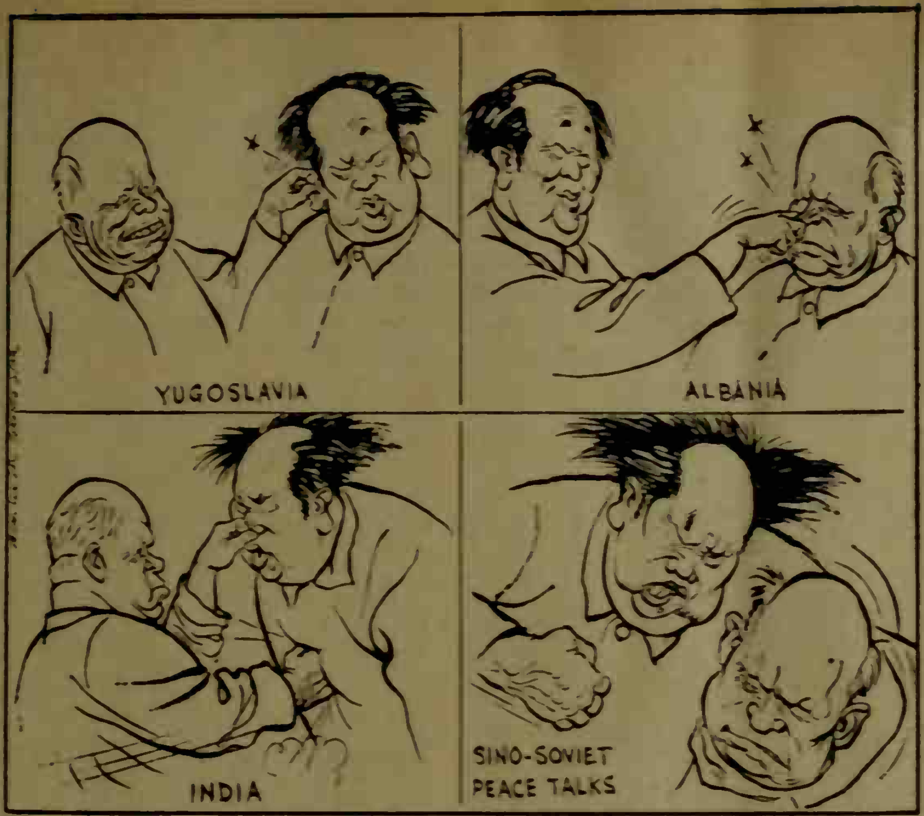
The situation has clearly reached a stage when an open split between Moscow and Peking is not out of the question; but the Russians appear determined not to take the responsibility for this split. Hence their mild and seemingly conciliatory attitude to the Chinese; hence also Khrushchev's seemingly unenthusiastic response to Kennedy's famous "no-war" speech at the American University; hence perhaps also the new act of anti-Western defiance, the sudden creation, before the Kennedy visit, of a no-man's-land along the Berlin Wall. But all this may be no more than play-acting; and there is nothing so far to show that the negotiations with Britain and the United States for a test-ban treaty are not being taken seriously by the Russians. It is also well known in Moscow that Khrushchev is eager to invite Kennedy to the Soviet Union, but is waiting to see first what comes of the meeting with the Chinese.

The Soviet-Chinese confrontation, though not on a top level, is likely to prove of the most far-reaching importance. In the light of the "25-Point Letter," a complete reconciliation, is quite out of the question; the choice, it seems, lies between a complete breach between Moscow and Peking and a simple and inconclusive adjournment of the discussion. To save himself a lot of internal and international complications, Khrushchev will probably favor the latter solution; but will the Chinese be content with this? The "25 Points" suggest, on the contrary, that they are after Khrushchev's blood and want an early showdown.

Whatever complications may yet arise as a result of the Soviet-Chinese meeting in July, Khrushchev's position inside the Soviet Communist Party seems very strong at the moment. The appointment of Brezhnev and Podgorny, both staunch Khrushchev men, as secretaries of the Central Committee, is highly indicative; with Kozlov, the "heir apparent," falling seriously ill, it is Brezhnev who now becomes Khrushchev's obvious successor — the question of the "succession" having already been mentioned once or twice by Khrushchev himself. At fifty-seven, Brezhnev is still a relatively young man, who likes to dance at Kremlin and embassy receptions, and has a generally pleasant and affable manner, not least in his contacts with Western diplomats. He is believed to be very much a "peaceful coexistence" man and, judging from his visits to India, Afghanistan and Africa, is a great believer in the value of the "uncommitted bloc," and an opponent of forcing any "Chinese" solutions on the underdeveloped countries.

Podgorny, like Brezhnev, is a Ukrainian; he worked for many years in the Ukraine under Khrushchev.

These appointments and all the hullabaloo over the Chinese letter



Macpherson: Toronto Star

Coexistence

somehow stole the limelight from the main object of the June Central Committee meeting — the "ideological discussion." There had been some speculation lately on whether the highly unpleasant impression made on the young generation by Khrushchev's "Zhdanovite" or "Neo-Stalinist" speech of March 8 on questions of art and literature had not made the party leadership change its mind on a number of questions. At the Central Committee meeting, the big report on "ideology" was presented, not by Khrushchev, but by L. F. Ilyichev, the "ideological chief" of the party. Ilyichev, whom I had known for years in the past, first as editor of *Izvestia* and then as the Soviet Foreign Office press chief, is certainly one of the tough boys. This out-and-out Stalinite (as he then was) not only looks extraordinarily like the late A. Y. Vyshinsky, but also has the same sharp and somewhat snarling manner, and the same gift of gab. In his four-hour speech he covered the whole field of "ideology" — the purpose of which, he explained, was to create the "new Soviet man." He declared himself satisfied with "Soviet youth" as a whole; contrary to what the Chinese assert, he said there was no such thing as the class struggle in the Soviet Union any more. But there were, nevertheless, still plenty of black sheep. He took up once again the "myth" of the struggle between "fathers and sons." There was no such thing, he said. Stalin or no Stalin, the "fathers" were the people who had won gloriously the hardest of all the wars Russia had ever had to fight. The young generation was not uniformly good: there were the heroes of the Cosmos, there were the builders of new "industrial giants" in the wilds of Siberia; but there were also the ninnies and the softies and the neurotic young people, who were far from wholehearted in their "advance towards communism."

Ilyichev reserved for the end his discourse on art and literature. He fumed against "pessimistic" films, against war films in which the Russian soldiers figured as unhappy victims, rather than as heroes. He protested the Western idea that what was going on in Russia, especially among the young people, was a sort of "ideological erosion"; and reiterated that writers and artists must be "the faithful helpers" of the party in producing "inspiring" works of great educational value. And again, like Khrushchev in March, he denounced the very concept of "ideological coexistence" with the West.

He refrained from mentioning any names, but, in speaking of artists and writers who had been severely criticized in the past, he used a mixture of persuasion and threats. It wasn't, he said, a question of "excommunicating" anybody; but it was a case of explaining their errors to them, and of bringing them back to "the service of the people and the service of communism." And then came the warning:

> *At the same time there are some who imagine that this struggle of ours against ideological instability and perversions is merely a temporary campaign, and that it'll blow over, and that if they sit tight long enough, all will be forgotten. We say to these people: "No, this won't come off!" For this is not a temporary campaign. And the party is determined to enforce Leninist principles on the whole range of literary and artistic activity.*

This, in short, is a warning to Nekrasov, Voznesensky, Yevtushenko and other writers who like them have not yet done their *mea culpa* or have done it, like Nekrasov, very half-heartedly. And the obvious punishment awaits them: they will not be sent to concentration camps, but nobody will be allowed to publish them.

Ilyichev referred to a scheme which, if adopted, will reinforce still further the centralized control of the party over all the arts: namely, the abolition of the Writers' Union, the Composers' Union, the Painters' Union, the Cinema Union, etc., and the fusion of all these organizations into one single Creative Workers' Union. In 1932, under Stalin, all the various writers' organizations were merged into the one and only Writers' Union which was placed under strict party control. The new reform would mean a still further centralization of the party control over all artistic activity.

The other speeches made at the Central Committee meeting lacked distinction. Mr. Khrushchev's son-in-law, Andrei Adjubei, tried to prove that even at the height of the terror in 1937, Khrushchev stood up to Stalin; Madame Furtseva, the Minister of Culture, admitted that her department had made many ideological mistakes; a representative of the Maritime Province on the Pacific said that it was all very well trying to cultivate the "pioneering spirit," but writers and artists who went out there always hastened to get back to Leningrad or Moscow, and nobody wanted to settle down in the wilds. One speaker said that all this fuming against "modern art" was just a lot of hypocrisy: thus, a well-known critic who had thundered against the "degenerate" art of Neizvestny, himself bought one of his sculptures on the same day and paid for it 12,000 rubles.

On the face of it, the ideological discussion was merely an endorsement of Khrushchev's famous discourse of March 8, but with the added warning that this represented a long-term policy, and that the writers and artists need expect no compromise or concessions. Perhaps, as Ehrenburg remarked after Khrushchev's speech, "it will take twenty years before there's a decent literature in Russia again." Twenty years is a long time; many Russian writers today think that their fate will largely depend on whether Khrushchev strikes a bargain with the Chinese or with the West. If it's with the West, things will ease up again in the "ideological" line. As a young Russian writer recently wrote to me: "There is, at the moment, a great song and dance over Castro; but I think we'd be even happier if Kennedy came to Moscow."

The Voices of Birmingham . . . .

David Cort

In a human maelstrom such as the fight for civil rights in Birmingham, Alabama, the press coverage necessarily loses the sounds, the voices, the accents and timbres; and so it may also lose, in the human way, the true dynamics of the mysterious equation.

A new kind of journalism has therefore been invented, and a brilliant example of it is the six-tape, six-hour series, "Birmingham: A Testament of Non-Violence," produced by Jack Summerfield for New York's FM radio station, WRVR, of the Riverside Baptist Church. Other radio stations may have the six tapes for $96.50; nonprofit organizations for half that amount. [See also "Freedom Songs," page 57.]

The sequence opens jubilantly on Friday night, May 10, in St. John's Church in Birmingham. A victory celebration of 2,000 Negroes is honoring the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., for the integration agreement he had won from white business leaders of Birmingham. The Rev. Ralph Abernathy speaks:

"Gimme a big hand. Tonight is victory night. . . . A victory for Alabama, a victory for the white man, a victory for the United States of America, a victory for the free world everywhere. . . . Dis thing is not over as yet, an' we mus' still stick together. . . . If ah was breathin' mah las' breath," he wants one colleague holding one hand, Martin Luther King holding the other (pause) "and mah wife holding mah head." The tension lets go in a burst of tremendous applause and laughter. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The mood sobers and turns silent when Martin Luther King speaks with literate deliberation: "Birmingham is on the verge of becoming a great enlightened symbol, spreading its radiance over this whole nation." He gives thanks to the white people who also worked in the cause, but his first gratitude is given to God. "We must not see the present victory as a victory for the Negro. It is a victory for democracy. We must face our own shortcomings. We must not be overbearing or haughty in spirit. . . . The fitting rooms [in the department stores] will be integrated Monday." Later will come integration of water fountains and rest rooms; the hiring of Negro clerks and salesmen in the next sixty days; and "we want to see some Negro policemen." The Negroes' courage against police and hoses and tanks was what won the victory. He tells of a policeman's asking a six-year-old girl in a demonstration, "What do you want?" The child looked up and lisped "F'eedom." The boycott will continue. "This boycott is really hurting; they admitted that behind closed doors." The next objective is to double the registered Negro voters in Birmingham.

Abernathy: "Let us all say Amen." "AMEN." "Let everybody say Amen." "AMEN."

King: "On Monday the children are to go to school just like nothing has ever happened." Then came a beautiful swell of singing, "We shall overcome some day," and a voice said, "Shall we lower our heads and close our eyes, as we hum, and let us each of us ask the Lord to come into us." With the superb background of the muted music, the prayer continues for five minutes.

On the following evening we are at the Ku Klux Klan barbecue and picnic. The commentary describes the guards in white uniforms with red ties, red shoulder stripes, jump boots and holstered pistols. Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton is in command: "Not only have we had the conspiracy of King and Abernathy . . . along with 'em known Communists plotting along with Martin Luther King, atheists or so-called ministers of the nigger race." Another voice is breathless, asthmatic or exhausted by rage: "If you are standing for God, you're our brother. Tonight we are facing the greatest darkness that this nation has ever faced. Tonight we as God-fearing men and women can turn Alabama upside down for God. . . . Don't you love your children? Wanna see 'em mongrelized?"

The Grand Dragons of Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee and Mississippi say a few words: "It is regretful that you are having these troubles. . . . King will be met with force. King and Kennedy are worse than Castro. We need to go back to the old-time religion time and the old-time Klan time. . . . In Atlanta they're puttin' on a show about Cleopatra, and Cleopatra is a black girl and she kisses a white boy. . . . You have just as much civil rights as any Communist. There will possibly be bloodshed in every state." "Black Communist conspiracy." "We'll prove up 'cause we got de artillery."

"The Negro has a sickle-shaped corpuscle that is a white child-killer. Black blood should be labeled in all hospitals 'cause the corpuscles are sickle-shaped. Years have been spent on this research work. It's

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David Cort's newest book, Social Astonishments, *will be published next month by Macmillan.*

dangerous to hire a Negro. All she has to do is cut herself and put a drop of her blood in baby's food, and that baby will be dead in a year." (Sickle-cell anemia is an inheritable, but not a communicable, disease.)

A minister gives his blessing: "Heavenly Father, we are grateful. . . . We know that these things cannot prevail, for they are of the devil. The terrible tide of black tyranny. . . . "

As the meeting disperses, a voice is on the loudspeaker: "Please drive out carefully. Obey all traffic laws." A voice slightly off microphone interrupts: "Run over any niggers you see." First voice: "No, no. Wait till next year."

The tape does not bother to theorize whether these voices had anything to do with the bombings that same evening of the house of King's brother, the Rev. A. D. W. King, and of the Gaston Motel.

Instead we hear the very different choir of a mass of angry Negroes voicing immediate fury against the outrage. The leaders, including A. D. W. King, are heard telling the crowd to go home. "Why we go home? If they bomb us, why can't we bomb them? An eye for an eye."

"Even in the army you got a leader. You got one now. The leader says go home."

"Bull Connor was the cause of this. We are tired of this battle and we can't take no mo'." (An Italian store is being destroyed by the mob.) "Now we got a heart; we hate that." "We go too far." (The roof collapses.) "That's a doggone shame. You know that."

"I have sense. I would like to negotiate anything these people have to say."

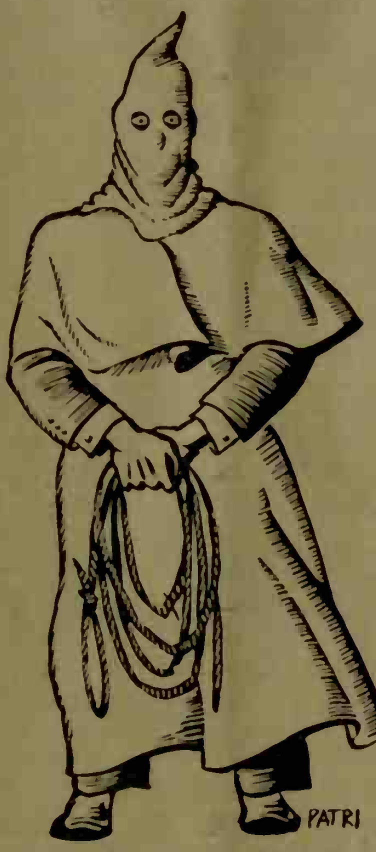
"Birmingham is a poor excuse for a city, State of Alabama, the whole thing. It's a poor excuse for a city."

Meanwhile from the loudspeakers the leaders' voices come: "We don't want this to be a terrible night. Everybody go home. We can't do it like that. Overcome evil with good. Everybody go home."

A whining voice follows: it is that of the Imperial Wizard again: "You push a mule so far and he's gonna stop. . . . The Ku Klux Klan has done more than anybody in preserving law and order. . . . We're dedicated men."

Then Bull Connor, the police chief: "Martin Luther King, that son of a bitch, he's the only one came here seeking violence. . . . Biggest racketeer that ever hit America. . . . Shakedown artist. He's down in the poolroom now preaching nonviolence."

The second tape ends with the King brothers telling a Negro audience: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do. . . . Even if some of us must die."



The drama quiets in the subsequent tapes, but the revelations continue.

Outgoing Mayor Arthur Hanes sounds a good deal better than the Klansmen; he has an arrogant talent for speaking for the mob: "Race is a birthright held in trust for posterity. . . . Birmingham is the last outpost of gracious living, warm hospitality." (In 1870 Birmingham was a cotton field.) "They were jealous of the fine conditions existing in Birmingham. . . . Dirty cesspool cities in the North. . . . Washington, D.C., had five swimming pools for niggers and five for whites. They integrated the swimming pools and now they have ten pools for niggers. . . . There is nothing to negotiate with the niggers. They don't have a thing we want."

This last sounded like a valid, if harsh, point. For a moment Mr. Hanes seemed to have won an argument. And then one realizes that the Birmingham Negroes have proved they have a great deal that the whites want: their trade, their labor, their collaboration in the society; that without these Hanes's splendid arrogance is bankrupt.

Hanes goes on to say that Birmingham Negroes have a higher standard of living than 80 per cent of the whites in the rest of the world, have four swimming pools, a golf course, recreation centers, tennis courts, playgrounds; 50 per cent own their own homes; the other 50 per cent rent five-room apartments for $20 a month; 1,100 Negro schoolteachers, food-stamp programs and a free segregated hospital "to have their illegitimate babies." He evidently thinks of all this as being paid for exclusively by white taxes, i.e., "given" by the whites. He has a singular blind spot for taxes paid by Negroes.

His prime contempt is for the white businessmen who had negotiated with the Negroes the settlement celebrated on the first tape. "A naive, or dumb," member of this group had told Hanes that the Birmingham whites only needed to be led out of their prejudices: "We need a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness." Hanes quotes himself as having barked, "Yo' get yo' a black Moses." Hanes obviously makes a better Pharaoh.

Another superior type, an insurance executive, pins on Martin Luther King two sources of support: (1) the Communist Party, "keeping the entire country in discord"; and (2) a Rockefeller bank in New York (he thought the name began with "Chemical") which controls the $100 million Birmingham Realty Co., and which supposedly gave the order to integrate, or else.

The liberal whites heard on the tapes are very weak. The best thing any of them says is that the expressions, "Ah love the Negro," or "Ah love niggers, goddamn 'em," are never used by people actually helping the Negroes. A generalized love of Negroes is not an issue. Loving the Negro is in fact a trick to deny him his individuality, the primary thing that proud Negroes are fighting for.

The Negro revolution, as heard from Birmingham, is in the most sacred American terms, of the Declaration and the Constitution and the Bible. The opposition almost inevitably must talk treason and sacrilege, and so it does. This alignment of the forces is primarily the achievement of Martin Luther King. On those terms, the Negro cause cannot possibly lose.

The voices of the Black Muslims and James Baldwin are reproduced, and are strikingly irrelevant; they are simply not in the fight at all. They are playing their own precious and self-obsessed games, aimed at fluttering the guilty white liberals, and signifying nothing. Baldwin cries out, "You, the white people, invented the nigger," a literary sentiment that would be worth $3,000 in an elite white magazine but is worth nothing in Birmingham. If the Negro cause ever adopts these terms of shriek and whimper, it cannot possibly win.

It is not necessary to tell the Rev. Martin Luther King what the Klansmen, the Muslims, Hanes and Bull Connor evidently do not know: that this is a great, boiling nation of 187 million people who are in deadly earnest. The white segregationists seem to think that the Declaration and the Constitution and the Bible are small jokes; that the Civil War was a tossed coin that came up tails, and might come up heads next time. If the South works hard enough at being the South, it is also working to re-create the old terrible North, and who knows but that it might succeed?

On the other hand, the Rev. Abernathy's congregation, all standing, recite: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America . . ." and conclude jubilantly, "with liberty and justice for all."

They sing songs: "I Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around." And "Black and white together, Deep in my heart I do believe, We shall overcome some day."

When Jesus came to Birmingham
They simply passed him by;
They never hurt a hair of him;
They only let him die.
. . . Jesus crouched against a wall
And cried for Calvary.

We hear the strategic theoretician, Dr. Bayard Rustin of the Fellowship of Reconciliation: "The business community at last, against its will, was forced to ally itself with civil rights. U.S. Steel must take a new look at civil rights. . . . The new phase I predict is the phase of the use of mass action with non-violent disobedience and nonviolent non-cooperation. . . . Wave after wave of black people keep coming, with their white allies. . . ."

A white girl says, "I lived in New York one year and went to public school, and there were Negroes in school. It was so beautiful and here it is so ugly."

Abernathy: "You don't have to go to the same old churches over and over again. Dress properly. Have some money in your pocket. Hair fixed right. Feeling good and smelling good. Be nice and be courteous. Shake hands with the people worshiping around you, and shake hands with the minister. If they ask you to leave, quietly leave. Say you thought this was a church for all people."

An unnamed voice: "We know we're right. We're marching. Not with bombs; we don't need no bombs; we don't need no guns. Let the man who is weak carry guns. I don't need no gun. I have God."

On balance, this claim would seem to have some merit.

Blowing Barry's Horn . . . .

Stanley Meisler

Washington, D.C.

On July 4, the National Armory in Washington looked like every Goldwater fan's dream of a Republican national convention: pretty girls and blaring bands and bunting and flags and hot dogs and spotlights and college kids and TV stars and gay placards and enormous portraits and cowbells and hooters and laughers; and everyone united for one man, not there, named Goldwater. The occasion was the National Draft Goldwater Independence Day Rally, staged by the National Draft Goldwater Committee to convince everyone (including Goldwater) that Barry means business.

At the least, the committee convinced reporters and politicians in Washington that it knew how to run a show. This is a feat sure to impress people in this town and to keep the committee above the "bunch of amateurs" class. The conservative Republicans bent on nominating Goldwater would have lost face badly if the show had deteriorated into a hoarse, shoving melee, but things ran smoothly and with decorum. The committee, headed by Texas Republican Chairman Peter O'Donnell, Jr., had planned for weeks. Hotel reservations were set up for thousands of visitors. Suggestions for placards were issued (DON'T TARRY — GO BARRY; JFK — WE WILL BARRY YOU). More than 8,000 enthusiasts showed up, and Goldwater Girls ushered them to their seats. The fans tended to cluster by states (ONLY BARRY CAN CARRY MINNESOTA; ONLY BARRY CAN CARRY FLORIDA; BROOKLYN BACKS BARRY).

If anything, there was too much decorum. The speeches and shouting lacked some of the verve that might have been kindled if there had been an issue to divide the delegates. But everyone seemed agreed on one goal: Put Goldwater in and take the Socialists out. This is not to say that the crowd was listless. But every once in a while it turned quiet, and the speakers had to pump pep into it with scare words (*Stevenson, Schlesinger, Galbraith, Reuther*).

Two themes dominated the rally: youth and Dixie. The crowd was young, more than half of it good, clean, American well-off college kids. The pretty Goldwater Girls, strolling about in fringed red, white and blue sashes and ten-gallon hats, looked like Kennedy Girls kidnaped from the 1960 convention. The college crowd didn't enjoy Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.'s attempt to twist an old anti-Goldwater joke to Barry's advantage: the one suggesting that the handsome Barry should go to Hollywood and join 18th Century-Fox. Zimbalist wasn't forgiven even when he explained that that would put Barry with Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and the rest. The young people much preferred to think of their

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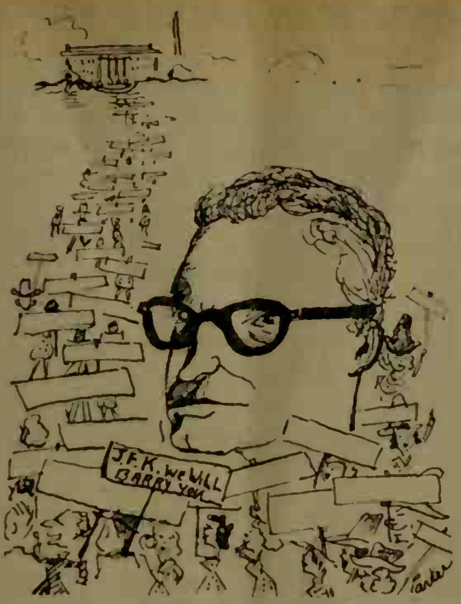
Stanley Meisler is a Washington newsman.

hero as the space-age man (P-T BOATS ARE OUT OF DATE, WE'VE GOT A SPACE-AGE CANDIDATE). One giant photo showed Barry in jet pilot fatigues, his collar open, his T-shirt showing, his hair messed, his eyes squinting in the sun — the perfect model for a Camel television spot.

Some Confederate flags flew, and everyone received a song sheet that included *The Star-Spangled Banner, America the Beautiful, Battle Hymn of the Republic, God Bless America* and *Dixie*. The speakers declared confidently that their man could win all the South's 128 electoral votes. With a series of slides, the committee showed that this bloc, with the near-solid Midwest and Mountain states would help give Barry 301 votes, 31 more than needed for election. They tossed to Kennedy almost all the Northeast, including his home state. This outraged some Boston Young Republicans (ONLY BARRY CAN CARRY MASSACHUSETTS), who shouted, "No, no, no."

The racial problem was ignored by all the speakers and placards during the evening. However, the speakers, in the tradition of rousing political rallies, spent little time on any specific issues, except to demand less socialism and more action on Cuba. Most of the speeches were good, biting partisan fun, aimed, it seemed, more at Stevenson, Schlesinger, Galbraith and Reuther than at anyone whom Goldwater might conceivably face in convention or elections.



Parker

Zimbalist seemed a little dreary on the political stump, telling the crowd that Barry is an inch taller than Jack and the taller man always wins. Another Hollywood star, Walter Brennan, knew his role better. He cried he was for Goldwater and, when pressed to say more, recalled an anecdote, the point of which was that when a comedian has nothing funny to say, he should sit down. He then sat down. The other speakers, Governor Paul Fannin of Arizona, Rep. John Ashbrook of Ohio, Senator Carl Curtis of Nebraska and Senator John Tower of Texas, supplied the kind of oratory that Barry might have used on his admirers if he hadn't been, as Fannin put it, "back home riding a bronco." One surprise speaker, Enrique Llaca, Jr., a Cuban veteran of the Bay of Pigs invasion, delivered the most emotional speech of the evening. It was a plea for the liberation of Cuba, and an endorsement of Barry as the man to do it. The crowd whooped, and waved its signs (BARRY SI, ROCKY NO).

Although the racial issue was dormant in the almost all-white crowd inside the armory, it was stirring outside. Neatly dressed Black Muslims hawked copies of *Muhammad Speaks*. I asked one if he had sold many copies. "Oh yes," he lied. After the rally, seven storm troopers of George Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party picketed the armory. They had a grudge against Goldwater: he was a "race mixer." Someone handed out broadsheets to the Goldwater fans. The sheets called Barry the "Arizona Israelite" and a "Jew phony."

But these were minor notes—lost in a rhapsody for Barry. After the rally, Governor Fannin told a newsman: "I don't see how he can possibly resist this kind of demonstration." He probably won't.

South Africa

ENCLAVES OF TROUBLE . . . . . . Jack Halpern

Very few people in Britain, let alone in America, could have understood the significance of the recent news items which reported that British troops had been air-lifted into Swaziland, a tiny British protectorate embedded in South Africa's eastern edge. But the significance of this unprecedented move has not been lost on African leaders, and it may well affect, strongly and in the near future, the delicate disequilibrium which today characterizes Great Britain's attitude toward apartheid.

The occasion of the British troop move was a strike of underpaid and regimented Swazi workers in one of the world's largest asbestos mines, Havelock. This extremely profitable mine is owned by the giant British concern, Turner & Newall, and the whole operation could well have stirred in Americans old memories of intervention by Marines in what were once contemptuously called Banana Republics.

The strike was illegal according to the archaic labor decrees promulgated by Britain's Commissioner for Swaziland, who rules the country without the advice even of a legislative council. After more than half a century of British protection, Swaziland is only now about to be granted such a body, and the strikers have been protesting both against their low wages and against this proposed council's undemocratic composition.

Finding his local police force neither strong nor enthusiastic enough to break the strike, and fearing a breakdown of law and order, Britain's man-on-the-spot wired London, and troops of the Gordon Highlanders were promptly flown out via Kenya and with the

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Jack Halpern, a correspondent for the London Observer *and the* New Statesman, *is stationed in Salisbury, South Africa. He recently revisited Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland in connection with a book on those territories which he is now completing for the Penguin African Library.*

assistance of Sir Roy Welensky's Royal Rhodesian Air Force. After two days, the colonel commanding the air-lifted Scots announced that if the strike-bound mine were not back in operation on the third day he would be "a most disappointed man."

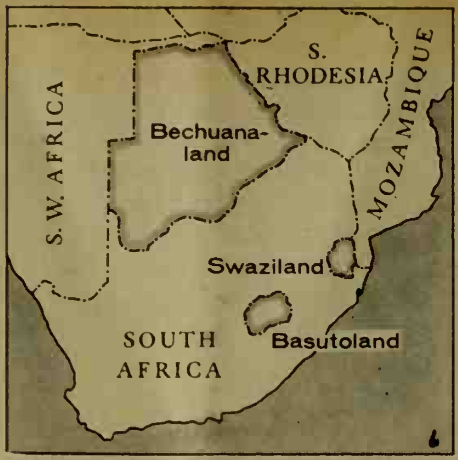
Something more than disappointment was, however, expressed by Kenya's governing party, led by its newly installed Prime Minister, Jomo Kenyatta. Thundering that it was "appalled that the British Government is using our country as a military base from which troops are being sent to oppress our brothers in Swaziland," Kenyatta's party promised to support any action the Kenya Government might take "as a result of this latest move by the imperialists," and reiterated both its long-standing demand for the evacuation of Britain's military base in Kenya and for even faster progress on Kenya's last lap toward its now-imminent independence from Britain.

In its angry outburst, the party also attacked the "slow progress" being made by Britain in granting independence to Swaziland and its sister territories of Basutoland and Bechuanaland, and claimed that Britain's policy toward these three protectorates is being influenced by "Verwoerd's Fascist regime."

This accusation brings us to the wider significance of the current events in Swaziland.

A glance at the map will show that Swaziland, Basutoland and Bechuanaland, commonly known as the High Commission Territories, are all geographically part of South Africa. Basutoland, in particular, is a tiny, mountainous territory completely surrounded by Dr. Verwoerd's republic. Swaziland, also very small, has a border with another country, but this country is Dr. Salazar's Mozambique and can hardly be counted a helpful neighbor. Bechuanaland, alone of the three, has both space and a meeting point with a black-governed African state, Northern Rhodesia.

All three High Commission Territories are, in addition, economically dependent to a high degree on South Africa, which has only recently relinquished a long-standing demand for their physical incorporation.



In line with its postwar African policy, Great Britain has lately promised to advance the peoples of the territories toward democratic self-government. The Afro-Asian bloc at the UN, through the Committee on Colonialism, has demanded that this be done, not "with all deliberate speed" but "here and now." The Afro-Asians have sought, so far unsuccessfully, the active support of the United States in pushing Britain into carrying out its claim that it is making Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland "shop-windows of the British way of life" and "outposts of Commonwealth in South Africa."

One might well ask why, having made such ringing statements, Britain should need so much international pushing. The smooth answer to this lies in Britain's ambiguous diplomatic relationship with South Africa; the brutal answer is that £1 billion (sterling pounds) of British capital is invested in South Africa, and earning fat dividends. All three territories have overwhelmingly African majorities. Quite clearly, every move that Britain permits them toward democracy must contrast starkly with the sordid farce of white-controlled, stooge-run, "Bantu self-rule," with which Dr. Verwoerd tries to justify apartheid.

Neither Prime Minister Macmillan nor his predecessors have really "got tough" with South Africa. On the contrary, acute observers noted that in the now famous 1960 Cape Town speech in which Macmillan coined the much quoted phrase, about "the winds of change" blowing in Africa, he spent a major part of his time reassuring white South Africa that, however much their public moral attitudes might differ, Britain and South Africa would remain intimately linked by bonds of industry and trade. But action on the territories must antagonize the Afrikaner guardians of British investments.

For even the grossly imperfect democracy which Britain is presently prepared to concede to Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland antagonizes Dr. Verwoerd. He is running a system which depends for its success on isolating South Africa from Africa's "winds of change"; he cannot lightly tolerate "shop-windows of the British way of life," however shabbily they may be stocked.

What is even more immediately to the point, the High Commission Territories have assumed a major importance as havens for some of Verwoerd's persecuted opponents, and as an escape route for others in enforced flights to freedom.

In all three territories a good number of South African political refugees have been granted asylum by the British authorities, and every week brings fresh news of others who have stolen across the long and largely deserted border into Bechuanaland and have then made their way via Northern Rhodesia to Tanganyika and freedom.

Despite restrictions placed by the British on their political activities, South African refugees who have reached the High Commission Territories naturally tend to continue their anti-apartheid battle from their new "safe base," and certainly those who reach Tanganyika immediately continue their struggle.

From Verwoerd's point of view, the situation came to a head in March of this year when Potlako Leballo, wanted by the South African police as a leader of that country's banned Pan-Africanist Congress, announced from his office in Basutoland that he had 30,000 underground terrorists in South Africa waiting for the word to rise.

This rising, Leballo made clear, would be directed by him from Basutoland, in whose inaccessible mountains he boasted of having set up a guerrilla warfare training operation. What is more, Leballo reportedly said that the banned Pan-Africanist Congress was "one and the same thing" as the much discussed Poquo terrorist movement in South Africa.

The South African Government could hardly remain indifferent to Leballo's much publicized statements, and in any case it had no wish to do so. So the official Verwoerd press seized on Leballo's wild Basutoland outbursts, and made increasingly threatening statements about Basutoland and its sister protectorates being used as "bases of subversion."

In the nature of things, too, the British authorities could not ignore the implications of Leballo's announcements. At the beginning of April the Basutoland police raided his office, and seized an extensive list of underground Poquo cells operating in South Africa.

There has been the most vehement debate about subsequent allegations of cooperation between British Basutoland and Union of South Africa police. This has been repeatedly denied in the British Parliament, where categorical assurances have been given that the seized list was not handed over to South Africa. It is impossible to establish what did in fact happen, but it is a fact that the two police forces regularly cooperate both in criminal and in political surveillance, and that many senior Basutoland police officers are of South African origins.

Whatever took place, South African police began, within hours after the Basutoland list was seized, a well-informed and massive series of raids and arrests which must have reduced whatever may have existed of the Poquo organization to ruins. The South Africans claim that they seized the information from a directive which Leballo's secretary was about to post just inside the South African border to all Poquo cells. Leballo himself escaped arrest in Basutoland, but has not been heard from since.

The diplomatic repercussions of this whole affair were soon felt. Dr. Verwoerd said bluntly in the South African Parliament that Britain must "expect retaliation" if it allowed political refugees in the High Commission Territories to organize revolution against South Africa. Britain had to draw a distinction between political refugees and militant refugees who fled only to continue their struggle from foreign soil.

This has provoked an uncommonly spirited reply from the British Government. An authorized spokesman said that "the problem of political activity against South Africa from the Protectorates is not of our creation, but is the result of the policies of the South African Government." The British spokesman did add, however, that Britain had assured South Africa that it was taking seriously its obligation to prevent violence and subversion in the protectorates.

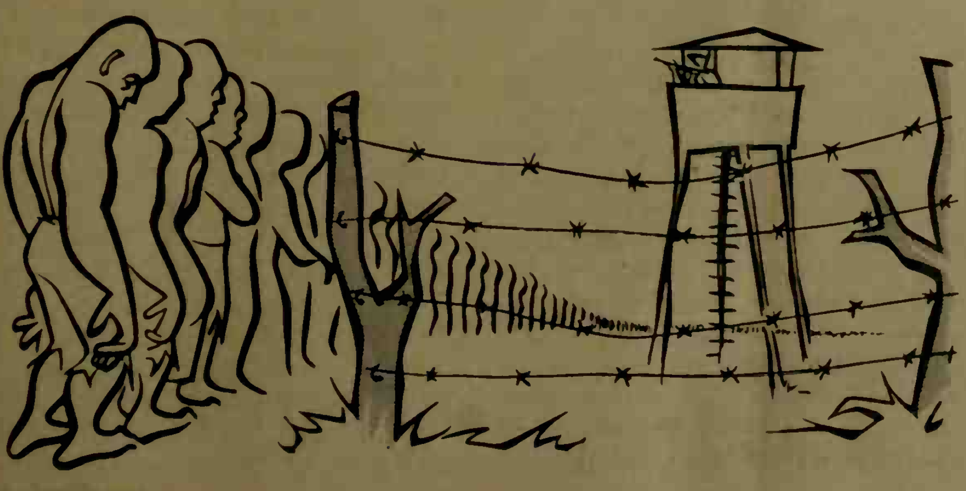
Things have not, however, rested there. Even before this episode Dr. Verwoerd had announced a complete change in the longstanding relationship between South Africa and the protectorates. For the first time, strict and permanent border controls are now being imposed. Thirty-six armed posts are being set up at strategic points, and a huge fenced camp has been erected on the Basutoland border for the "screening" of Basuto coming into South Africa. Helicopters and mobile patrols are being brought in to help patrol the hundreds of miles of barbed wire fencing being erected on all three borders (ostensibly to control cattle).

The point about these measures is that, primarily, they are not directed against political refugees, but at squeezing out of South Africa as many as possible of the tens of thousands of migratory workers who are forced by the poverty of their British-protected homelands to seek work in South Africa. Hitherto they have been treated, for work purposes, like local Africans in the Republic; now they are foreigners. It is a grim indictment of Britain's past record in Africa that hundreds of thousands of Africans find themselves obliged to trek hundreds of miles and endure the humiliations of apartheid in order to feed on its economic crumbs. Basutoland is so poor that more than 40 per cent of its adult male population is working outside the country at any given time. Swaziland and Bechuanaland depend much less on the earnings of migratory laborers, but these still play a vital role in their economies.

Britain thus faces a challenge on the economic front as important as the political challenge. For though she has ruled the territories for many decades, Britain spent not a single penny on their economic development until 1945. Aided by rudimentary health services (chiefly mission supplied), the populations have grown. So has their dependence on finding work in South Africa, and on getting an agreed (and until now, pooled) percentage of South African customs revenue (Basutoland today depends upon this for over half its normal revenue).

A little British money *has* been spent since the war, but *little* is the operative word. In 1960 a World Bank economic mission under Professor Chandler Morse recommended the urgent expenditure of some £9 million in the three protectorates. This would, the mission said, bring economic viability within reach for Swaziland (which is bursting with asbestos and iron ore), make it a probability for cattle-ranching Bechuanaland (which is the size of France but has only 350,000 inhabitants), and give eroded and endemically overpopulated Basutoland a fighting chance to survive. Nine million pounds is not a large sum, especially for three countries. So far Britain has found £1.8 million.

It is quite clear what Verwoerd's aim is with regard to the protectorates. The paradox of these territor-



ies is that the poorest, Basutoland, has no white settlers and is politically highly militant, while the richest, Swaziland, has until recently been almost asleep politically under white South African farmers and a powerful feudal African ruler. By labor influx control and by revising the common customs agreement so that each territory will be paid a direct share, Verwoerd will have placed himself in a position to squeeze politically troublesome Basutoland to economic death while sparing fat South African investments in Swaziland. When they lent themselves to the revision of the customs arrangements, the British laid themselves open to the charge that they are playing Verwoerd's game. If Britain continues to starve the protectorates of the trifling sums which would give them a chance of resisting Verwoerd's pressures, it will in African eyes indict itself on this charge as surely as if it handed all three over to South Africa. And if it continues to limit their political progress, it will miss the chance of showing, especially in white-settled Swaziland and Bechuanaland, that nonracial democracy can work in South Africa. Nor can the United States indefinitely avoid committing itself; it has heavy investments in the protectorates.

It has been argued by British apologists that South Africa would not tolerate independent protectorates, and that Britain, unable to protect them physically against absorption by Verwoerd, acts in their best interests by limiting political advance. Whatever past impact this line of argument may have had on the Afro-Asians in the UN has presumably vanished with the Swaziland air-lift. If troops can be flown in to break a strike, then why not to guarantee legitimate independence?

But that is by the way. Verwoerd is unlikely to invite UN intervention in his own heartland by physical attack upon the protectorates. He will rely on economic pressures, and this sets a different challenge for Britain. Having sloughed off Kenya, and with the Rhodesian Federation being dismantled, Britain will now face the fact that Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland are her final direct responsibilities in Africa. In them she has a last but fast-vanishing chance, and that at ludicrously low cost, to write a decent conclusion to her colonial history.

Fair Bail for All . . . . **William M. Kunstler**

No one knows exactly when the custom of bailing persons accused of crime began, but as far as England is concerned, it undoubtedly antedated the Norman Conquest. Initially, bail was intended more as a convenience to the sheriff than as a boon to the prisoner. Not only did it make the administration of justice considerably cheaper by reducing the jail population during the long period between arrest and trial, but it did so without significant risk to the Crown. Since the accused's friends were personally responsible for his appearance, defaults were extremely rare.

Originally, the decision as to whether to admit a defendant to bail was in the hands of the sheriff. When that official began to abuse his powers in this respect, the function was taken over by the courts. The British judges, however, continued the practice of requiring personal sureties who were not even permitted to enter into indemnity agreements with the defendant. In 1688, a prohibition against excessive bail, which later found its way into the Eighth Amendment to the United States Constitution, was enacted by Parliament.

In this country, the personal surety has all but disappeared. His place has been taken by the professional bondsman who, for a substantial premium and the posting of satisfactory collateral security, will guarantee the accused's court appearances. This peculiarly American institution has had a significant—and unfortunate—effect on the bail system. No matter how carefully courts may make their bail determinations, the defendant's release, in most cases, usually hinges on his ability to satisfy the bonding company as to his financial stability.

But the courts themselves have not been particularly equitable in the setting of bail. Although both the federal Rules of Criminal Procedure and the laws of almost every state provide for mandatory bail in all but capital cases, the decision as to the amount is usually controlled by committing magistrates, who seem to be more concerned with the nature of the charge, the possible penalty, the apparent weight of the evidence and the character and financial condition of the defendant, than with the amount necessary to insure his appearance at trial. As a result, more often than not, bail is higher than it ought to be under all the circumstances of any given case.

Bail that is beyond the financial means of a defendant is, in effect, a refutation of the presumption that he is innocent until proven otherwise. In a 1951 decision, the Supreme Court recognized this dichotomy. "This traditional right to freedom before conviction," it stated, "permits the unhampered preparation of a defense and serves to prevent the infliction of punishment prior to conviction. . . . Unless this right to bail before trial is preserved, the presumption of innocence, secured only after centuries of struggle, would lose its meaning." Yet in New York County in 1960, 1,476 defendants spent more than thirty days in jail between arraignment and adjudication. The charges against ninety-six of these persons, five of whom had been imprisoned for longer than three months, were eventually dismissed.

Since late 1961, students of the New York University School of Law, under the supervision of the Vera Foundation, have been engaged in an experiment known as the Manhattan Bail Project. The undertaking is designed to (1)

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furnish committing magistrates with adequate basic information about defendants; (2) study the effects of pre-trial release on the eventual disposition of criminal cases; and (3) explore the use of parole (i.e., release of the defendant on his own recognizance) as a bail substitute. Locale of the project is Part 1A of the Criminal Court, the first stop for New York County's adults accused of crime.

Of the thirty or so new defendants who fill the court's detention pens each morning, the project's staff interviews all except those charged with, or having, a previous record of certain serious crimes. This interview, which is based on a four-page questionnaire designed to elicit information relevant to pre-trial release, will determine whether the subject should be investigated further before his initial arraignment.

In general, the interviewers are concerned with five factors:

1. *Present or recent residence at the same address for at least six months;*
2. *current or recent employment for six months or more;*
3. *relatives in New York City with whom the defendant is in more or less regular contact;*
4. *no previous conviction for crime;*
5. *residence in New York City for ten or more years.*

If an accused meets one of these criteria, or partially meets at least two, an attempt is made to verify the information he has supplied. If, after such verification, it is decided to recommend that defendant be paroled on his own recognizance pending trial, a written summary of the pertinent information is sent to a student stationed in the courtroom.

The latter, who has been furnished with a chart on which the questionnaire numbers of all of the day's cases have been distributed at random and designated, by chance, as either experimental (E) or control (C), will communicate only those that fall within the E group to the judge, the district attorney and the defense counsel. After the recommendation is read into the record, the judge makes his decision as to pre-trial release.

Between October 16, 1961, and September 20, 1962, the project's staff offered 363 parole recommendations to the court, of which 215 were accepted. During this same period, only 14 per cent of the defendants in the C group were paroled. In addition, the bail set for a substantial number of non-paroled defendants in the E group was lower than that which had been the custom in similar cases where information of the type furnished by the project was unavailable.

Of the parolees in the E group, 59 per cent were eventually found not guilty. In contrast, only 23 per cent of those in the C group who had been in custody from arrest to trial were acquitted. Moreover, 21 per cent of the convicted parolees, compared to 96 per cent of the detention defendants, were given prison sentences. While these statistics, particularly those as to punishment, might be more a tribute to the project's selective process than anything else, they justify further investigation in this area.

To date, 250 persons have been paroled because of the project's recommendations. Of these, only three have jumped parole. In 1960, 101 out of 1,395 persons who were paroled or released on bail in New York County failed to appear for trial. It would seem that the project's appraisals are considerably more reliable than those of the judges.

In any event, the project's findings, although concededly still at an early stage, have been sufficiently impressive to stimulate a similar parole-recommendation service at the Women's House of Detention in New York City. In July of 1962, the project's staff began to interview pre-trial inmates of this city-wide institution. Although parole recommendations were not made until after bail had been set, and then had to be sent to all five counties of the city, the necessary delays did not stand in the way of a substantial reduction in the number of women in detention. As a result, the city has decided to continue this service indefinitely.

A study of 3,459 prosecutions handled by Manhattan's Court of General Sessions (now absorbed by the new Criminal Court) in 1960 bears out the project's conclusion that pre-trial release has some effect on the ultimate disposition of a defendant's case. For example, only 23 per cent of those charged with assault who were at liberty until their trials, were convicted, as compared with 59 per cent of those who were detained. As far as sentences were concerned, those paroled or on bail fared far better than those in jail, receiving a substantially greater number of suspended sentences.

The Manhattan Bail Project has two more years to run. Herbert Sturz, Executive Director of the Vera Foundation, is hopeful that, during that time, it can produce a firm statistical basis for determining whether parole can be useful in a substantial number of cases. Such a result, of course, will depend in large measure on virtually full acceptance by the courts of the project's recommendations. Mr. Sturz seems confident that this plateau has already been reached.

Meanwhile, it might be helpful to summarize the project's recently released interim report. First of all, the pre-arraignment investigation procedure has apparently proved to be both practicable and satisfactory. Secondly, almost every defendant released on parole has returned for trial. Lastly, parolees have fared at least as well at trial as bailed defendants and infinitely better than those who have been forced to remain in jail before adjudication.

Assuming that the next two years continue to bear out the project's faith in pre-trial parole for those who cannot afford bail, it may well be that the inequities inherent in the present bail system will be eliminated. If bail is an irrelevancy for the impoverished defendant, it would seem that a new approach is called for. "No system of equal justice," the report declares, "can tolerate this sort of discrimination against the poor if reasonable alternatives exist."

The parole system is certainly a reasonable alternative. However, because of the careful selection procedure employed by the Manhattan Bail Project, the low number of parole-jumpers cannot be accepted at more than token value until more statistical data is available. Until such time, it is to be hoped that the price of pre-trial liberty should be no greater than that necessary to insure the defendant's presence in the courtroom. Any other criteria not only reflect a basic misunderstanding of the purpose of bail, but subvert the ends of justice.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

John Adams and His Wife, Abigail

ADAMS FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE. Vol 1: *December 1761-May 1776.*(424 pp.) Vol. 2: *June 1776-March 1778.* (490 pp.) L. H. Butterfield, editor. Harvard University Press. $17.50 set.

Loren Baritz

When the first four volumes of *The Adams Papers* were published, it came as a pleasant discovery that John Adams was a human being instead of a pedantic and disembodied political theorist. Now, with these first two volumes of the *Adams Family Correspondence*, the revival of the human John Adams goes much further: it becomes obvious that he was a man of enormous warmth and charm. His wife is shown through her own letters to have been an articulate and gentle lady whose continuous and direct commentary on her world is an invaluable record about the daily business of staying alive during the path to and first phase of the American Revolution.

The editors — L. H. Butterfield, W. D. Garrett and M. E. Sprague — have again had their scholarship enclosed in a beautiful physical product; the binding, paper, printing and illustrations make these volumes a pleasure to handle, see and settle down with. The substantive editing can elicit only gratitude.

The span of these volumes reaches from December, 1761 to March, 1778, from the period when John Adams was still trying to establish himself as a successful provincial lawyer to the moment when he landed in France as one of the ministers of the revolutionary government in America. The correspondence of John Adams and his wife Abigail constitutes the heart of this series, though the editors have wisely included the letters of many of the couple's relatives, and selected letters to and from friends. It is a wide-ranging correspondence, with John and Abigail Adams remaining always at or near the center of events.

Abigail Adams always dealt gently with her husband, at least in these letters. When, for example, he wrote in April, 1764 that "Intimacy with the most of People, will bring you acquainted with Vices and Errors, and Follies enough to make you despize them," she answered: "Sometimes you know, I think you too severe, and that you do not make quite so many allowances as Humane Nature requires, but perhaps this may be oweing to my unacquaintedness with the World." As the difficulties of her own situation increased — with the departure of her husband to Congress, and the uncertainties of impending war in her own neighborhood — Abigail Adams began to see more of the world and think less well of her fellow creatures:

> *I am more and more convinced that Man is a dangerous creature, and that power whether vested in many or a few is ever grasping, and like the grave cries give, give. . . . You tell me of degrees of perfection to which Humane Nature is capable of arriving, and I believe it, but at the same time lament that our admiration should arise from the scarcity of the instances.*

That anyone would chide John Adams for his supposed rosy view of man is a marvel indeed.

Her conventional caution in matters of her own marriage did not extend to politics. In September, 1774, when John Adams was attending the first Continental Congress, she wrote to him about slavery in language that makes us imagine the private talks they must have had on the subject:

> *I wish most sincerely there was not a Slave in the province. It allways appeard a most iniquitious Scheme to me — fight ourselfs for what we are daily robbing and plundering from those who have as good a right to freedom as we have. You know my mind upon this Subject.*

If the revolutionary zeal of Mrs. Adams did not exceed that of her husband, at least she kept pace with him. As early as 1774 she was writing of "a redress by the Sword," of the alternative of "Liberty or Death." John Adams, in April, 1776, tried to persuade her to calm her political passion: "As to Declarations of Independency, be patient. Read our Privateering Laws, and our Commercial Laws. What signifies a Word." She protested the exclusion of the attack on slavery in the Declaration of Independence, and after the outbreak of the war continued to urge a more vigorous prosecution of American affairs.

These two volumes document the loneliness and frequent frustration of long separations at times when one or the other partner was in danger or trouble and when the other could do no more than commiserate, and even that usually weeks after the event. After Lexington and Concord, John Adams grew increasingly fearful about the physical safety of his family; his advice to his wife gives their situation an immediacy that is difficult to find elsewhere: "In Case of real Danger . . . fly to the Woods with our Children."

Throughout the period John Adams wrote advice and encouragement about the management of the farm and about the financial pressure of living in an increasingly intense inflation. He relied on his wife to supply information about Massachusetts that he could use in Congress at Philadelphia, and she pleaded for more letters from him to ease her loneliness. He was away from home when an epidemic killed one of their daughters and Mrs. Adams' mother, when a daughter was stillborn, and when his entire family took the quite serious step of smallpox innoculation. In July, 1776, during the confinement of his family for the innoculation, he was torn between private and public duty:

> *I am very anxious about supply-*

Loren Baritz, author of The Servants of Power, *is a member of the History Department of the University of Rochester.*

Maintenant

Over gold lilies in the dusk
a lemon moon drips antique honey
and time is in the hand.

The loved and loving are together
with human intellect and vision
to apprehend the spell.

Hemlock, willow, birch, and elm,
like holy sisters—nuns or dryads—
signal past the eye

and past the ear the frogs declare
a credo of desire, a power
of passion over death.

Earth is a room. When faith is tenant
the resurrecting year ensures
a habitat for love.

Dilys Laing

ing you with Money. Spare for nothing, if you can get Friends to lend it you. I will repay with Gratitude as well as Interest, any sum that you may borrow. — I shall feel like a Savage to be here, while my whole Family is sick at Boston. But it cannot be avoided. I cannot leave this Place, without more Injury to the public now, than I ever could at any other Time, being in the Midst of scaenes of Business, which must not stop for any Thing.

Mrs. Adams suffered loneliness but complained only rarely: "I want to say many things I must omit, it is not fit to wake the Soul by tender strokes of art, or to Ruminate upon happiness we might enjoy, least absence become intolerable." On their thirteenth wedding anniversary she noted that they had been separated for a total of three years, and hoped that the public's welfare and gratitude would compensate for her own unhappiness. But when Adams was elected as a minister to France she could not find her usual restraint; in mid-December, 1777, she heard of his appointment before he knew of it himself (he was again away on legal business) and she exploded to her informant: "Your Letters [announcing Adams' appointment] arrived in the absence of Mr. Adams who is gone as far as Portsmouth, little thinking of your plot against him. O Sir you who are possessd of Sensibility, and a tender Heart, how could your contrive to rob me of all my happiness?" She was finally convinced that the trip was too dangerous for her and she agreed to remain in America, though agreeing to allow John Quincy Adams to accompany his father.

The total record adds up to the voluntary personal sacrifices one family underwent out of its sense of duty and loyalty. I think that, at least as far as this correspondence goes, John Adams was forced into world affairs by his own fortunately hypertrophied puritanical conscience, and that, vain though he certainly was, he would have genuinely preferred the pleasures of his house, farm and family. Of course he enjoyed participating in and shaping grand affairs, but he paid a personal price that was high. His and his wife's dedication to the public weal deserves nothing less than the magnificent editorial attention they are now receiving, and the thanks of a nation that has not yet learned to think of him as a reliable republican, much less as perhaps the prime mover of America's independence and political structure.

History by Commission

PREHISTORY AND THE BEGINNINGS OF CIVILIZATION. By Jacquetta Hawkes and Sir Leonard Woolley. (Vol. 1 of the UNESCO History of Mankind: Cultural and Scientific Development.) Harper & Row. 873 pp. $12.50.

Glyn Daniel

Universal histories have been written in various ways: by a single man, by a large team of specialists, each writing a single chapter (as in the Cambridge Histories), or by a small group of authors, each writing a volume. When UNESCO decided to produce its History of the Scientific and Cultural Development of Mankind ("to embrace the past in its entirety and to sum up all that we know about the past" as the Director-General of UNESCO says, rather grandly and oddly, in the preface to this, the first volume of the History), they set up a commission and the commission decided on the third method. They chose an international panel of authors to write six volumes. "The author-editors," we are told, "would be fully responsible for the text, but they would work under the supervision of, and in collaboration with, the editorial committee of the commission; they would benefit by the assistance of

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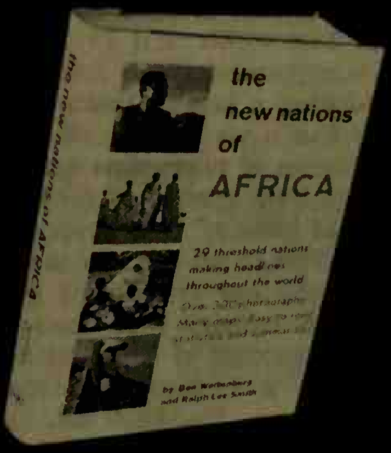
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scholars, designated by them, to deal with special chapters, and if necessary, sections could be referred to specialists." It is perhaps surprising that the commission could find authors willing to work under these special conditions: that they did find Jacquetta Hawkes and the late Sir Leonard Woolley (replacing the late Henri Frankfurt) for Volume 1 is a matter of congratulation for them and for ourselves.

Professor Bandi was appointed "consultant" for Part I of the volume (Jacquetta Hawkes on the Palaeolithic and Neolithic) and Professor Leclant for Part II (Woolley on The Beginnings of Civilisation). Each chapter ends with notes edited by these consultants: many of these notes represent quite worthless minority views, or points already rejected by the authors. The Director-General of UNESCO is self-congratulatory on this process of producing a history book: "Never before has what I may call the decentralisation of viewpoints and interpretations been carried so far in the science of history." And never again, we hope. This is not the way to write history well; our sympathies go out to the two authors who have suffered from a process of supervision, collaboration, assistance, reference and consultation. During it all, the spirit and verve and originality of these two lively, enthusiastic and knowledgeable writers has suffered. The result is emasculated, unexciting, uninspiring — a sound, useful, comprehensive survey with little originality and less individuality.

There are sections on the history of Palaeolithic, Mesolithic, Neolithic and Bronze Age cultures and then analyses of these cultures from the point of view of mind, society, art, religion, economy. Jacquetta Hawkes is particularly good, as might be expected, in her sections on art and religion. Her general section on the history of Neolithic cultures still smacks of the last (1957) edition of Gordon Childe's *Dawn of European Civilisation.* Her outlook on problems of Neolithic origins still seems pervaded by the Childe-modified diffusionism of the late twenties and early thirties, and while she is fully prepared to accept the independent origin of agriculture in America and of pottery in many places, she does not face squarely the strong possibility of independent Neolithic origins in south China and west Africa and the now widely accepted view of the independent origin of megalithic monuments in many parts of the world, and, for that matter, several parts of Europe. Hitherto, Leonard Woolley's writings have been confined (apart from general books) to excavations and syntheses of excavations in the Near East. It is therefore refreshing here to read him, not only on Mesopotamia and the Fertile Crescent, but also on the birth of civilization in Egypt, Anatolia, India and China. He faces the problems of urbanization and literacy in all these areas fairly and well. Both writers have much to say about the Indo-Europeans and their effects on prehistory and ancient history.

We may complain at the method by which this history was written, but if UNESCO had not set out on their scheme we might never have had the syntheses and summaries of these two authors, and that would be a pity. It is nowhere clear exactly for whom this history is being written. The general reader will find the initial volume too detailed and too cumbersome, but it will be of value to the professional student of prehistory and ancient history as a reasonable picture of contemporary scholarship in these fields. It is well illustrated with plates, text figures, charts and maps and is very good value for the money. In short, a useful and worth-while book — if we forget the UNESCO blarney at the beginning and the many strange footnotes by consultants and advisers.

Glyn Daniel, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and University Lecturer in Archaeology, is the author most recently of The Idea of Prehistory *(World Publishing Co.). In addition to many books in his field, Professor Daniel is also a writer of detective stories.*

Return to Relevance

AMERICAN FICTION. By D. E. S. Maxwell. Columbia University Press. 306 pp. $5.

THE AMERICAN VISION. By A. N. Kaul. Yale University Press. 340 pp. $7.

Allen Guttmann

"Where," asked Mike Gold of a novel that ignored the economic problems of the 1930s, "are the child slaves of the beet fields?" Where, asked Granville Hicks in *The Great Tradition* (1933), are the poets and novelists whose fiery indictments of capitalism might well have helped to forge a Socialist society? The questions seem naive. Proletarian literature and Marxist critiques have for almost twenty years been out of style. The dominant critics today are analyzing "the words on the page," anatomizing books into archetypal patterns of irony, paradox and ambiguity, revealing fabulous designs of love and death. Rare among "myth critics" is the Henry Nash Smith or R. W. B. Lewis who moves from literature to politics; and among students there is too frequent a tendency to see Irving Howe's *Politics and the Novel* as a hippogriff among the purebred in the Art-for-Art's-Sake game preserve.

But change is in the air. Something more than token integration threatens the segregated spheres of Art and Life. Marius Bewley's *The Eccentric Design* (1959) cautiously explored political and economic themes. Two new studies indicate an increased readiness to acknowledge that the form of a book is sometimes less important than what earlier critics called "the message." Neither D. E. S. Maxwell nor A. N. Kaul rushes from a rejection of New Criticism to Leon Trotsky's dictum that "art is a weapon," but both insist on the mutual relevance of politics and literature. They differ from Marxist (and Freudian) critics of the 1930s in their emphasis on literature as a *critique* of society rather than as the *product* of economic conditions, class struggle or domestic trauma. They differ also from the sociological critics who helped V. L. Parrington demote Poe, James and other writers who withdrew from the *direct* attack on contemporary society.

Maxwell's book is polemical. He devotes pages to a rakish attack on "the fashionable cult of critical chastity," and, charging across "narrowed frontiers," assaults those who treat literature as "wholly self-contained." Unfortunately, abuse is the best part of his book. Maxwell simply does not know enough to deal adequately with literature *and* society from Bradford to Cozzens. He is often precisely right: discussing Poe and

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Allen Guttmann is the author of The Wound in the Heart: America and the Spanish Civil War *(Free Press). Mr. Guttmann teaches English and American Studies at Amherst College.*

Cooper he notes that the "common ground between the two men is an inheritance from the eighteenth-century ideas of order . . . which came down to Poe mainly in their aesthetic application, but which possessed Cooper's political being." But his dependence on dated historical studies (such as the Beards' *Rise of American Civilization* and Bowers' *Hamilton and Jefferson*) weakens the argument that the major American novelists urged their readers "to rest content with the compromises which are all man can be expected to make of his ideals."

Fortunately, A. N. Kaul—with much less fanfare — has done what Maxwell seemed about to do. Kaul's study of "the actual and ideal society in nineteenth-century fiction" is a happy marriage of art and politics. Like Maxwell, Kaul questions the accepted view of American literature as radically individualistic, but Kaul emphasizes the desire for Utopian community rather than the acceptance of compromise and the *status quo.* Where Maxwell quotes Aquinas on the need for a hierarchical society, Kaul quotes Henry James, the elder, on *democratic* society as the "redeemed form of man."

Socialists rather than Liberals or Conservatives will draw inspiration from Kaul's interpretation of Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville and Mark Twain, authors who confronted the society of their times, evaluated it, turned from it, and projected "the image of an ideal community or an ideal social order." Faced with the atomization of society in an age of commercialized individualism, the classic American writers withdrew from "actual" society — in order to delineate an ideal community. In their visionary art they retold the American epic of flight from the evils of the Old World to the Edenic community of the New. Not only are Cooper's "Littlepage Manuscripts" a "re-visionary" history of society in colonial and early national New York; his Leatherstocking goes forth *from* white society *to* a better community of Uncas and Chingachgook, of Mohicans and Pawnees. And even Hawthorne's allegedly anti-Utopian *Blithedale Romance* is for "the principle of human brotherhood as against the predatory competitiveness of the established system." "Even if it fails to create a potential matrix for radical ideas and rational schemes of action," writes Kaul in a last word on our fiction, "by arousing and redistributing our sympathies it builds a reservoir of moral energy to support such ideas and actions."

I trust that all men dissatisfied with the present literary and political Establishments will applaud Kaul's book, and Maxwell's, as signs of a return to relevance.

FREEDOM SONGS

Robert Shelton

Rarely in time of peace has music played such a strong role in mobilizing people as it is doing every day in the integration movement.

At the funeral of Medgar Evers they sang. In the jails of Danville they sang. Facing the fire hoses of Birmingham they sang. The Negroes of the South are marching to their battles to the tune of what have become generally known as "freedom songs."

One must really hear this use of spirituals, gospel songs, hymns and militant new topical tunes in the actual setting to understand the galvanizing power of this functional music. Few mass meetings in the South could be held without music. Few demonstrations could be held without the morale-building of melody.

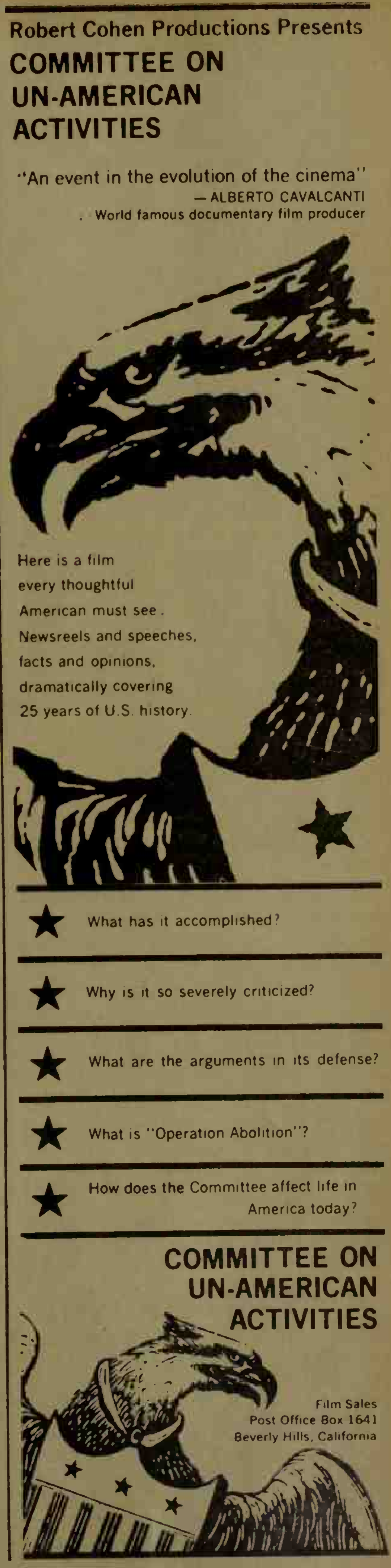
But short of witnessing this curious phenomenon, it is possible to get an idea of the songs, old and new, and their impact by hearing the Freedom Singers, a quartet of young field secretaries of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee.

Members of the Freedom Singers are Bernice Johnson, twenty years old; Rutha Harris, twenty-two; Cordell Hull Reagon, nineteen, and Charles Neblett, twenty-one. All have served time in jail for civil-rights activities. All are first-rate singers, and Miss Johnson has stunned listeners especially with the power, intensity and range of her voice.

Coming from the front lines of the integration battles, the Freedom Singers make ideal stage interpreters of the Negroes' battle hymns. They have traveled some 35,000 miles since December, when they were formed in Albany, Georgia, and have presented more than 100 concerts in the North and West to raise money for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee.

The Freedom Singers' concert at

Robert Shelton is on the news staff of The New York Times. *He reviews folk music regularly for that paper.*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Carnegie Hall on June 21 with Mahalia Jackson gave an idea of the breadth and power of music in the integration movement. There was a timelessness about much of the music, as urgent and immediate as today's headlines, as old as the institution of slavery.

"We've been rebuked, we've been scorned," went a line of one of their spirituals. Most of the tunes are old, traditional, but the old self-pity, the old resignation, even the old patience have been swept out of their lyrics as they are being swept out of the thinking of Southern Negro youth. Typical of their stiffening determination was the song, "I Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around." And the "new-time religion" in the South has transformed the jaunty, infectious gospel song, "Walking and Talking With My Mind Set on Jesus" into "Mind Set on Freedom."

Ironically, many of the songs of slavery, the Civil War and the Reconstruction period are still being sung today, because they voice the same aspirations. These lines, once sung by Negro soldiers in the Union Army, are still to be heard at integration rallies:

No more moaning, no more moaning,
No more moaning, Lord, for me!
And before I'd be a slave, I'd be buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be free.

While the majority of freedom songs spring from religious sources, popular songs have been appropriated as well. A Ray Charles tune is the basis for "Get Your Rights, Jack!" "Day-o," the Caribbean tune Harry Belafonte popularized, is now called "Calypso Freedom":

Freedom's coming and it won't be long.
Come, Mr. Kennedy and take me out of misery.

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The evolution of freedom songs is a wonder to watch. An old Baptist song, "O Ship of Zion," was introduced a generation ago to the labor movement by the Almanac Singers as "Union Train." Now the Freedom Singers have reworked it into "Freedom Train." "Which Side Are You On?" was a Kentucky coal-miners' song. Now it contains the line: "Will you be an Uncle Tom or will you be a man?"

Few songs have such power and communicativeness as "We Shall Overcome," regarded as the theme song of the integrationists. It is generally used as the capstone of every meeting. In churches and auditoriums and jails, "We Shall Overcome" rings out its message of solemn determination in a tempo that irradiates the hope of the lyrics.

Such widespread use of topical songs has not been seen in this country since the organizing days of the labor movement. Because of its spontaneous nature, this topical song craze has a really popular involvement, almost completely out of the hands of professionals. To the young zealots of the Congress of Racial Equality, the NAACP and SNVCC, writing songs is both a hobby and a dedication. Their greatest rewards have been to hear their songs spread endemically from one end of the South to the other, pick up local references and enter the arsenal of integration weapons.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Warsaw

My first impression of the rebuilt Warsaw—I had visited the city before the war—was that it was like a West European city. "It strikes you that way," a Polish lady said to me, "because you have just come from Moscow. If you had come here directly from Paris you would think it East European."

Specific contrasts revealed themselves at my first conversation. The same lady introduced me to a well-known scene designer at a café where I had pastry and coffee. (The Poles of Warsaw are addicted to pastry, coffee and ice cream—as a sort of *apéritif*, which they consume in honorable proportion to the amount of vodka they drink.) Said the designer: "You have just arrived from Moscow? And what theatre did you see there?" I mentioned the production of *The Threepenny Opera* which I had applauded the night before. My two table companions arched their eyebrows in surprise. "That is progress," they agreed.

I was even more surprised when the gentleman inquired if the saxophone were among the instruments used—and whether the jazz elements of the score had been retained. "Certainly," I answered. "They even did the twist in the prologue." This was hailed as glad tidings. The saxophone, symbol of jazz decadence, had for some time been anathema in serious musical circles in the Soviet Union.

Warsaw, with a population of a million, has twenty-five theatres. Their repertory is of broader scope than that on the Soviet stage. Examining the photographs at the first theatre I went to—a smallish house with a seating capacity of 400—I noted that plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilder, Anouilh, O'Casey, Brecht, Graham Greene and the *avant-garde* French dramatist Schehadé had all been produced during the past two or three seasons. Many of these plays are still unacceptable in the Soviet Union.

I shall probably have occasion in future issues to refer to some of the contemporary Polish plays (a number of them influenced by the Theatre of the Absurd), since five have been translated into French in the Warsaw theatre magazine *Dialog*—in many respects the best theatre magazine in Europe and perhaps in the world. I shall confine myself now to plays with which I am familiar. The first was a remarkably original production of *The Three Sisters*, directed by Erwin Axer, the guiding spirit of the Contemporary Theatre's widely representative repertory.

The two most striking elements in this presentation were the unit setting and the subdued tone of the acting. The setting, covered by beige cloth with delicate leaflike patterns sewn on its surface, conveyed the feeling of a handsome lace decoration. Even the fourth-act exterior with its birch trees is so rendered. As for the acting, it sought no climaxes or excitement.

The production as a whole composed a tapestry of human relationships marked chiefly by the manner in which the characters *listened* and *looked* at one another. No single person appeared central to the play's development; all were woven into a single fabric of sentiment and meaning clearly legible through what we beheld in the characters' eyes. Presumably minor personages like Solony became as vivid and crucial to the whole as any of the others. It was a marriage of Stanislavsky "psychology" (old style!) with Brechtian objectivity.

The scene of Doctor Czebutykin's (Polish spelling) despair — when he confesses his ignorance and the medical impotence which led to his patients' deaths—usually done as a tour de force of emotional acting, was so casually (almost humorously) presented that without a knowledge of Polish one might suspect that it had been omitted. Yet it moved the audience, as did the entire production, as much as performances elsewhere in which the scene is played with passion.

The most colorful performance was that of Tadeusz Lomnicki, one of Warsaw's best actors, as Solony. In this interpretation, Solony is seen as a suppressed thug, a venomously enamored pig hiding his sick soul behind a mask of eau de Cologne, scented lozenges and "Byronic" verse.

The two old servants, Anfisa and Ferapont (small parts), were brilliantly real; I was told later that the actors who played them are "stars." A very young Tuzenbach was admirable in his refinement and sensibility, though the comic inadequacy of the man was overlooked. Among the sisters, only Masha was notable; Kuligin was far more pallid and fragilely Polish than densely Russian, but still touching; the Vershinin was barely adequate. The love scenes were featherweight in their discretion, the pathos of the play a shadow. The world of Chekhov had become a memory of the melancholy past, still beautifully poignant as it fades.

I admired, rather than warmed to, this reading of the play, but I shall not forget it.

Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* is another Axer production, which he is now repeating in Leningrad. I had seen the play (a "history" of Hitler's rise to power allegorically told as the story of a "Chicago" gangster) given by the Berliner Ensemble in a style of grotesque comedy. In Warsaw it was a brutal, Kafka-like nightmare, its setting all lead and steel.

Lomnicki, the Solony of *The Three Sisters*, was now Ui-Hitler. He played it with a savagely stylized harshness, more terrifying than funny. When Ui makes his final speech in a paroxyzm of blistering energy, the actor rising to extreme heights of vocal virtuosity, I thought the effect deliberately farcical; but no one, to my initial consternation, laughed. Then I realized the reason: Hitler was never a joke to the Poles. He was a hideous reality, the recollection of which could not be anything but horrifying. During the Nazi occupation of Poland anyone found with a book in English or heard playing Chopin was immediately put to death.

At the Peoples Theatre (all Polish theatres are state-owned) I saw Racine's *Brittanicus*, which I feared might prove a bore. I found the performance more interesting than it had been at the Comédie Française. The setting, a scenic adaptation of *tachiste* painting technique, was barbarously regal and physically stirring; the costumes as well as the make-ups in gold, orange and dark brown had a sinister glamour.

Irina Eichlerowna (Warsaw's "Mother Courage") played Agrippina. Poland's outstanding actress, she possesses formidable authority and commands an arrestingly resonant voice which she controls with utmost ease. Around her, the young actors — Nero, Brittanicus, Narcissus — were handsome, fervid and fluent. The play was no Racine recital or museum piece; it took on its proper stature as a timeless statement of the conflict between will (or politics) and desire.

My only disappointment in Warsaw was with the production at the Contemporary Theatre of Ionesco's *The King Dies*, which I saw at its final dress rehearsal. The setting and costumes were extremely stylish — and entirely misconceived with respect to the play's requirements. (Such a setting and costumes might earn its designer rave notices in New York.) The acting, too, was without point or quality — the fault of the director rather than the cast.

I must add that the original Ionesco text, which I read here for the first time (I had seen the play in Paris and commented on it in *The Nation* last winter), contains its author's finest writing, both witty and touching. The play is not, as I had supposed, an ode to death, but a hymn to life emerging from the troubled depths of existentialist anguish.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

Fellini's *8½* is a work of egotism so striking as to guarantee its notoriety and almost to assure its success. The renowned Italian director (*The White Sheik, La Strada, La Dolce Vita,* etc.), finding himself slack of spirit and unable to fix upon the theme for a new picture, tells us that he decided to film his own desuetude. The impulse is not unlike the schoolboy ruse of writing a paper entitled "Why I have Nothing to Say." Sr. Fellini's doldrums, it seems, were personal as well as professional: his screen alter ego (Marcello Mastroianni) needs to invent a titillating tableau in order to reanimate his interest in a kittenish mistress; meanwhile, he cannot gather himself sufficiently to re-enlist the affection of the wife whom he genuinely loves.

The structure of *8½* is complicated but not notably difficult. The director, after suffering a nervous collapse when the car he is driving is mired deep in traffic, repairs to a fashionable watering place. His work and his life follow him; soon he is surrounded by wife, mistress, producer, co-writer, actors, technicians, friends—the whole cast of his social and artistic identity. He is urged from all sides to take decisions, press forward, acknowledge responsibilities. He does not very much

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attend these promptings and is forever falling off into memories, dreams and wishful memories. And what action he does take appears, from the hallucinated style of its narration, to be pursued in a mood of severe abstraction. Thus the need to consult with church dignitaries on a point of doctrine embedded in his alleged new production provokes a grotesque pantomime in the spa's steam rooms; prior to that, however, it has recalled an afternoon of his childhood when, with schoolboy companions, he once incited an obese and deranged woman (one who had made a den for herself in a beachhead pillbox left derelict after the war) to perform a lascivious dance; and for which mischief he had been punished with humiliation by his clerical teachers. Thus also, the director, put out of countenance by an encounter between mistress and wife, flees into a daydream in which he is the lord of an adoring harem composed of all the women who are distracting his real life, and where he keeps discipline and earns love by means of a sinister but not evidently brutal whip. Fortunately, the metaphor is not always that blatant.

The co-author appears as an acid chorus; his views are somewhat anomolous. It is his mission to tell the director home truths about his projected work, and his complaints that the script lacks focus, that the incidents are too subjective to be theatrically valid, that the characters are real only to the director's memory, etc., seem to be Fellini's sly way of disarming criticisms of *8½*. However, the proposed film which the co-author finds so inadequate, and which at the end he congratulates the director on abandoning (what matter the cost to the producer), concerns a flight to the moon, and the objections raised are not relevant to it. I think Fellini is engaged here in some kind of *nouvelle vague* cuteness, but that does not detract from the grand irony of the immense rocket scaffoldings that are erected by the distracted producer before his genius of a director has cast the picture or indeed come to terms with its scenario.

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The imagery and comment of *8½* are presented with an infectious grin; not every episode explains itself and characters appear in the action by reasons of association that are not always supplied. However, we understand that the director's brain is sparking with the unpredictability of a damp battery, and the unexplained bits and pieces fall easily enough into the flow of the picture: Fellini's ability to make a film flow with the sparkle, surprise and occasional peril of a quick stream is the key to his distinction among contemporary directors.

How much autobiography is there in all this? Not, I should think, a great deal. The picture may have been conceived in the manner Fellini would have us believe, but once under way it looks to have been spun like a taffy from an inventive and irreverent mind. What may have begun as confession and therapy soon must have turned into the shrewdest entertainment — a game not to be taken seriously. At least, I cannot seriously believe that Fellini is so plain-souled that he could throw off melancholy by reminding himself that a man must be taken for what he is, not what others would have him be; or that the value of one's life is to be measured by the people with whom one shares it. The finale, for which everyone in the huge cast joins hands in a giant ring-around-a-rosie, to the music of a clown band, is visually most engaging, but I doubt that it epitomizes Fellini's philosophy, or stands for anything more than a good camera shot. Deception in the theatre is never more cunning than when we are told that the masks are down and the illusions stored.

The Russian movies I have seen in the last few years look to me as though made for good children. They are skillfully devised and competently acted, but their assumption of an absolute idealism and their resort to easy tears make me uneasy in the context of adult theatre. There is about them an air of baleful innocence.

The current example is *My Name Is Ivan*, recipient of many festival awards and sent here as part of the cultural exchange program. It tells of a young boy, gleeful companion of butterflies and a frisking colt at his mother's heels, who is transformed by the blast of war into a cunning and relentless spy. Attached, unofficially, to a front-line element, he passes invisibly through the marshes between armies and, unnoticed because of his youth and rags, ferrets out details of German strength and intentions. There is an effective scene in which, back from a foray, the boy takes from his knotted handkerchief an assortment of twigs, burrs, berries and leaves that remind him of the essential arithmetic of his mission.

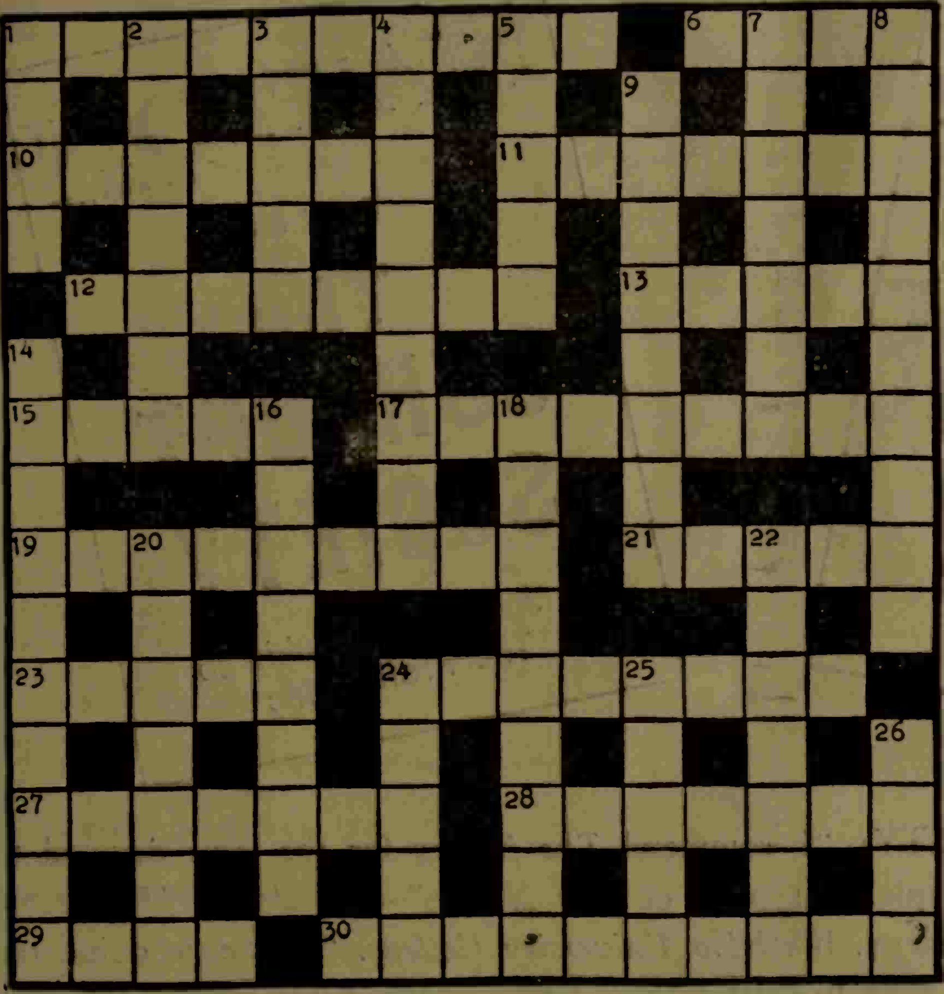
In the title role Kolya Burlaiev transforms from soft puppydom to acid dedication with a thoroughness that says a great deal for his acting and for the coaching he received from his director, Andrei Tarkovsky. He becomes cold and pale, sick with hate and arrogant to the adults who stand toward him in the ambiguous role of parent-officer. He is an avenging infant, indeed a monster.

Technically, this is quite excellent, but that anyone much older than the boy himself could believe in the transformation surprises me. It is simply not true that children can swim icy lakes that would kill a man, or that they can face dangers and deprivations before which their elders quail. One reason why children are not much used in war is that they are no good at it; Ivan is a figment, not a creation. I can understand why the Russians wish to celebrate their indeed heroic war against the Nazis, but it puzzles me why they sentimentalize it.

The picture has been much commended on artistic grounds. It is well performed by a company that betrays some of the embarrassment which often overcomes grown actors who are required to support a child star. Even a moderately endowed adult actor must rein himself in if he is not to blanket the dramatic presence of a child. The settings rely heavily on blasted trees in silhouette, the pathos of abandoned ruins, the shock of corpses displayed in mockery; there is a romantic scene of striking inconsequence between a gallant officer (the boy's principal preceptor) and a dim girl medic. All this recalls the moodiness of German cinema between the wars, and the photography is in a style of refined mistiness not unlike the soft-focus cabinet prints that once passed for elegant portraiture.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1019

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Short on one side of it, though it suggests the lowest man of the group. (6, 4)
6 With the sound of 9 down following, it shouldn't be too difficult a code to follow. (4)
10 Imply what one might do to detect forgery? (7)
11 The last race? (7)
12 It might prevent a report from receiving much public notice. (8)
13 The spirit of a gazelle? (5)
15 An acroynym that helps make a sailor a navigator. (5)
17 Hard to see when pink, and harder to get rid of when white. (9)
19 A foreign politician makes a lavish conclusion, with a heavenly location. (9)
21 A ship of the French service, at one time. (5)
24 The toast might be for the western city that gets left, perhaps. (8)
27 What a liberal politician sometimes indulges in, alternatively a conservative one. (7)
28 One doesn't believe you'll find the answer is at the wrong juxtaposition. (7)
29 Part of the lumber business? (4)
30 They often ask why some fowl do, but there's bound to be more than one way here. (10)

DOWN:

1, 23 and 9 down Give some wine to the minister, with the last of his cigars—it's a sorry token! (9, 3, 5)
2 More like tin, or just a little more sage? (7)
3 A broken bone I find doesn't have a happy association. (5)
4 Stands for chlorine and lye? (9)
5 Not in so much danger when fears are dispelled? (5)
7 What might be expressed by a mixed type in the plant? (7)
8 Both classic and hot arrangements are made pedantic by it. (10)
9 See 1 down
14 Bach didn't mean to imply this was easy-going. (10)
16 Is he boring the one next to you?
18 Likely to be found near a broken line. (9)
20 Are such openings at most a problem? (7)
22 It has been recommended as a primary view. (7)
24 He was cautioned to be wary. (5)
25 One might find anesthetic there.
26 James, as a patriot, so it seems. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1018

ACROSS: 1 Discordance; 9 Stocking; 10 and 12 Mirror writing; 11 Rubbish; 14 Sexton; 15 Reducing; 17 Overlook; 20 Saturn; 22 and 24 Reverse english; 26 Regain; 27 Overdone; 28 Consignment. DOWN: 2 Incubator; 3 Crimson; 5 Admired; 6 Caret; 7 Attune; 8 Horn in; 13 and 4 Brokerage; 16 Cotyledon; 18 Veered; 20 Sunbeam; 21 Rising; 23 Erato; 25 and 19 Song of Songs.

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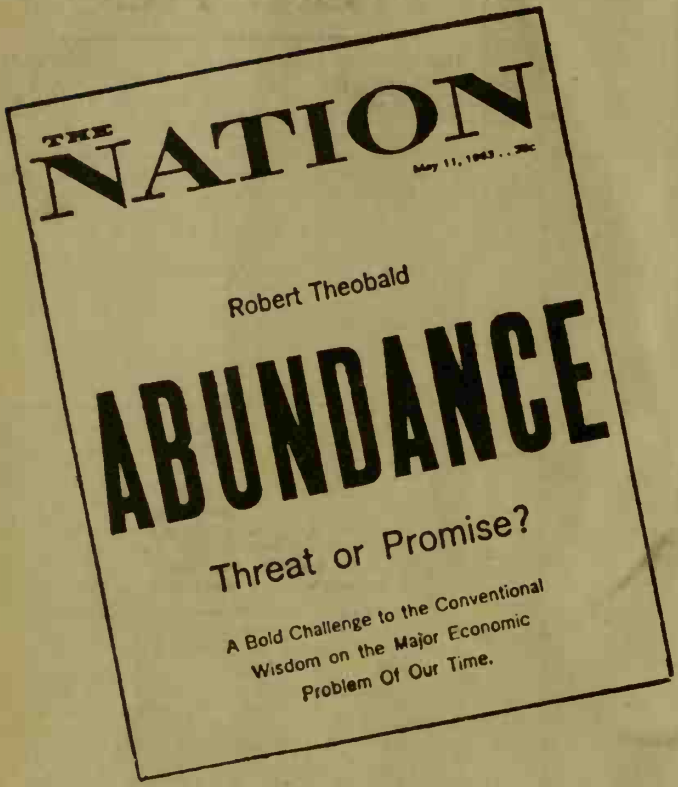
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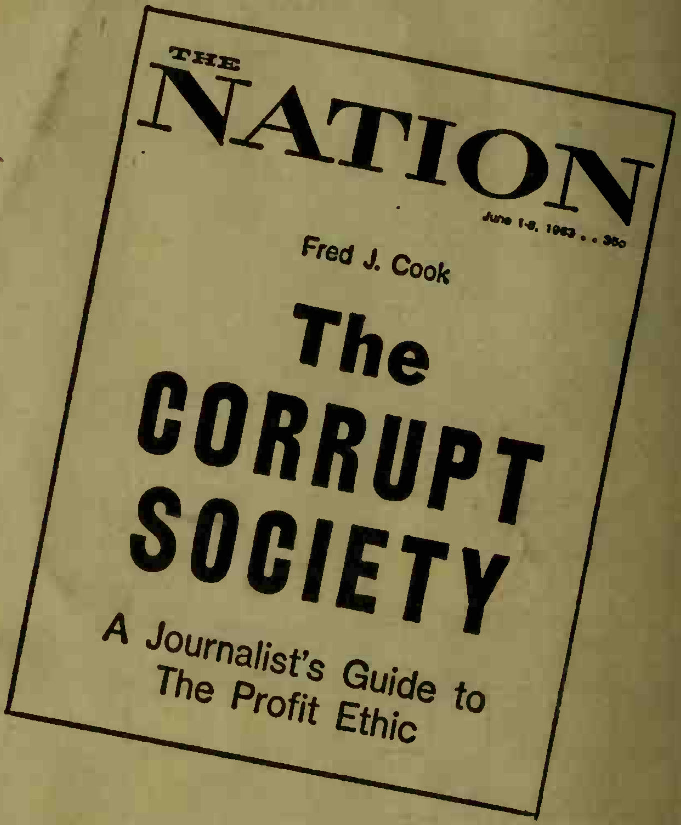
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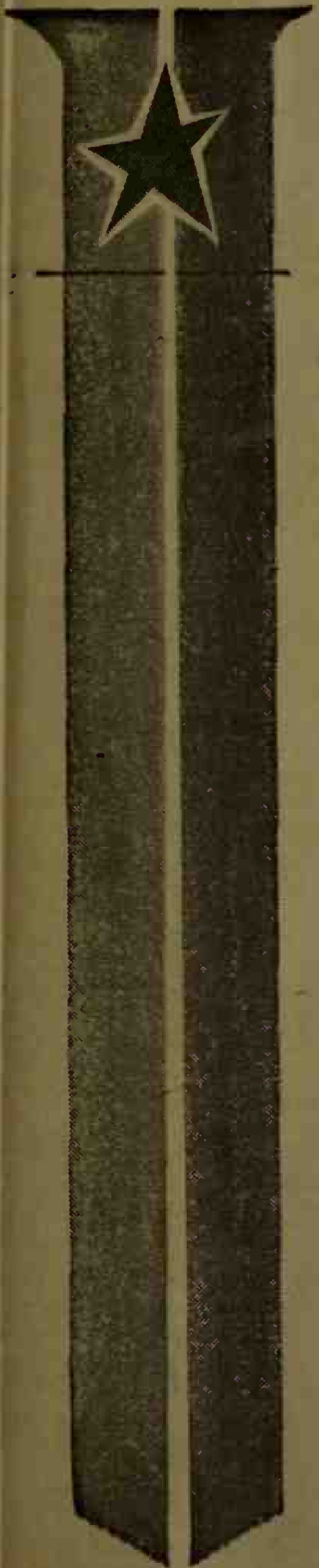

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LETTERS

Underdeveloped Maine

Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs: "The Trouble with Maine" by William S. Ellis [June 22] is an example of political journalism which stops short of full analysis. . . .

The oligarchy of which he speaks happens to be the only people who are paying wages to Maine's many skilled laborers. Others have boarded up their plants and have gone South in search of cheaper wages, less taxes and better accessibility to markets. . . .

The author . . . would have done well to expand his points about the political leadership void and the amazing unconcern for a streamlined system of higher education. . . .

In recent years there has been a strong feeling that electronic industries could be attracted to the state. Unfortunately space-age technicians require something more than iron-age research and educational facilities. . . . One obvious challenge: to create one of the country's better engineering schools at the University of Maine's Portland campus. . . .

Finally, I take direct issue with Mr. Ellis' uncomplimentary reference to the *Portland Press Herald.* That paper never, to my knowledge, has avoided a stand on any important state or local issue. . . . *Harold C. Pachios*

No money, no paper

Southfield, Mich.

Dear Sirs: In its editorial, "No More Free Smokes" [July 13], *The Nation* has finally recognized the problem inherent in an end to cigarette advertising in college newspapers — no money, no paper. Unfortunately you have arrived at the wrong solution to this problem. The last source of funds that students should turn to is the university.

As a former business manager of *The Michigan Daily,* I think I am correct in saying that in general the larger a university's subsidy, the more control it wants and has over a paper's contents. . . .

The big papers can live without the cigarette ads by doing a little belt tightening. For instance, of *The Daily's* income of $170,000, only between $4,000 and $5,000 comes from cigarette advertising. But the smaller dailies, to say nothing of weeklies and monthlies, depend heavily on cigarette ads. . . . Those which have been able to speak their minds, even if not fully . . . can die a quick death for lack of funds, [or] they can make a deal with the university: money to keep the presses rolling in exchange for the right to print anything worth reading. *Lee J. Sclar*

Poetry and science

Malibu, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Daniel Hughes, reviewing the last book by the late Robinson Jeffers [June 29], speaks of the scarcity of modern poets who "have been interested in poetizing science." The exceptions he mentions are Hugh MacDiarmid "and perhaps Robert Conquest." Even they, apparently, are not exempt from his doubt "that any poet since Shelley has been able to make poetic the science of his time. . . ."

Yet Robinson Jeffers himself, in his posthumous book *(The Beginning and the End),* as well as in more than a dozen volumes which preceded it ever since the great critical "discovery" of his work some thirty-eight years ago, constantly used and made poetic the science of his time. . . .

Apparently Mr. Hughes, though generalizing about Jeffers' "rhetoric over the years," lacked information as to its range of subject matter. . . . One may not like Jeffers' poetry; one may be either resentful or ignorant of what the science of his time has to show; but one cannot disregard the fact that his poetry encompasses more of that science than the poetry of any other poet in English, and probably in French or German, too.

H. Arthur Klein

Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs: By "poetizing science," I meant finding an appropriate language that might give us an emotional experience equivalent to the intellectual discoveries of the modern scientist; Martinson seems to be working for such a language in *Aniara.* Jeffers' rhetoric, made up as it is of late Romantic fustian and early Nietzschean clatter, does not seem the proper instrument. I would maintain that, by and large, he only *refers* to science in large and woolly ways. He does not *re-create;* he does not, therefore, make poetic the science of his time. *Daniel Hughes*

Four years without pay

Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs: In March, 1961, the Arizona state legislature passed a "Communist Control Act," which contained a disclaimer loyalty oath. Any state employee not signing is penalized, not by loss of job, *but by loss of pay!* Four teachers . . . did not sign the oath and proceeded to the courts for relief.

Two years later, on May 1, 1963, the state supreme court, "conscious of the principle that courts are not concerned with the wisdom of legislation," ruled the oath constitutional. . . .

We are preparing our appeal to the United States Supreme Court. This means that the teachers directly involved can expect to work another two years without pay. A local committee has been raising funds for legal expenses and support for those working without salary. People wishing to give a donation or conditional loan may send their contributions to Richard Gorby—Treasurer, 2648 North Fair Oaks, Tucson, Ariz. *Gerald Dulgov*

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The Nation, Aug. 10, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 4

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NOV 17

EDITORIALS

The China Mythology

A government as powerful as that of the United States, in a world so splintered by revolutionary unrest, must necessarily clothe reality in mythology. This does not mean that the myths are taken literally by the inhabitants of the power structure; merely that they must talk as if the myth were reality and no other reality existed.

The cardinal official myth for many years was that Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang were temporarily domiciled on Formosa while awaiting the day of triumphant return to the mainland. A corollary myth was that we did not "recognize" the mainland regime. This was a bit too thick even for John Foster Dulles who, though basing U.S. policy on the hypothesis that Chinese communism was a transient phenomenon, explained that we perforce admitted its temporary existence. It was under Dulles that the American ambassador to Poland became a moonlighter, doubling as ambassador to Red China by contacts with the Chinese ambassador in Warsaw.

But myths in diplomacy are as mortal as diplomats. Our China myths are very old and very frail. As far as Chiang is concerned, he is barely able to rule Formosa, let alone the mainland. And the myth of nonrecognition is in an even more cachexic state — due in part to the Sino-Soviet rift. Formerly American policy hoped to drive a wedge between the outwardly staunch allies. This turned out to be unnecessary; they were driving it themselves. If the gap is to be widened, what is needed now is a lever.

Even the U.S. State Department seems to be aware of this change in the mechanics of the situation and has established in Hong Kong a kind of shadow embassy, the "American Consulate-General," in which, according to *Eastern World* (London) of last July, no less than twenty-nine officials enjoy both the title and salary of consul. In the United States, meanwhile, a business group known as the Committee for a Review of Our China Policy, headed by Ernest T. Nash, a Californian, and Oregon's ex-Congressman Charles O. Porter, is exchanging views with officials in the White House and the Department. The committee proposes to begin trade talks with the Chinese Reds in Hong Kong in the fall, while a subcommittee chaired by Senator Clair Engle (D. Calif.) provides a forum for advocates of trade with China to voice their views. With a straight face, President Kennedy tells his press conference that our policy toward Red China has not changed. That may turn out to be the first sign that a new myth is about to be born.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

After this issue, *The Nation* will appear on Aug. 24. We resume normal publication with the issue of Sept. 7.

The Whites

Negro morale has never been higher than at this moment; at all levels, in all regions, Negroes are pursuing the struggle for equality with verve and vigor.

The response of the whites has been curious and disturbing. It has ranged from hostility and sullenness to a guilt-ridden eagerness to make concessions (no more than necessary), to redress grievances (a bit), to employ Negroes (a few), to afford "better treatment" (not good but better); the pollster Louis Harris reports, for example, that 65 per cent of the whites would like to see the Negro given "better" treatment. Only the white youngsters who have taken part in the demonstrations of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and similar organizations are really with this revolution. The white majority's attitude seems to be based on apprehension, uncertainty, reluctance, false piety and a suddenly acquired determination to sin a little less than before.

Yet the United States could be the first great industrial nation to overcome racial bias in its daily life and practice. Our record is bad enough, but our problem was one of exceptional magnitude and gravity. While there are points of comparison between the Union of South Africa, say, and racial practices in the South (see "Little Rock and Johannesburg" by Anthony Sampson, *The Nation*, Jan. 10, 1959), still there is no comparison on the fundamental issue. With us the fault lies, not in our institutions and ideals, but in our practice. The examples usually cited of societies that are free of racial bias are not relevant; there are, in fact, no such societies. Some of the examples are of countries that have no racial minorities or racial minorities so small as to be insignificant, or where the society has only a primitive economy. There is racism in the USSR and Czechoslovakia, as the reports of African students make quite clear. Given the pressure of West Indian competition, even the British are capable of racial violence. Color consciousness exists in Puerto Rico and Brazil, nor is Hawaii wholly free of racism (witness the Massie murder case of 1932, which recently came back in the news with the death of Mrs. Thalia Massie). Nor can one find any interracial paradises in Asia, Africa, the Middle East—or in the Arctic Circle. And it would be interesting to see what would happen if a racial minority, totaling 10 per cent of the population, were suddenly to compete with the French for place, power and position.

The fact is that racism, in its modern connotation, is a virus that must be "overcome"; no society is immune until it has experienced it. We have a chance, then, in the glare of world scrutiny, to be the first large industrial nation to overcome this damnable blight which H. G. Wells once said was "the worst single thing in life," holding "more baseness, cruelty and abomination than any sort of error in the world." This is a prospect to excite emotions and stir the heart. Yet the whites continue to act as though they were being dragged into the future caterwauling, haggling, grimacing, hemming and hawing, bargaining, resisting, hedging and rolling their eyes. Their attitude is only the more curious in that the evidence is now clear that integration is good for the nation, good for business, good for the arts, for religion, for sports, for labor, for education, for government; good also for our immortal souls.

Why at Bodega Head?

Gene Marine's article, "Outrage on Bodega Head" (*The Nation*, June 22), has elicited a flood of mail, both pro and con, which, if its heat energy could be conserved, would contribute materially to the output of the proposed nuclear plant. On the con side, Jerome D. Luntz, editor and publisher of the respected technical journal, *Nucleonics*, calls Mr. Marine's article "a fiery outburst replete with inaccuracies."

It should be noted that *The Nation* has not taken a stand against nuclear-power generation — which is bound to come — nor even against the location of such plants in or near centers of population. There are indications that the public outcry against the proposed Consolidated Edison nuclear-power station in Queens, New York City, across the East River from the United Nations, is inspired largely by an irrational fear of nuclear energy as such, and that this in turn is the result of identification of nuclear-power reactors with nuclear bombs. The peril to human beings from any well-built reactor is small indeed compared with the risks of nuclear war.

Bodega Head, however, is another matter. Like radio stations, power plants must be located on the basis of public convenience and necessity; that is the law. The proposed Bodega Head plant may serve the convenience and necessity of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, but that of the public would be better served by another location.

A sensible discussion of the problem appears in a dissenting opinion by William M. Bennett, a recently appointed member of the Public Utilities Commission of the State of California and its president. Four members of the commission approved the site; Mr. Bennett was the only dissenter. He concludes, as do many other opponents, that the location is unsafe because of its proximity to the San Andreas fault, which caused the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, and has reminded the region of its presence by many lesser tremblers since, some of which were by no means minor. The fault is active, the proposed plant location is less than a mile away, a severe shake may occur at any time, and if it were of disastrous magnitude, nuclear radiation might be added to the structural damage in the region. As Commissioner Bennett says, few ventures are entirely risk-free, "but this is not to say that risk should be courted unnecessarily."

The other major objection is that P. G. & E. proposes to build a power plant in one of the most entrancing scenic areas of California. "Steel, concrete and energy," Commissioner Bennett writes, "are not a fair exchange for precious and beautiful land, sea and sky."

The House vs. the Spirit of '76

On July 16, the House of Representatives once again demonstrated the precarious nature of our most important constitutional right—freedom of speech. The new assault was embodied in H.R. 4897, which extends the jurisdiction of the Wartime Sedition Act to include overseas activities of United States citizens, nationals and resident aliens.

The Wartime Sedition Act, originally enacted in 1917, was intended to apply only in times of war. It was resuscitated by a law passed in 1953 which extended its operation for the duration of the emergency proclaimed by President Truman in 1950. That state of emergency has never been lifted and the law is still in force.

Sedition, unlike treason or espionage, applies not to acts against the government but to words alone. The statute makes it a felony, punishable by up to twenty years' imprisonment and $10,000 fine, for a person to make a false report with intent to interfere with the operation or success of our Armed Forces, or to promote the success of the enemies of the Armed Forces, or for a person to cause or attempt to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny or reprisal of duty in the Armed Forces or to obstruct recruitment or enlistment in the Armed Forces of the United States.

There have been more than 2,000 prosecutions under this Act. A minister has been jailed for stating, "War is against the teachings of Christ"; in the case of *U.S. v. the Spirit of '76*, a movie producer was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for producing a spectacle called the *Spirit of '76* which, besides depicting Patrick Henry's speech and the winter at Valley Forge, re-created the Wyoming massacre in which British soldiers were shown bayoneting women and children.

There were two good reasons for opposing the passage of H.R. 4897. In the first place, it extends the scope of a bill that is dangerous at any time and obnoxious in time of peace (the allegation of a permanent state of emergency is no valid excuse). And in the second place, its effect will be to muzzle Americans who may have the most pressing reasons to report on situations they uncover abroad. Representative Reuss (D., Wis.) pointed out that one of the reasons he opposed the bill was that on-the-spot criticism of the Diem regime might be stifled by extending the jurisdiction of the Sedition Act. Reuss went on to cite a hitherto classified cable from Secretary of State Rusk to the U.S. Ambassador to Vietnam stating that critical articles by American newsmen are likely to impede the war effort. The House passed H.R. 4897 by a vote of 338 to 40.

'Water on the Brain'

The recent flare-up of spy and counter-spy exposures has about it so many pleasing elements of melodrama and farce that one hesitates to spoil the sport, but in retrospect the spectacle of world powers playing at Hitchcock is as unedifying, and as unhealthy, as that of elderly gentlemen essaying the twist.

Consider the recent poll, or toll, of cases: Oleg Penkovsky, a Soviet scientist and reserve colonel in the Russian Army, has been executed for selling secrets to the Americans and British; George Blake, an important British agent, has been exposed as a Russian operative; three top assistants to the ex-Nazi Reinhard Gehlen (an Allen Dulles protégé and, after Dulles, the world's most renowned spy master) were found to have turned over to Soviet contacts in East Berlin 15,000 photographs and twenty spools of tape recordings from the secret Gehlen files; a Russian defector named Klinov is said to have turned them in; a U.S. Navy yeoman appears to have been passing interesting documents to men of Slavic countenance, and Col. Stig Wennerstrom is now tucked away in a Swedish jail. His is the most embarrassing case of all, for Col. Stig, while Swedish Air Force attaché in Washington and leading spy in that area for the Russians, was the particular darling of the U.S. Air Force elite: on his departure, he was decorated with the Legion of Merit, a ribbon customarily pinned on Americans who have dug the Panama Canal, invented radar, built the first nuclear reactor, or otherwise performed with spectacular usefulness.

But in fact the world game of double-agent double-cross is embarrassing — principally on the ground of its futility. And the best evidence suggests that it has been futile for at least a generation. Sir Compton Mackenzie dedicated himself to espionage in World War I so successfully that he was asked to become chief of the British Secret Service (James Bond's boss, as it were). But Sir Compton declined and instead wrote a skit on the service which he called *Water on the Brain.* Satire, however, is never broad enough to get across to everyone, and Sir Compton was surprised to learn, many years later, that his lampoon had been used by the U.S. Office of Strategic Services in World War II as a basic text.

The fact is that the cloak and dagger are as obsolete as the Springfield rifle. Military preparations have become so extensive, military organizations so large, and the coordination between industrialist and warrior so intimate that, on the one hand, secrets cannot be kept, and, on the other hand, go out of date almost as fast as they can be transmitted by fleetest pigeon. In this lucrative but essentially feckless situation, opportunistic spies long ago decided that they could best serve themselves by serving everyone simultaneously. Their lives are full, if short, and they can count on expiring in a blaze of newsprint. They are also essentially creatures of fiction, and they should be dismissed from the service of real nations with real problems and real stakes in the future.

Rocky Wrecks the Joint . . . . . James Desmond

Miami Beach

A rough-riding, sometimes frivolous, bloc of Southern Democrats turned the 55th annual Governors' Conference (the last before next year's Presidential primaries) into a tea party. Needled mercilessly on civil rights by New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Oregon's capable Mark O. Hatfield, the Southerners reacted by hitting savagely at everything that looked even slightly liberal. In the squabbling, President Kennedy's pitch to the governors for endorsement of his juvenile training, domestic peace corps, tax cut and mental hospital programs was roughly snubbed.

The treatment was humiliating because Kennedy sent here a troupe of top officials—Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, Vice President Lyndon Johnson and David L. Lawrence, former Pennsylvania Governor, among others—to dramatize the Administration program. With the Democrats controlling the conference by 34 to 15 (Pennsylvania's dark horse for the GOP Presidential nomination, William Scranton, discreetly stayed home in Harrisburg), the President had every right to expect some help from the governors; but in the end, National Democratic Chairman John M. Bailey, who spectacularly maneuvered the conference at Honolulu two years ago, got nothing for his wheeling and dealing at this meeting.

Rockefeller was the monkey wrench. He came to this conference for the specific purpose of restoring his image as a serious and important contender for the Republican nomination next year, and he chose civil rights as his issue. The exploitation of his chosen subject was just short of brilliant. Mindful that he'd nearly wrecked the conference last year at Hershey, Pa., by fighting for civil rights in the face of very open hostility from Wesley Powell of New Hampshire, then chairman, Rockefeller knew in advance that the Democrats would

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James Desmond, a political writer for the New York Daily News, *has just completed a political biography of Nelson Rockefeller, to be published by Macmillan early next year.*

have to run if he pressed his fight. The Northern Democrats with impeccable records on civil rights—Rosellini of Washington, the chairman; Kerner of Illinois; Dempsey of Connecticut; Hughes of New Jersey; Peabody of Massachusetts, among them—were handcuffed by the necessity of preserving some semblance of Democratic unity; there was also the cold fact that the Southerners were prepared to walk out if an effort were made to put the conference on record.

In the circumstances, the best compromise that could be devised was bound to be a shabby one, and Albert Rosellini was patently unhappy when compelled to come up with it. His solution was to restore to the conference the ancient rule that nothing could pass except by unanimous vote. Thus, while allowing plenty of time for talk, he made sure that the conference would not have to take sides on the issue.

Rockefeller was delighted. He began screaming "gag" rule, and with the astute assistance of Hatfield, a Rockefeller-for-President man four years ago, pressed the cry to the point of open Democratic embarrassment. The last thing the Northern Democrats could stand was being accused of taking any step that would prevent debate on civil rights.

Even so, the Rosellini move just might have accomplished its purpose if Governor Grant Sawyer (D.) of Nevada hadn't intervened. As the governor with the smallest minority-group problem in the states, Sawyer blandly proposed to abolish the conference's Resolutions Committee, thereby killing off, without a vote nearly seventy pending resolutions, in addition to civil rights. The Southerners joined gleefully behind Sawyer, and the rest of the Democrats, realizing that every time they had to vote on anything involving civil rights they were hurting themselves, went along. The single exception was Governor Egan of Alaska. The Republicans, all proud of their probity, voted no. The Sawyer proposal, of course, prevailed.

But the Republicans then passed up a real chance to force a vote on civil rights when they joined the Democratic majority in voting down a motion by Governor George Wallace (who is possibly one degree more dedicated to white supremacy than Mississippi's Ross Barnett) to suspend the rules for the purpose of introducing a resolution to "disendorse" the Kennedy civil rights bills now before Congress.

Hatfield later conceded that the vote against the Wallace motion was possibly a tactical mistake. But, he said, he couldn't imagine anybody treating the Alabaman's proposal seriously—and it is doubtful if Wallace was serious—so he made the snap judgment to vote against him. This vote, however, had the effect of putting the Republican governors, who had objected to being gagged on civil rights, on record as voting to gag the opposition. Also, while there never was a possibility that the Wallace motion would pass, the Republicans might have startled the Democrats into giving them another "gag" issue.

Parker

The consequence of all the jockeying was to turn this meeting into the most nakedly political Governors' Conference since Thomas E. Dewey lined up Republicans in support of General Eisenhower's so-called "moral" position at Houston in 1952. The Dewey gambit was used to turn down Taft delegates, and gave Ike a convention edge.

Whether anyone this time made a long-term gain out of the in-fighting, which never approached the level of true debate, is questionable. Rockefeller accomplished his basic purpose of re-establishing himself as a candidate who must be considered by the Presidential kingmakers, but he may yet be sorry that the disarray he brought about in Democratic ranks led the conference, in its closing hours, to refuse to support President Kennedy's bills on a domestic peace corps, intensified training for high school drop-outs and expanded mental-health programs. These are, after all, vital issues and should they be defeated in the Congress, those interested in them might remember this conference and charge the sins against the GOP.

Moreover in using this conference to get the fact of his candidacy back on the tracks, Rockefeller incurred some resentment from his fellow prima donnas, who resent his domination of the conferences over the last five years. Not that this worried him. Rockefeller's whole play here was an appeal over the heads of his gubernatorial colleagues to the voters back home and, on propaganda grounds, be must be considered to have made his point. Additionally, by staking out a strong civil-rights position immediately after his blast at the "radical Right lunatic fringe" of Republicans booming Barry Goldwater for the nomination next year, he served notice on the "dark horse" Republicans—Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania, George Romney of Michigan and others—that the nomination isn't going to anybody without a fight. Considering the massive amount of money that Rockefeller can command in a showdown struggle, this is enough to make any hopeful think long and carefully before sticking his hand in the buzz saw.

But Rockefeller also made some specific political gains. For one thing, he seems to have wooed back Hatfield, who recently has been talking vaguely of being a favorite son himself, and Hatfield is going to be in position to exert influence far beyond his state borders at the convention next year. In another area, the Republican governors, breaking with all tradition, set up their own caucus at the conference—something Rockefeller tried to bring about two years ago at Honolulu and failed—with Hatfield as its temporary chairman and Governor Robert E. Smylie of Idaho, as continuing chairman; and Smylie is not unfriendly to the New Yorker. If the caucus continues to function in the off-season—and there is every expectation that it will be used to goad the Democrats on civil rights—it could provide Rockefeller with a valuable tool for exerting influence within the Republican Party on the state level. As the adroit Dewey proved in his manipulations of governors, this can be a factor of considerable value at critical moments.

The matter of Rockefeller's remarriage was, as expected, very much under discussion at the conference. The new Mrs. Rockefeller, whose spectacular quality of aliveness wins her friends even among middle-aged women who vow they hate her, made a distinctly favorable impression on the hard-bitten Republican pros at the conference. Nobody, of course, is quoted on such a delicate subject, but the general feeling seemed to be that in the coming months Mrs. Rockefeller will be a substantial asset to the New York Governor.

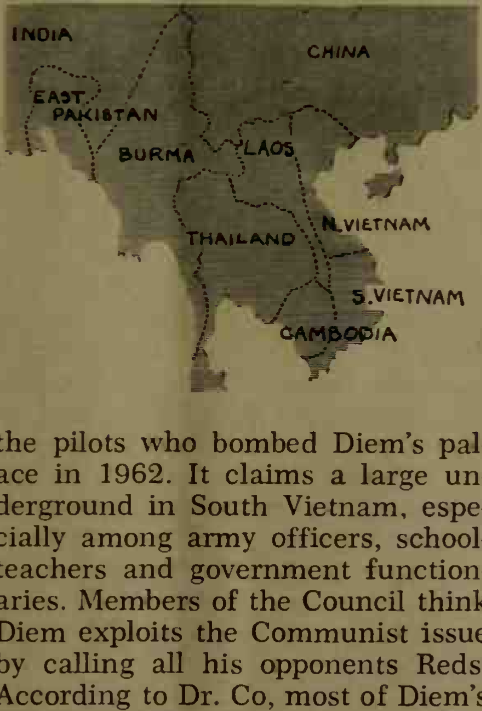
All of which leaves the question of whether the conference destroyed its usefulness, as some governors, both Democrats and Republicans, feared by killing its Resolutions Committee. No one can answer the question certainly at this point. But one thing remains certain: there will be a 56th conference next year at Cleveland, Ohio, because no governor could face his wife if he turned against the conference. The ladies love these get-togethers. And where else would they get a chance to meet "Happy" Rockefeller?

THE PARIS EXILES . . . . Helen B. Lamb

When I set out last spring for Paris with the idea of seeking interviews with Vietnamese political exiles for a book that is in the making on America's undeclared war in their unhappy land, I had grave doubts as to how I would be received. To my delight I found these men not only charming, but quite eager to talk. They wanted all foreigners, but especially Americans, to get a true picture of their country's tragedy. These business and professional people, with a beautiful command of the French language, are obviously the elite of a country largely composed of semi-literate peasants.

Since Premier Ngo Dinh Diem has quarreled with just about everybody, even those refugees who fled South from North Vietnam in 1954, the exile community in Paris contains many North Vietnamese, Catholics and non-Catholics, as well as South Vietnamese of various religions and shades of political belief. Thus, there are many political groupings among the exiles. The two newest organizations interested me the most: the National Council for the Vietnamese Revolution, formed in August, 1962 — which is pro-American, strongly anti-Communist and violently opposed to the Diem dictatorship—and the Committee for Peace and Reconstruction in South Vietnam, organized in January, 1963, which also opposes Diem and communism, but reflects a growing sentiment for reconciliation of opposing groups in South Vietnam and a foreign policy of neutralism.

The Council is trying to instigate a new, and this time successful, military *coup d'état* against Diem's dictatorship. It is headed by Dr. Pham Huy Co, a militant North Vietnamese, and has on its board people in many professions, including military men who took part in the abortive 1960 coup and one of the pilots who bombed Diem's palace in 1962. It claims a large underground in South Vietnam, especially among army officers, schoolteachers and government functionaries. Members of the Council think Diem exploits the Communist issue by calling all his opponents Reds. According to Dr. Co, most of Diem's opponents are not Communists, but peasant victims of Diem's terrorism, who have been misled by Communist leaders into joining the National Liberation Front.



The Council's bitter hostility to the Front threatens a three-way split, which unfortunately may redound to Diem's advantage if he can play off the Council against the Front. As to foreign policy, Dr. Co approves of the American goal of making South Vietnam into an anti-Communist bastion.

The Committee for Peace and Reconstruction, as its name implies, is concerned with stopping the frightful civil war and economic disintegration in South Vietnam. Given the cruel, grinding stalemate between the guerrillas led by the Front and Diem's army sustained by American power, Committee spokesmen hold that the civil war can be ended only by compromise and negotiation between the contenders. Therefore, they want in South Vietnam a new government that is prepared to negotiate a cease-fire and to forward a true coalition of all elements, including the Front.

The very leadership of the Committee reinforces and dramatizes this plea for the reconciliation of opponents in Vietnam. Its head is Tran Van Huu, a South Vietnamese businessman of considerable wealth and political experience. He served as prime minister in Emperor Bao Dai's government — a government installed by the French to help fight the Vietminh resistance led by Ho Chi Minh, the Nationalist-Communist leader of the struggle for Vietnamese independence. The secretary of the Committee, on the other hand, is Nguyen Manh Ha, an able economist, who served in Ho Chi Minh's government in 1945-46 and was head of the Vietnamese Catholic Youth Movement. The Committee also includes Nghiem Van Tri, another well-known South Vietnamese businessman who was minister of defense in Bao Dai's government, and Nguyen Van Thoi, a

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South Vietnamese landowner who served briefly in Diem's government.

Several Committee members have been closely associated with French business and banking circles in Vietnam. This presents an intriguing possibility that French interests there, as weary of the perpetual strife as the long suffering Vietnamese, may wish to see the present disorders terminated by negotiation and compromise.

The Committee is convinced that an independent, peaceful South Vietnam can survive only if it adopts a neutral policy toward other powers, which powers commit themselves to respect South Vietnam's independence. So its program includes agitation for an international conference to guarantee the independence of South Vietnam and end its present pitiful status as a pawn in cold-war power politics.

Besides these two most prominent groups, I met leaders of other political factions whose positions fall somewhere between the National Council and the Committee for Peace. The Dai Viet party, led by Nguyen Ton Hoan, a South Vietnamese Catholic, is closer to the Council position. This party was formed among government functionaries in North Vietnam, supported the Bao Dai government, fled South in 1954 and was driven underground by Diem's terror. Mr. Hoan entertained me at his Chinese restaurant and I met there his beautiful wife, who told me of her onetime enthusiasm for the Vietminh and subsequent disillusionment. In the manner of refugees, many of these Vietnamese seem haunted by the past.

An informal group associated with Ho Thong Minh, a South Vietnamese who is an engineer and who served briefly in Diem's government as minister of defense, is closer to the Committee for Peace. It publishes an interesting bulletin, *Pour le Vietnam*. Then there is the Democratic party, led by Tran Van Tung, a man of letters and refugee from the North. Its politics resemble the Council's. I twitted him at dinner that the exiles have so many parties. "We like our separate parties, whether meaningful or not, just as you Americans do," he retorted laughingly, then added: "When the time comes for a new coalition government, the different groups will work together."

To my surprise, I encountered substantial agreement among the exiles on many questions of fact and evaluation that directly challenge the official American line on Vietnam. Again and again I got this lecture: "Since there is no possibility whatsoever of a legal opposition, change can come about only by open rebellion, by a military coup or by American fiat. You Americans must realize that *there are no other ways*."

The exiles all give the same answer as to how the rebellion in South Vietnam started. It was triggered, they said, not by the machinations of North Vietnam, but by the peasants of South Vietnam themselves, reacting to the savage, repressive acts of Diem's army, which had been engaged ever since 1955 in mopping-up operations in the countryside. The exiles described Diem's soldiers as behaving like foreign conquerors. Their victims included members of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religious sects, who number more than a million, as well as the numerous friends, relatives and supporters of Ho Chi Minh's victorious Vietminh army. This army had controlled large areas in South Vietnam before it was regrouped in the North under the agreement of 1954.

When I asked about the National Liberation Front, even Dr. Co said: "The Front did not precede the fighting; it was the other way around. The Front was set up in late 1960 with help from North Vietnam to coordinate and control the peasant rebellion which was already well under way. The Front is a loose federation of various groups and personalities, some Communist-led and some non-Communist-led, and if a decent government were set up in Saigon, all the non-Communist elements would desert the Front."

The exiles are unanimously horrified by America's military conduct of the war. Destroying crops by poisonous chemicals, forcing people to live in strategic hamlets (called concentration camps by all the exiles) and burning whole villages as revenge for harboring a single Viet Cong guerrilla—such atrocities make Diem's regime even more hated by the people. Mr. Thoi of the Committee for Peace told me: "There are villages where children are trained to stay under water for hours at a time, with just their little nostrils above water, so that when the napalm bombing raid starts, they will know what to do. This can only breed more hatred and more war."

American economic policies came in for criticism: so much American money has been poured into South Vietnam with so little economic development to show for it. "Can't you see," the Committee's secretary, Mr. Ha, said to me, "that just as American support removes all necessity for Diem to try to please his own people, so American aid has led South Vietnam to become more and more dependent on the United States and less and less dependent on itself?"

Though the exiles thus agree on diagnosis, they disagree on prescription. For Dr. Co's National Council, the *coup d'état* comes first. Then they propose that a new provisional government representing a coalition of all non-Communist parties be set up to carry out the following program: Open the jails and let out the thousands of political prisoners; proclaim an amnesty for all fighting rebels who lay down their arms; promise future elections once peace has been restored; pledge the basic democratic freedoms of speech, association and the press; and start the process of economic reforms.

They believe such a program would lead all the non-Communist rebels, like the members of the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects, to desert the Front, and that many of the peasant members of the Communist-dominated organizations would desert their leaders. Thus the Front would disintegrate, leaving only the hard-core Communists, who could be quickly defeated by the regular army because by then this army would be fighting for a popular democratic regime instead of the hated Diem family.

These Vietnamese, for whom a firm alliance with the United States is the cornerstone of foreign policy, cannot understand why America does not help them to topple Diem and institute in his place a more democratic government. "Can't you see," Mr. Tung asked me, "that continued support of Diem will drive more and more people into the Front; that your support of Diem gives people no alternative to a hated Fascist dictatorship which they have suffered under, except a Communist dictatorship which they do not fear because they have never experienced it?"

The Council-oriented Vietnamese suffer all the frustration and pique of rejected suitors. They sense that their pro-American, anti-Diem position is increasingly undermined the more actively the United States engages in the terrible war and the more doggedly it insists on being Diem's Siamese twin. Their irritation comes out in their opposition to poor Ambassador Nolting—as if he somehow made American foreign policy instead of dutifully carrying it out. But no matter how annoyed they are with America's tight embrace of Diem, they want South Vietnam to have the continued support of American power—not front stage, but in the wings.

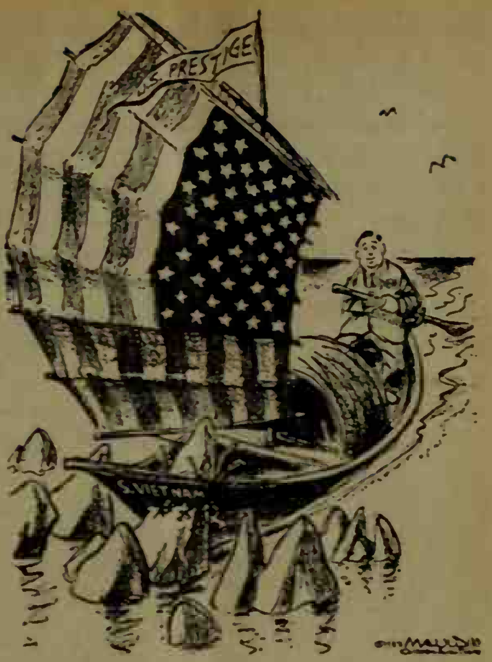
As they talked, I began asking myself: Why is it that the United States has failed to support these anti-Communist Vietnamese? Are we suspicious of their avowed anti-communism, fearing that it may be a tactic to curry favor with the all-powerful, anti-Communist United States? Or is it because both Mr. Tung and Dr. Co are Northerners, and Mr. Hoan is a Catholic? The "ideal" leader for South Vietnam would appear to be a South Vietnamese Buddhist. Or is the United States skeptical of Dr. Co's prognosis? Would the Front in fact fall apart were a new government established which vigorously fought the war against the Viet Cong?

The Committee for Peace doubts that a mere change in personnel by *coup d'état* and a new set of promises would have far-reaching results. Mr. Huu thinks that, for all Diem's defects, there is no point in switching leaders to install some Vietnamese general of dubious qualifications unless a fundamentally new policy be adopted, one which would work toward reconciling the different South Vietnamese armies and political parties. Guerrilla warfare, the Committee pointed out, tends to drive a wedge between the rural peasant population and middle-class city people, especially functionaries of the government. The neutralists foresee a stalemate in which America's overwhelming military superiority may hold the cities, but the rising Nationalist-Communist opposition against the American-Diem regime can keep the countryside, if not out of government control, at least in perpetual turmoil and economic disintegration. Behind the Front is North Vietnam, at present playing a minuscule role but capable of doing much more were the Front in peril; and behind North Vietnam is China. Therefore, only World War III or negotiations among the countries involved could break this stalemate.

The Committee hopes that pressures building up in South Vietnam, plus world opinion and discreet, behind-the-scenes nudging by the French and British Governments, will persuade America that, in addition to a new government, a new policy of neutralism is needed.

As the war staggers on, many middle-class Vietnamese in Saigon and Paris are turning to neutralism as the only possible foreign policy which might bring peace and prosperity to South Vietnam. They feel that American tactics have failed because the underlying policy of trying to convert South Vietnam into an anti-Communist bastion is mistaken. To insist on a policy of purging Communists cannot fail to tear South Vietnam apart. Besides, South Vietnam is too weak, and too small, and too vulnerable to be an effective bastion against the Chinese colossus. The more South Vietnam bristles with military bases and armaments, these neutralists feel, the more she provokes the hostility of China and the apprehension of North Vietnam. They said to me often, "The people of North and South Vietnam are closely related; they want to be able to visit and trade back and forth, not remain hermetically sealed in two armed camps as at present, in an uneasy truce which may break down at any moment."

Mr. Huu, head of the Committee for Peace, told me: "South Vietnam needs a deliberate policy of peaceful coexistence, getting along with all her neighbors, Communist and non-Communist, big and little, and seriously tackling the problem of rebuilding and strengthening her own economy." In this task Committee members want South Vietnam to obtain aid from other countries, from both East and West as in the case of Cambodia. But they want a more positive neutralism than Cambodia has had, that is, a more ambitious and sustained economic development program. They want harmonious relations among Cambodia, tiny Laos and South Vietnam in a *truly* neutral grouping which they believe will strengthen all three countries and eventually attract North Vietnam and Thailand.



Diem at the Helm

What are the chances for South Vietnamese neutralism? Members of the Committee pointed out to me several new and hopeful signs. North Vietnam has ceased to press its legal claim (under the Geneva accords of 1954) for all-Vietnamese elections to merge North and South Vietnam. Ho Chi Minh has said publicly that the future of South Vietnam is for the people of South Vietnam to decide. Furthermore, the chaotic guerrilla activity there has now been coordinated by the Front under Nguyen Hun Tho, a well-known figure in Vietnam. Educated abroad and blessed from birth with the legal rights of French citizenship, Mr. Tho carried on a lucrative law practice in Saigon until he was jailed by Diem's police for his peace activities in 1954. Guerrillas stormed the jail and set him free in 1960.

The Front has announced a moderate platform for independence, peace and democracy in South Vietnam. Since the whole issue of elections to merge North and South Vietnam has been dropped, the question of reunification of the two parts of Vietnam has been put off until South Vietnam is back on its feet. It is assumed that the two regimes will develop side by side, and will work out their problems as separate entities, with the South eventually forming some kind of federation with the North, if it so chooses. Thus, the new line makes possible the existence of a separate South Vietnam with its own brand of mixed economy, and thereby expresses the wishes and hopes of a great many South Vietnamese intellectuals and businessmen. The Front's program contains specific guarantees for private enterprise and the protection of the still substantial French investments there.

This development is viewed differently by the Neutralists, whether they are members of the Committee for Peace or outsiders, and by the anti-Red Nationalists I met in Paris. The latter, perhaps because they have twice been exiled, first from the North and then from the South, fear the Front's new program as a Trojan horse. Other Vietnamese are more sanguine, convinced that Vietnamese factions, *if left alone,* can resolve their differences.

As for an international conference, can it be convoked and will it yield positive results? Americans ask: "But will the Chinese tolerate coexistence with South Vietnam?" The optimists reply, "Perhaps; China talks belligerently but acts moderately." The first question non-Americans raise is: "Will the United States relinquish its hold over South Vietnam as strategic real estate to be held at all costs and by all means?" Neither the Vietnamese exiles nor I can know the answer. But, deeply moved by the plight of the Vietnamese people after twenty years of civil war, I left Paris convinced that America is obligated morally, and would be well advised practically, to give up this bankrupt policy and explore the possibilities of negotiation to bring peace and freedom to South Vietnam.

New Round of Stalemate . . . . **B. J. Widick**

The inevitable conclusion of the current but long-standing dispute between the railroad industry and the unions will be a government-dictated "settlement"—in the form of extra-legal action by the President, an *ad hoc* "agreement" only postponing the showdown, or, perhaps, special legislation from Congress. President Kennedy's message to Congress, recommending that the dispute be referred to the Interstate Commerce Commission and that it be given power to settle, is in line with previous legislation which since 1936 has allowed the ICC to intervene in such issues in some cases. The immediate result will be another rash of articles on the failure of collective bargaining and the obsolescence of the unions.

The stage has been set for that kind of interpretation by the focus in which the current crisis has been placed. "The next big test of collective bargaining's ability to settle critical labor disputes peacefully is coming up in the tug of war between the national railroads and the national railroads unions over 'featherbedding,'" wrote Joel Seldin of the New York *Herald Tribune* in April—and that is a commonly accepted view.

Actually, collective bargaining in the railroad industry can't fail: it hasn't been tried for almost a quarter of a century, and most railway labor experts know it. At least three major studies have repeated the conclusion reached ten years ago by Jacob Kaufman of Columbia University:

> *Collective bargaining between the parties is virtually non-existent nor is the machinery under the Railway Labor Act, as amended, adequate to handle this problem. The result has been a virtual stalemate. . . . We find a breakdown in collective bargaining with respect to grievance disputes arising in these rules and this breakdown in collective bargaining is a factor in the explanation of the unstable labor relations in the railroad industry, particularly with respect to the operating workers.*

What the railroads have had, in one guise or another, is a good deal of compulsory arbitration, of which the President's current proposal would be another variant.

The tangle of the railroads has three roots: an archaic labor law once hailed as a model in industrial relations; the impact of the technological revolution; the semi-public character of an industry that lives partly by government handouts in an age of vast changes in the transportation structure of our society.

The real crisis in 1963 is that all these chickens have come home to roost and nobody wants to face the tragic dilemma they seem to enforce on the future. The blunt question that persists in popping out is: How can anyone, in management, government or union leadership, find a nice way for a union movement to commit suicide by recommending settlements which ask thousands of members to vote themselves obsolete, unwanted and discarded—in a nation with nearly 5,000,000 unemployed.

The question becomes even more cruel when one recalls that, except for the coal-mining industry, no sector of the economy has had such a drastic employment decline as railroads. Jobs fell from 1,400,000 in 1947 to 800,000 in 1961. The areas heaviest hit were the operating unions, whose memberships declined from 807,000 to 212,000 during the 1947-60 period. It is asking too much of collective bargaining as a process to find a "solution," when the issues involved obviously transcend the powers and functions of both parties.

There is no adequate substitute for a job, except another job, and most workers want that and are haunted by the fear that in the coming age of automation they won't have it. Union orators may make speeches about how innovations in collective bargaining will solve the problem, but they ignore the basic trend in union settlements: more pay for fewer workers.

B. J. Widick's new book, Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States, *is scheduled for fall publication by Houghton Mifflin. He teaches at Columbia University Graduate School of Business.*

That may solve an institutional problem, but it intensifies the social problem of how the country is to attain full employment.

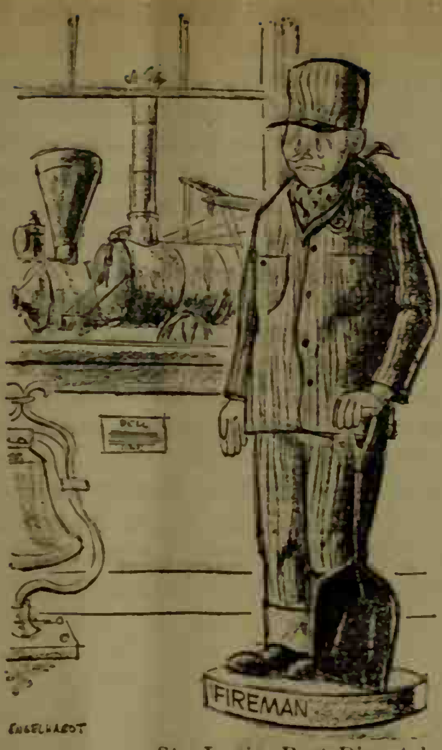
In this context, it is Utopian to expect a satisfactory "solution" to the railroad crisis. Even if the unions agree to the railroad commission recommendation, and eliminate thousands of firemen's jobs over a period of time, the railroad industry will go on from there to press for mergers which may cost another 100,000 jobs. In a word, the crisis has just begun.

Railroad management, by a clever public-relations campaign based on the word "featherbedding," has outmaneuvered the union hierarchies, whose ineptness has made a bad situation worse. And the papers have added to the confusion by swallowing every press release from the carriers. Even *The New York Times* keeps repeating that the companies could save $600 million annually if featherbedding were eliminated. The image of railroad workers sitting around playing cards while the industry suffers grievous losses has been well seated in the public mind.

Wall Street knows better, and so do many government officials. Over an eight- to nine-year period of time, if the recommendations of the railroad commission were fully accepted, $250 million to $275 million could be added to annual railroad earnings. These are substantial savings, but they are only one factor in the financial future of the railroads. Having modernized, in spite of themselves, the railroads are in much better condition now than they have been for a decade.

The installation of electronic equipment and the replacement of the steam locomotive by the more powerful and less expensive to maintain diesel, are important capital gains. An example of the kind of subsidy which the industry has been able to obtain recently was the law, passed in 1962, which provided that regulated transportation companies be permitted to carry forward losses for seven years, instead of five years as previously. It was retroactive to 1956. In practice, wage costs were a factor in determining freight rates set with the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Historically, the public-be-damned conduct of the railroad interests was what led to government regulation, so collective bargaining has always been only one factor in the process by which wages and benefits were determined. In addition, the Railway Labor Act, passed in 1926 by a Republican Congress and signed by Calvin Coolidge, was jointly sponsored by the industry and the unions from a set of proposals of Samuel Gompers which put the government in the labor relations field as a third party, in spite of Gompers' alleged "non-government intervention" philosophy. The complicated bargaining structure, with boards, emergency boards, etc., would have made it difficult for the best bargainers on both sides to function effectively.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The Museum of Transport

The result in practice since 1940 has been a thinly disguised form of compulsory arbitration. In 1943, President Roosevelt seized the railroads to prevent a strike, and a settlement was imposed. This action was hailed by the railroad brotherhoods. However, in 1946, President Truman seized the railroads and the unions protested. Clearly, attitudes toward government action depend on whose feet are to be pinched by the proposed "settlement." Currently, it is the industry that demands compulsory arbitration. In fact, the whole series of meetings called "bargaining" were shadow-boxing for public relations, for once either party says only compulsion can settle anything, the proceedings are reduced to farce.

The anguish of the union leaders comes from a belated realization that the good old days are really gone. As long as the railroads had almost a monopoly on transportation, government intervention was mutually beneficial. And the functioning of this system led to what *Fortune* described as follows: "For a quarter of a century, in other words, railroad operations have verified *Fortune's* observation that when labor and management go to bed together, it is the rest of the country that gets raped." The rise of trucking, pipe lines, airlines and other competition destroyed the dream world. "Management kicked labor out of bed," *Fortune* added.

Railroad management is riding high at the moment. Its estimate of the political situation is that the Administration will not risk an "anti-business" fracas like the Big Steel battle of 1962. The railroads therefore press for immediate acceptance of all the findings of the special railroad commission, and are willing to risk compulsory arbitration in fact, and by law, to win their point.

Ordinarily, this might work, but management was somewhat surprised by the recent reluctance of Congress to get into the act. The cooling off period of nineteen days, proposed by President Kennedy and accepted by both sides, was a last-minute attempt to get big business and the AFL-CIO working behind the scenes on their respective sides for a face-saving formula that would avoid new labor laws (new laws would do nothing but complicate an already impossibly complicated mess). The auto, steel, rubber and oil industrialists want compulsory arbitration kept off the books—it has implications which they understand. The AFL-CIO is adamant against compulsion. And Congress has enough controversial issues to worry about as it approaches the elections of 1964.

James Hoffa, on the side lines, has been doing what he can to magnify the political embarrassments of the situation with TV denunciations of compulsory arbitration and avowals of support for the railroad unions. A brutal defeat for the railroad unions might send Hoffa's image to a new high and add to President Kennedy's political discomfiture.

No new legislation or action could possibly unwind the fantastic labyrinth of wage structures, work-rules arguments and precedents, legal rulings on pay- and fringe-benefit structures, and the general confusion in the railroad industry. The archaic system that took fifty years to evolve isn't going to be abolished easily, if ever. For example: the pay system of the railroads is so loaded with inequities that the commission recommends raises for 75 per cent of the employees, and cuts for about 25 per cent. Railroad workers aren't generally overpaid, nor are they "featherbedding."

Washington knows from the activities of the railroad lobbies that the carriers have other long-range objectives behind their pressures for a fast showdown in the bargaining crisis. In addition to mergers, they hope to put across a concept of operating cost which could bring them more subsidies. Railroad literature abounds with references to "unfair competition" from the trucking and shipping industries. Trucks use highways "free" and ships use waterways "free." Maintenance costs are borne by the government. The implication is that it would be only fair, i.e., competitive, if somehow the government took over a similar burden of railroad maintenance.

Unions are not obsolete. What has become obsolete in this context is the idea persisting among union leaders that collective bargaining can solve union problems. It may alleviate some of them, but the big ones it brings into the open are far beyond the province or the power on either or both sides of the bargaining table.

Every past experience indicates that the only thing certain in the current railroad crisis is that once it is "resolved," it will rise again. And how many more unions face what has happened to the coal miners, and now to the railroad brotherhoods?

South Africa

THE WEST AT BAY . . . . Colin Legum

The real importance of the decisions taken at the African conference in Addis Ababa last May are not yet properly understood in Western capitals. The African summit meeting decisively altered both the tempo and the temper of the "liberation struggle" in the Portuguese territories of Angola and Mozambique and in Southern Africa. It also sharpened the attitudes of the thirty-two independent African states toward Western policies on these problems. However tepid individual African states might feel about their degree of involvement, collectively the tone for the struggle is now being set by the most militant of the African leaders, with Algeria's Ben Bella emerging as a Pan-African revolutionary leader.

The African summit has hastened the day when Western countries will be compelled, not only to denounce the policies of Dr. Verwoerd and Dr. Salazar, but to vote unequivocally for action designed to help overthrow those regimes. The challenge is inescapable: it is set out in Resolution Six of the African summit decisions: *"the allies of colonial powers . . . must choose between their friendship for the African peoples and their support of powers that oppress African peoples."*

In the international field one can already see the tactics that the African states are developing to force Portugal and South Africa into isolation, economically and diplomatically. The first step was taken in June when the ILO conference excluded South Africa; the second was taken in July when the UNESCO conference on world education excluded Portugal; the third step has now been taken by the thirty-two African states introducing a resolution into the Security Council.

Meanwhile, in South Africa the situation is undergoing rapid changes characterized by the arming of the white minority and the widespread rejection by the nonwhite majority of its traditional attachment to nonviolence.

My conclusions after a recent visit to South Africa (where I was born and raised, and where I engaged in politics until 1948) can be summed up as follows:

First, there is no longer any hope for peaceful settlement of the bitter race conflict; that would require a willingness by both whites and blacks to meet on common ground, and apartheid rules out this prerequisite.

Second, there can be no early decision in the struggle; neither side is strong enough to deliver a knockout blow.

Third, the longer the struggle lasts the greater the chances are that it will become openly racist; it is already beginning.

Fourth, there is not the slightest possibility of preventing outside intervention; the only question is the nature and extent of such intervention, and whether or not South Africa will be drawn into the orbit of cold-war politics.

Fifth, there is little likelihood of avoiding serious disorder and even bloodshed, and the only way of limiting the suffering and disruption is for an external agent —preferably the UN—to become actively engaged in the situation, though preferably not in an overtly military role.

Finally, the revolution has begun in South Africa.

South Africa must be seen as an international problem potentially as disruptive of world peace as Berlin, Laos or Vietnam. It is to Africa what the "Deep South" is to the United States. In America, federal power is being invoked to produce changes in the Southern states; in Africa, the independent African states are determined to play a similar role—but by different methods. Also they believe that their efforts will be more successful if they

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are backed by the world community; they do not see South Africa in terms of whites and blacks, and they dread the situation's being treated as a part of the cold war.

A nine-nation liaison committee was organized at Addis Ababa and has already started work (with headquarters in Dar es Salaam). Its task is to coordinate economic, military, technical and educational aid for the "liberation movements"; and to administer a $3 million fund to be subscribed by all thirty-two states. Thus the whole of Africa—whether particular nations are "moderates" or "militants"—is actively participating in the struggle to eliminate white minority rule wherever it endures. This is an element in world power politics that the West cannot afford to ignore.

One is frequently asked: "When will the 'explosion' come in South Africa?" But what is meant by the explosion—civil war such as accompanied the defeat of the French supermacists in Algeria, or a military insurrection as in Angola? Neither is likely to be the pattern for South Africa. The explosion there is following a different course. It has already started, and from now on it will gain in intensity, with fortunes changing as the revolutionary forces grow stronger or are temporarily contained. For the point is that here the pattern is essentially revolutionary. White supremacy is being challenged on all sides; and is now engaged in a manner never before known in the country's history.

That explains why the republic's military budget has increased several hundred per cent in the last few years. That is why Dr. Verwoerd is trying to gain time to push through his ideas of establishing the Bantustans on which he pins all his hopes of avoiding the ultimate collapse of the *status quo*. That is why thousands of political prisoners now clog the jails of the republic. That is why scores of people have been hanged under the sabotage laws, or sentenced to life imprisonment or to long terms of imprisonment. That is why, at this writing, 137 people are being held under the new laws that enable the police to jail and interrogate anybody for ninety days, without the prisoner's having the right to see a lawyer and without any charges being preferred. And that is why one sees the beginnings of an underground terrorist movement — Poqo — and of several underground political movements. These are still extremely inefficient, but they exist, and they operate; presumably, they are learning from their mistakes.

Anybody who fails to recognize that it is a revolution and actively under way is missing a fact as important as the reality of Africa's commitment to it. These two points together constitute vital bench marks for Western political leaders seeking to find the bearings for their policies in that part of the world. Aside, however, from these political considerations are the more important human considerations.

Nobody should be able to ask about South Africa at some future time what was asked at the Nuremburg trials, or after Khrushchev's exposures of Stalin's tyranny: "Why weren't we told at the time?" It is not difficult to find out what is happening in Dr. Verwoerd's republic as a result of the government's policy of uprooting and reorganizing the lives and relationships of millions of people. Every single day the lives of hundreds of families of all races—but mainly Africans and Indians—are affected in deeply personal ways. They lose their right to work; they have to give up their homes and their businesses; families are forcibly separated—husbands from wives, children from parents.

One out of three of the republic's eleven million Africans no longer has the legal right to live anywhere in the country. Where these people do live is a decision made by bureaucrats. Considerably more than 100,000 people have already been forcibly removed from one area to another, or from the towns to the stagnant, workless native reserves. Another 500,000 are under notice of removal, and by the time the creation of Bantustans is completed, many more than five million people will have been uprooted. Not since Stalin moved the Volga Germans and Hitler moved Europe's Jews has there been such a grandiose scheme to transport populations solely in the interests of a ruling oligarchy.

There is no mistaking the change of temper in South Africa in the three "quiet" years since the Sharpeville shootings. On all sides now there is a fatalistic acceptance of the inevitability of violence. There is almost a desire for violence, as an outlet for the growing sense of helplessness. An order goes out from B.A.D. (the Bantu Affairs Department) that 200,000 of Natal's 550,000 Zulus are to be moved from their traditional reserves to make one solid "black area" for a Zulu Bantustan. The people have no choice; there is no consultation. Orders go out for the removal of 9,000 Indians, 700 Chinese, 7,500 Coloureds (people of mixed blood) from Johannesburg; for 6,000 Indians from East Rand towns; for two-thirds of Pretoria's 7,000 Indians; for 83,000 Indians, 81,000 Africans and 1,000 whites from Durban. The Indians lose their well-established businesses; in future they must trade with one another.

Alexandra was one of the most flourishing, though crime-ridden, African towns around Johannesburg until a year or two ago. The government decided to clean it up. Already, 43,000 people have been removed, and another 20,000 are to be ousted. Soon only 20,000 will be left; these will all be men, housed in hostels. All family life is taboo in Alexandra; the social life of a bustling town of 100,000 people has

been snuffed out by a succession of bureaucratic decrees. In "cleaning up" this area, wives have been separated from their husbands, children from their parents.

In the Cape Western area, 235,000 Africans have been sacrificed to a doctrine known as the "Eiselen line." This line fixes the area in the Cape Province which is to be reserved primarily for Coloured workers. The Africans must go, and in the last five years 26,000 have been ordered out. Ludicrously, the total African population remains roughly the same: keeping Africans under control is proving to be a Sisyphean task. Here, as in all urban areas, no African is allowed to live with his wife and family unless they have "normally resided" together in the area for at least fifteen years. Newlyweds, for example, cannot live together unless they both qualify for residence. Married men, deprived of their wives and families, are housed in "bachelor quarters"—great red slabs of barracks. (It was in these quarters that Poqo, the black violence movement, was conceived and grew.)

Wives are allowed to visit their husbands without a permit for only seventy-two hours at a time. Most of them travel hundreds of miles from the reserves to enjoy this privilege. One of the reasons accepted for granting a permit to extend a visit is that the wife wishes to conceive. The request for "a conception period" must be argued before a white bureaucrat.

Every African must carry a pass at all times, and when one of them is forced to move from his place of work or residence, a notation is made on this pass and it is said that he has been "endorsed out." To be "endorsed out" is now the worst thing that can happen to an African. He loses his home and his right to look for work in an area of his choice. If this happens to a married woman, she must leave her husband. Sometimes a man is "endorsed out," but not his wife. His choice is between splitting up his family or taking them all into the reserves with him. Since there is almost no way for a newcomer to earn a living in the reserves, it means living on the charity of relatives. An "endorsed out" person must wait to be offered a chance of finding a new job in an area where there is no "surplus labor." Such areas are generally known for bad working conditions.

The whole system is controlled by the Pass Laws. One thousand Africans a day are prosecuted under the Pass Laws. In one week in Port Elizabeth last January, fifty Africans were fined a total of £770 or 1,610 days in prison, for pass offenses. In the same city 108 Africans in two months were caned for these offenses. In the last ten years a total of 850,000 strokes of the cane, or a similar instrument, have been administered. Over the decade, the rate of flogging has increased more than eight times.

South Africa has become a violent society. The urban African townships have the highest crime rate in the world: many of them are mercilessly intimidated by Chicago-like gangs. Sixty-eight people are hanged every year. The increase in hanging and flogging has been accompanied by a steep rise in serious crime. In 1961, there were 2,610 murders—twenty times the rate in Britain, and 3,252 cases of culpable homicide.

Police methods, too, give the authorities serious concern. The last available figures for 1959, show that 566 police were charged with assaults on prisoners; 311 were convicted, but only twenty-nine were discharged from the force. Recently the courts stayed the execution of three men on the ground that confessions had been extorted from them by the application of electric current to their heads. Allegations of this Algerian type of police methods are heard more and more frequently in the courts.

Violence has now begun to wear a new face—it is becoming political as well as criminal. The government has struck back hard through the Sabotage Act. It has also introduced a variety of methods for dealing with political opponents. They are banned, banished and confined. The roots of violence have already gone too deep in South Africa to allow a peaceful settlement of her race problems. Now only two hopes remain: that the violent phase will be short-lived, and that it can be prevented from turning into a race war. (In the past Africans demanded their rights as citizens; now they are demanding them as Africans. The rise in America of the Black Muslim movement is a somewhat parallel development.) But, already the conflict is beginning to assume a dangerously racial character. If the struggle were to be long drawn out it would almost certainly become openly racist. The chance of keeping the period of conflict short depends on the nature and extent of external intervention.

On one side stands the most powerful army and police force in Africa. Of the republic's three million whites, 250,000 are trained and equipped for defense. The army, led by officers trained in Europe's leading military academies, equipped with jet fighters, helicopters, tanks and armored cars, is already 10,000 strong and is being doubled. It is supported by 206 commando units, a national reserve of highly trained citizen-soldiers. These are equipped in part with automatic weapons and light armor, and are supported by an air commando organization with 249 planes. The police force — which gets basic military training and has modern automatic weapons, armored cars and helicopters —totals 30,000, of whom almost half are white. The police themselves are backed by a white police reserve with volunteers in all the large towns and in many of the villages. Almost every white is armed. It is illegal for a non-white to own a fire weapon of any kind.

The challengers comprise a number of underground groups which share only one thing in common: a new-found determination to use violence as a means of political struggle. There is no central control over these groups; several are open rivals. They appear, as yet, to have very few arms other than the weapons they fashion for themselves, or steal. The phase of violence began in Pondoland (a region of the Transkei) in December, 1960, when "The Hill Movement" —also known as "The Congo Movement"—went into rebellion against the Bantustan administration. It was essentially a peasant movement, was remarkably well organized, and still remains active. A second group in the Transkei consists largely of young men who use terrorist methods of struggle. A third group, Poqo, emerged in 1962 with cells in both the Transkei and in the urban areas of the Western Cape. The relationship between Poqo and the Pan-African Congress is unknown. These three groups are properly described as terrorist.

A more sophisticated pattern of resistance is followed by three underground political movements. None of these aim to get involved in pitched battles with Dr. Verwoerd's army. Their methods are selective sabotage and surprise attacks on army or police units whenever possible. They are strongly against indiscriminate terrorism. Their strategy is to undermine the white community's confidence by increasing its sense of insecurity and isolation, and to create a situation which will hasten international intervention.

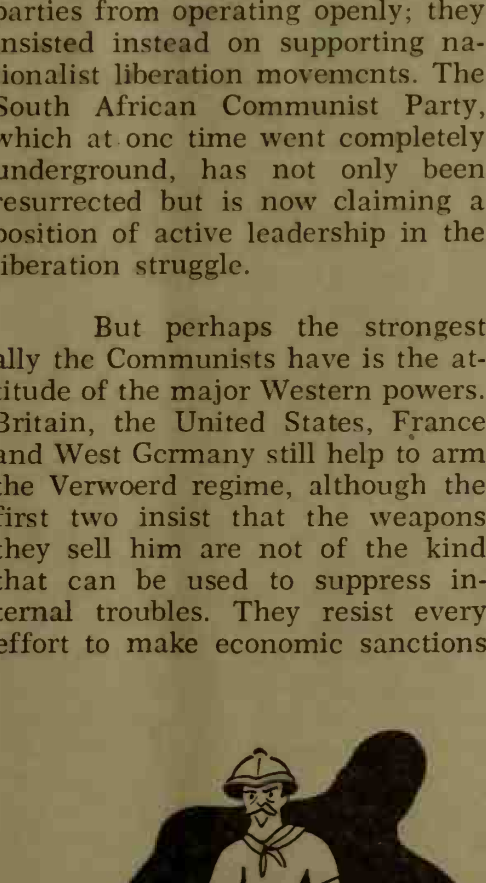
The National Liberation Committee (N.L.C.), the first of these three sabotage groups, emerged early in 1961. Its interracial membership was originally drawn from all parties, but later became confined largely to liberals (many of them whites) who are not members of the official Liberal Party. It is now relatively inactive. The second group was started by the Pan-African Congress and concentrates mainly on collecting effectively trained saboteurs. The third group, *Umkonto we Sizwe* (The Spear of the Nation), went into action for the first time on December 16, 1961. The Spear describes itself as an organization of African people that is prepared to enroll individual members from other racial groups. It declares itself to be in support of Chief Luthuli's African National Congress (A.N.C.) and accepts its leadership. In its most recent declaration the Spear announced a policy of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a life for a life until final victory is won."

It is well known to the South African police that recruits for saboteur training in Algeria, Morocco, Ghana, Ethiopia, Eastern Europe and China regularly leave the republic by a route through Bechuanaland and Central Africa. But there is no evidence that the sentences imposed under the Sabotage Act are diminishing the number of volunteers.

As things stand today, the Verwoerd regime is still in a strong position to beat down—and to hold down—any violent challenge to its authority. The immediate prospect, therefore, is that successes will go to the counterrevolution, and that South Africa will become even more Fascist than it is at present. But the struggle will not end in fascism; the vital question for the future is the role the international forces will play in the denouement.

The Communist International clearly believes that the situation in South Africa offers an opportunity for breakthrough which it has so far failed to find anywhere else on the Continent. Nor should one minimize its chance of success. The Communist countries have the advantage in South Africa of an old and tried Communist Party which has fought hard and uncompromisingly against white supremacy and against black racism. As important, the Soviet bloc aligns itself unequivocally alongside the liberation struggle. Under Chinese pressure, the Russians have adopted in South Africa tactics completely different from those they have pursued elsewhere on the Continent. Except in Algeria, their policy was to prevent Communist parties from operating openly; they insisted instead on supporting nationalist liberation movements. The South African Communist Party, which at one time went completely underground, has not only been resurrected but is now claiming a position of active leadership in the liberation struggle.

But perhaps the strongest ally the Communists have is the attitude of the major Western powers. Britain, the United States, France and West Germany still help to arm the Verwoerd regime, although the first two insist that the weapons they sell him are not of the kind that can be used to suppress internal troubles. They resist every effort to make economic sanctions effective. Britain, even more than the United States, presents at best a very smudged image to the opponents of the Verwoerd regime. It speaks one way in the United Nations and another in the republic. Sir Hugh Stephenson, the new British Ambassador to South Africa, in his first public address, chose to stress "mutual strategic interests . . . that are of the greatest importance." These words carry more weight in the republic than all the speeches in Westminster or the UN.



Britain's $3 billion investment in South Africa is obviously of great importance in determining government policy. (American investment is much smaller—$500 million.) A second important consideration is the value attached to South Africa's possible role in a future war. This is one of the strongest selling points used by the powerful lobby that defends the Verwoerd regime's interests in Western capitals. In these circumstances, Britain and America are tempted to maintain their present equivocal attitude toward the struggle, to pretend that the West can avoid any involvement more urgent than occasional expressions of distaste for apartheid. But Britain and America, like it or not, *are* involved in what happens in South Africa. Historically and economically, the whites of South Africa are relatives, however embarrassing, of the whole Western community. In the eyes of Africans (as well as Asians and Arabs) the West bears a very direct responsibility—Britain, for example, still governs the three High Commission Territories which lie wholly or partly inside the republic [see "Enclaves of Trouble," by Jack Halpern; *The Nation*, July 27]. The West's more or less passive attitude inevitably makes it seem to Africa and the East an accomplice of the Verwoerd regime.

But even if the West were to ignore the question of international morality raised by the republic's racial problems, there still remains the question of where its own true interests lie. A liberation struggle which succeeds in South Africa without—or perhaps even against—Western support is hardly likely to produce a government friendly to either Britain or America. Thus the West, by betraying its own principles, could end up by also losing the interests which its present policies are supposed to serve.

The Poetry of the Novel

THE GATES OF HORN. By Harry Levin. Oxford University Press. 554 pp. $8.50.

Kathleen Nott

As an epigraph to his chapter on "Romance and Realism," Professor Levin quotes D. H. Lawrence: "The curious thing about art-speech is . . . that it tells such lies. . . . And out of the pattern of lies art weaves the truth. . . . But thank God for it, we can see through the subterfuge if we choose." The puritanical doubt, with D. H. Lawrence, need not surprise us. Nor need the method of allaying it — for that is the quite traditional response to the Platonic behest to throw the poets out of the community, and conceived in a similar nursery spirit: it is *wicked* to lie, but the lies of poets are only white lies, and we can even take them homeopathically; and anyway, we, the true realists, were never taken in by them.

Nothing could be further removed from this than Professor Levin's own moral and intellectual maturity. Admittedly, his aim, among others, is to show the indissoluble connections between the art of the novel and the life of society, particularly of "bourgois" society; and he can even describe the novel, with its felt customs and rules, its growth and decline, as one important social "institution." But he is very far from thinking that his five French Realists —Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, Zola and Proust, or their legitimate heirs, are wanton boys on whom lies the onus of proving their right to stay in our grown-up and philosophic community. On the contrary, he accords these great novelists a strictly philosophic respect, one which gives its meaning and its very architectonic to his splendid book. It is not they who measure up to or fall short of "our" standards of Reality or Truth: on the contrary, the novel, in their hands, has taught us to define Reality. And, of course, taught us that "Reality" changes, is always partly conventional, and perhaps in the last analysis is what we find common among individual subjectivities. Professor Levin is not very far behind Wilde's *mot*, which he quotes: "The novel invented the nineteenth century."

This profound and spacious study is indeed a contribution to epistemology: the novel can be a mode of knowledge, and with the masters, it is so. Disillusionment means not only the description and the acceptance of the heart's disappointments, or of the loss of faith either in God or Man. It means, in a literal and also a salutary way, getting rid of illusions, even of delusions and hallucinations — for Don Quixote is at the head of this tradition. And Stendhal, to whose disillusionment Professor Levin gives also the wordly or cynical force, is in it too. For even cynicism and worldliness are seen as the attempt to establish *what is the case* about the human heart, and so as part of the movement toward its real discovery.

This arm of the progression finishes in Proust, whom Professor Levin sees, not as a nostalgic remembrancer (as the title of Scott-Moncrieff's translation suggests), but as another researcher into subjective Reality.

What happened was a widening divergence between documentary and autobiography. One illustration of the documentary attitude is Flaubert's "*mot juste*," which is not very different from a philosophical theory of Correspondence — Truth is the language which accurately "pictures" the structure of the universe. (Professor Levin's most recent epigraph is a quotation from Wittgenstein, which shows his awareness of this parallel.) Documentation is even more obvious in Balzac's "'civic registry" and his structural use of accountancy: money is the very composition of his world. And we all know about Zola's notebook.

Professor Levin's account of the use and significance of the nonhuman and the inanimate, which shows how it implies a comment on the situation and status of man, could not be bettered. Even in Zola's case, where one might suspect the inventorial, Professor Levin reveals a kind of mythopoeia. The handling by all these writers of the material world — its cities, its mines, its interiors and its external nature — he sees as the peculiar poetry of the novel.

But as far as the artistic future is concerned, he is not altogether on the side of the documentators — and indeed later fiction has shown that documentation is an easy trick for a copyist. Professor Levin suggests that the authentic future is with some kind of myth-making (but largely because myth was always the substratum of the novel in the great heyday he is studying). He shows, however, that what is significant, both for good or bad, in our own day, is still coming through the Gate of Horn; it is in the apparently irreversible progression of Realism; bad, when, as with Salinger, "the contents of the family medicine-chest are itemized"; good, when it is a kind of absolute honesty, as we must suppose is the case with certain recent French authors, who will not pretend to a knowledge of any identity or subjectivity, even their own, which they feel can never be authentically possessed.

This latter-day development can give us a retrospective understanding of the "Realistic" morality — a firm adherence to *What is the case, as I, the writer, see it in a continually self-clarifying and maturing vision.* In such retrospect even Balzac's world, divided into rogues and dupes, can be seen as a morality of undeception. Professor Levin makes one imagine an ironic possibility: his novelists might be bringing back the poet as the only true man in a republic that consists of liars and their victims.

It should not be supposed that this genuinely philosophical piece of criticism is dryly theoretical. On the contrary, Professor Levin's thought is like a strong internal illumination of his profoundly imaginative grasp of his material. Great skill on top of years of labor has produced a work which passes the most elementary and the most difficult of tests. It sends you back to the books with new excitement and new insights, and you see them perhaps for the first time as a real coherence, a great human "institution," as Professor Levin would say, but without institutionalization, still with the capacity of growth and flexibility.

Kathleen Nott is a British poet, novelist and critic. Her chief critical book is The Emperor's Clothes; *a new novel,* An Elderly Retired Man, *will be published by Faber and Faber this fall.*

The Misfit at Home

SPRIGHTLY RUNNING. By John Wain. St Martin's Press. 265 pp. $5.

David Littlejohn

John Wain, the middle-aging Englishman of letters, has just published the first half of his autobiography, surveying the first thirty-five years of his three score and ten. He obviously, and intelligently, felt the need for a personal taking stock in mid-journey: but whether it was necessary or useful for him to share it all with us remains to be asked. Autobiography-as-personal-therapy, especially for a professional writer, may be a fine and healthful thing; but a book must be justified on quite other grounds for the general reading public.

"I have often thought," wrote Wain's (and my) favorite author, Samuel Johnson, "that there has rarely passed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful." Still, laboring through the first hundred pages of *Sprightly Running*, one wonders just how "useful" can be the hundredth retelling of the cradle-to-college torments of an English boyhood. The harrowing fears of older children, the vicious schoolboy bullies, the sadistic masters, the incomprehension of stupid adults, the pangs of adolescent love, all grating on the sensitive soul of the author-in-training, whose only escape is to the dwindling Wordsworthean woods: it is all so embarrassingly uninteresting.

Reshaped into fiction, without the annoying presence of this too-objective, too-analytic adult, all this may have worked — it often has — to evoke the harsh, inescapable hell that has made up so much a part of everyone's childhood, the part that everyone except writers rigorously forgets. But Wain is too anxious to find *meanings* in it all, to make every street fight prefigure the war, every bully a portent of Hitler, to find the springs of his present (and genuine) tragic vision in the loneliness of a misfit adolescent. He traces his kinship with a disappearing English "nature" to the days when he loved having his pram wheeled under the trees; and sees (at five) a backyard football game as "Art Triumphing over Power."

Fortunately (for us), John Wain survived all this, and went up to Oxford in 1944, rejected by the Army (he is careful to explain) for poor eyesight; and his loving reflections of those four years make up the book's most admirable chapter. He was still a misfit, but now more or less at home among a gloriously literate sideshow of misfits. "With our artificial legs, our glass eyes, our deflated lungs, our asthma, our heart disease, we limped about, discussing Shakespeare and Milton amid the skirling of huge lorries running in four wheel drive."

Here he found Charles Williams, Nevill Coghill, his tutor C. S. Lewis; most outrageously, E. H. W. Meyerstein, Wain's minor contribution to the list of eccentric and unhappy English immortals. His thirty-five-page portrait of this mad and magnificent failure is the finest thing in the book (as Wain doubtless realized in printing it intact last year in *Encounter*). Not only does he bring this paranoic mountain of a man triumphantly to life; he is also able to analyze both Meyerstein and his relationship to him with an artistry that is at once sympathetic, honest and keen.

The fifth chapter — "A Literary Chapter" — is almost as good, as readable (and as long) as the chapter on Oxford. There is here — and this is not its best feature — a good deal of angry editorializing, which was perhaps to be expected from a man who frankly makes his living by literary journalism. (Although Wain is *not*, as he insists and insists again, one of the Angry Young Men.) His severe opinions on critics and reviewers, on poetry fakery, on Fame in Our Time, on the Age of the Ad Man are as vigorous (and ineffective) as such things usually are, if perhaps more cogent, and more justified, than most. Still, he seems to write with considerably less care when engaged in such rambling journalistic warfares.

In this chapter too comes our glimpses of Wain's milieu, of the English literary world, half-academic, half-journalistic (since he has been both), of Leavis and the Leavisites, C. S. Lewis' postwar coterie, the *genuine* Angry Young Men, "The Movement," the *New Statesman*, the B.B.C. It bears the passing and small fascination such pictures afford. More important, more serious, is his defense of leaving teaching for writing, coupled with uniquely perceptive commentaries on both professions (". . . the horrible

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drudgery of a don's life — the stacks of essays to be waded through, the committee meetings with boring colleagues, the fresh wave of empty young heads, every October, that have to be filled somehow"); his discussions of the university's role, of academic psychology, and of critical versus creative writing, the latter of which strikes me as almost a Last Word on the subject.

The book declines from here on into more rambling journalese, largely his "Impressions" of America and Russia. He surveys the whole of American social history in an extraordinary single paragraph (p. 228), and goes on to lament our want of a settled tradition, our "reliance on material profusion" and our frightful neighborliness.

His Russian impressions are of little more lasting merit; moreover, four-fifths of the chapter is simply a reprint of his Open Letter to *The Observer.* He disliked the experience, which was politic, found it oppressive to the point of near-nervous breakdown, and fled after a month; but his account of the ubiquitous propaganda, the filtered and distorted information, the abuse of foreign books and foreign tourists, the imbalanced educational system strikes me as no more impressive or revealing than a dozen other such reports. There are times one almost wishes they had kept the curtain closed.

Still, the Oxford and Literary chapters make up almost half the book, and they are fine: for what the evidence is worth, I am eager to read them again. Here is the man that matters: the writer, the lover of men and life and letters who has never let his premature, self-indulged "tragic vision" get in the way of his zest for living, his commitment to writing, his delight in the eccentric and wonderful in man. I, at least, am as sure as he is that the next thirty-five years, for a man so prepared and so open, will make a second volume of memoirs even more worth the reading, come (if it come) 1998.

One Knows by Seeing

TO MIX WITH TIME: New and Selected Poems. By May Swenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 183 pp. $3.50 cloth; $1.45 paper.

Richard Moore

May Swenson seems to disagree with Robert Frost that a poem should begin in delight and end in wisdom. She seems to think it ought to have delight all the way through and, like Homer, leave the wisdom to the reader, if he has any. Her best poems are all haunting specifics — done with a fanciful brilliance of physical perception which reminds one at times of Emily Dickenson, at times of Elizabeth Bishop, but has a quality found in neither. Like Georg Trakl she pursues a skepticism so absolute that it distrusts abstractions of any kind. With her, perception itself is a mystique, and it is only in recent poems that she attempts to explain it. Of these perhaps the best is "The Universe," which is no explanation at all, but a comedy of unanswered questions echoing one another like a cat chasing its tail.

Many a poet today can tell us endlessly that red wheelbarrows are important. Not many can actually make us feel in our flesh *why* they are. Only the vivid vision can prove it; and when we have seen Miss Swenson's "bleeding triangles of pie" at a lunch counter, her "sails as slow as clouds" that "change bodies when they come about," or her doorways at night "dark as sockets," we are in business. What other poet today could run into the sunflowers in Provence which Van Gogh painted and, instead of shrinking in terror or squeezing out three or four logic-chopping stanzas in self-defense, make you feel that poetry can outdo painting? —

> . . . *Like eclipses of the sun,*
> *Their plate-heads, almost black,*
> *spun*
> *within the yellow aureoles. . . .*

The book floats on such uncanny evocations. A few more tourists like this, one feels, and cameras would be recognized as the hoaxes they are.

If one believes that there are grave poets and frivolous ones, Miss Swenson can be disconcerting. She presents us with the play of an outrageous fancy, and her poker face and voice seem to say, "There's truth for you!" Her poems sometimes have an outlandish quality which reminds one of the mythologies of Australian aborigines; and her queer alternation of verbal brilliance, chantlike repetition, awkwardness both apparent and real, and even flat prose, enhance the impression. The opening stanzas of the remarkable poem, "Landing On The Moon," actually make the reader feel like a bushman puzzling the night sky. In fact the visible world which Miss Swenson seeks and presents tends to keep the primitive duplicity it has before our philosophical or practical consciousness decides what it is. It is a part of us, she says in a poem significantly titled "The Primitive," and we are indistinguishable from it; but at the same time it is implacably and completely unconcerned with us. Nothing can be known by seeing, and yet by seeing alone can one know all the wonders that the world is full of. What makes this meaningful is that we see and hear the wonders in the poems.

Miss Swenson gives us plenty of

Richard Moore teaches English and Classics at Trinity College, Burlington, Vermont. Poems of his are forthcoming in Harper's, The New Yorker *and* Saturday Review.

Called Home

Tremors, bleeding windows, cloud,
steel doors wailing Woodlawn north.
Just words, a valve shut down, burst,
maimed at last. Called home . . .
O nothing, nine years, the park is gone. . . .

Disinfectant suffocates the stairs.
C-44, their fourth-floor walk-up door
knows my old key . . .
Gray walls now, a breath of dead cigars,
Van Gogh's quailing postman glares —
I freeze. I chain the door . . .
There on my turquoise, pre-war sofa-bed
How many times!
the ashes of my broken mother's hair.

Milton Kessler

lapses as well. Poems like "Downward" seem bare, flat statements; and with neither a firm meter, regular rhymes nor rhetoric to cling to, she dissipates sometimes into prosy formlessness. Especially in her earlier pieces she lacks denouement and variety of tone; and her intermittent fascination with typographical tiddlywinks occasionally tricks her into thinking that a collection of sputters is a poem. But there is hair-raising poetry in this book.

LETTER from BURMA

Donald Richie

Burma is paradise in a state of insurrection. It is a country so warm you don't need a roof over your head; where to eat you need merely stretch a hand to the nearest mango tree. It is so hot — with a monsoon season lasting for months — that it becomes impossible to work; and so preposterously fecund that if you break a branch and stick it into the ground it will take root overnight and blossom within a week. It is a real tropical land, all green and misty, the lovely old buildings of Rangoon and Mandalay wearing a patina of pale mossy green and of a light gold, the color of the underside of mushrooms.

Nothing much changes in Burma. It is the only country in the world where the old national costume, the comfortable wrap-around *longyi*, is worn by everyone — except the policemen and the army. The trades — brass from Rangoon, carvings from Mandalay, lacquer from Pagan — continue as they have for centuries. Occupation by the British, occupation by the Japanese, have not substantially changed the Burmese. There is no hunger, little poverty, and the under-cultivated, under-populated land (22 million) provides life for all.

Consequently the 1962 revolution, the continuing insurrections, surprise. Where did all of this energy come from? In 1947, when connections were politely severed from the Commonwealth, and old U Nu became Prime Minister, the change was simply a matter of juggling offices and changing a few signs. But General Ne Win's coup of last year was of a kind foreign to Burma. The energy displayed by the General in his position as Chairman of the Revolutionary Council is quite un-Burmese.

The answer is that the General and his staff are Sino-Burmese. In Burma it is always the mixed races or the foreigners who do things. The insurgents are not pure Burmese either — they are strange and wonderful peoples from the Eastern Shian States, from Karen, from Kichin. In a way, the continuing civil war — which is what it amounts to — is among peoples who are not Burmese at all.

Their concern, however, is for Burma, and General Ne Win is a man in the idealistic mold of a Tito or a Nasser. The Indians and Chinese (mainly merchants and bankers), who all but controlled the country before 1962, were often immensely wealthy, and their methods were notorious. One of the first actions of Win was directed against them. A nationalization of industries is always directed at outside holders. Economically, the Chinese and the Indians were to be squeezed out; politically, the English and the Americans.

Things quite suddenly became very difficult. Overnight, the old custom of petty graft in order to facilitate became impossible; in its place was erected what must be one of the most formidable bureaucracies in the world. Dozens of new rules appeared every week. If you were a foreigner and left Burma, then you could not come back. Transfers of monies between Burma and other countries became almost impossible. Even foreign scholarships were discouraged. If the student was awarded one for study outside the country he had to put up a bond of 50,000 *kyats* — quite a lot of money. The Asia Foundation, Ford, even Fulbright, found themselves asked to leave. The USIS people are still holding on in Rangoon, but their building has been requisitioned from under them. Gifts of books or records from England and America molder in warehouses. New instruments for the police band rust in a warehouse — the reason being that these are all gifts from other governments and, as such, not acceptable.

Not that the worried donors ever receive such clear-cut reasons. It is always a matter of the necessary form, the all-important but missing signature. But, in effect, the Americans, the British, the Indians, the Chinese, are kept from doing business.

The Chinese enjoy a bit more favor. In Rangoon are several schools which have full curricula that quite openly prepare students for life under Red China. The Chinese banks, too, have proved almost as clever as the Burmese Government. By lending directly and with no collateral to the Chinese in the city they have managed to incorporate all important Chinese in Rangoon. Coercion is simple. They call in their notes quite suddenly; the unhappy borrower cannot pay. The bank can foreclose instantly or — if the debtor is reasonable and does what he is told — can help him along.

Win's policy is a neutrality as complete as he can make it; but, unlike Tito, he is not in a position to take the best from the two possible worlds. He has 1,500 miles of China

Donald Richie, novelist and film critic, is now in Germany, having presented the Yasujiro Ozu Retrospective at the XIII Berlin Film Festival.

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border and he is very afraid. Thus Peking may speak with pride of its border agreement with Burma as being a "fine example." Indeed, it had to be — Win had no other choice.

Nor is this the end of his problems. He has the insurgents, and each one is different. Precisely what they all want it is difficult to say. Some, like the Shian States, want autonomy and a return to their nearly extinct ruling family. The Katchin Independent Army — now almost destroyed — wanted a hand in the government. The Karens, to the south, are Communists but they are not Chinese Communists. In 1962, insurgents of various kinds were in the suburbs of Rangoon. They are now driven back, but not nearly so far as one would be led to believe. The delta of the Irrawaddy contains a number. One cannot travel south without an escort. Nor north, nor east, nor west. Win's Burma is, in effect, the city of Rangoon and the great middle area of Burma — scrub, jungle, plain and the Irrawaddy.

This is proving difficult for the people who live in the outlying districts. In the delta, for example, the peasants are particularly hard-pressed. In disputed territories they must pay their taxes twice: once to the central government and again to the local insurgents. In addition, many of the insurgents are merely bandits who have found that a political front makes their activities seem more respectable.

Much of their money comes from the smuggling in of arms — presumably across the Thai border. There was the incident of a few years back when the central government uncovered a great cache of American arms being used by the KMT in the north. These had come from Formosa, of course, and not directly from America, but one of the results was the expulsion of American interests, including the Asia Foundation. Probably no one outside the CIA knows if it really had agents in the foundation. The foundation certainly knew nothing about them—how would it?

One of Win's latest moves has been a general act of amnesty, extended in the hope that insurgents and political offenders will come over peaceably. One Communist leader said that there were only 10,000 insurgents in the country, but it is significant that few gave up, and that none of the Kachin were included. Yet, amnesty or not, the interior tension of the country is in no way relieved. Aung Giy, the Minister of Trade and Reparations, made a speech in Tokyo where he spoke of taking the government away from the military and returning it to the civilians. Once back in Burma, he found himself forced to resign and was then sent to the Northern Kashin States — the equivalent of Siberia.

The picture is familiar. It is Yugoslavia fifteen years ago, Egypt, ten. Burma is going through what all little, determinedly neutral countries go through. The police state is no answer, but it does seem to be a phase. Whether Burma will ever become as relaxed as Yugoslavia, however, seems doubtful. China is so near and the only weapon is an unhandy one. Only by discriminating against all foreigners in Burma, may Win also discriminate against the Chinese.

And all of this affects the Burmese almost not at all. Win and his group — sincere enough in their mission — are attempting revolution from the top down. This is the most difficult kind. Collective farming has not worked because there is almost no need to farm in Burma. The Burmese man on the street continues to be charming to foreigners. The children laugh, smile and wave.

Thus the government is rather like a group of scolding, fussy nannies in charge of the most enchanting kindergarten in the world. Nannies can discipline only through fear and reprisal. That has already happened. Last year there was a massacre of university students by the army. Burmese don't visit their foreign friends as much as they used to. But the new laws have not yet infected the majority. Burma is still a kind of paradise for them — for awhile.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Minneapolis

Minnesota should be a proud state as Minneapolis is a lucky city. They have taken a step which marks a signal date in American cultural history: they have opened the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, the most ambitious civic theatre project in this country outside New York.

This fact alone seems to me to outweigh all other considerations in regard to the first three productions [The fourth production, *Death of a Salesman*, opened in mid-July.] To argue whether or not the presentation of *Hamlet* in modern trappings is justified strikes me at this juncture as essentially irrelevant. What is significant in the Minnesota venture is the attempt to create a repertory theatre on a high professional level away from the shambles of New York's entertainment market.

What we need in this country is not so much more and better "shows," but the image and fact of a Theatre. Thus far we have none of any conspicuous stature. The more fuss and excitement there is over this or that sensational hit show (even when it is a truly good one), the farther we remove ourselves from the very concept of a Theatre. For a Theatre is not the business of putting on a series of brilliant "attractions," but a unified effort to create an artistic identity which bespeaks the life of both the company and some important segment of the community.

The Minnesota Theatre Company is not yet, and for some time cannot be, such a unit. Its importance is that its organizers, Oliver Rea and Peter Zeisler, with the support of public-spirited sponsors in Minneapolis and a gratifyingly large number of citizens in the area, plan to make this dream come true.

The circumstance of Tyrone Guthrie's stewardship as Artistic Director for at least three six-month seasons is both fortunate and dangerous. Guthrie is one of the world's most gifted stage directors. He is a person of large human scope and a craftsman with talents which approach genius. He is an immediate and invaluable asset in the formation of a company on a level of unquestionable theatrical competence. But unless he serves to lead the company to an independent and permanent career, unless he makes everyone responsible for the company's future realize that it must stay and grow after his tenure expires, his individual "stardom" may prove as detrimental to the venture as it is now vivifying. In the making of a true Theatre the director's (or leader's) function is not only to present notable productions, but to educate both audience and artists in the nature and meaning of the institution as an abiding expression of their lives.

The acting company is not and should not now expect to be a "great" company. It is an honorably able one. Its first three productions afford aspects of genuine satisfaction.

I find myself rather impatient with

the debate as to whether modern dress and "props" (bowler hat, trench coat, tennis rackets, electric flashlights, etc., etc.) are appropriate to the production of Shakespeare's plays. Offhand I would say that modern clothes in these plays are more emphatically *costumes*, more blatantly eye-catching, even more "stagy," than any sort of traditional dress. But I am unwilling to take a categorical stand. On the whole the costuming of Guthrie's *Hamlet* is attractive and in some cases witty.

Hamlet is a play of which I am able to follow the plot but have never been able to fathom the meaning! The number of explanations I have read or heard have served to intensify my confusion. I have yet to see a production which had its own unmistakable thought. But perhaps it is in its very mystery or complexity that some of the play's extraordinary fascination lies. I am certain only of one thing: that it is not about a man too thoughtful to take action. If anything, Hamlet is too active.

I have never seen a "definitive" Hamlet (what would that be?), nor has the play in production ever shaken or thrilled me to my depths, as many lesser plays have. The best Hamlets I have seen have impressed me only in bits.

Guthrie's *Hamlet* is a production in which the actors — some of them do very well in serving his view of scenes and characters — are employed to fulfull a design rather than to embody their own (or whatever may be taken to be Shakespeare's) substance. This is not a *Hamlet* without a Hamlet (George Grizzard, who is an excellent actor, does certain scenes and speeches eminently well); this is a *Hamlet* performed by a company loyally subservient to the director's intentions. Thus we see in Lee Richardson's Claudius a king who is disturbed, dishonest and yet an ordinary respectable and sensual stuffed-shirt politician — which may represent Guthrie's comment on most men of state.

I followed this four-hour (uncut) version of the play with almost unremitting attention, for Guthrie never does anything that is altogether without originality. Never before, for instance, have I seen the opening of the "Get thee to a nunnery" sequence played as an impassioned love scene turning to fury and frustration when Hamlet realizes he is being spied upon. There are several such episodes which in addition to their exciting choreography or staging (the "Play" at the court) make this production a far more stimulating event than most of the more critically applauded presentations of *Hamlet* seen in New York since John Barrymore's day.

What American actors everywhere need for their personal equipment more than anything else at present is further and more exacting speech and vocal training. What the Minnesota management must unfailingly provide next season is more rehearsal time. Four weeks of rehearsal for such plays as those in the present repertory are an absurdity.

Molière's *The Miser* is a challenge. It is a slight and comparatively short farce and as a French play (avarice may be universal, but French avarice is proverbial) it still retains a certain bite in the sprightly or dancelike dialogue, a great part of which in the original constitutes *morceaux d'anthologie* — passages for perennial quotation. Such plays are difficult to translate theatrically on our stages. Douglas Campbell has done this by weaving the simple pattern of the play on to an elaborate fabric of crazy-quilt humor within a huge framework of stage business.

The plan succeeds with the Minneapolis audience, which is convulsed by Hume Cronyn's fantastically energetic clowning and delighted by the pretty costumes and the director's inventions. But they all came to be too much for me: the scheme was too evident and elaborate, everything was stretched to a scale that ultimately defeated (my) laughter. A fear of Molière's foreign idiom and modest proportions (within the large theatre and its extensive open stage) seems to have impelled the director to make us forget that there ever was a play there to begin with. The result struck me as a very clever improvisation around a vacuum.

Of the three plays, the one I found most affecting (this I believe to be the general impression) was *The Three Sisters*. Guthrie's production is intelligently aware of the text. Though I found only one performance more memorable than the rest — that of Claude Woolman as Tusenbach — and I am not at all certain that the arena stage is helpful to Chekhov, the play once again wove its soul-stirring spell as few plays of modern times are able to do.

The Three Sisters is a work as pertinent to Minneapolis in 1963 as it must have been to Moscow in 1901, a poem of our age-old yearning for a full life. The "Moscow" the three sisters long for is neither the city of that epoch nor of the present, but that ever-beckoning realm, the ideal City of Man, which we may never reach but toward which we must always aspire.

This delicious comedy which makes us weep should be made a permanent item in the personal repertory of every civilized citizen everywhere. What does it matter whether Guthrie's is as good a production as we can imagine or might find elsewhere: has Minneapolis ever seen the like and do we ever see such a play anywhere more than once in a blue moon?

Let Minneapolis applaud and persevere, and let the rest of the country emulate and improve on this Midwestern example.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

Frank Machin, the hero of *This Sporting Life*, is a professional rugby player, an inarticulate primitive who suffers intimations of humanity and vents his frustration in the breaking of bones and household objects. He is in a dramatic tradition that goes back at least as far as Caliban (though Shakespeare was too astute to make his beast the focus of his play), and in this instance he has been described with an unflinching intimacy and a plausibility that have earned the picture a press feverish with adjectives. The blazing actuality of the film, both on the playing field and in the domestic scenes, is attributable to Lindsay Anderson, a documentary director making his first feature film.

But Machin is also, it seems to me, made to butt his way through too many stock situations: there is the scene in which he rejects the advances of the owner's wife, thus doing nothing to advance his career; there is another in which he attempts to prove himself the social equal of the other guests in a very fancy restaurant by bullyragging the waiters and putting his feet up on a chair, and there is still a third in which he romps tenderly with a pair of little children. Richard Harris, a large, muscular and rock-faced actor, carries out these familiar assignments with dogged thoroughness.

Playing opposite Harris is Rachel Roberts in the role of a young widow frozen by grief for her husband. The footballer lodges with her; when not playing in the stadium or living it up with his teammates after a game, he slams around the small house in an attempt to reawaken her to life. He eventually succeeds to the extent that she becomes his mistress, and his behavior turns even more extravagantly apish because he feels that her capitulation is no more than physical. Humiliation drives her into a decline and she dies, blood spurting inexplicably from her mouth as she lies in coma on a hospital bed.

That blood, I felt, was a tip-off. The picture has been made with such one-track-concentration on not glossing over the facts that no one has asked whether the facts themselves are sufficiently communicative. A tragic situation is implied in all this dumb violence, but it never escapes from behind the mask of brute inadequacy Harris is obliged to wear. If the widow had been the hub of the tale, that might have been a different story.

Ballad of a Hussar, I am told, has been the popular screen success of Russia for months and months; it has now been brought over here and I went to see what draws the block-long crowds in Moscow.

The film is listed as a musical comedy; it recalls the very large floral offerings that were once created here for Jeanette MacDonald, though Miss MacDonald was never as active as the Russian actress. The story is of a young lady, gently nurtured but enterprising, who adopts the uniform of a cornet in the Hussars and rides off to be near her beloved lieutenant and to drive Napoleon from her beloved land. Her courage, dash and agility with saber and pistol soon win her a place among the most intrepid of the partisans, and she amuses herself and her audience by conducting a running battle of wits with her unsuspecting lover. The beardless "youth" is subjected to many manly backslaps and bear hugs, a situation which has for generations been found unobjectionably sexy.

Ballad of a Hussar is made in exuberant color; it contains scenes of stupendous riding (a circus equestrian team receives a special credit line); the hand-to-hand fighting is in the best tradition of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. (a maximum of gymnastics and no visible bloodshed). By some curious reverse influence, the cast is selected, costumed and coached to look exactly like a crowd of Hollywood Russians; except for the language, I would have sworn that the picture was made in California — forty years ago. It is a jolly example of the outdoor musical romance, but it suggests that if we really are moving into an era of cordiality with the Russians, one of the most perplexing, if not most critical, of our new problems will be synchronizing our cultural clocks.

Some very honest people, led by Jack O'Connell as writer, producer and director, have pooled their talents in *Greenwich Village Story* to tell us that the boys and girls living today within easy walk of Washington Square are serious, aspiring, generous, clear-eyed and quite the opposite of the wicked things which the middle-aged middle class means by "beatnik." The pool of talent is insufficient to float the enterprise. The film is a mawkish little tale of star-crossed lovers, stiffly performed and shattered by dialogue that never came from human lips — hip, beat or square. The city photography is pretty, as are several of the girls.

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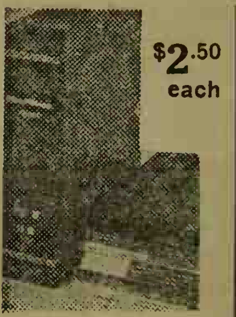

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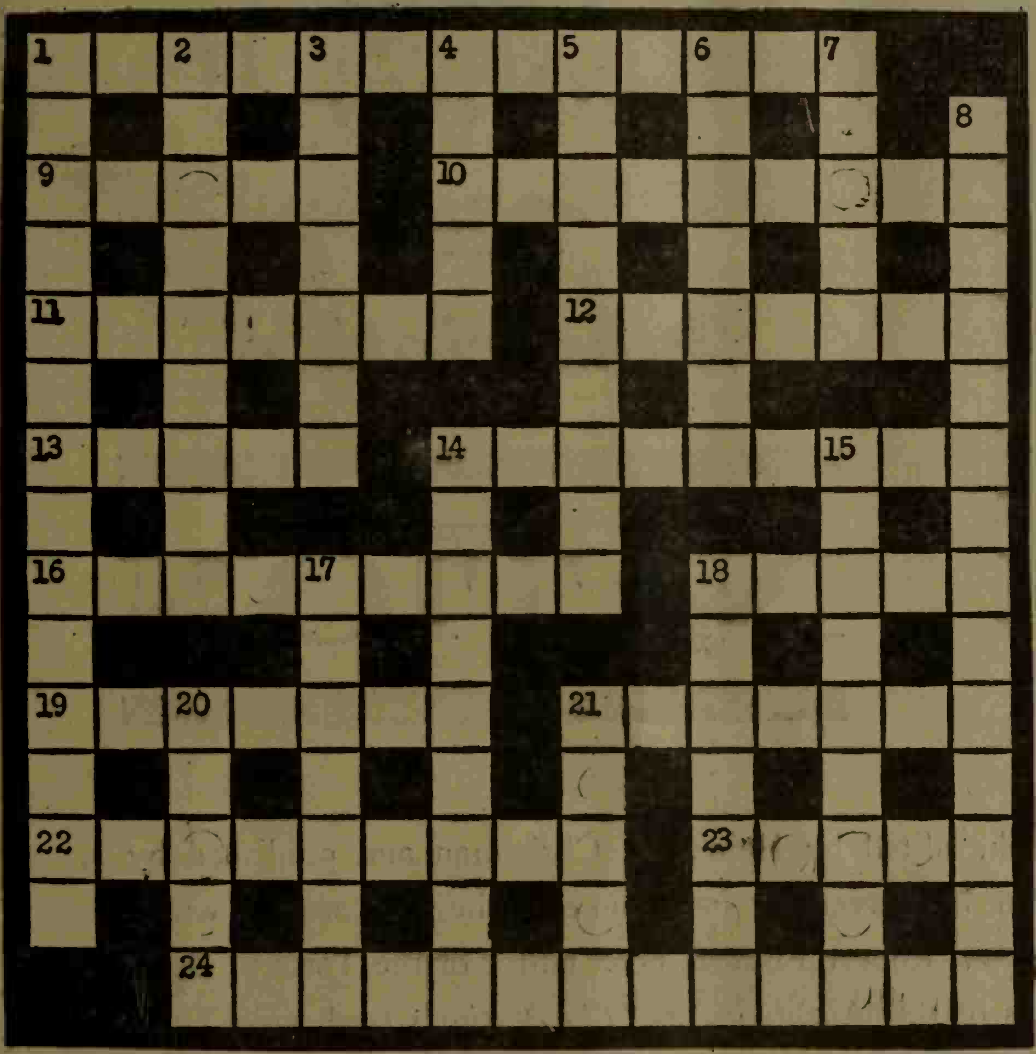

ACROSS:

1 Might be brought by the wearer of 8 down, but a man might not want it to be pressed. (9, 4)
9 and 14 One does not necessarily refute the principle that church and politics shouldn't mix. (5, 9)
10 A comedian from the old country?
11 Refers indirectly to everything attached to shaky financial obligations. (7)
12 The flying type had a passenger that pleased the forlorn. (7)
13 Eats out units of force, by the sound of it. (5)
16 Leers, with a new twist for the former of them. (9)
18 Experts might recognize his work meant confusion. (5)
19 Not Miss 14 across, as it appears.
21 Such a decision might be generally made. (7)
22 Fruit center in a composition? (9)
23 Outreason? It's not proper without issue. (5)
24 What floss at the circus seems to turn to might be whispered here. (5, 8)

DOWN:

1 Overture made to a country boy with fancy footwork? (4, 3, 7)
2 By the sound of it, bound to be over countries where oil may be an important resource. (9)
3 Variety of red rose associated with the screen. (7)
4 Existentialist statement, to a degree, but one of them requires only two syllables. (5)
5 The components are catchy, but one doesn't hope to get caught in one. (5, 4)
6 Pure and simple way to take off.
7 A little color in your writing effects this. (5)
8 The owner probably expects to wear it for a while. (9, 5)
14 Insects, it seems, might be found in the laboratory. (9)
15 A person covering a beach acquisition on the island? (9)
17 Want the result of this? (7)
18 Polite way to refer to a lady insect of considerable size? (7)
20 People found in castes, but not set up there. (5)
21 A little firm around the edges, but bloody in the middle, as one might believe. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1019

ACROSS: 1 Second base; 6 Dots; 10 Connote; 11 Finnish; 12 Silencer; 13 Ariel; 15 Loran; 17 Elephants; 19 Vishinsky; 21 Spahi; 24 Buttered; 27 Oratory; 28 Atheist; 29 Deal; 30 Crossroads. DOWN: 1, 23 and 9 down Sackcloth and ashes; 2 Cannier; 3 Niobe; 4 Bleachers; 5 Safer; 7 Opinion; 8 Scholastic; 14 Clavichord; 16 Neighbor; 18 Egyptians; 20 Stomata; 22 America; 24 Buyer; 25 Ether; 26 Otis.

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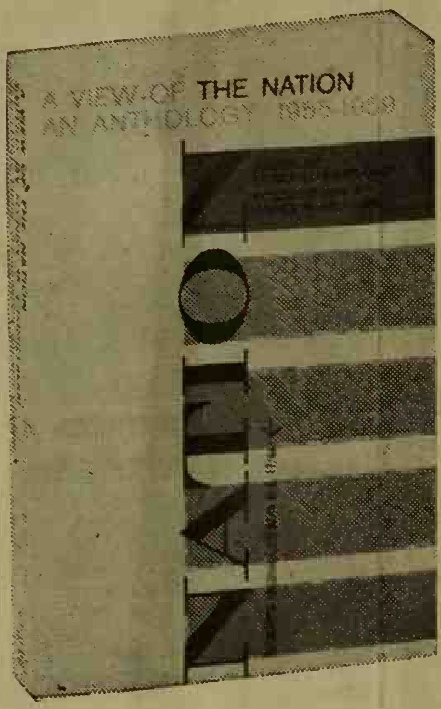

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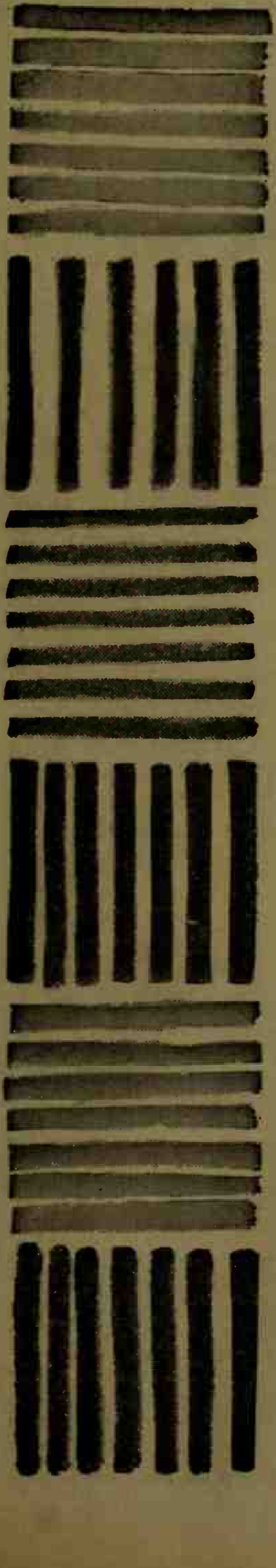

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LETTERS

Idealogues' retreat?

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In your March 23 issue, Messrs. Rousseas and Farganis ["Retreat of the Idealists"] criticize views which they attribute to Dan Bell and myself. They state their case well. . . . I would, however, like to comment on the following. Rousseas and Farganis agree that "There can be little doubt that most of their arguments on the decline, if not the end, of ideology as an operative force in the Western world are valid." What they question is the presumed fact that we approve of the situation, that we do not like ideological politics and, therefore, supposedly rejoice over its decline. May I call attention to the following from my work, *Political Man*, from which all their quotes come:

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>
> I know of no means to do so which are superior to or even approach the method of conflict. The only groups which have an "interest" to modify and reduce inequality are the underprivileged. But the underprivileged can impress their concerns on the social system only in a polity in which they are free to organize in unions, parties, co-operatives, and the like. *The only effective restraint on the power of the dominant class is counter-power*. . . . The primary weapons of the lower strata of the exploited classes, are the ability to organize, to strike, to demonstrate, and to vote rulers out of office. In any given society at any given time in history, the lower classes may not use these weapons effectively, they may not recognize their interests, but there is no other way. (Pp. xxii-xxiii; emphasis in the original.)

I fear that when Messrs. Rousseas and Farganis see in my defense of democracy a justification of the *status quo*, it is because they have a private image of the way in which society can advance more rapidly without the constraints of democratic procedures. And where we really differ is that I would see any such efforts as leading inevitably to the "even more intensive forms of exploitation and tyranny characteristic of the 'New Class' " (xxxi).

S. M. Lipset

Director, Institute of International Studies, University of California

New York

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lipset makes the point that we have "presumed" that he and Daniel Bell do not like ideological politics. He then takes the liberty of quoting himself extensively to prove that we are in error. We remain unconvinced. If Mr. Lipset argues, as he does, that democracy *is* the good society, and if by democracy he means, as he does, peaceful conflict resolution and the pragmatic counter-balancing of interests, is it a *presumption* on our part to conclude that democracy for him is equated with the good which, in turn, is equated with nonideological politics? Can Mr. Lipset pose as an intellectual critic of the society which he has already affirmed as "good?" Can he be serious in his expressed concern about the drift from "ideology" to "scientific sociology?" Can he have it both ways? We are at a loss to understand why his writings do not manifest this concern but, on the contrary, contribute to its further

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The Nation, Aug. 24, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 5

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EDITORIALS

OCT

Where Democracy Ends

The United States, as every reader of the press is assured almost every day, is an almost perfect democracy and is at loggerheads with the Communist blocs because they are undemocratic. Furthermore—according to the accepted formula—the United States loves the lesser democracies of the world and constantly gives them aid and encouragement against the wicked dictators and totalitarians. So far, everything is simple, but then a complication emerges. The Government of the United States has bestowed loving largesse in armaments and cash, running into the billions, on personages like Trujillo, Chiang, Rhee, Batista, the presently beset Duvalier, and many others who, even to the patriotic American who would fain believe that his government can do no wrong, look like bloody dictators. If his memory spans a few years, moreover, he may be plagued by the recollection that the CIA engaged dictator Armas to overthrow the democratically elected Arbenz in Guatemala, and performed a similar operation on Mossadegh in Iran.

What, then, transforms dictators into democrats, and democrats into dictators, in the American lexicon? It is that which, in free-enterprise statecraft, counts more than constitutions and free elections—foreign investment. By our investments ye shall know them. This is presumably one of the secret functions of the CIA, with its huge secret funds and a secret personnel rumored to number about 53,000. The principle has been succinctly enunciated by three members of the Committee for the Alliance for Progress—David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan bank, Winston of National City, and Collado of Standard Oil. "Without overpowering political considerations," these well-informed gentlemen asseverate, "the United States would not lend money or make grants in countries which persist in policies which discourage private investment." They might have added that, where possible, overpowering political considerations will impel deterrent action in countries which not only discourage private investment, but appropriate the property of those American corporations which, trustingly and in good faith, have invested their hard-earned capital.

Of course this has been going on for many decades and far antedates the cold war. One has only to read the memoirs of Maj. Gen. Smedley Butler who, after an honorable career protecting U.S. investments by leading the Marines into defaulting Central American republics, came to the mourner's bench and told all. And it could go on indefinitely, were it not for the obloquy which has overtaken colonialism and, above all, the Bomb. Castro is a case in point. For all intents and purposes, Cuba was an American colony, and Castro took it away from us. Then, after some attempts at negotiation, he seized American investments. The State Department reacted in accordance with the time-honored formula.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

The next issue of *The Nation* will appear on Sept. 7, after which we resume normal weekly publication.

According to the formula, it would be right and moral to rectify the expropriation by dropping a few small-caliber A-bombs on Castro's domain, but this would be so perilous that even the State Department, and two Presidents in succession, have refrained. Only now and then a Senator, reaching for Cuban headlines, cries for vengeance, either because he needs the votes or because contributors to his campaign chest are demanding help in recovering their losses.

The trouble is that they would lose still more in a nuclear war; in fact, they would lose everything, including themselves. Thus the Bomb has somewhat impaired the sacred primacy of investment. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and Smedley Butler and the other repentant Marine, Evans F. Carlson, can rest quietly in their graves. In recognition of the facts, it might be well to relieve the State Department of the duty of protecting overseas investment and let the Commerce Department act as a collection agency when such funds are threatened. It is no immediate prospect, but strange things are happening these days.

A Wrong Remedy

The Security Council's recent approval of a resolution barring the shipment of arms and ammunition to South Africa is no answer to the challenge posed by that country's maniacal pursuit of its apartheid policy. At best, it can provide a temporary respite. The chilling truth is, as Colin Legum implied in our August 10 issue, that a revolution of near-continental proportions is under way; Black Africa is determined that the South African regime shall be toppled, by force if necessary. Bloodshed on a scale that would constitute war by any standard is inevitable unless the UN takes more drastic action than it has so far shown any signs of doing.

Admittedly, remedies are not easy to come by. The South African Government obdurately refuses to recognize the UN's competence in the matter. The existence of three British protectorates (see "Enclaves of Trouble in South Africa," by Jack Halpern, July 27), and especially South Africa's mandate over Southwest Africa, complicate the situation. But whatever further steps the UN may have to take—economic sanctions, a

LETTERS

Idealogues' retreat?

Berkeley, Calif.

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> [While] a system of stratification . . . is inherent in the nature of any complex social system, such inequality is basically punitive and discriminatory. . . . And since I feel that inequality though inevitable is *immoral*, I support all measures that would serve to reduce its extent, or that would bring the utopian goals of "equality of status and of opportunity" closer to reality. . . .
>
> I know of no means to do so which are superior to or even approach the method of conflict. The only groups which have an "interest" to modify and reduce inequality are the underprivileged. But the underprivileged can impress their concerns on the social system only in a polity in which they are free to organize in unions, parties, co-operatives, and the like. *The only effective restraint on the power of the dominant class is counter-power.* . . . The primary weapons of the lower strata of the exploited classes, are the ability to organize, to strike, to demonstrate, and to vote rulers out of office. In any given society at any given time in history, the lower classes may not use these weapons effectively, they may not recognize their interests, but there is no other way. (Pp. xxii-xxiii; emphasis in the original.)

I fear that when Messrs. Rousseas and Farganis see in my defense of democracy a justification of the *status quo*, it is because they have a private image of the way in which society can advance more rapidly without the constraints of democratic procedures. And where we really differ is that I would see any such efforts as leading inevitably to the "even more intensive forms of exploitation and tyranny characteristic of the 'New Class'" (xxxi).

S. M. Lipset
Director, Institute of International
Studies, University of California

New York

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lipset makes the point that we have "presumed" that he and Daniel Bell do not like ideological politics. He then takes the liberty of quoting himself extensively to prove that we are in error. We remain unconvinced. If Mr. Lipset argues, as he does, that democracy *is* the good society, and if by democracy he means, as he does, peaceful conflict resolution and the pragmatic counter-balancing of interests, is it a *presumption* on our part to conclude that democracy for him is equated with the good which, in turn, is equated with nonideological politics? Can Mr. Lipset pose as an intellectual critic of the society which he has already affirmed as "good?" Can he be serious in his expressed concern about the drift from "ideology" to "scientific sociology?" Can he have it both ways? We are at a loss to understand why his writings do not manifest this concern but, on the contrary, contribute to its further

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The Nation, Aug. 24, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 5

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

EDITORIALS

OCT 2

Where Democracy Ends

The United States, as every reader of the press is assured almost every day, is an almost perfect democracy and is at loggerheads with the Communist blocs because they are undemocratic. Furthermore—according to the accepted formula—the United States loves the lesser democracies of the world and constantly gives them aid and encouragement against the wicked dictators and totalitarians. So far, everything is simple, but then a complication emerges. The Government of the United States has bestowed loving largesse in armaments and cash, running into the billions, on personages like Trujillo, Chiang, Rhee, Batista, the presently beset Duvalier, and many others who, even to the patriotic American who would fain believe that his government can do no wrong, look like bloody dictators. If his memory spans a few years, moreover, he may be plagued by the recollection that the CIA engaged dictator Armas to overthrow the democratically elected Arbenz in Guatemala, and performed a similar operation on Mossadegh in Iran.

What, then, transforms dictators into democrats, and democrats into dictators, in the American lexicon? It is that which, in free-enterprise statecraft, counts more than constitutions and free elections—foreign investment. By our investments ye shall know them. This is presumably one of the secret functions of the CIA, with its huge secret funds and a secret personnel rumored to number about 53,000. The principle has been succinctly enunciated by three members of the Committee for the Alliance for Progress—David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan bank, Winston of National City, and Collado of Standard Oil. "Without overpowering political considerations," these well-informed gentlemen asseverate, "the United States would not lend money or make grants in countries which persist in policies which discourage private investment." They might have added that, where possible, overpowering political considerations will impel deterrent action in countries which not only discourage private investment, but appropriate the property of those American corporations which, trustingly and in good faith, have invested their hard-earned capital.

Of course this has been going on for many decades and far antedates the cold war. One has only to read the memoirs of Maj. Gen. Smedley Butler who, after an honorable career protecting U.S. investments by leading the Marines into defaulting Central American republics, came to the mourner's bench and told all. And it could go on indefinitely, were it not for the obloquy which has overtaken colonialism and, above all, the Bomb. Castro is a case in point. For all intents and purposes, Cuba was an American colony, and Castro took it away from us. Then, after some attempts at negotiation, he seized American investments. The State Department reacted in accordance with the time-honored formula.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

The next issue of *The Nation* will appear on Sept. 7, after which we resume normal weekly publication.

According to the formula, it would be right and moral to rectify the expropriation by dropping a few small-caliber A-bombs on Castro's domain, but this would be so perilous that even the State Department, and two Presidents in succession, have refrained. Only now and then a Senator, reaching for Cuban headlines, cries for vengeance, either because he needs the votes or because contributors to his campaign chest are demanding help in recovering their losses.

The trouble is that they would lose still more in a nuclear war; in fact, they would lose everything, including themselves. Thus the Bomb has somewhat impaired the sacred primacy of investment. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and Smedley Butler and the other repentant Marine, Evans F. Carlson, can rest quietly in their graves. In recognition of the facts, it might be well to relieve the State Department of the duty of protecting overseas investment and let the Commerce Department act as a collection agency when such funds are threatened. It is no immediate prospect, but strange things are happening these days.

A Wrong Remedy

The Security Council's recent approval of a resolution barring the shipment of arms and ammunition to South Africa is no answer to the challenge posed by that country's maniacal pursuit of its apartheid policy. At best, it can provide a temporary respite. The chilling truth is, as Colin Legum implied in our August 10 issue, that a revolution of near-continental proportions is under way; Black Africa is determined that the South African regime shall be toppled, by force if necessary. Bloodshed on a scale that would constitute war by any standard is inevitable unless the UN takes more drastic action than it has so far shown any signs of doing.

Admittedly, remedies are not easy to come by. The South African Government obdurately refuses to recognize the UN's competence in the matter. The existence of three British protectorates (see "Enclaves of Trouble in South Africa," by Jack Halpern, July 27), and especially South Africa's mandate over Southwest Africa, complicate the situation. But whatever further steps the UN may have to take—economic sanctions, a naval blockade, the severing of diplomatic relations by member states—there is one step that has been urged upon the world body which should *not* be taken. To expel South Africa would do more harm than good.

Aside from the general principle that recalcitrance can be better dealt with from within than from without, expulsion would be especially undesirable in this case. South Africa holds the mandate over Southwest Africa, a matter of relevance to the Trusteeship Council. Charges that Pretoria has violated the terms of the mandate have been referred to the International Court of Justice, and a decision is expected in a matter of months. If South Africa is found guilty, the UN may want to assume the mandate itself. For the UN, at this point, to expel South Africa would be tantamount to defaulting on its trusteeship obligations. Nor should any attempt by South Africa voluntarily to "withdraw" from the UN be permitted to attenuate these obligations. A judge does not permit a trustee to escape his responsibilities by walking out of the court.

The Security Council's resolution gives Secretary-General U Thant until October 30 to report on developments. The UN must see to it that events in Africa do not outrun its plans to deal with them.

Prejudice for Export

Resolute exponents of the rights of individuals and the states, such as Senator Goldwater, have made much ado about Defense Secretary McNamara's instruction to military base commanders that, if approved in individual cases by the Secretary, commanders may declare off-limits establishments which discriminate against Negro soldiers. It seems that the Republic is going to the dogs when soldiers are ordered to stay away from a tavern in which Negroes are not allowed to drink with whites. What becomes of the right of the saloonkeeper to do as he will with his private property? Southern Senators, as well as the distinguished Senator from Arizona, may well shudder as they drink their mint juleps at home.

But if Senator Goldwater and his Southern colleagues are really so enamored of the prerogatives of private property, they ought to take a look at the behavior of many white GIs stationed in West Germany. There, bar and restaurant proprietors want to serve anyone, white, black or yellow, who can pay the bill; but, according to *Variety*, the GIs won't permit that. These proselyters for the Southern creed have established their own Jim Crow bars by force of their own fists. A Negro who dares enter a self-proclaimed "white" bar is thrown out — and often beaten up into the bargain. Race-conscious GIs have also beaten up African students who inadvertently entered bars or night spots reserved for white representatives of American culture.

There is something captivating about American soldiers, apostles of democracy, teaching racism to the Germans — and, in the bargain, violating the private-property rights which racist politicians at home cherish so dearly. It would take a Jonathan Swift to do justice to the theme, but *Variety* has made a good beginning — and furnished Secretary McNamara with still another problem.

Affluence, Ltd.

The scene is New York, but the same syndrome is appearing in other parts of the country. "City Seeks to Halt Slump in Building Construction," *The New York Times* headline reads (August 5) and mentions as one factor in the drop "evident overbuilding of luxury apartment buildings." The hard-pressed landlords and their renting agents are giving away everything but the buildings themselves; in another article (August 4) the *Times* lists free limousine transportation for prospective tenants, free parking of the tenant's own car or, if he has no car, the landlord will rent one for him during the summer months. Other inducements include payment of moving costs; free maid service two hours a day, three days a week; or free rent for periods ranging up to six months. All this generosity, of course, is impelled by fear of revenues lost through vacant space plus the pressure generated by lending institutions, which won't give the landlord the mortgage he needs unless his building is 75 per cent rented.

The situation is much the same in one-family housing. Juxtaposed in the previous week's real-estate section of the *Times* are two articles which the editor may not have intended to be complementary. As everyone in real estate knows, the suburban public is exceedingly bathroom-conscious; the time may be approaching when the bathrooms will supplant the living room as the principal attraction of the house. Already the suburban householder is not satisfied with ordinary American baths and showers; in addition, he must have a sauna bath, the famous Finnish institution which enabled the Finns to stand off the Russians so long in the war of 1939. In U.S. suburbia, it is used to ease the nerves of overburdened executives. The sauna is set at 200 degrees Fahrenheit but, since the heat is dry, the executive does not approach the boiling point. The price tag is $1,995 and up, and the houses are in the $50,000-$70,000 range.

In the other *Times* article, which deals with houses selling for a paltry $10,000 to $15,000, a disquieting note is also sounded. Federal Housing and Veterans Administration foreclosures, negligible in the forties and fifties—FHA had 120 foreclosures in 1948—are rising at a rate which is causing concern. A hundred thousand FHA foreclosures are expected in 1963. VA, which does not lend directly but guarantees loans by private agencies, had 21,860 foreclosures in 1962 and repossessed over 25,000 homes in the past two months alone, although so far most have been resold.

Affluence is too limited, it appears, in real estate as elsewhere.

Sabotaging R & D

If there is anything sacred in the current business credo, it is research and development. R&D is the lifeblood of private enterprise, the defense bastion of the free world, the central nervous system of business. But when it comes to disbursing actual money for R&D on specific projects, it turns out that the only variety on whose beauty and virtue all can agree is aerospace and weapons research and the resulting applications. Most of the beauty, of course, comes from the fact that the government pays almost the entire bill and defense industry reaps the profit.

The Nation referred to this anomaly in an editorial, "The Two Economies," in the March 23 issue. Now the matter has been taken up at length by D. S. Greenberg in the June 28 *Science*, under the head, "Civilian Technology: Program to Boost Industrial Research Heavily Slashed in House."

In an effort to correct the existing imbalance between the military and the civilian sectors and to bring the benefits of R&D to all of industry, J. Herbert Holloman was appointed Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Science and Technology. Mr. Holloman is no impractical theorist; he used to be general manager of General Electric's general engineering laboratory. Holloman's solution for spreading around the benefits of research, and enabling U.S. industry to compete in production with our allies, was called Civilian Industrial Technology (CIT); he requested $7.4 million to put it into effect. The House cut this to $1 million and restricted it solely to the textile industry. Mind you, we are talking millions, not billions. One million is about what the United States spends for "defense" every ten minutes; what Holloman asked for is what "defense" costs every hour throughout the year.

The powerful organizations of business — the National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, and the innumerable trade associations and lobbies which watch over the interests of specific industries (actually the affluent members of those industries) — were as cool toward Holloman's proposals as was Congress. His argument had been that only the largest firms in the largest industries could afford to maintain the personnel and laboratories that lead to new products, new processes and improved productivity. He did not seem to realize that that was exactly what big business wanted. Are we to be taxed, its representatives asked, for the benefit of the "laggards" in our industry, those fly-by-nights whom we are going to buy out when we get ready? The idea of the government's promoting research in such fields as building, for instance, struck the representative of the structural clay products industry as coming "about as close to destruction of the free-enterprise concept as anything can get." And the building-trades union officials agreed with him.

Perhaps Mr. Holloman had better go to Switzerland, Sweden, Japan or West Germany where, as he pointed out when asking for his $7.4 million, a larger percentage of gross national product is spent on R&D that aids the civilian economy than is allocated here.

THE ASPIRIN JUNGLE . . . . Brian Inglis

London

For many years the British have watched sardonically the developments across the Atlantic of the Over-Medicated Society. In the 1920s, the stock picture here of an American was of an exuberantly, almost painfully healthy man addicted only to horn-rimmed glasses (worn less for myopia than to hint at intellectual capacity underlying the brawn). He is still thought of as a size or two larger than Europeans; but it is assumed here that in every All-American there is an analysand trying to get out. For his peace of mind and body, he needs to carry with him a medicine chest full of tranquilizers and pep pills, inhalants and antacids—and they are for use when he is well, or at least on his feet. What will be put into him when he is actually sick beggars speculation.

But the British are just beginning to realize that this is their image, too, as the *Punch* cartoon on the next page shows. Two years ago, the term "side effect" was unknown here, outside the medical profession—and not all that well known inside it. Doctors were still insisting that such reactions were caused not by the drugs, but by the patient, who was told he was "hypersensitive" or "allergic" and left to believe it was his fault that all his hair had fallen out, or his face had begun to resemble a shriveled Twelfth Night balloon.

Dependence on drugs is no new phenomenon in Britain; all classes have long taken for granted that pills and potions are inseparable from health, as well as from sickness. Countless millions of citizens, under the impression that their bowel movements must at all costs be kept regular, have taken pills to keep them regular from cradle to grave; and any doctor who tries to tell his patients that they should learn to do without the mixture that has always been prescribed for them still runs the risk of offending them. And almost the first American book I can remember reading, Ernest Thompson Seton's *Rolf in the Woods* (are Seton's works still in print, there with you?) described how the callow city youth, out on his first canoe expedition to the wilds, eventually plucked up the courage to tip the several medicines that his mother had sent with him overboard: squills, apoldeldoc and all the rest.

In those days, however, drugs were harmless enough, for good or ill. Most of their benefit was peace

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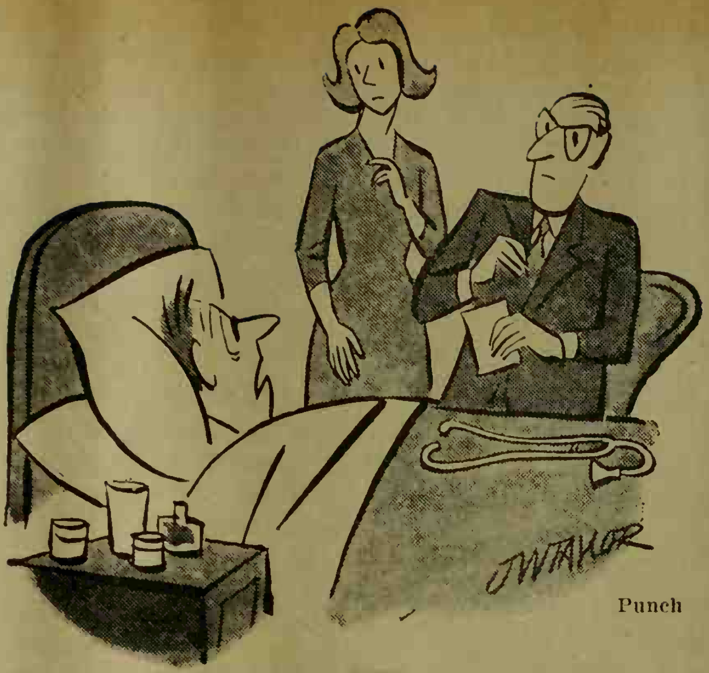
Brian Inglis, former editor of The Spectator *and author of several books on medical subjects, is now working on a history of medicine.*

of mind—not to be scoffed at, now that we know so much more about the mind's influence over the body: placebo-effect of this kind can be valuable. The real difference today is not so much that more drugs are consumed (though they are), but that they are vastly more powerful. The full implications of that power are only now coming to be understood.

For a brief honeymoon period in the early 1950s, after the new antibiotics had been gleefully paired off with the bacteria that they were designed to subdue, doctors believed that their new weapon could be applied selectively, discriminatingly, against disease. The body would provide the battlefield, and perhaps occasionally suffer indirectly from the conflict waged over it, but ordinarily it would not be directly affected by the drug. The consequences of some of the sulfa drugs first jolted this belief; the thalidomide affair showed it to be an illusion; and in the eighteen months since the effects of thalidomide on the foetus were first exposed, a dozen or more drugs have come under suspicion of causing destructive and sometimes lethal disorders. Almost all modern drugs, too, have predictable minor but uncomfortable side effects—a notion now so well established that one enterprising manufacturer here is actually advertising a drug designed to cure the disorders caused by other drugs.

The medical profession once used to boast of adherence to the maxim, "at least, do no harm"; now, it accepts and tries to justify these side effects' existence as an inevitable concomitant of therapeutic advance. In the great majority of cases, they are not. The most deplorable example, probably, concerns the antibiotic chloramphenicol, which for the last few years has headed the list of drugs that kill patients by inducing blood disorders. Chloramphenicol, marketed under the brand name Chloromycetin, is still outstandingly the best antibiotic for use in typhoid cases; but typhoid, as the recent publicity given to the Zermatt epidemic indirectly showed, is no longer a common disease, at least in the developed countries.

Nor, in Britain at least, are there many cases of Rocky Mountain fever, or of psittacosis, the only other disorders for which it is seriously claimed that chloramphenicol is invaluable. Yet Chloromycetin has continued to be sold here as a "broad spectrum," general-purpose antibiotic; the manufacturers, Parke Davis, have continued to advertise it for that purpose; and medical journals—though their articles have been warning that Chloromycetin should never be prescribed except for typhoid—have continued to accept those advertisements. The company's advertising of Chloromycetin has not, admittedly, been so grossly distorted here as it has been, to judge by the Kefauver report, in the United States; but to realize that physicians are still using it for general purposes is not pleasant.


Punch

"Drugs, side-effects, more drugs, more side-effects — couldn't I go back to the original cold?"

The realization that many of today's drugs are dangerous has put the medical profession in an unfortunate predicament. Because it does not want to lose the confidence of the public, it has discouraged any vigorous campaign in the lay press against excessive reliance on drugs. But this only means that the public continues to demand drugs; and doctors, themselves dependent on prescribing drugs as the only standard form of treatment, try to conceal their deficiencies.

Often a doctor will not admit even to himself, still less to his patients, that symptoms have arisen not from the disease, but from the attempt to cure it. In any case, many of these iatrogenic disorders are never traced to their real cause, because they do not arise until weeks or even years after the drug has been administered. It is quite possible that many people now lie under a suspended death sentence from drugs consumed in the past. Recently the drug Imferon, used against anemia, was found to cause tumors in animals after a latent period of nine months—the equivalent of twenty years in the human life span. The fact that it causes tumors in animals does not, admittedly, necessarily mean it will have the same effect on humans; but at least it should provide a salutary warning. Yet even after Imferon's effect on animals had become known, the manufacturers continued to advertise it for anemic pregnant mothers.

If drugs were used only against diseases caused by infections and contagions, the risk might be justified. But since the war the belief has grown that for disorders of every kind there is an appropriate drug—or, more often, several rival brands, all claiming to be appropriate. They have come to be used extensively against the degenerative disorders of the digestive, circulatory and respiratory systems. A few have a limited palliative effect, but the therapeutic value of the majority has been grossly exaggerated. The classic example was cortisone, for a while ecstatically hailed as the answer to rheumatoid arthritis. Eventually, the Medical Research Council in Britain, after a thorough investigation, reported that its introduction had "not materially affected the prognosis of patients developing rheumatoid arthritis" and suggested that "in the long-term management of the disease, medication with aspirin is more often likely to prove satisfactory." Aspirin at least did not (except in a handful of cases) have cortisone's ugly side effects, ranging from nausea, headaches and acne to the growth of facial hair in women, and to insanity.

What was found to be true of cortisone is also true of most of the drugs that have since been marketed for the treatment of other degenerative disorders. A few weeks ago, a leading article in the *British Medical Journal* virtually dismissed all the treatments that have been tried out recently for stomach ulcers—drugs and operations alike—as futile. Last summer, too, at the annual conference of the British Medical Association, doctors roundly condemned the use of anticoagulants in arteriosclerosis. Enormous sums had been spent here on research and treatment with anticoagulants, with occasional triumphant reports of their success; but careful trials in Denmark have revealed that their effect on the disease, as manifested in the mortality, "is very slight or nil." As for drugs used against high blood pressure, a *BMJ* article on the subject shortly afterwards was even more seathing. In the course of his career, Dr. William Evans of the London Hospital wrote, he had seen no fewer than fifty-eight of them put on the market. The earlier ones, he said, had done no good, but at least they did no harm; but latterly the more potent drugs produced uncomfortable and often distressing side effects, including conjunctivitis, muscular pain, skin eruptions, swelling of joints, agitation and depressive psychosis. These drugs, he asserted, had no effect on the cause of hypertension; and it was time their use was discontinued. Needless to say, it has not been discontinued.

The use of drugs to combat neurotic and stress disorders has been as extensive, and even more wasteful; notably Meprobamate, better known here as Equanil and in the United States as Miltown. A few years ago a clinical trial was held in London to test five drugs, all of which had some reputation as tension-reducers; as a check, a sixth pill was also given, a placebo made of an inert substance. Neither the patients nor the doctors knew which pill was which. When the results were compared, the only pill which could be claimed as having a significantly tranquilizing effect was a barbiturate, one of the old-fashioned sedatives which the profession was anxious to discard, for various reasons—not least being that it causes depression and sometimes encourages suicides as well as providing an easy way to commit them. The so-called "tranquilizers," including Miltown, gave no better results than the placebo pill. Tranquilizers, by implication, owe their success to placebo effect—or, at least, they cannot improve on it. What doctors and patients have believed they owe to the march of science has been faith healing.

Most drugs on the market today are of no more value than placebos; those that are more valuable are dangerous, and their successors are likely to become even more so. The reasons for this closely parallel those which were given by Rachel Carson, in her *Silent Spring*, to explain the calamitous results of indiscriminate use of pesticides. Microbes, like insects, are part of the evolutionary pattern. When subjected to some catastrophic inundation with chemicals, they may be wiped out; but, as a rule, a few survive, to breed resistant strains. "The drug-resistant staphylococcus," as Dr. Robert Moser put it in his *Diseases of Medical Progress*, "has risen as a grotesque spectre to haunt physicians throughout the world. It is indeed a modern plague, largely of our own creation." What is really required in these circumstances is a different kind of treatment, biological rather than chemical, taking the evolutionary aspect into account, and realizing that germs and viruses, like most insects, are not necessarily harmful; they can be persuaded to lead innocuous lives if ways are found to keep them contented—but under control. Attempts to poison them off merely make them more vicious.

It is consequently futile to continue to hope, as the medical profession, lulled by the manufacturers, still does, that new drugs will solve the problems presented by the failure of the old. Temporarily, they may—it takes staphylococci some little time to acquire resistance to any new antibiotic. But the risks are formidable. When thalidomide was found to have teratogenic effects (the ability to produce malformations), the initial assumption was that this was a freak. Yet eighteen months later, a leader in the *Lancet* was admitting that "With our present knowledge, it would be hard to refute the hypothesis that all drugs of therapeutic value are potentially toxic to the embryo of some animal, if the right conditions of timing and dosage can be achieved. Indeed, some teratologists would not entirely oppose the view that a drug is either a teratogen or a placebo." A similar thesis could be put forward about drugs and adults: every drug is either potentially toxic to some humans, or a placebo. And as we still do not know the full extent of the hazards, every new molecular permutation of the antibiotic structure constitutes a new risk.

Nor is it possible, at this point, to go back to the old and tried medicines of the past. "Where," a correspondent in the *British Medical Journal* asked sadly a few months ago, "are the drugs of yesteryear?" The answer is that they are out of production, either because the development of resistant strains of virus has rendered them useless, or because they have been shown to owe their reputation to the enthusiasm of the prescribers and the faith of the patients (placebo effect). Some distinguished medical writers have argued that virtually all treatment with drugs until the mid-1930s was placebo-based; and once a drug has been exposed as a placebo it cannot be revived, as the quality which made it work — belief in its powers — has been lost.

The only solution is for doctors to begin to relearn their trade; to cease dispensing drugs, and instead to dispense *with* drugs. This is going to be exceedingly difficult. The public has become accustomed to thinking of illness as something that has to be treated by the ingestion of some active substance into the body. How this is achieved varies according to the national taste: the British used to like to take their drugs out of medicine bottles, but now prefer pills; the French rely on suppositories; and the Italians do not feel they are getting the real thing unless it is injected. (A friend of mine in the diplomatic service insists that if he wakes up in hospital afflicted with amnesia following a motor accident, he will at least know which part of Europe he is in by the part of the anatomy through which drugs have been given to him.)

The *Punch* cartoon patient, wanting back his cold, may perhaps signify the beginnings of a new attitude of mind; but if it does, what will happen to the doctors themselves? They, too, by habit and training, are dependent on drugs. For their own peace of mind, they feel they must give something; and if they can't give drugs, what on earth can they do? The answer, briefly, is that the medical profession needs to take another look at what illness is for. It is an evolutionary mechanism, designed to promote the survival of the fittest. In the old days, the mechanism worked indiscriminately and inefficiently—as it still does in many underdeveloped countries, with their plagues. In civilized countries, though, infectious diseases are largely under control, leaving very different kinds of illness—notably the neuroses, the psychoses, and the disorders caused by the degenerative processes and by stress. Illness in such circumstances reflects a need, as Paracelsus realized in the fifteenth century. What the doctor must begin to ask is not "What caused this illness?" but "What are these symptoms trying to tell me?"

Drugs will still be needed, for Zermatt-type epidemics or where an ordinary illness, like influenza, goes over the top, as it can sometimes do, into pneumonia: in short, for real emergencies. But the profession will have to find some means to wean itself and the public from dependence on drugs for ordinary occasions, or, very soon, it will lose the public's confidence—as, indeed, it has already begun to do, to judge by the startling development of unorthodox medical practices in many parts of the world.

Bartolomeo Vanzetti

LAST LETTERS HOME

These six letters, in English translation, are the last that Vanzetti wrote to his family in Italy during the seven and a half weeks before his life, and Sacco's, were taken on August 23, 1927. They are the culmination of a long flow of letters Vanzetti began sending to his native town of Villafalletto in the north of Italy twenty-six years earlier, when at the age of thirteen he was sent to work in a pastry shop in a nearby city. Some hundred-odd of these letters, a large part of them written before his imprisonment, were published a year ago in Italy under the watchful eye of Vanzetti's surviving sister, Vincenzina; like almost everything else Vanzetti put his hand to, the collection is extraordinary.

The following letters are printed whole (the ellipses in the last letter are Vanzetti's), translated from photocopies of the original manuscripts. There has been no attempt to make them uniform, for nothing was more unlike Vanzetti than uniformity. He dated his manuscripts in both English and Italian style, with sometimes the name of the month in English, sometimes not, and used English rules of capitalization throughout. But in Italian he did not make the colossal number of minor mistakes he made in his newly learned language, for Vanzetti's Italian was very good. Three of these letters bear the imprint of a prison stamp which reads: Do NOT BRING ANY PARCELS/THEY WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. YOU MAY/ SEND MONEY WITH WHICH INMATE/ MAY PURCHASE DESIRED ARTICLES. *The others, as is the case with the bulk of Vanzetti's production, were smuggled out of prison by members of the defense committee or the defense lawyers.*

There is a postscript to these last letters home. Luigina Vanzetti visited her brother a few days before the execution, and in one of the last notes Vanzetti wrote, he told her: ". . . what joy seeing you again and hearing your sweet words of love and encouragement. But I believe it has been a terrible mistake having made you cross the ocean to see me here. You cannot understand how much I suffer seeing you witness my agony and seeing you compelled to live the suffering which I must confront."

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

[*Mr. di Giovanni, translator of Italian and Spanish poetry, has been studying some 2,000 pages of Sacco-Vanzetti mss. on a Rabinowitz Foundation grant.*]

July 1, 1927

Dearest Sister:—

Last night we were taken from the county jail at Dedham and brought to the State Prison in Charlestown, where I was before.

On June 28th Governor Fuller postponed the date of the execution for a month—that is, to August 10th; with the result that we believed we were to remain in Dedham until August 1st, and we are left surprised and amazed by the sudden transfer.

I have not yet seen the lawyer and therefore do not know the reasons for this transfer or who requested it. I cannot tell you anything certain about it. But the fact remains that the date of the execution was postponed to August 10th.

Very probably Mr. Thompson will come today, and perhaps he will be able to explain things to me.

I am quite well and am calm, and confident in the future.

That's why I pray you all to be calm, have courage and take care of yourselves.

Kisses and greetings to Father, Cenzina, the Aunts, and yourself.

Your affectionate brother,

Bartolomeo Vanzetti

July 14, 1927.
Box 100, Charlestown,
Mass.

Dearest Sister.

Your letter of last May was delivered to me only a few days ago; but I have received and answered your later letters. Together with yours I received a letter from the good Elvira Fantini, with photographs of her two girls enclosed. She begs me to answer her; but since my letters here are limited and my time even more so, I beg you to write her for me; tell her that her letter gave me great pleasure, that I am cheered by the photographs of the children. Tell her that I always remember the old times together in good company and that I remember Olga so well that I can't think of her, Elvira, without seeing her in my memory with Olga in her arms. Tell her also to write me and that I'm expecting the promised photographs of her and Pietro, and that if possible I'll write her a long letter. Address:

M. Pietro Isaia
Plateao du Piol, Maison Bergia
A. p. M. Nice
France.

I have arranged for the photograph that you want and I give you my word it will be sent you.

With regard to the case I can tell you very little. The 1st of July, at midnight, the maliciousness of the Dedham sheriff carried us off secretly to Charlestown. The Governor says he knew nothing about it. It is certain that he gave us a postponement in time to allow us to remain in Dedham another month; but in his orders he did not specify it and so they brought us here. I am inclined to believe that he knew nothing about it and that it was not he who ordered our transfer; but I have been deceived so much and treated so badly by so many people that I can no longer think well of any of the authorities of this State. He, the Governor, has given orders to let us have a daily walk, even the other two prisoners condemned to death, Madeiros and Jemzium—this is something never done before. This morning we will take our first walk.

Last week we were interviewed by the commission of inquiry composed of Prof. Lowell, President of Harvard University; Prof. Stratton, President of the Mass. Institute of Technology; and Judge George Grant. The first two are great scholars, men of mind and heart, who would not give an adverse judgment for any motive other than their sincere conviction of our guilt. Of this I have no fear. They were very courteous; they openly approved almost all my arguments and even my means of judging and my expounded ideas; but Judge Grant gave me the impression of not wanting to understand the evidence favorable to us and of being unfriendly to us because of differences of ideas and sentiments, and of having taken a stand in favor of our enemies. Thayer especially, whom he resembles so much. Later, they questioned even Madeiros. The Governor is coming to see us too; but I don't know when.

What he will do, because after all, everything depends now on him, the Governor, I cannot tell and I have little faith. One thing alone I know and it is that if with all the true proofs favorable to us and the few false ones against us, he should send us to death, he too would be nothing more or less than a murderer—like the others. Those who know him say that he is honest, sincere and courageous. I do not know him and I have no wish to believe him bad. And if he is good and courageous, he will have no desire to murder me and punish me for two crimes for which I have demonstrated my innocence and the prosecution has never demonstrated the probability of a single possible guilt of mine; and he will have the courage to disobey our powerful enemies and give us justice: this I know; but not what he will do. That's why I cannot tell you more about the outlook or about what will happen.

I am quite well in health and apart from the rules of the place, I am treated well here; I am able to write many letters; buy extra food; and Rosi comes to visit us three or four times a week. The people outside are doing all they can. That is why we have not lost courage but are in good spirits. Many kisses to father, to Cenzina, Ettore and you. I embrace you all. Your brother,
Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

19 July 1927.

Dearest Luigina:—

Yesterday Aldino, of the Committee, and Mr. Thompson came to see me. I asked the former to send a telegram to Giacomo Caldera, for you. If it was done, it is not necessary to repeat its contents.

I thought, for a time, that the evidence of the case and the universal protest at the death sentence might have induced the Gov. to want to see, to understand and to grant us reparation. I believed that the truth would leap to the eyes of anyone who was named to the commission of inquiry—provided that he wanted to see and understand.

Instead, for all the little I've been given to know, I understand that as much as the Gov., the commission does not want to or cannot, or both, see and understand. That one of the members, Judge Grant, is hostile to us, having made up his mind beforehand, assuring and reassuring the Gov. of being impartial in order to be able, by that false declaration, to be named to the commission and give an opinion against us, and to influence the other members to do likewise. This has been proved. The other two illustrious members of the commission are certainly better and superior to Grant, and yet their interview assured me that they had not apprehended the most obvious viciousness and injustices of the trial from their reading of the transcript and the other documents.

The commission insulted and mistreated the truthful defense witnesses because an American friend of theirs lied twice about a fact affirmed by them. It is true that finally it was discovered, through the work of Thompson, that the American had lied twice and the three defense witnesses, professional men and Italians, had told the truth—but meanwhile, the fact reveals the commission's inclinations. In other words, they do not want or are not able to believe the defense witnesses.

This is the reason I have begun a hunger strike and have sent for you, you or Vincenzina. Anyhow, all of you try to be calm and strong. Just last night I received your letter of June 3rd, from which I understand that on that day you did not know we had been secretly carried off at midnight of the 30th of June to the State Prison at Charlestown. (You must have been mistaken in the date and put June in place of July, because on June 3rd you could not have known that Branting brought me flowers June 11th—and also because the postmark on the envelope bears the date 5 July 1927.)

Well, in that cowardly nocturnal kidnapping, Branting's flowers were left behind in my cell in Dedham and they went astray. They are those blue flowers that grow in the wheatfields and that are picked by us with the "madone" and other flowers to scatter on the roads on Corpus Domini day. Drying out, they change color, and have petals so narrow and fringed that they can't be dried the way some others can. By now you will also have learned that Branting proclaimed us innocent. The 500,000 signatures are a small fraction of the total received by the Gov., and are only those which had been sent to the Committee by the signers and received before the 23rd of June. One French newspaper alone, "Le Soir," collected two million signatures. Calculating not the number of signatures, or of petitions, but the number of persons represented in many single petitions, I believe the Gov. has been petitioned by some 50,000,000 persons.

I was glad to hear about Bernardino Somà, of his progress in sculpture, of his good memory of me, and of his intention to do my portrait in marble. Tell him that I am very grateful to him for all and glad to have his friendship, and give him my most cordial greetings.

Yes, the picture postcards and the petals are for you. I sent them on because the two cards bring back two magnificent scenes and the petals are from the most beautiful dahlias I have ever seen—from the marvelous garden of the Jack family; and what fruit they brought us from their great orchard. Again, be of good cheer. I kiss and embrace you all.

Your affectionate brother,
Bartolomeo Vanzetti

24 July 1927.

Dear Family:

I have had to write all day preparing a memorandum of what I want to say to the Governor tomorrow. He interviewed me Saturday and left saying he would return that evening; but he did not return and I expect him tomorrow.

Meanwhile, I am tired and for that reason I will be brief. I am quite well and my fast does not cause me any pain or suffering, except, of course, weakness; I do not even feel hunger.

Things appear to be much better now, the lawyers tell me. They have always been optimistic. Nevertheless, I have too much experience to count further on talk, on gossip, on appearances. This thing is so clear and scandalous that if they wanted to understand it they would free us at once and say no more. Instead it seems that they cannot and do not want to understand or trust the clearest and most imperative evidence. This is why I do not let myself be deceived. If good comes, so much the better, but I see nothing that leads me to believe it will be so. Meanwhile, be strong and calm and keep up your courage. Who knows? while there's life, there's hope.

With great affection I kiss and embrace you all.

Your son and brother,
Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

28 July 1927.

Dear Family:

I assure you that my fast brings me no physical pain—except weakness. Yesterday I saw the lawyer and a comrade, and I dictated to a stenographer a letter to the Governor on the case.

Mr. Thompson, our comrades, and our friends are all working day and night, feverishly, intensely, to save us. I have spoken twice to the Governor, for an hour and a half each time. He seemed much better than I had imagined him; a sincere, honest and well-intentioned man according to his own way of seeing and thinking. It is certain that if he believes us guilty, he is a man who will reconfirm the death sentence. I cannot understand how he could consider us guilty with all the evidence we have in our favor. But my fear is that he does not believe our witnesses, who are for the most part Italians, and that he lets himself be won over by the fact that our two juries are, up to now, convinced of our guilt. I am also afraid that he may not succeed in unraveling and understanding the vast tangled mass of the record and the other legal documents of the case, the viciousness, the injustices and the hostility of the judge and of the district attorney against us.

At any rate it seems that things are taking a better turn and our lawyers and friends are much more encouraged and confident in these last few days than in the past. The Governor said that I made a good impression on him and he likes me very much.

I am told that he and the commission will announce their decision next Saturday and you will learn about it before receiving this.

At any rate, be calm and have courage.

Your affectionate brother kisses and embraces you with all his heart.
Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

August 4, 1927.

Vanzetti Family.
Villafalletto
Italy. Province of Cuneo.

My dear Family:—

I have learned that Luigina has embarked at Le Havre for America. I am quite well; I am calm and prepared for all events. Be strong, all of you, too.

This evening we will know the Governor's decision.

Whatever it may be, the defense and our friends will continue to do all that the situation will allow done to defend us.

I swear you my complete innocence in these or in any other crimes. Do not be ashamed of me. The day will come when my life will be known for what it is, and then whoever has the name of Vanzetti will be glad and proud of his name. Already all those who know me, love and respect me. . . . I have written my tombstone with twenty years of life dedicated to justice and freedom for all. And if I must die because of the supreme injustice of men and of things, you can be sure that none of my enemies will be mourned the way I will be mourned.

But I do not want those who are dear to me to cry for me. I want them to be serene and strong and to carry on my life's work for me. I want you all to sing rather than weep for me, and let me live in your hearts, which must be steady, brave and joyful—for the joy of Life.

I shall fight to the last to win. So keep up your courage.

I embrace all of you with the heart of a son and a brother.

Your son and brother,
Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

Curious Quest for Womanpower...

Nancy Reeves

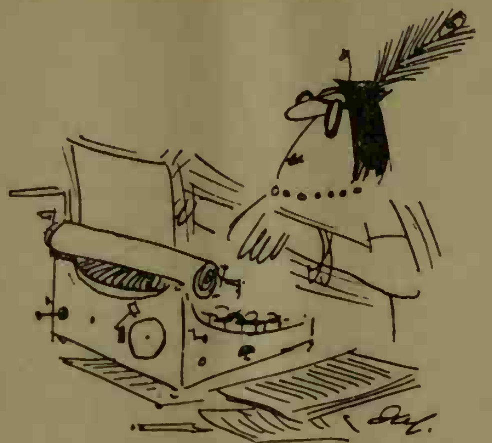
When womanpower is in demand on the labor market, Rosie the Riveter is glorified. In slack times, she is reminded of her manifest destiny. Today, however, we have a curious paradox. Although the headlines read, "Joblessness Called U.S. Top Problem," women are being treated with labor-shortage enlightenment. The following are indications of the trend:

Item: Establishment of a President's Commission on the Status of Women, charged with analyzing barriers that prevent a greater utilization of womanpower. (Asked whether he had any objection to helping women to be employed when there are unemployed men, Mr. Kennedy replied, "I think the way to [meet the problem of unemployment] is not to attempt to deprive women of the chance to work and contribute, but to try to expand the opportunity generally in the economy.")

Item: A series of regional conferences on the employment problems of working women sponsored by the Women's Bureau to "stimulate interest in the welfare of working women" and "action toward solving some of their employment problems." (At one such conference held in Michigan, former Governor John B. Swainson said he doubted that women work merely because of the desire to have a second car or another fur coat. "The primary motive for working wives is economic—the lower the husband's income, the greater the percentage of working wives.")

Item: Conference on Employment Opportunities for Women addressed by Vice President Johnson, Secretary of Labor Wirtz and Attorney General Kennedy.

Item: Passage of equal-pay bills by the House and by the Senate, without fireworks. (One long-time advocate remarked: "After being treated like a joke for 17 years, I suddenly find I'm fashionable." On the other hand, *Insider's Newsletter* reports the bill as "weak and ineffective," covering no more than one-third of the country's 24 million women workers.)



Item: Unprecedented interest in minimum wage (a matter of major significance to women, since upwards of 5 million earn less than $1 an hour).

Item: Liberal comments from conservative sources. (At the annual management conference of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, one speaker predicted that more and more managerial positions would be awarded to women. "The pay differential between male and female employees continues to narrow," he said, "and the male ego is gradually accepting the female boss." And in a series of Sunday editorials, the *Los Angeles Times* emphasized that "womanpower must be utilized to maintain growth.")

While such widespread enlightenment is welcome, the concentration on womanpower expansion in a time of labor-force contraction has an ominous quality. A statement by Arthur Goldberg, when he was Secretary of Labor, is not reassuring: "And the question does arise: are women displacing men? Is this desirable? First of all, our statistics show that a great majority of the women in the working force are in the working force because they *have* to be. Women are heads of families. Women live alone. *And then, during the period of unemployment of men, women who do not normally choose to work are required to work because their husbands are unemployed and the job opportunities that are available are only available to women.*" (Emphasis added.)

Pursuing this line of thought, one finds the highest proportion of working wives (40 per cent) in families with unemployed husbands; in some depressed areas (with 6 per cent or more overall unemployment), female labor has risen significantly. Such a trend goes counter to traditional patterns of American society and reminds one uneasily of the "she-towns" of the nineteenth century which also grew out of a technological leap. Then, too, men were unemployed and industry put out the "women wanted" sign. An 1893 newspaper item reads:

> *A singularity that is met with in the factory towns of Maine, is a class of men who may be rightly called housekeepers. Anyone visiting some of these workers' homes shortly after the noon hour, will find the men, wearing an apron, washing dishes. At other hours of the day they may be seen making the beds, dressing the children, scrubbing or cooking. . . .*

The official position, stated to allay public fears, has been that there is no competition for jobs between men and women because they do not perform the same tasks. This assumes clear and final categories of "men's" and "women's" jobs when, in point of fact, the pattern of jobs by sex is fortuitous and transitory. In the old-time office, "typewriters" were always male, and before World War II, welding was a "man's job." When men first entered the textile industry, they were met with derision. It is only recently that the assembly of precision-electronic equipment has become "women's work." Further, huge areas of American manufacture are being converted from blue-collar to white-collar production. In this process, some "men's jobs," as they are mechanized and require less skill or less brawn, may become "women's jobs." All of which suggests that women's jobs, unlike women, are made, not born.

A study by the American Management Association entitled, "Are Women Workers Unpredictable?" tells us more. The survey found "the majority of women workers in both office and factory — have no burning desire for promotion." Men workers, on the other

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Nancy Reeves is a member of the bar in New York and California. She has written widely on the status of women, including an essay in the collection, American Labor in Midpassage *(Monthly Review Press).*

hand, are reported to be "generally more interested in job security, advancement and benefits." And, to the woman worker, "pleasant work associates" are "more important than pay."

She is also less interested in unions, to cite David Dubinsky: "Eighty per cent of our members are women, but we have only one woman vice president. Can we be charged with discrimination against women? No." The reason offered? Most women members are married and want to be home with their families, while men are willing to work long hours in union activity. (This seems to malign the many women who do "work long hours in union activity," but it does reflect prevailing attitudes.)

And women fade into the landscape when not needed, according to an analysis of the National Manpower Council, which reports:

> *The significance of this group of women workers* [*over thirty-five and not primary breadwinners*] *in the kind of manpower situation facing us over the next decade is fairly apparent. While the prospects are for a substantial rise in national economic output and a correspondingly growing demand for manpower over the decade as a whole, the rise will undoubtedly be interrupted by brief recessions of greater or lesser depth, at intervals of from two to five years. These recessions inevitably require laying off some personnel over a rather wide sector of industry, as the recent and current reductions in work force amply testify. However, if employers will fill their future needs for additional manpower to the maximum possible extent by employing women— especially older women—the ill effects of laying off personnel during future periods of recession will be substantially modified. . . . If business becomes slack and they are placed on layoff status, they . . . withdraw from the labor market and go back to full-time homemaking.*

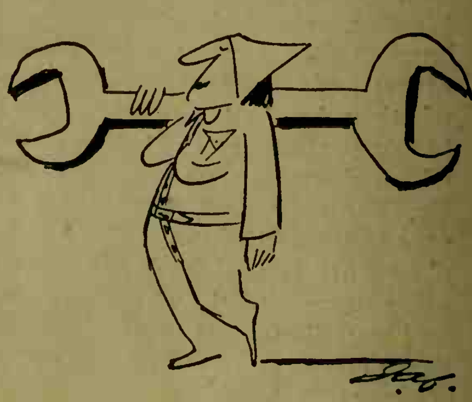
Still another reason why employers are discovering women's virtues may lie in the fact that one-third of the female labor force functions part-time. Such employees are available at "overtime" hours on a straight-pay basis; they may not work enough to accumulate much leave or other benefits, and they are probably more difficult to unionize because of their variable schedules. But even this convenient situation has been improved upon. A few large agencies have established chains of employment offices to supply part-time workers on short notice. The new feature is that the agency, not the hiring company, is the employer. By this device, the company is relieved of the extra cost of advertising and processing, as well as of the obligation for hospitalization, insurance, pension and welfare payments, holidays and sick leaves. According to a *Fortune* article describing the arrangement, "The employee, in effect, surrenders fringe benefits for the freedom that goes with temporary assignments."

At this point, one begins to wonder whether the current ballyhoo is really directed at manpower *expansion*, or whether manpower *substitution* is being contrived.

But even if we stipulate that today's promoters of womanpower are sincere, that they are genuinely devoted to the stated goal, is not expansion a curious objective in the face of the looming problem of automation? President Kennedy has said that the direction of our efforts must be to try to expand opportunity "rather than squeezing the labor force." Compare Donald N. Michael (*Cybernation: the Silent Conquest*): "In twenty years, other things being equal, most of the routine blue-collar and white-collar tasks that can be done by cybernation will be." Who, then, is squeezing the labor force?

The argument of the Administration, as evidenced in many speeches, is that, with the growth of population, there will be more need for people, especially in the woman-employing service industries. But what of self-service? And what about automatic elevators, which displaced 40,000 operators in New York alone? Or changes in the telephone company which accomplished a 50 per cent increase in volume of calls with a 10 per cent increase in personnel? Or the electronic salesgirl that R. H. Macy is reported to be trying out? "This machine is smart enough to dispense thirty-six different items in ten separate styles and sizes. It accepts one- and five-dollar bills in addition to coins, and returns the correct change plus rejecting counterfeit currency."

Clerical and kindred work, women's chief occupation in terms of number, engages some 6,697,000 women. What happens to them when the typewriter that one can give letters to—skipping the whole process of the secretary—comes into general use? In 1950, the Census Bureau used 4,100 statisticians to do the work accomplished by fifty in 1960. In the words of Robert Hutchins, "The relentless advance of automation means that one thing is sure: a smaller and smaller proportion of the population is going to be able to find work." Then what is this talk about "manpower expansion" and the need for "womanpower?"



The real immediate trends are:

a) for highest unemployment to occur in blue-collar industries, especially construction, agriculture, mining, automobile and primary metals, which are largely hirers of men;

b) for some major women-employing industries, such as services and retail trade, to be less subject to dramatic changes;

c) for women to be increasingly employed in industries converting from blue- to white-collar production;

d) for more and more women to enter the labor force;

a) for both blue- and white-collar work part-time;

f) for more and more families to depend in whole or in part on women's earnings, particularly when the men are unemployed.

The real long-term trends are:

a) for both blue- and white-collar industries to be automated;

b) for the entire work force to be contracted.

Official policy plays the "three monkeys" game with respect to both these trends. It either disregards them or sounds a pious note of faith in the future. This is not surprising when one considers the distance between our social fantasies and the technological realities. Politicians are not among our most sophisticated analysts. Their designs, their vocabularies, even their reveries, stem from the long distant past.

But it is quite another matter for liberals to rejoice because there is "progress" in women's employment today. True, brave words and some deeds make it appear that goals sought through years of struggle have finally been achieved. The difficulty is that yesterday's slogans do not necessarily spell advance in today's world. They may be illusive. They may be exploited for regressive ends. They may be irrelevant. We cannot afford to be too ingenuous when faced with a won war.

•

What is it that the many come to praise in the woman at work? They praise her docility. They praise her naïveté. They praise her availability. They praise her disappearance into the kitchen when they no longer need her. They may mean women are attractive employees because they make 60 per cent of the income of men; they may mean women are grand because they work part-time and won't build up too much seniority or fringe benefits; they may mean let's employ the women because when they're unemployed they won't rate so much insurance (since their wages were low) and anyhow, if they're married, we can say they're not eligible because they've become homemakers. (Let them prove the contrary.) They may mean let's keep women employed when the men are laid off, then we won't have to carry the families on relief. They may even mean let's keep the women working until we figure out what else to do (and, boys, make it sound good). It's time to wonder whether they have come to bury woman . . . and not at all to praise her.

Labor unions have traditionally concentrated their efforts on the blue-collar worker. Even when it was clear that white-collar-employing industries were growing at the expense of the blue collar, their thinking and planning harked back to another age. And even when they woke from their long institutional sleep and began belatedly to search out the white-collar workers, they made no adjustment in their programs to the fact that the largest contingent of that group were women. It is perhaps too late to censure them. They cannot any longer stem the tide by simple union organization. But they, and other groups concerned with the welfare of people at work, do have a new responsibility to match a developing and creative technology with a developing and creative society. To do this we must design with imagination against a background of reality. It cannot be done by hailing women's "progress" and overlooking the drift toward "she-towns."

Bernard Shaw has written: "There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it." In that context, it is clear that women in America today have yet to experience the second tragedy.

FRANCE'S BAN-THE-BOMBERS

Stephanie Gervis

Paris

Nuclear disarmament is finally showing signs of becoming a political issue in France.

Until last March, French opposition to nuclear arms was limited to relatively ineffective pacifist groups like Action Civique Non-Violente (similar to America's Committee for Non-Violent Action), weak in this Catholic country because it relies on a Protestant ethic; the Communist-led Mouvement de la Paix, the French branch of the Moscow-centered World Peace Council; consolidations of these groups like the old Federation contre l'Armement Atomique; and the Association for General Disarmament and Social Progress, which is dedicated to the study of the general policy problems of disarmament. At last, in March, two months after the press conference at which General de Gaulle declared his intention to go ahead with an independent French nuclear force, voices from the non-Communist Left began to declare themselves, too.

But the voices were late and not quite in harmony with one another. Not one group, but two—the Ligue Nationale contre la Force de Frappe and the Mouvement contre l'Armement Atomique (MCAA)—were announced. They have many of the same names on their lists of sponsors, but pursue quite different policies. In fact, their greatest similarity, beyond their mutual opposition to the *force de frappe,* is that they are both far more political than either the British or American peace groups and their ultimate aims reach far beyond banning the bomb. For, as Claude Bourdet, leader of the MCAA, noted in a recent issue of *Peace News,* in France "the bomb is not so much seen as an instrument for war as an instrument of political power." Both groups, convinced that de Gaulle is using the *force de frappe* to strengthen his political hand internationally and domestically, are determined to use it to take the game away from him altogether.

The first of the two new peace associations to announce itself to the public was the Ligue. Its figurehead is Jules Moch, a right-wing Socialist (SFIO) Deputy and former Minister of the Interior. The Ligue's membership runs the gamut from the Center-Left Radicals and SFIO Socialists, who back NATO and the American bomb, to the Communists, who back the Warsaw Pact and the Russian bomb. Its official policy is limited to opposition to the French bomb, since anything more comprehensive would upset its precarious political balance. Preservation of this balance is apparently as central to the Ligue as its opposition to the bomb. For, while the Ligue was formed officially to oppose de Gaulle's nuclear policy and its statutes limit its life to the achievement of this specific aim, its ultimate goal appears to be a realignment of French politics. In this long-range perspective, anti-bomb sentiment (which both groups say represents a majority in France) can serve as a galvanizing force that might eventually unite Socialists and Communists in a coalition strong enough to wrest power from

Stephanie Gervis is an American newspaper editor who has written extensively on various aspects of the world peace movement.

de Gaulle and his UNR party. The Ligue itself seems to be working to bring together the personalities who might effect such a coalition.

The two immediate goals that preoccupy the Ligue, according to Paul Kleijel-Valrymont, one of its leaders, are: (1) to unify all opponents of the *force de frappe* through the organization of local groups; and (2) to build the anti-*force de frappe* movement into a force larger than the UNR. One of the Ligue's basic strategies is to appeal to the spirit of the French Resistance and to engage as many of its veterans as possible.

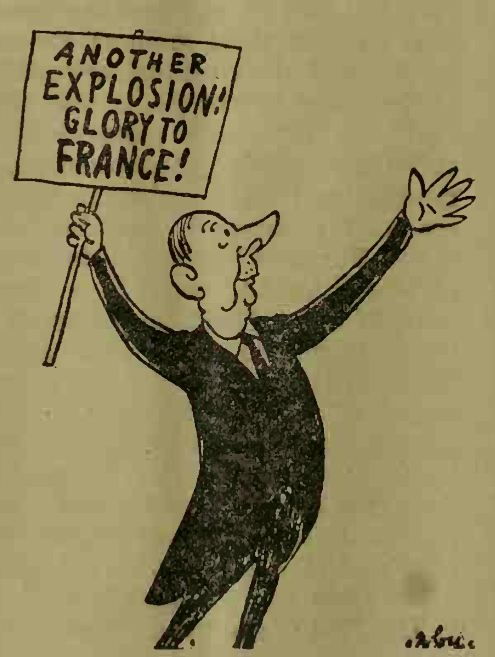
But because the Ligue is dedicated to the delicate task of welding together a new united front, the question of its overall structure is, according to Kleijel-Valrymont, a "complex" one that has "not yet been decided." Very few, if any, local groups have been formed, and very few, if any, "propaganda" efforts like posters or rallies or marches have yet been undertaken. Bourdet has described the Ligue as "more of a committee of personages, of intellectuals and politicians, and so on, than a movement of militants."

Others, both Communists and non-Communists, go further than that. The Ligue, they say, is basically a ploy by the genuine Khrushchev enthusiasts in the French Communist Party. The French Communists' long-range strategy is regarded in many quarters here to be the formation of a united front through a coalition with the right-wing Socialists (SFIO). And *Voie Communiste*, the newspaper of the moderately pro-Chinese minority within the French Communist Party, has alleged that the Khrushchevites decided to strengthen their hand in this intra-party struggle by building the first bridgehead in SFIO territory and then claiming credit for establishing a basis for an alliance with the Socialists. This bridgehead, according to *Voie Communiste*, is the Ligue, with Jules Moch as its titular head.

Whether or not this is the case, the Ligue's determination to welcome both Communists and non-Communists has already proved to be an obstacle to decisive official action. A striking example of this was its inability to participate in the Etats-Generaux, an anti-*force de frappe* mass meeting held in the Paris Municipal Stadium in May. The meeting was held under the aegis of the Mouvement de la Paix, but nearly every segment of the French peace movement was officially represented, including the MCAA. The Ligue, however, was not, because the SFIO forbade its leading members to lend their support to a Communist-initiated rally. As a result, Pierre Villon, a leader of the French Communist Party, quit the Ligue.

The MCAA held its inaugural press conference on March 15, just four days after that of the Ligue. It regards itself as "a little to the Left of SANE"—more like Britain's Committee for Nuclear Disarmament. In addition to opposition to all bombs, its policy includes the advocacy of disengagement by both sides in the cold war. France, it feels, should either withdraw from NATO completely or, if it must remain a member, advocate disengagement within the ranks of the Western alliance.

The MCAA was formed by Paris Municipal Councillor Claude Bourdet, former editor of *France-Observateur* and a founder of the Parti Socialist Unifie (PSU), France's left-wing group formed by independent Socialists who had supported the Algerians and the left wing of the SFIO. Having attended an international conference of nonaligned peace movements in England, Bourdet decided, on his return home, that France needed a peace group. Initially he sought a merger of his own followers with those of the newly formed Ligue. The merger proved impossible to consummate, however; the political make-up of the Ligue and its exclusive concentration on the French bomb, and the MCAA's insistence on opposing all bombs and on pressing a policy of disengagement on both the NATO and Warsaw Pact countries, precluded any likelihood of genuine consolidation. However, both organizations agree that, whenever possible, they will cooperate with each other and with the rest of the peace movement in demonstrations, marches and the like.


ANOTHER EXPLOSION! GLORY TO FRANCE!

These forms of action, as well as the distribution of peace literature and posters and—most important—the formation of local chapters, are included in the MCAA program. Bourdet estimates the MCAA locals at thirty, of which ten or twelve he counts as "properly functioning with fifty to a hundred members each." Much of the MCAA's organizational success in the provinces is due to the official endorsement it has received from the PSU. Bourdet also claims strong but unofficial support from the Communist-dominated General Confederation of Workers and from the Catholic Federation of Christian Workers, both of which have come out officially against the *force de frappe*.

The MCAA, like the Ligue, is quite genuinely dedicated to its primary aim of getting rid of nuclear arms. But it, too, has long-range political objectives. Indeed, as Bourdet himself put it, his group has "a greater political focus than the peace movement in the United States." He does not see the French peace movement itself as the form of a new united front, but, like Kleijel-Valrymont, he feels that opposition to the *force de frappe* can serve as a cause around which the forces of the Left can rally and on the basis of which they can appeal to the French public. Moreover, he sees the nuclear issue as the central one on which de Gaulle must stand or fall. "You can't get the regime's mind off the *force de frappe*," Bourdet observed. "The Algerian War was a sideline, but this is central policy and the basis of de Gaulle's military policy in connection with the Germans. Everything culminates in terms of the military. When we fight against the atom force we fight against the system."

Bourdet's strategy is to unite the forces of the Left—the trade unions, the students and, eventually, the political parties—not into a single organization, but behind a single cause. The role of the MCAA at this writing appears to be to sound the call, to provide the literature, to spread the gospel of peace and disarmament and to act as a liaison and a continuing point of reference. In fact, Bourdet regards the National Union of French Students, which has the respect of both the trade unions and the left-wing political parties, as potentially a more effective catalyst than his own group. He feels that if the students can be won over to whole-hearted participation, they, in turn can win over the unions, and that once the unions are in, the parties will follow. If this chain reaction can begin working effectively over the summer, Bourdet expects that an anti-nuclear-arms march will be staged in the fall. Up to now, however, the signs have not been encouraging.

Part of the problem is that not everybody on the Left is convinced that the *force de frappe* is such a bad thing. In fact, the reason Bourdet resigned as co-editor of the left-Socialist weekly *France-Observateur* is that its other editor, Giles Martinet, who also belongs to the PSU, had taken the line that if other nations have the bomb, why shouldn't France? The French Left, then, is split between those who refuse to oppose the American bomb, those who refuse to oppose the Russian bomb, those who insist on opposing all bombs, and those who feel that if there are to be American and Russian bombs there should also be a French bomb.

Another aspect of the Left's problem, and a major reason for its delayed reaction to the *force de frappe* and the arms race in general, is its Algerian War hangover. Until the peace treaty of Evian les Bains, liberal forces in France had been fully concentrated on the achievement of Algerian independence. It was not until de Gaulle had finally brought about Algeria's independence that his opponents on the Left, allied with him on the Algerian question, were free to oppose him. But by then the Left was so demoralized by its own inability to deliver on its promise of Algeria for the Algerians, and by the fact that it had taken a political conservative finally to do the job, that it was in no shape to launch a vigorous campaign against the *force de frappe*.

In view of all this it is heartening to note, as this is written, that the Ligue, MCAA, sundry Left parties plus trade unions and peace groups have set up a temporary committee to organize nationwide demonstrations this fall against the bomb and for disarmament.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

development. Indeed, his major works are singularly devoid of any structural criticism of the basic values and institutions of a democratic society in a changing world. . . .

Furthermore, we find it rather strange that an author should quote himself out of context. The statement concerning the need for political analysis and ideology is from that part of his discussion in *Political Man* relating to underdeveloped countries. Here, Lipset argued that ideology and political analysis are functional in the "larger political struggle in the world." Or, more explicitly in Lipset's words, "This larger fight makes politics much more complex in the various underdeveloped countries than it appears within Western democracies. In *these* states there is still a need for intense political controversy and ideology." Stripped of issues in their own now tidied up back yards, the "ideologues," in other words, are forced and urged to focus their attention on this area. It is in this sense, then, that Lipset wrote (to use his own quotation) that there "is still a real need for political analysis within the world community, if not [sic!] within the Western democracies." We therefore cannot accept this particular quotation as a refutation of our charge.

Finally, and most importantly, there is his use of the notion of "counterpower" which he further elaborated upon in his "My View From Our Left," published in the Fall, 1962, issue of the Columbia U. *Forum*. This we contend is a *negative* approach to democracy and the good society much akin to John Kenneth Galbraith's theory of "countervailing power" — with all its attendant limitations. It is basically a conservative doctrine, or, at best, the doctrine of timorous liberals — which brings us to our "private image" of democracy.

For one thing, there are many private images of democracy, including Mr. Lipset's. There is no one definition of the term. Controversy in the scholarly journals abounds between "majoritarians" and "constitutionalists," and between those who view democracy as a "process" and those who view it as a normative system with a set of paramount ends to be achieved. This latter position is more prone than Mr. Lipset's to challenge existing institutional arrangements insofar as they are not consistent with, or act as a barrier to, the achievement of these goals. It is in keeping with the late Franz L. Neuman's view that "the consistent liberal is not, and cannot be, solely concerned [as Mr. Lipset appears to be] with the erection of fences around political power; [the liberal] is increasingly concerned with the potentialities of a rational use of political power." Mr. Lipset's view of democracy is essentially a middle-class one (as was pointed out by Messrs. Miller and Riessman in the September, 1961, issue of the *British Journal of Sociology*) which, in keeping with the interests of the middle class, insists on defining democracy, negatively, in terms of conflict resolution within the context of a checks-and-balances system; a system which is *presumed* to be self-regulating and self-equilibrating over the long run. Its emphasis is on the means, that is, on the methods for arriving at decisions. It has little, if anything, to say about the substance of those decisions. . . . It fails, in short, to address itself to the ends because it lacks any "vision" of the good society which transcends the *status quo*, and because of its unwillingness to consider the use of political power for the realization of any social goals which constitute a threat to the existing institutional arrangements. What we are concerned with is not so much the inevitability of tyranny, which Mr. Lipset obsessively identifies with positive government, as with the absence of creative leadership and the doubts we have about whither we are going.

We find it encouraging that Mr. Lipset should try to show, by the use of his self-quotations, that he is really on our side. And though not quite convinced, we welcome him aboard. We shall look forward to his future works with great anticipation.

Stephen Rousseas
James Farganis

CORRECTION

Jack Halpern, author of "South Africa: Enclaves of Trouble" [July 27] calls attention to an error made in the editing of his manuscript. Where he had referred to American investments in South Africa as giving the United States a moral duty to take a stand on the policies of the Verwoerd regime, the printed text referred incorrectly to American investments in the three British protectorates which were the main subject of the article.—*Editors.*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Nothing Wasted Except Lives

BONAPARTE IN EGYPT. By J. Christopher Herold. Harper & Row. 384 pp. $5.95.

Christopher Sykes

Life in the twentieth century should have cured men of the aptitude to admire dictators, but it remains a curious fact that Napoleon's glamour is little impaired by the ugly light that his modern imitators throw on his career, or by the ugly facts of that career which research has uncovered. J. Christopher Herold's main purpose in this book is not quite clear, but it seems to be to show that the Corsican ogre was an ogre, and moreover an ogre from the very beginning, before success had corrupted him. This is a strenuous effort to remove the glamour from the picture, but simple as the undertaking may appear as a proposition, it is not so in practice. The glamour of Napoleon is based on the fact that he had great genius, and atrocious as he was in action and character, the attraction of genius remains with him. He is not disposed of as easily as Hitler.

This abiding interest in Napoleon is for many at its highest in the record of his Egyptian campaign. It is the episode in his career least open to simple explanation, and so has the added attraction of mystery. Why was a French Army under his command sent to Egypt? No one will ever know for certain. The European empires in Africa and Asia were not yet established on a permanent basis; France had till very recently been England's formidable competitor in India; the opulence of the Moslem world was greatly overrated—all these incentives to a French Eastern campaign of conquest were there, but the reckless squandering of resources and men in Egypt and Syria by the Directoire remains a fantastic freak of history all the same. In relating this part of the story, its origins, Mr. Herold is very rewarding. He puts forward the possibilities, but he does not order us to accept one explanation. We are left with the impression that governments occasionally go mad, and that would seem to be the most important fact to bear in mind.

The brutality with which the campaign was conducted on both sides was utterly horrifying, and it was characteristic of Napoleon that he brought no diminution of this but rather an intensification, in keeping with his inhumanly ruthless notions of efficiency. Mr. Herold is sickened by the acts of barbarism which he is compelled to describe, but in his violent anti-Napoleon impetus, he puts no stress, as he ought to, on the fact that massacring tactics were common in the colonial wars of that time, and were a blot, a very black one, on general European ethics, but not peculiar to the French or Napoleon. It is true, however, that Napoleon's excesses, notably his infamous slaughter of prisoners at Jaffa, disgusted his own people. Napoleon could sink on occasion to the lowest level of Nazism.

Mr. Herold is right to bring moral indignation to his theme, and he is capable of the damning and telling phrase, as when he says of Napoleon, "there is nothing he ever wasted, except lives." Most unfortunately, this moral indignation too often degenerates into censoriousness, and Mr. Herold has frequent recourse to sarcasm without any awareness, it seems, that sarcasm is a weapon that is effective only when used sparingly. The writing is curiously uneven. The narrative line is strong and indeed compelling, and yet the author has spoiled his narration everywhere by smart little jokes, usually placed as bright afterthoughts at the end of paragraphs. How a writer of Mr. Herold's ability can give in to this silly tendency to facetiousness is beyond this reviewer's understanding. It may be symptomatic of what a reader can suspect: that, for all the many merits of this book, its author was never quite at home with his subject. His anti-Bonapartism is such that he almost ignores a primary (and pro-Napoleon) source, Berthier's first-hand account. This same lack of sympathy with his subject may explain why his aim is never quite clear, and why he indulges in wild statements, as when he describes Davout as "pathologically ambitious," a remark for which there seems no justification, and for which Mr. Herold gives none.

The book has a hero, and a very fine one too, Jean-Baptiste Kléber, Napoleon's unwilling successor as commander in chief. Mr. Herold is at home with him, because Kléber hated young General Bonaparte as much as he does. What Mr. Herold very interestingly and satisfyingly brings out is that Kléber had a really prophetic vision, and saw the falsity of imperialism at a time when imperialism was the flower of progress. Insofar as a French plan existed, which was not far at all, Egypt was to be to France what Algeria became, and Syria in the twentieth century would have become if French imperialism had had its way. France was spared her Egyptian mistake, not through Kléber's influence, indeed through a quite different process, but with results in keeping with Kléber's thought. There can be no doubt of Kléber's wisdom; it is almost proved by the remarkable fact that, although French rule in Egypt lasted so short a time that it is most conveniently counted in months, yet up to our own time the strongest outside influence on Egypt, especially as regards culture and administration, has been French. British influence never went so deep. The reason for this preference in favor of France is fairly clear: Napoleon's tyranny was so brief and distant that it was forgotten in Egypt, and in consequence, French influence in later years was not feared or resisted. Kléber was the most forcible of those who advised the French Government to get out. It did not make him popular, but he persisted in his advice until the day of his assassination. His death simplified things for Napoleon.

Mr. Herold takes the story beyond Napoleon's return to France and up to the establishment of the Consulate. Even Napoleon's enemies, then and now, usually have a good word for the years of consular rule, but Mr. Herold does not join in the praise. Certainly the Consulate ended badly and it has often occurred to this reviewer that the Egyptian campaign gives us the clue. Napoleon had deserted the army of Egypt, and that

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was bad enough; but he had in addition been acclaimed in France as a victor when in fact he had suffered a considerable defeat in Syria. None of this was calculated to make him popular with his abandoned troops in Cairo and Alexandria. During the Consulate those troops came home. The cat was out of the bag. Was that not the real and compelling circumstance that forced Napoleon to abandon his peaceful role and enter on a new cycle of distracting, dazzling and victorious wars?

Poet and Preceptor

DEAR PRECEPTOR. The Life and Times of Thomas Wentworth Higginson. By Anna Mary Wells. Houghton Mifflin Co. 363 pp. $6.

Alexander Laing

"But, will you be my Preceptor, Mr. Higginson?"

A title based upon this concluding phrase of Emily Dickinson's third letter to Thomas Wentworth Higginson intimates at the outset that Anna Mary Wells thinks her subject chiefly notable as the rescuer of the nineteenth century's most astonishing female poet. Time has abandoned her preceptor, a prolix man of letters, to the mournful mastications of literary scholarship. A quick worming through several of his multitudinous books discourages the notion of a possible revival. In an age that expected three-hour speeches and triple-decker novels, Colonel Higginson was more a conscientious publicist than a creative artist. What he wrote counts for less than what he did. Beginning as a preacher, he forced himself from the pulpit by insistent expression of liberal views. He helped fugitive slaves, conspired actively with John Brown, and rode into Kansas in bloody '56 with a Sharp's rifle to defend a money belt stuffed with sustenance for the Free State forces. Still nominally a clergyman, he recruited a regiment for the Civil War but gladly resigned as its colonel to take command of the first formally organized regiment of freed slaves.

Emily Dickinson's tiny sixth letter — "Did I displease you, Mr. Higginson? But wont you tell me how?" — reached him at the Port Royal front, from which he was invalided home.

Early and late, he campaigned for women's rights and for a native American literature. He spoke up quickly for Thoreau and for Whitman, but his own creative writing was stodgy. As Miss Wells declares, "the preservation of Emily Dickinson's poems for posterity was incomparably the most important literary work of Higginson's life." Therein lies both the justification and the dilemma of her book.

The other full biography, compiled fifty years ago by the Colonel's second wife, is an uncommonly good one of the wifely sort — not always factually precise, but much better than *Dear Preceptor* in presenting an exemplary liberal as a human individual. Its merit lies in its fulsome reliance upon direct quotations from Higginson's journals and letters. Miss Wells, wary perhaps of his prevailing garrulousness, hardly ever lets her subject speak for himself: a pity, because his hasty diary entries and letters are often as incisive as his formal writings are not. But Mary Thacher Higginson gave less than three pages to her husband's function as the fascinated, consciously inadequate preceptor selected sight-unseen by an absolute genius; and *Cheerful Yesterdays*, Higginson's own cluster of autobiographical pieces from the *Atlantic Monthly*, does not mention the poet at all. A new study of the relationship has been needed.

Exasperating crossrips of controversy have marked the slow emergence of Emily Dickinson's poems, few of which had been printed in their true forms before 1945, when hundreds were published for the first time. The scraps of information about the poet's life have been misused even more foolishly. It is the valid contribution of Higginson's new biographer that she has carefully questioned three easy assumptions: First, that it was the preceptor who discouraged a great poet from publishing during her own lifetime; second, that he counseled her to impose a formal correctness upon her wild verse; and third, that he was chiefly responsible for the crass "improvement" of some poems in the two posthumous volumes of which he was co-editor with Emily's neighbor, Mabel Loomis Todd.

On each point the evidence is flawed by the destruction of all but three of Higginson's responses to the seventy surviving letters from the poet to him. Some of her cryptic allusions to his own lost statements baffled even Higginson himself when he published in the *Atlantic* (October, 1891) a selection of eighteen of her letters and fifteen poems. But he was explicit on this point: "I soon abandoned all attempt to guide in the slightest degree this extraordinary nature, and simply accepted her confidences. . . ." More than ten years after her first letter she sent him the one-line, wistful note, "Could you teach me now?" There are plenty of hints in her letters that the impish spinster yearned for a semblance of male authority which, as artist, she sweetly ignored.

The preceptor saw his scholar only three times. The first, in the eighth year of their correspondence, produced the jotted notes that give us the greatest part of our knowledge of Emily Dickinson — excepting, of course, her poetry. Of the second he could not remember, when writing the *Atlantic* piece, that he had taken any notes; but his *Letters and Journals*

Alexander Laing conducts seminars in creative writing at Dartmouth College.

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A DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOK

(posthumous, 1921) includes an extract the gist of which Miss Wells quotes as from a letter to his sister. His third visit brought him to the side of Emily's coffin.

Considering the biographer's premise, a reviewer might expect the first and third of these occasions to be the climaxes of her book. Instead, the first is treated in four muted pages and the second in half as many. In both, the reluctance to quote Higginson himself seems a fault. The intense few lines in his diary, describing "that rare and strange creature," in her "restoration of youth" in death, emerge in pallid paraphrase.

Miss Wells has made a good case for each of her three main points as a revisionist of the Dickinsonian mythology. But in treating other aspects of Higginson's life she too steadily deprecates the importance of her subject. In an effort to get at his "times," she overindulges in name dropping, with little excuse established for bringing in the well-known names, and with only a tenuous family relationship for too many others. A more detailed monograph on the main business of *Dear Preceptor* would have been the better choice, but we can be grateful for the essential contribution of this volume.

LETTER from HAMBURG

Donald Richie

Germany's only major seaport, Hamburg is Germany's only cosmopolitan city. A great nineteenth-century town, filled with stone, steam, smoke and the cries of the great liners sailing through, it has a style of its own, something that divided Berlin, the new Americanized Frankfurt, complacent Düsseldorf lack. It is a city out of Dickens, as though designed by some blonde Piranesi, with massive smoke-grimed towers, ponderous bridges topped with allegorical reliefs and heavy enough to support the ships that sail beneath them, hundreds of churches, their steeples sharp as needles, and with grimly mannerist remains from the days of Wilhelm II, like the Rathaus, a compounded intricacy of spires and buttresses, filled with effigies of long-dead burghers and unfriendly, if mythical, animals. And, over all, clouds, rain, cold winds—even in August—smoke and fog.

It is an utterly bourgeois city, but so situated that sailors and travelers of the world must be welcomed, a bit frigidly perhaps but welcomed none the less. Hamburg is German enough so that there is always a slight sense of outrage in the streets when people with different skins and foreign tongues walk along them. English is commonly spoken in the city, but the inhabitants have the air of being besieged. From earliest times, travelers have mentioned, Hamburg was cosmopolitan in spite of itself.

Naturally, it is also thoroughly German. It is, for example, a city which eats, and where eating—as in inland Munich—is celebrated for its own sake. Hamburg too lives with its mouth. It eats *hühnersuppentopf mit spargel* and *kasseler kotelette auf weinkraut;* it is a city of mounds of pork chops, mountains of sausages, lakes of beer; where you must always ask that the whipped cream—clouds of it—be left off; and where, even so, it is impossible to get iced coffee without it. That characteristic gesture, putting a forkful or a fingerful into the mouth, is seen here as in that home of gluttony, Düsseldorf.

Perhaps it seems so characteristic, not because it is so common, but because it is so relished. The twinkle of the eye as the cheek rises, the sharp line of the masticating jaw, the pink tongue half-protruding in anticipation—all of this means delight. And the noises. The sucking of the Japanese and the grunts of the Italians seem merely utilitarian compared with the gasps, the little cries, the mutual assurances of how good it all is, between half-chewed bites: this is truly German.

Consequently, perhaps, the plumbing is stupendous. In no other country does the lavatory so impose its presence. It is solid, large—a thing: like a grand piano. Its strength is that of a mountain cataract, a geyser. It surprises, alarms, it is so monstrously efficient.

Beware these lands of the gleaming

Lizard in the Sun

In this pointless, pin-point sun,
Where the Caribbean flames and heaves,
There is no saving illusion
Or interposition of dream
Between my eye and the black eye
Of the bumpy lizard on shale,
Masking, and failing to mask, as stone.

Eye to eye,
We leap from self to self,
Examining each other's darkness —
Both so still a fly
Could fall into incaution.

The Guatemalan noon
Tides over the oleander
And the swallow circling the cliff
And the steamship staining the sky
And the uncivil war's pocked marble,
Armless dolls, burned Cadillacs.

I confess it is my war.
I shot ten dozen glistening men:
I saw them clutch and stiffen
In the orgasm of death.

The terror of a million reptile years
Should drain all color from these palms!

I throw a twig
To break the chain of guilty eyes.
The lizard melts and runs,
Leaving only innocent stone
In the pointing, pointless sun.

Stephen Stepanchev

Donald Richie, novelist and film critic, is now in Germany, having presented the Yasujiro Ozu Retrospective at the XIII Berlin Film Festival.

plumbing. It means that such things are thought important. And that means that other things are often thought not. In a German city there is a convenience around every corner. That is so in Paris, too, but the difference is that in Germany a malfunction is not to be imagined, while in France those rusting tubs are mere affectionate reminders of the day when civic *ésprit*, in its last official appearance, first unveiled them.

In other cities such importance is not attached. An afternoon of torment awaits the unwary in Athens; in Tokyo, the problem never arises because there are trees and walls and the backs of parked autos.

The psychologist has a word for such preoccupations with food and its consequent disposal, and the analyst would be delighted to discover that it is not only the consumption that costs money. None of these facilities is free; twenty *pfennig* is the charge. A pay toilet is the Freudians' dream. The psychologists' word signifies a certain immaturity, and Germany is more that way than ever—a whole nation excessively concerned with its own body, a potentially infantile group of people.

And, like good children, they will do whatever they are told. Behavior at street corners, for example, often excites foreign comment. In Rome or in New York, jaywalking is so common that laws are passed against it. In Germany the unnecessary law is blindly observed. That little box that clicks and turns red is authority and, without exception, the crowd waits at the far side of an empty street until permitted to cross. When I, following my habits, illegally venture, no one follows. In Berlin a group of the waiting actually hissed me. In Hamburg no one hisses—that is one sign of its cosmopolitanism. Once I took the short train ride from Hamburg to Amsterdam and, in front of the station, the first thing I noticed, and it flooded my heart with light and relief, was that the Dutch *always* cross against the red.

Still — Hamburg *is* different from the rest of the country. For one thing, in this new system of city-states and duchies which is West Germany, it is the only city that does not emphasize its differences. In Bavaria —the Texas of Germany—there is a positive insistence upon *lederhosen*, and each little town almost angrily insists upon its peculiarity, its little speciality.

Hamburg, perhaps against its will, has had to join that great international confederacy of seaports which have no real nationality—New York, Rio de Janeiro, Shanghai. It may do this gracelessly, but it does it none the less. Among the consequences is that, though its urinals are large enough for clean horses to stale in, it has the best opera in Europe.

Sonnet 4

He's given me his *thee* to keep,
secret, alone, in Love's name,
for what sake I have only in faith.

Where it is . . . How it is near . . . ?
I would recognize him by the way he walks.
But it is so long ago and I was never sure

except in his regard and then
sure as the rose scattering its petals to prepare is sure
for ripeness near to the perfection of the rose.

I would know the red *thee* of the enclosure
where thought too curls about, opens
out from, what's hid

until it falls away, all the profuse allusion let go,
the rose-hip persistence of the truth hid therein from me
enduring.

Robert Duncan

It also has more book shops, more parks, more movies where the films are not dubbed into German. The Norddeutscher Rundfunk is the best TV station in the country. Recently it braved considerable opposition to give, in prime program time, the complete *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* in the splendid Egon Monk production. It even went against official policy at the time of the Berlin wall to give Brecht's *Life of Galileo*. Not long ago it treated its solemn burghers to a showing (the first in Germany) of Luis Buñel's *Land Without Bread*. There are all sorts of complaints, and the enlightened state-controlled station continues to do just exactly what it wants.

One cannot imagine *Mahagonny* in Munich, just as you cannot imagine *Lulu* at the Prinzregenten—though it is standard repertory in Hamburg. It was a Hamburg publisher who had the nerve to brave law suits and bring out the German translation of Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers*, and it was a Hamburg troupe that won its case when German courts accused *The Iceman Cometh* of being obscene.

Perhaps Hamburg is the new German city—its younger generation thinks so. I was lecturing on movies at the Hamburg University and at the invariable *Klatsch* afterward we talked entirely about Germany. One young man told me: "At least we no longer feel that we are merely Germans. We feel that we are north Europeans. We are citizens of Europe and ought to feel as much at home in London or Copenhagen as we do in Hamburg."

"Wouldn't you feel equally at home in Barcelona or Piraeus?" I asked.

"Oh, you're asking too much. You cannot understand what a big step it is for us to get away from Germany at all."

I said that Germany was very difficult for me to understand, but I thought that one of the problems of the young must be that the entire

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world had agreed that their fathers were bad men.

"Well, they were, weren't they?" I was told. "But what has that to do with us?" This sensible remark was followed with: "Besides, the thing you first have to understand is that, though Germany may have a mouth—as you are fond of saying—it has no head. Imagine America without New York. Then Chicago and Boston and Los Angeles all become little self-sufficient centers. Without Berlin, without a great capital, you cannot have any proper goal, you cannot have responsible criticism, you cannot have even a responsible government. The country isn't whole any more. You might as well reproach Luxemburg as reproach Munich. So Liechtenstein has no culture—so neither does Düsseldorf. That's why we live from day to day—not only in Berlin, but all over Germany as well. And that's why people in our generation have to look outside—particularly in Hamburg, where we have a window."

Hamburg is a window in as well as out. The St. Pauli district, for example, is a caricature, but an accurate one, of all of Germany. It is one of the few great night towns left, and a walk on the Reeperbahn is the equivalent of the walking tour up the Rhine. Here is found that singular insistence upon the material, that continual preoccupation with the flesh, which is a symptom of Germany. Times Square and the old Alexanderplatz rolled into one, it is an Asakusa, a Coney Island which is for real. Rivers of schnaps, whole ranges of *würste*, and sex, sex, sex—Germany's great preoccupation. It isn't all strip tease, and barmaid-in-the-corner. Off Davidswache is the famous Herbertstr., a walled-off street, two blocks long, in which the girls sit in the windows of rather lovely nineteenth-century houses, and stare and are stared at—and the windows open for communication. Here of an evening what appear to be whole families flock—probably there would be children as well, except that *Durchgang für Jugendliche Verboten* is painted on the great wall. It and the Hagenbeck Zoo seem the great family attractions. They watch and titter and exclaim as hundreds of hungry-eyed young men roam the darkened streets and the police patrol pleasantly outside to pick up drunks.

It is Bosch's earthly paradise up to date. It is not particularly sinful (not as Macao is sinful) but it is so frankly and completely carnal, so utterly preoccupied with the flesh, that a connection with the cavernous restaurants of Munich, the Paris fashions of Düsseldorf's Königsallee, the vast drinking halls of Berlin, instantly suggests itself.

But at least it acknowledges—something that no other German city does. This naughty playground may caricature German appetites but it also quite honestly exhibits them. It is for these reasons that Hamburg is interesting. You don't have to like it, but it has all of the attraction of a half-opened door. It is the entrance to Germany in more ways than one, and despite its gruffness (the gruffness of the burgher aroused from solid sleep), despite its stone and noise and smoke, those great nineteenth-century snoring sounds which so distinguish the city, it is the Germany of the future. Those in can look out, and those outside can look in.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

San Francisco

While the new Minneapolis theatre looms, The Actor's Workshop of San Francisco has been digging from the ground up. For eleven years now the small band of fanatics led by two determined and knowledgeable college instructors — Jules Irving and Herbert Blau — have been struggling to create a Theatre in this city gaily indifferent to the art. I have the impression that they have succeeded.

The statement is tentative because I have seen too little of the Workshop's program to pronounce a firm judgment. But observing the company at rehearsals of Genet's *The Balcony* and seeing its production of Brecht's *Galileo,* I am impressed by the freedom, intelligence, ability and security of the company as a whole. These people know what they want; their commitment is not transient. They are here to stay.

The Workshop operates two theatres. One is a 660-seat house on the second floor of the Marines' Memorial Club (actually a hotel); the other, seating about 140, is a former night club below street level. The larger theatre is occasionally rented out for meetings and entertainments of various sorts, and the Workshop staff is frequently obliged to remove its scenery and props to make way for these occasions.

The two theatres, small though they are, are more than the company began with. The early days were given over to little essays in a tiny studio which Irving and Blau rented to conduct their first experiments. The possession (on a rental basis) of the present quarters is the "monumental" sign of the company's increasing growth and prosperity. For only in the past two seasons have the company's efforts been rewarded by the Ford Foundation's attention and funds.

The first sum of money was granted the Workshop with the stipulation that professional actors be brought in from New York. Last year the Workshop was permitted to use the Foundation funds as the theatre's directors saw fit — that is, to develop and retain their own resident company. Now the organization is sufficiently established and solvent (on an extremely modest basis) to contemplate the purchase of a house of its own. A theatre — at present devoted to burlesque — has been chosen and a cash offer made.

The history of the Actor's Workshop is being written by Herbert Blau (to be published by Macmillan) under the title *The Impossible Theatre.* It is the story of idealistic ambition, strain, discouragement, renewal and quixotic persistence. Serious theatre work in our country can be achieved only at the cost of personal hardship and dogged effort. Stamina resembling folly is indispensable. It may also be fun for the proud, the disoriented, the single-minded and the strong. In such enterprises the normally easy-going and practically well-adjusted are most often the "rats" who abandon ship.

At present the Actor's Workshop commands a permanent company of about thirty-five (beside part-time adherents), a company that is resolved to remain permanent. The main body of actors do not take their participation in the Workshop pro-

The Power

Look at your arm
with all its roads of blood.
What travels down them
to become a deed?

Dilys Laing

gram as a "showcase" for Hollywood or Broadway. (When will New Yorkers and others realize that New York is a province?) A number of the actors — very few of them native to San Francisco — have been at the Workshop for more than five years. Will the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre be able to develop such a company? Not, I venture to say, for some time. And without the formation of its own *esprit de corps* — faith, technique and style — the creation of a theatre is barely possible. The Actor's Workshop is at the moment almost the only American organization that has embraced its community and settled down to its own work as an independent artistic unit.

The Workshop's greatest successes in the past have been *The Birthday Party* (Pinter), *The Balcony, Waiting for Godot, The Crucible* (Miller). The plays being prepared for next season are Pinter's *The Caretaker*, Williams' *The Night of the Iguana*, Webster's *The White Devil*, Aristophanes' *The Birds, The Taming of the Shrew* and a new American play. Seven new productions are presented each season, formerly in repertory arrangement, now for a run of about five weeks. The aim has been to keep the theatre active most of the year.

The Workshop's public and actors have become so used and partisan to plays of the aesthetic "Left" (Genet, Pinter, Beckett, et al.) that when plays like Shaw's *Major Barbara* or Anouilh's *Becket* are done, worry is expressed that the organization may be going "square"!

The directors are talented. Besides the two leaders, new directors are being developed (one of them is an actor in the company). There are also guest directors: Alan Schneider staged a new American play some time ago, and next season Carl Weber of the Berliner Ensemble will put on Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

The rehearsals I saw of *The Balcony* (now being "revived" under Blau's direction) reveal an individual and imaginative approach to the play. Blau is an intellectual, which in no way prevents his having lively production ideas. What I particularly liked about the scenes I saw rehearsed was the assured treatment of the specifically erotic aspects of the play, which in most productions I am familiar with were veiled as much as possible so that the audience might not suspect Genet of being merely "sensational" — hence no artist!

The *Galileo* — also directed by Blau — is one of the few successful "un-Brechtian" productions of that master's plays. Blau's production has a kind of vigor — perhaps I should say "punch" — which does not belie the play's intention, or fail to preserve its innate hauteur. For what so many directors of Brecht's plays overlook is the elegance, the aristocracy, of his manner. There is an elevation and grandeur in most of the later Brecht that is closer to the classic tradition than to the contemporary. He is never dry or pedestrian; his work for all its down-to-earth "factualism" has breeding and grandeur. The Moscow *Threepenny Opera*, for instance, has a Russian gusto and warmth but lacks something of the subtle refinement which dwells within that work's raffishness.

The Workshop's *Galileo* is designed with distinction in a style influenced by the most modern schools of art. Various San Francisco sculptors and painters were invited to contribute individual costumes and props, most of which add sharp notes of interest to the production. The company's acting has a certain unschooled roughness without awkwardness or self-consciousness. It is intelligent acting, full-bodied, confident and forthright.

At a first quick glance at the company I am reminded of Blake's aphorism (perhaps inaccurately remembered), "If the fool will persist in his folly he shall become wise."

Second Impressions

REVIEW OF PAPERBACKS

Robert M. Wallace

EXISTENTIALISM

Humanistic Existentialism: The Literature of Possibility by Hazel E. Barnes (University of Nebraska Press, $1.95). In an attempt to clarify, and in a sense to justify, the psychological and philosophical uniqueness of an important body of existentialist writing, Miss Barnes undertakes a critical analysis of the creative work of Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir and Albert Camus. She identifies this new literature as "the literature of possibility" because it recognizes values and motives not found in typical naturalistic and psychoanalytic contexts. Here is a dimension of freedom or possibility, where personality structure of the individual derives from human action under the aegis of choice rather than from some intrinsic natural substance or psychic tendency. Thus, man becomes what he does, not what he is; existence is his frame of freedom, and his decisions are the actualization of particular possibility. Miss Barnes maintains generally that the "new" literature exemplifies this humanistic-existential motif. More specifically, she shows in detailed analysis that the fictional beings in the works of Sartre, de Beauvoir and Camus represent dramatically the truly human predicament of the existential "either/or": that is, a man must live in good or bad faith, according to whether he chooses to accept the inevitability of his own and others' freedom or to erect false structures to hide from it.

(The foregoing is kindly provided by J. B. McMinn, Assistant Professor of Philosophy, University of Alabama.)

MUSIC AND THE ARTS

The Meaning of the Blues (originally *Blues Fell This Morning*) by Paul Oliver (Collier, 95c). Three hundred and fifty blues with narrative and explanatory links (no music) under eleven themes in American Negro life; record and book lists.

Great American Folk Songs, Jim Morse, editor (Dell, 50c). Miscellaneous favorites with melodies, guitar chords, brief notes and lists.

An English Song Book, Noah Greenberg, editor (Anchor, $1.45). Forty-seven carefully edited liturgical, popular religious and secular songs, chiefly from Tudor books; music and words arranged for part singing.

Verdi Librettos (Anchor, $1.95). Close, new line-by-line translations by William Weaver of *Rigoletto, Otello* and three other operas. English texts face the original and are designed for study with music.

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Hough (University of Nebraska Press, $1.50). A forceful, often persuasive, conservative attack on much imagist doctrine and practice, with other essays on the nineties and later.

Georgian London by John Summerson (Pelican, $1.65). The taste, economics and personalities involved in the growth of London, 1714-1830; a meaty, absorbing study of urban dynamics, heavily illustrated.

Also: *Medieval and Renaissance Florence* by Ferdinand Schevill (Harper & Row, 2 vols., $1.75 ea.). *The Art of the Italian Renaissance: A Handbook for Students and Travellers* by Heinrich Wölfflin (Schocken, $2.45). *Landscape, Portrait, Still-Life* by Max F. Friedländer (Schocken, $2.75).

Biography

Samuel Johnson by Joseph Wood Krutch (Harcourt, Brace & World, $2.95). The best balanced, most scholarly recent full-scale life of Johnson, warmly real and readable.

The Sunset of the Splendid Century by W. H. Lewis (Anchor, $1.45). A graceful and substantial representation of a whole period through the story of Louis XIV's lame, unhappily married bastard son, the Duc du Maine.

Also: *My Life in Court* by Louis Nizer (Pyramid, 95c). *Famous Trials: Oscar Wilde* by H. Montgomery Hyde (Penguin, 85c). *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*, written by himself (Dolphin, 95c).

Miscellaneous

Philosophy A to Z, Music, Anthropology and *Non-Christian Religions* (Grossett & Dunlap, $2.50 ea.), translations and adaptations of the Fischer Lexikon, inaugurate a promising series of perhaps twenty reference volumes. The German originals are highly respected, and these versions are careful and frequently expanded or brought up to date. Thus several articles are added to the Philosophy volume, prepared under direction of James Gutmann, former head of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University. Four useful appendixes are added to the Music volume under Jack Sacher's editorship. New bibliographies and large indexes in all make the comprehensive articles useful for detailed reference as well as consecutive reading.

The Quiet Battle: Writings on the Theory and Practice of Non-Violent Resistance, Mulford Q. Sibley, editor (Anchor, $1.45). An extensive anthology with analytical comments arguing that well-planned passive resistance, though difficult and revolutionary as a method, is now more promising than force in both domestic and international contexts.

Partnership for Progress: A Program for Transatlantic Action by Pierre Uri, Preface by Henry Cabot Lodge (Harper & Row, $1.25). First report of the Atlantic Institute, aimed at stimulating discussion which could lead to agreements among the North American and West European nations on economic and monetary issues.

The Unadjusted Man by Peter Viereck (Capricorn, $1.85). An updated expansion of Emerson's argument in "The American Scholar," generally incisive, sometimes crotchety, but relevant and illuminating.

Wealth Against Commonwealth by Henry Demarest Lloyd; Thomas C. Cochran, editor (Prentice-Hall, $2.25). A classic account (abridged) of the oil interests' method of gaining monopoly; the introduction analyzes Lloyd's antitrust approach and compares business leaders' techniques now and in the nineties.

The Birth of Britain by Winston S. Churchill (Bantam, $1.25). Volume I of his *History of the English-Speaking Peoples.*

A Vacation Shelf

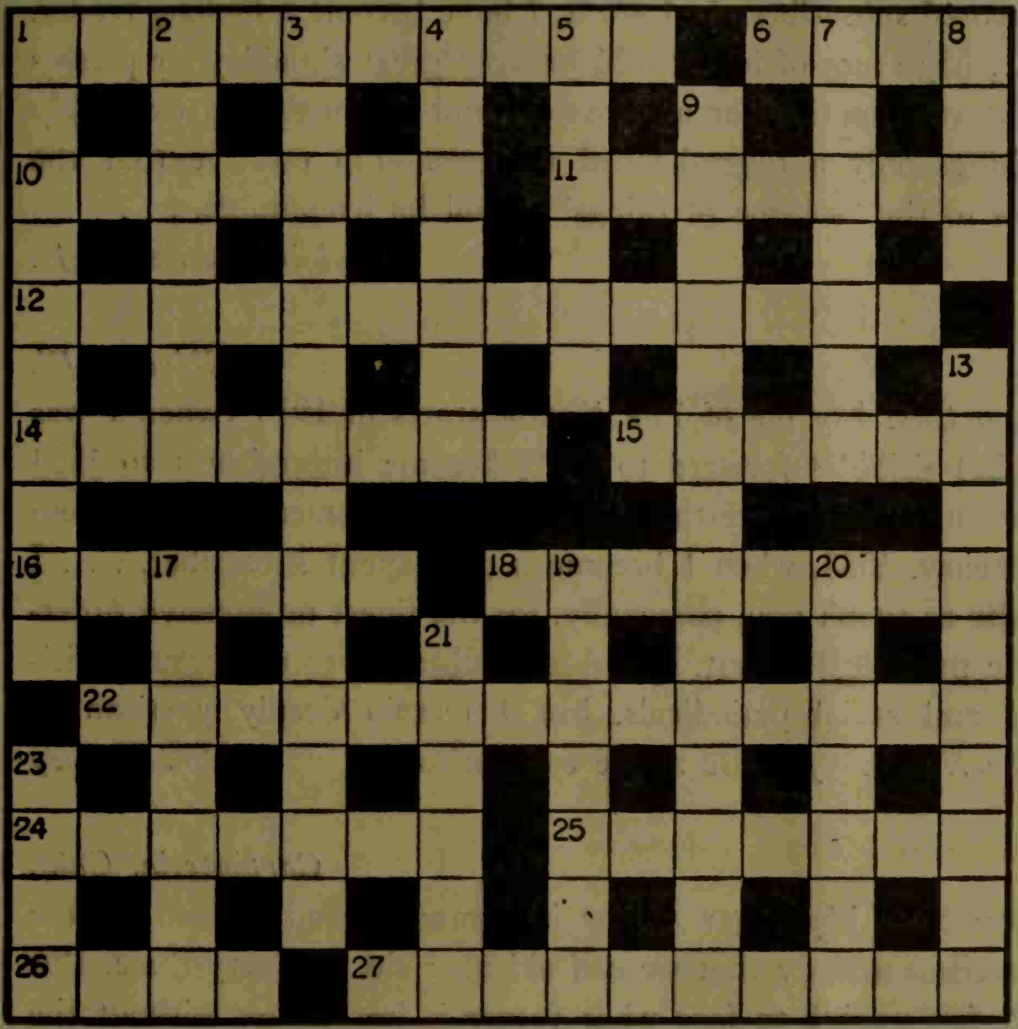
Bid Me to Live by H. D. (Evergreen, $1.95). A carefully wrought novel of English artists and intellectuals (including D. H. and Frieda Lawrence as the Fredericks) during the First World War.

The Case of Comrade Tulayev by Victor Serge (Anchor, $1.45). A Trotskyite's fictional analysis of the conditions and motives behind the Stalin purge, with an excellent new introduction by John P. Roche.

Also: *Hotel Splendide* by Ludwig Bemelmans, with Bemelman's sketches (Viking, $1.35). *The Good Soldier Schweik* by Jaroslav Hasek (Signet, 75c). *Oblomov* by Ivan Goncharov (Signet, 95c). *The English in England* and *In the Vernacular: The English in India*, short stories by Rudyard Kipling; Randall Jarrell, editor (Anchor, $1.25 ea.). *The New Grub Street* by George Gissing; Irving Howe, editor (Riverside, $1.35). *Japanese Short Stories*, Ryunosuke Akutagawa, editor (Avon, 75c). *Northwest Passage* and *Lydia Bailey* by Kenneth Roberts (Crest, 95c ea.). *Uhuru* by Robert Ruark (Crest, 95c). *The Mouse on the Moon* by Leonard Wibberley (Bantam, 50c).

Crossword Puzzle No. 1021

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This marks the last word in voice communication. (4, 3, 3)
6 It's encouraging if one does obtain a function of beta! (4)
10 This general had quite a lot to do with the government of France.
11 Would one probably have files for a finger? (7)
12 Garden variety of fowl? Hardly! (4, 2, 8)
14 Transmitting again? You would never catch 12 doing it! (8)
15 Makes sense, in a manner of speaking, for a religious man to dine. (4, 2)
16 Do cues enable you to make money, one way or another? (6)
18 How O. Henry introduced himself in the business. (8)
22 Timid sets never could be so entertaining. (14)
24 Some people certainly lay it on thick! (7)
25 Character associated with the back room? (7)
26 Children commonly found on hand. (4)
27 Did they reign at the same time as the 10 when generally referred to? (10)

DOWN:

1 Put too much work on the countermelody? (10)
2 Some people give an extra fifty with such charm. (7)
3 From then on, a very sad novel! (7, 7)
4 Used when one cleans and puts in order. (4, 3)
5 Poor, when on your own? At least you have more than one place to sleep! (6)
7 Banged by Gilbert's peers. (7)
8 How to approach the runway with a certain type of dancer? (4)
9 Like Robin's men? In a few words, a woman's finger has to be. (6, 8)
13 A rope is not to be tangled, when it comes to getting things done!
17 An accent might be like the crew is. (7)
19 One who is close comes around to act like a miscreant. (7)
20 Climbers climb on it. (7)
21 How to soothe a dangerous physical condition? (6)
23 Stick, but just barely, to one color.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1020

ACROSS: 1 Paternity suit; 9 and 14 Elder statesman; 10 Macedonia; 11 Alludes; 12 Trapeze; 13 Dines; 16 Erstwhile; 18 Manet; 19 Stimson; 21 Command; 22 Nectarine; 23 Outre; 24 Sweet nothings. DOWN: 1 Poet and Peasant; 2 Tidelands; 3 Reredos; 4 Iambs; 5 Yacht race; 6 Undrape; 7 Tinge; 8 Maternity dress; 14 Scientist; 15 Manhattan; 17 Wastage; 18 Mammoth; 20 Incas; 21 Credo.

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The Young

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: It is the unostentatious yet persistently high-level quality of your editorials and articles which made me such a devoted subscriber. As I see it, I have become a lifelong reader. . . . My sense of loss would be very great should your presses cease to function for any reason, and although I'm extremely young—only a foggy-headed nineteen—I'm positive that the loss to the "scheme of things" would be irreparable. . . .

Franklin Merriman, Jr.

The Middle-Aged

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: My file of *The Nation* starts in 1936 (when I was eight) dribbles forward to 1950, became intermittent to 1954 (when I was twenty-three) and finally becomes complete from January, 1958, when I became a permanent subscriber. . . . I write to thank you, personally, for the finest progressive American periodical extant. I read and subscribe to numerous political and social periodicals, but I remain deeply partisan to *The Nation*—you are above comparison. *Don Harvey*

The Old

Carpinteria, Calif.

Dear Sirs: My sister Ariane is hampered and broken by the merciless malady that we call old age: she is ninety-three. But she felt unable to face what future is left to her without the periodic presence of *The Nation,* which has been part of our household equipment for uncounted years. Our father was a man of books and dreams and we were poor. There were many meatless days but very few *Nation*-less weeks. So please renew. . . . *Helen Moore Alexander*

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September 7, 1963 . . 35c

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REVOLUTION ON THE MARCH

Harvey Swados

THE RHODESIAN TRAP

Arthur Keppel-Jones

Disappearance of a Museum

David Cort

LETTERS

Reactor reaction

New York City

Dear Sirs: I am rather shocked that *The Nation* so blithely dismisses protest against Con Edison's proposed nuclear power reactor in New York City as "inspired by irrational fear of nuclear energy as such [editorial, Aug. 10]. Neither my friends nor I are against nuclear energy "as such"—on the contrary, we welcome the establishment of nuclear reactors. . . . But we do object to the location of a reactor in the heart of a city with a population of 8,000,000. A reactor can be located anywhere and power can be brought to the people who need it, safely. . . . AEC site criteria state quite clearly: (1) few persons should live within 500 yards of the site; (2) in any 10-degree arc around the site, not more than 500 people should live within 1.5 miles; and (3) no large center of population of 10,000 or more should lie within five miles. . . .

Alice Mary Hilton

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Why at Bodega Head?" (Aug. 10) misses the mark slightly in explaining the heated response, "pro and con," to Gene Marine's article, "Outrage on Bodega Head" (June 22). Mr. Marine made one innocent but important error; he noted that our recent court action against PG&E's use-permit for the Bodega Bay nuclear-power plant had ended in a ruling to force a public hearing. This is not so. . . . The court found that indeed the county permit had been granted illegally; but it remained in effect because PG&E had spent so much money developing the site — before AEC hearings on its safety have been scheduled.

As for the recent dissenting opinion by California Public Utilities Commissioner William Bennett, your editorial says that four of the commissioners found the site safe — on the very lip of the San Andreas fault — but that Bennett had found it unsafe. What Bennett found was that "rudiments of fair play and due process suggest . . . that there has not been a full hearing here. . . ." Consistent with violation of due process, the four other commissioners did not find the site safe; they ruled that the issue of safety is pre-empted by the AEC.

David E. Pesonen
Executive Secretary,
The Northern California Association
to Preserve Bodega Head and Harbor

Englewood story

Englewood, N. J.

Dear Sirs: As chairman of the education committee of the Englewood Urban League, I was interested in Gerald Walker's "Englewood and the Northern Dilemma" [July 6], which portrays all aspects of our community's crisis of conscience in masterful fashion. Mr. Walker accurately predicts the New Jersey Education Commissioner's school integration order, which the courts obviously will uphold. The question for Englewood is the cost in civic disunity that implementing Commissioner Raubinger's order will entail.

John M. Pickering

Jamaica, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: As a white mother, living in a neighborhood that is "mixed" in regard to both class and "race," with two children still in the public schools, I should like to take exception to some of the ideas expressed by Mr. Walker.

I consider the intellectual attainments and intentions of the teaching staff more important than the "abilities" of my childrens' classmates in determining the quality of their school learning. One of the main deterrents to learning in segregated classes is the attitude of the teacher toward the Negro pupil, as well as toward the "economically deprived" child of whatever race. A town that will permit a spokesman on educational matters to use the word "nigger" cannot possibly offer equal education to Negro pupils, however equal the plant and equipment.

Isabella Black

How many scientists?

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In your July 6 issue, Carl Dreher announces that "80 to 90 per cent of all the scientists that have lived are still alive." I wonder if Mr. Dreher will be good enough to inform us where he gets his statistical information and what is meant by "scientist" in the census reports, say, in China in the year 800 A.D. or at any other time before Galileo. I have seen this kind of statement in print a number of times and am eager to learn its statistical basis, notably with respect to *"all* the scientists *that have (ever) lived."*

Howard Mumford Jones

Dear Sirs: Mr. Jones is perfectly right, of course: there were scientists before Galileo and elsewhere than in the West. For the purposes of the review in question, I simply took the author's figures for the period covered by his analysis; his concern is with the body of science and scientists that have got us into our present situation.

I suppose what we are really doing in speculations of this sort is dealing with the kind of science, starting in the sixteenth century, which after a certain lag developed into applied science and the industrial revolution.

Carl Dreher

THE
NATION

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Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Sept. 7, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 6

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

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Warrensburg, Mo.

Dear Sirs: Sir John Lomax's "The Day the Cold War Changed" (July 6) rather clearly states that it was "a little later," after Mr. Fulbright's September 30, 1961, statement on atomic weapons for Germany, that Herr Ul-

(Continued on page 120)

EDITORIALS

Realities of the Test Ban

The nuclear test-ban treaty will be ratified by the Senate but, as Secretary McNamara said in his testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee, its consummation will not be a cause for euphoria. The Secretary explained that he meant "we must guard against a condition of mind which allows us to become lax in our defenses," i.e., that our capacity to inflict megadeath will remain absolutely unimpaired. *The Nation's* view is precisely the opposite. We must not become lax in our efforts to avert World War III, the chances of which have now been reduced only slightly.

Three clear gains have been made, not one of them conclusive: (1) atmospheric pollution has been arrested for the time being; (2) after eighteen years of wrangling, it has at last proved possible for the superpowers to agree on *something* in the general field of disarmament; (3) the momentary defeat of the right-wing war party in the United States. But every one of these blessings can be nullified in short order by pre-existing hostile forces which may well be strengthened by their setback, such as it is.

The treaty itself is of an extremely tentative nature: in its terms, it has less assurance of durability than a lease on an apartment. Both sides will prepare assiduously for a possible resumption of atmospheric testing. To make up for the prohibitions of the treaty, we are planning an enormous expansion of underground testing. The armament race careens on. The United States has 500 missiles in readiness and will have at least 1,700 by 1966, some of large caliber, since we are abandoning the idea that ten megatons is about the useful limit. The Soviets will reciprocate with smaller numbers of still larger bombs and, from time to time, Marshal Malinovsky will rattle them.

On our side, any slackening of arms production, even when the Pentagon itself points out that overkill capacity has reached grotesque proportions, will be greeted by ululations about letting our guard down, the certainty of Soviet cheating, etc. Fanatical scientists like Teller, Senatorial militarists like Goldwater and Jackson, monocular soldiers like the SAC commander, Gen. Thomas S. Power, will redouble their efforts to make sure that the most religious, the most virtuous, the most deservedly powerful nation on earth can immolate the human race whenever it chooses. They have received a mere jolt, nothing even remotely resembling a knockout blow. Abroad, West Germany, with its stake in an indefinite prolongation of the cold war, will do its utmost to sabotage further progress.

Broadly, the interest of the Soviet Union is in peaceful coexistence, that of the United States in *warlike* coexistence. This is not a matter of national morality or immorality. The Soviet rulers are under pressure to improve living standards—to do it, not just talk about it. Our elites, including the elites of labor, face a dilemma: finding themselves at a loss to cope with the menacing problems of automation, structural unemployment and recurrent recession, their only remedy is to benzedrine the economy by massive injections of government spending on arms and aerospace.

The treaty cannot change these impulsions in the slightest degree. The penultimate result could be its abrogation at the next eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation; the ultimate result could be to open the way for nuclear war. The treaty must be followed by further and more decisive steps, or it will turn out to be the mortal *ignis fatuus* of our era. That is the cardinal fact, and this is no time for the partisans of peace to forget it.

Kefauver

When Senator Estes Kefauver died on August 10, the American people lost the best friend they had in Congress since George W. Norris failed in his last bid for re-election to the Senate in 1942. In that interval of two decades, there were and are Congressmen as well-intentioned as these two (though not many), but none who have combined unswerving devotion to the public interest with superlative political effectiveness. The differences in the lives of the two men are outweighed by the similarities. Early in his Congressional career, Norris headed the revolt which broke the power of Speaker Joe Cannon and the Republican Old Guard in the House. In moving from the House to the Senate, Kefauver brought down Ed Crump, the Democratic boss of Tennessee. Norris, defeated at last by a coalition of the utilities and the pro-German voters of Nebraska, left the Tennessee Valley Authority as his monument. In a series of memorable investigations, Kefauver made himself the scourge of the monopolists, the price-fixers, the consumer-gougers in industry, as well as the more forthright gangsters and their political allies. Now and then, the electorate somehow manages to get itself a Senator who is, actually and in the fullest sense, a public servant.

Kefauver earnestly wanted to be President and, violating another tradition of American politics, went around saying so. He had the qualifications, but to attain the office he would have needed more luck than fell to his lot. He was a maverick, after all. He would wear a coonskin cap when he needed the votes and had to create a public image of himself that would overcome the handicaps under which an honest politician labors, but he never stooped to demagoguery. Nor to double-talk. No wonder he failed.

His chief fault as a statesman was that he died too young. When the end came, so unexpectedly and quickly, the powerful as well as the humble paid him tribute, but among the former public sorrow was largely diluted with private relief. Kefauver never ran away from trouble, he had a keen mind, a genuine social conscience, and not the slightest inclination to truckle to the top dogs in any walk of life. How could machine politicians like him? They are more comfortable with a dead legislative hero than a live one; in that sense their praise of the departed was no doubt sincere. But the liberal journalists of the country, the working people for whom he worked, the Negroes and all men of good will have cause for grief. They have suffered a loss that is literally irreparable, and they will be reminded of it often in the difficult and dangerous days ahead. So far as Senate organization is concerned, certain portents are already disturbing. True, Philip A. Hart of Michigan, a liberal who has already proved his dedication to the interests of the consumer, succeeds Kefauver as chairman of the Senate anti-trust subcommittee; we wish him well. But a subcommittee seat remains vacant and the choice rests with the chairman of the parent Judiciary Committee—Senator Eastland. As for Tennessee's representation in the Senate, Governor Clement has already made an interim appointment: Democratic National Committeeman Herbert S. Walters who, by all accounts, cannot be said to fit into the inspiring Kefauver tradition of public service.

The Fall of Valor

Throughout the ages the accepted function of the military has been to get out in front on the firing line to protect the folks back home. Even Mussolini and Hitler, the greatest monsters the human race has produced in modern times, were brave soldiers in their youth. They suffered before acquiring the power to make others suffer. Apparently this has all been reversed. Now the military need not suffer at all, much less perish. They are digging themselves in (or, in the case of very high commanders, planning to escape into space) and the dying will be left to the civilians. This is not to charge the military with an unseemly regard for their own lives. They deem it their duty to the nation to remain healthy, even after all the civilians are dead. Otherwise, who is to launch the retaliatory missiles to insure that all Russian civilians die, too?

The military are perfectly frank about their new roles. An air general has pointed out the necessity for orbital command posts for the top brass of his service. Since these facilities will not be available on a large scale in the near future, other officers will be assured of survival underground. On a still humbler level, interceptor units which were originally posted around cities to protect the populace from air attack are now to be dispersed, the Air Force explains, "to give them a maximum chance of surviving ballistic attack." For itself, NORAD, air-defense HQ, is building a steel-armored cave under a Colorado mountain.

Most civilians will appreciate the moral and practical necessity of these measures. Of course there are always a few disaffected individuals. One such, learning that the Pentagon was asking for holes a mile deep in which generals could "carry on in safety with the future blasting of the world after we're gone," thought it might be a justifiable novelty to devote one such hole to preserve a civilian family, and "it might as well be mine." He soon lost heart, however. "I was going to say," he murmured, "like an exhibit in a museum. But silly me, who'd go to the museum? You'll all be dead."

Then that ill-tempered Senator, Hon. Stephen Young of Ohio, recently noted that recruiting stations seemed to be multiplying like rabbits in his state. He counted twenty-three in Cleveland alone, maintained by five different armed services. Extrapolating, the Senator estimated that an army of many thousands must be required to man all the recruiting stations. Why not, he asked, save money and provide more field fighters by centralizing, merging or even eliminating these centers, and sending the able-bodied male personnel off to front-line duty?

The Senator has failed to keep up with developments. Wouldn't this be a sad way to reward disregard of personal safety in the nation's service? All these brave men and women must be aware of the situation, yet each remains at his or her post, right among the doomed civilians. Far from breaking up the recruiting services, ought we not to grant these commandos extra hazards pay, and a medal for valor upon retirement? And perhaps posthumous decorations for civilians, too?

Not Only the Negroes

Other minorities in this country suffer disabilities similar to those of the Negro—and don't like it any better. In Terrebonne Parish, Louisiana, Houma Indians filed a suit to force desegregation of the public schools. Segregation there is triple-barreled: there are separate schools for whites, Negroes and Indians! In North Carolina, Lumbee Indians are also trying to get their children into integrated public schools.

Various forms of discrimination exist all over the United States. Puerto Ricans and Mexican-Americans —not to speak of Mexicans who are not citizens—are almost or actually as disadvantaged as Negroes. The Mexicans (or Latins, as some of them prefer to be called) are organizing. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, Albert A. Penna, Jr., Texas president of PASO (Political Association of Spanish-Speaking Organizations), sums up the situation: "An Anglo will be hired for $60 a week as a mechanic while a Latin will be hired to do the same job for $40."

Then there are the Oriental-Americans, among them the Japanese-Americans who were so shamefully robbed of their lands by patriotic Californians in World War II. If all the oppressed minorities could unite in fighting for their rights, it would be a good thing, not only for them, but for the country. There are obstacles. One is geographical separation, the other the tendency of each group to disregard all grievances but its own. "Socially and economically," says a Chinese-American leader, "we've reached a much higher plane than the Negroes, so we don't feel mass movements are necessary." He would do well to remember the treatment of the Chinese in California in the last century, and later. No more than a man is a race an island unto itself.

The First Freedom Riders . . . . a Guest Editorial

I never rise to address a colored audience, without feeling ashamed of my own color; ashamed of being identified with a race of men who have done . . . so much injustice. *William Lloyd Garrison (1832)*

Our people have got it. They have got it in the blue, collapse stage. Many of them have got it so bad, they can't get well. They will die of it. It will be a mercy, if the nation does not. What a dignified, philosophic malady! Dread of complexion. . . .

This color-phobia is making terrible havoc among our communities. But it is a base, low, vulgar ailment. It is meaner, in fact, than the itch. It is worse to get rid of than the "seven years' itch." It is fouler than Old Testament leprosy. . . . It is a tasty disorder—a beautiful ailment; very genteel, and apt to go in "first families." We should like to have Hogarth take a sketch of a community that had it—or ours, for instance, when the St. Vitus' fit was on. We have read somewhere of a painter, who made so droll a picture that he died alaughing at the sight of it. Hogarth might not laugh at this picture. It would be a sight to cry at, rather than laugh, especially if he could see the poor objects of our frenzy, when the fit is on—which indeed is all the time, for it is an unintermittent. Our attitude would be most ridiculous and ludicrous, if it were not too mortifying and humiliating and cruel. Our Hogarth would be apt to die of something else than laughter, at sight of his sketch.

Nathaniel Peabody Rogers (1838)

Let us not flatter ourselves that we are in reality any better than our brethren of the South. . . . The *form* of slavery does not exist among us; but the very *spirit* of the hateful and mischievous thing is here in all its strength. The manner in which we use what power we have, gives us ample reason to be grateful that the nature of our institutions does not intrust us with more. . . .

Those who are kind and liberal on all other subjects, unite with the selfish and the proud in their unrelenting efforts to keep the colored population in the lowest state of degradation; and the influence they unconsciously exert over children early infuses into their innocent minds the same strong feelings of contempt.

Lydia Child (1833)

It is true that in these United States and in this State, there are men, like myself, colored with the skin like my own, who are not subjected to the lash, who are not liable to have their wives and their infants torn from them. . . . But sir, still we are slaves—everywhere we feel the chain galling us . . . the spirit of slavery. This spirit is withering all our hopes, and ofttimes causes the colored parent as he looks upon his child, to wish he had never been born. . . .

If the nation and church understood this matter, I would not speak a word about that killing influence that destroys the colored man's reputation. This influence cuts us off from everything; it follows us up from childhood to manhood; it excludes us from all stations of profit, usefulness and honor; takes away from us all motive for pressing forward in enterprises, useful and important to the world and to ourselves. . . .

But sir, this prejudice goes farther. It debars men from heaven. . . . What, [the colored] demand, is your Christianity? How do you regard your brethren? How do you treat them at the Lord's table? Where is your consistency in talking about the heathen, traversing the ocean to circulate the Bible everywhere, while you frown upon them at the door?

Reverend Theodore S. Wright (1837)

But it may be said that the miserable victims of the system have our sympathies. Sympathy! . . . One's heart and soul are becoming weary of this sympathy, this heartless mockery of feeling; sick of the common cant hyprocrisy, wreathing the artificial flowers of sentiment over unutterable pollution and unimaginable wrong. . . .

No! let the truth on this subject, undisguised, naked, terrible as it is, stand out before us. Let us no longer seek to cover it; let us no longer strive to forget it; let us no more dare to palliate it. It is better to meet it here with repentance than at the bar of God. The cry of the oppressed, of the millions who have perished among us as the brute perisheth. . . . Their blood is upon us as a nation; woe unto us, if we repent not, as a nation, in dust and ashes.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1833)

I say to you, you must save yourself, black or white, man or woman; other help is none. I esteem the occasion of this jubilee [emancipation of the West Indies Negroes] to be the proud discovery that the black race can contend with the white; that, in the great anthem which we call history, a piece of many parts and vast compass, after playing a long time a very low and subdued accompaniment, they perceive the time arrived when they can strike in with effect and take a master's part in the music. *Ralph Waldo Emerson (1858)*

The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with *us*, in such contest [with insurgent slaves].

Thomas Jefferson

Complexion can in no sense be construed into crime, much less be rightfully made the criterion of rights. Should the people of color, through a revolution of Providence, become a majority, to the last I would oppose it upon the same principle; for, in either case, it would be equally reprehensible and unjustifiable—alike to be condemned and repudiated. It is JUSTICE I stand here to claim, not FAVOR for either complexion.

Charles Lenox Remond, a Negro Abolitionist (1842)

These men are all talk; what is needed is action—action! *John Brown (1858)*

The Brown and Emerson quotations, above, are taken from the script of a Channel 13 educational TV series called "The Rise of the American Nation," given by Dr. James T. Shenton of Columbia University. All other quotations are from The Abolitionists, *by Louis Ruchames, just published by Putnam.*

REVOLUTION ON THE MARCH

Harvey Swados

West 130th Street is a residential block in the heart of Harlem. Here, on a sultry summer afternoon, you will find kids cruising on box scooters, teenagers licking on lollipops as they listen to transistors, adults sitting around card tables on the sidewalk, playing dominoes and bridge. Here, too, at number 170, you could find the general headquarters for the most massive popular demonstration ever planned in the history of the Negro people.

The Utopia Neighborhood Clubhouse, just off Seventh Avenue, is the recreation and welfare center of the Friendship Baptist Church of the Rev. Thomas Kilgore, Jr., a Harlem civil-rights leader and member of the Administrative Committee of the March on Washington, himself working out of town on the March, like Norman Hill, program director of CORE, and other key figures. Even draped with a banner and decked out with a sidewalk sign advertising the March, the center retains the air of dusty busyness and red-brick dinginess so characteristic of the social-work center. On the street floor the narrow corridor gives off onto three rooms: an office whose occupant during the month of August, the deputy director of the March, was somewhat inadequately protected by a sign proclaiming, March Office One Flight Up; a tiny kitchen; and a smallish back room. This room, opening on a littered back yard lined with fire escapes, and crowded with the usual clutter of cartons of booklets, rows of coat racks, an upright piano holding little vases with roses, and undertakers' folding chairs, has been the scene of a "summit meeting" of the Big Six who issued the call for the March, and of other sessions at least as important, if not as well publicized.

On the second and third floors, the black and white staff workers of the March, some paid but mostly volunteers, kept up a noisy clatter of typing, telephoning, message running and answering, and services for the press, radio, television. A stranger observing this activity might have thought he had stumbled into a neighborhood betterment drive, or perhaps a Congressional campaign. Only the sight of representatives of the great news-gathering agencies of the country would remind him of the magnitude of the task undertaken by people who made up in dedication and resourcefulness for what they lacked in the comfortable accouterments of the political parties, the big unions, or the major welfare organizations.

Some of these workers, like Patty the pretty switchboard operator, had drifted in straight from college and were held by a growing conviction. Others, particularly the SNICK (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) kids, like Joyce, up from Greenwood, Mississippi, and bending her short-cropped head earnestly over a typewriter, were already veteran activists, who knew the insides of a variety of Southern jails more intimately than the average Harlem girl knows her neighborhood beauty parlor.

The core of the March staff consisted of a group that had already been involved with its deputy director, Bayard Rustin, in the Youth Marches for Integrated Schools in 1958 and 1959. They not only knew their leader's way of working, they had already had considerable experience with a variety of problems that, to the uninitiated, could seem unprecedented and hence cumulatively bewildering. They included a man who looks and talks like an organizer of the British Aldermaston marches. Dr. John Scott, who had become involved as a teacher with the Youth marches, and is chairman of the Public Affairs Commission of the Ethical Culture Society in Riverdale; and younger people like Pete Graham, who worked quietly through the day and half the night handling literature printing and distribution, buttons, posters and the rest; like Tom Kahn, a young white graduate of a Negro university (Howard), who sat at Rustin's right hand and steered incessant callers on three telephones, from Congressmen to Negro and union leaders, to or from his boss; like Rachelle Horowitz, using her vacation time from her job at the Workers Defense League to line up transportation to Washington for thousands of New Yorkers and to guide inquiring Americans across the country in the complexities of getting themselves and their groups to and from the capital. (Rachelle is the kind of girl who could turn from negotiations with an interstate bus carrier for mass transport, to an elderly toothless Negro who had come in from the street to her desk to explain: "I'm going to march, but I've got bad diabetes and I can't take a bus because maybe it won't have a toilet. I haven't got a phone, what should I do?" and could take down his name and address carefully and assure him that she would let him know about a train seat.)

During the weeks preceding the March, the daily office routine of this group was often followed by a briefing session for New York area chairmen of various organizations — the one I attended, about half Negro, half white, was cramped and smoky but businesslike — come to report on the progress of their local endeavors ("We're holding a mass meeting across from Tompkins Square Park Saturday morning, we expect several thousand") and to find out about provisions for safety, the jobs of the captains and marshals, and health precautions ("Is it true people shouldn't put mayonnaise in their sandwiches?" "Right, it spoils quickly in heat and can cause diarrhea"). And after these, very possibly an evening staff meeting.

It was at these staff meetings, I think, that one could get the best sense of the working relationship between the sardonic, tireless fifty-three-year-old Rustin, arrested twenty-two times over the decades of his involvement in civil-rights battles but hardly known to the public, and his adoring band of predominantly very youthful subordinates; and of the creative interchange of ideas about all manner of problems, from whether to identify a crucial segment of the marchers, the unemployed, as such, to the need for strict financial control over the sale of buttons. Presiding, even lecturing, but listening too for ideas as he taught his followers,

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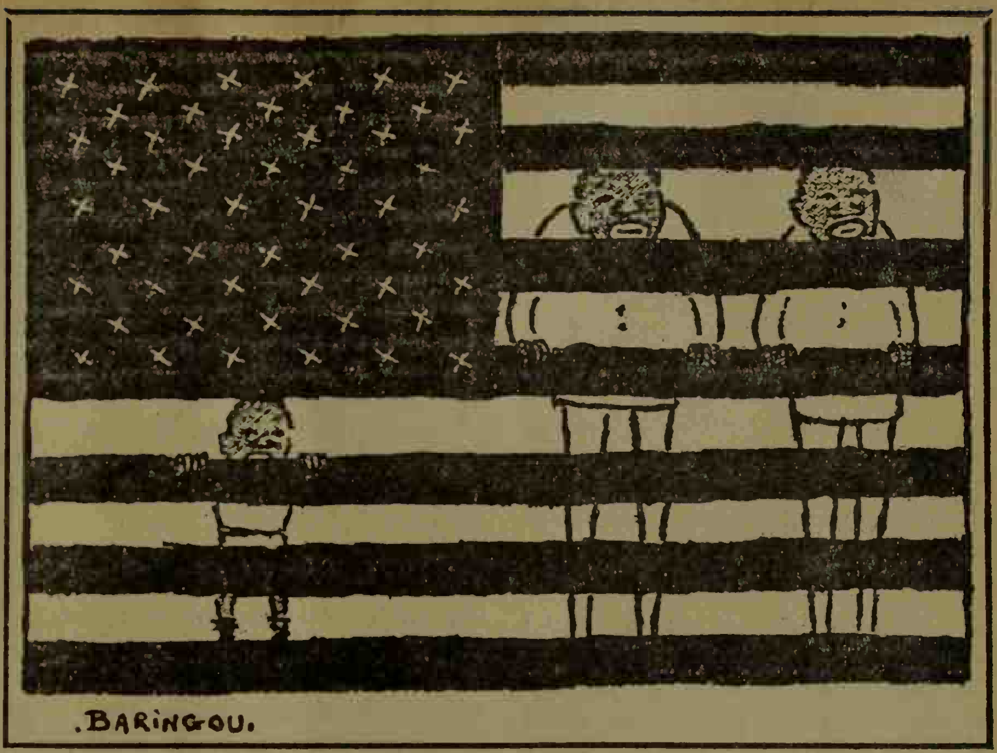

France Observateur

was Rustin, who had been encouraged back in 1946 by A. Philip Randolph, the father of the very March idea, to go on the first Freedom Rides, in the course of which he did time on a Carolina chain gang; and who had served from 1955 to 1960 as secretary to Martin Luther King.

A staff meeting which I sat in on was interrupted half a dozen times by phone calls from bigwigs and queries from newsmen, and finally by the arrival of Ossie Davis, the actor-playwright, with whom Rustin had an appointment. The upshot was a meeting of Davis, not just with Rustin but with the entire staff, who exchanged information with him on their needs and his requirements in terms of use of Broadway and Hollywood stars, timing, amplifying equipment and so on.

I think the mood could best be described, after some ten or twelve harried hours in the office with no time out for dinner, as one of gayety. This *élan*, this sense of participation in something that grew even as they planned for it, as with parents who discuss the future of their child while he sleeps, may help to explain why Rustin felt free to call on staff members to stay on even after the meeting to do what he took for granted himself as a matter of habit: draft letters, bulletins, plans for the next day's work, in the late quiet hours of the night.

Everyone came to this nerve center, everyone from the Big Six to Patrolman William Johnson, Jr., shrewd and amiable president of the Guardians, an organization of some eleven hundred New York Negro policemen, with an unofficial committee of his unofficial confreres, to plan control in Washington over unauthorized signs and slogans, protection of the one and a half miles of sound equipment and isolation of the sound tower from the throng, parking in the three perimeters laid out by the Washington police, and directing the lost back to their buses and trains.

My focus thus far has been on the narrow, stifling building on West 130th Street, and on the March's deputy director, Bayard Rustin, who, despite a driving mind ruthless as a clenched fist, was so underrecognized that reporters were always nudging each other to ask who was the graying guy with the moustache and how you spelled his name, a name not to be found even in the index of Louis Lomax's book, *The Negro Revolt*, a name barely known even to the liberal supporter of civil rights until Strom Thurmond arose on the floor of the United States Senate to vilify it — and succeeded only in tightening the unity of the Negro leaders.

It should not be supposed, however, that it was only here and only among this small group that leadership was being exercised and efficient response given to the questions pouring in from across the country. In union offices, church headquarters and civil-rights and fraternal organizations, a smoothly interlocking directorate worked through the August weeks to coordinate plans in the New York area and provide guidance elsewhere.

George Meany and his automatic majority on the executive council of the AFL-CIO, with possibly the best will in the world and surely the worst understanding in the world, fought on for jobs and for the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1963 — but refused to endorse a public demonstration demanding jobs and civil rights, even though it had already been endorsed by everyone from Cardinal Spellman to politicians and unionists eager to tie the Negro to the New Frontier. But they could not prevent constituent unions more closely attuned to the realities of a revolution from participating in the March (whether because of substantial Negro membership or because of a susceptibility to moral outrage greater than that to be encountered in the building-trades unions), or from helping at the very outset to overcome hesitations about the March even within the Negro community. Thus the International Union of Electrical Workers, the Furniture Workers, the United Auto Workers, the Fur Workers, the Packinghouse Workers, the Amalgamated, the International Ladies Garment Workers Union (which has had its troubles with the NAACP), the Transport Workers, the State, County and Municipal Workers and, perhaps most important, the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, were not only involved in the first mobilization meetings on July 2 and 25, but provided indispensable experience, skill, money and leadership.

The RWDSU is particularly worthy of note because its affiliates, such as the Drug and Hospital Workers, have been extremely militant and because as a result it now has in its ranks substantial numbers of Negroes (and of Puerto Ricans, otherwise very little heard from thus far in the Negro revolution). And also because its vice president, Cleveland Robinson, who is also secretary-treasurer of District 65, was liaison man between the unions and Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and chairman of the Administrative Committee of the March—which, before it set up shop on 130th Street, began life in the office of District 65. Robinson, a gigantic black man with a surprisingly mellow West Indian voice, suffers from glaucoma and is down to about 10 per cent vision, but was devoting all of his massive undimmed energy to the March; he was to be found in and around the Harlem HQ, conferring with Rustin, signing checks, making policy decisions, taking phone calls, issuing statements, giving out interviews.

Meanwhile, at the RWDSU offices on West 40th Street, the editor of its paper, Max Steinbock, had taken over the detailed work of preparing accommodations for his members' participation in the March, as other union staffers were doing around the country. First he got from the Pennsylvania Railroad, with which he had already done business on job marches, a commitment for four trains, each seating one thousand people—half a dozen Pullmans, ten coaches, with seats given out on a first-come, first-served basis. Then he arranged for a box lunch (on the trip down) and a box supper (on the trip back) for each of the four thousand marchers, an official March button and a hat. Then, after figuring prices for a package deal, he had to prepare financial arrangements: hundreds of members bought the package tickets as individuals; locals bought blocks of tickets, some voting the money from their treasury, others raising it in collections to make sure that a substantial contingent of unemployed would march with their brothers, approximately two-thirds of whom would be Negroes—clericals, salesmen and salesgirls, shipping clerks, workers from small factories. Some shops, like Hudson Vitamin Company, informed him that they were shutting down for the day, and would permit workers to come in on Saturday if they wanted to, and make up for the lost time (for which the union could not reimburse them).

At the same time, while Jewish and Catholic leaders pressed forward, in the great pile of the Interchurch Center on Riverside Drive, Dr. Anna Arnold Hedgeman, consultant with the Congregational Church and member of the Administrative Committee of the March, was serving as coordinator of the Church Assembly, charged by the National Council of Churches with shepherding 30,000 white (and some Negro) Christians into Washington. Dr. Hedgeman, a handsome woman whose eyes seem to have a permanent twinkle, was able to view her impending visit to Washington from the vantage point of one whose association with the city extends back to her days as a member of the "Black Cabinet" of the last Roosevelt Administration.

She is as unruffled by the revolution and her role as if she were arranging a bazaar instead of getting out mailings in lots of 75,000 and aiding planeloads, trainloads and busloads to demonstrate their solidarity in support of racial justice and witness to the national moral issue. As we spoke, she was interrupted, as all the others had been, by anxious phone calls from various points of the country—during the preceding week, she had been called by Protestant leaders in Columbus, Anderson, Utica, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Chicago, Detroit—and also in Cincinnati, Atlanta, North Carolina, Florida. Many Southern white Christians, she said, feel concern but have all too little opportunity to express it in their home place; it was important for them to learn, by coming to Washington, that they had white allies in other parts of the country. And that they let the Negro know, at least in this way, that he is not alone in his determination.

When I asked Mrs. Hedgeman about the Protestant churches' attitude toward those job demands of the March which, by comparison with civil rights, had been somewhat slighted—a massive Federal Public Works program, a Federal Fair Employment Practices Act, a new national minimum wage—she reminded me that the church had always been concerned with economics. "While we may not support every detail, the March leaders' economic demands have not been a problem to us—or we wouldn't have been willing to cooperate."

Everyone with whom I spoke agreed that, if money for their transportation were forthcoming, there would be an outpouring of Negroes for the March from the South (two Freedom Trains were being organized, from New Orleans and Florida) far surpassing that from the rest of the country. But this meant outside help on a substantial scale beyond the $125,000 that the March itself would cost ($7,000 alone for mobile toilets, $16,000 alone for sound equipment).

The Taconic Foundation and its president, Stephen R. Currier, already deeply involved in race-relations work and convinced that greater coordination was needed in Negro fund-raising activities, had succeeded, early in the summer, in persuading seven key Negro organizations to band together into the Council for Civil Rights Leadership and WELD (the Committee for Welfare, Education, and Legal Defense).

It is a question, though, whether such a marriage, useful and urgently necessary as it is for fund-raising and smooth coordination of such a complex enterprise as the March, could or ought to set limits to diversity in leadership or experimentation in programmatic development. I found that Mrs. Hedgeman was not alone in feeling that in a revolution new leadership emerges, on all sides and from all strata, and cannot be contained by the decisions of any ten men such as those who issued the call for the March.

Meanwhile, the joint efforts of talents as diverse as those of Cleve Robinson and Anna Arnold Hedgeman can be seen as symbolizing two of the many streams which, joining together, were destined to produce the mighty torrent of humanity flowing through Washington. The March itself, after all, came into being in a merging of two streams of thought and action: one led by A. Philip Randolph, who for two decades has planned and organized job marches on the capital and who originally conceived of an October, 1963, march of some 20,000, led by the Negro American Labor Council, *for* jobs; and one led by Martin Luther King and Roy Wilkins, both of whom, under pressure from below, decided to march *against* an expected Senate filibuster. On June 2, the two agreed to combine forces.

Ever since, as events have unfolded, including the efforts of the New Frontier to embrace and envelop the marchers, their demands have simultaneously broadened and become more specific. And it began to become clear that as the logic of the situation and the fervor of the young forced it onward, the March — that is, the grand coalition — would have to call not only for the Kennedy civil-rights bill, not only for more jobs in general terms, but for total civil-rights legislation and total economic demands surpassing anything conceived of by white liberals and well-intentioned officialdom, and involving a dislocation — with incalculable consequences — of the warfare-welfare state and its present power structure.

For myself, there was only one brief moment of depression during these exhilarating weeks. That came as I observed the white journalists, particularly on that day when they shoved, pushed, grumbled, complained, waiting for the meeting of the Big Six to break. They gave no sign that they understood that they were privileged to observe and report on the unfolding of a new epoch in American history. Had they been present at Valley Forge, I felt, they would have complained of the inadequate press facilities and of how the snow got in the way of making their Sunday deadlines. "You're the ones that want the publicity, aren't you?" asked the reporter of a great newspaper.

In its August 17 issue, *The New Yorker* magazine followed TV reporter Gabe Pressman through a day in his busy life, and went with him to that summit meeting at the Utopia Neighborhood Club:

> *Later, while waiting his turn, along with other television representatives, to interview A. Philip Randolph, national president of the Negro American Labor Council and chairman of the march, Pressman mused on what to ask him. "I guess the best angle would be whether the Communists and Black Muslims are trying to take over the march," he said. "That's new. Well, not really new, but it may get a steamy answer." It didn't.*

Earlier, Malcolm X had informed me coldly (and, I suspect, unhappily) on the telephone that the Black Muslims were not associated with the March. Obviously. But as I stood there, too, that day, listening to Pressman asking A. Philip Randolph, who at seventy-four has had a lifetime in the labor and Socialist movements, whether he was going to allow the miserable handful of American Communists to try to hoodwink him, and listening to another reporter asking James Farmer, director of CORE, a similar question, I could only wonder what chance the American people had of getting an understanding, in depth, of the new American revolution. For the people in that building, wearily attempting to cope with embarrassingly ignorant journalists, were for the most part—even the youngest among them—veterans of the Socialist Party or the Young Peoples Socialist League; and even those who were not, whether pacifists or activists or both, were committed against totalitarianism to their very marrow.

But then, less than five years have elapsed since Hannah Arendt, an authority on revolutions (at least, an author of scholarly books about them), was able to write: "However, the most startling part of the whole business was the federal decision to start integration in, of all places, the public schools. It certainly did not require too much imagination to see that this was to burden children, black and white, with the working out of a problem which adults for generations have confessed themselves unable to solve." The historic photograph of a Negro girl being escorted to school, followed by a jeering mob, elicited from Miss Arendt this response:

> *The picture looked to me like a fantastic caricature of progressive education which, by abolishing the authority of adults, implicitly denies their responsibility for the world into which they have borne their children and refuses the duty of guiding them into. Have we now come to the point where it is the children who are being asked to change or improve the world? And do we intend to have our political battles fought out in the school yards?*

Perhaps the lesson is that we ought all, even those of us who are scholars or journalists, to be a little humble; and if we are going to talk about revolutions, to attend to the revolutionists themselves, before we ask foolish questions.

I listened one day, at the March office, to John Lewis, the shy young chairman of SNICK, telling me that he expects a new generation of leaders even younger than himself to emerge from the rural South in the days ahead, and to emerge from those whose prospect will have been broadened by the experience of the March itself. "Everything we've done so far," he said to me, "has been preliminary, almost a rehearsal. On August 28 the curtain goes up on the first act of the revolution."

Labor Tries a Comeback . . . . . Harry Bernstein

Los Angeles

Since the first of the year, the AFL-CIO has been conducting a low-keyed but persistent organizing drive in what is probably the fastest growing industrial region in the country—the bustling metropolitan area of Los Angeles. Success will mean more than the adding of a few hundred thousand members to the ranks of organized labor. It could confound the growing number of critics, inside and outside unions, who believe the labor movement to be moribund at best or, at worst, altogether outdated by the technological revolution. It could, moreover, set an example for other areas of the country where unionization has failed to keep pace with the labor force.

This is the second time in almost as many years that the AFL-CIO has chosen California as a battleground. In 1961, the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee stirred interest for several months by futile strikes and internal union squabbling as it tried to organize the state's farm workers. The drive failed for lack of manpower, money and sustained effort. The current campaign seems to have all three. A chest of $400,000 has been built, half contributed by the national AFL-CIO and half by the fifty-seven

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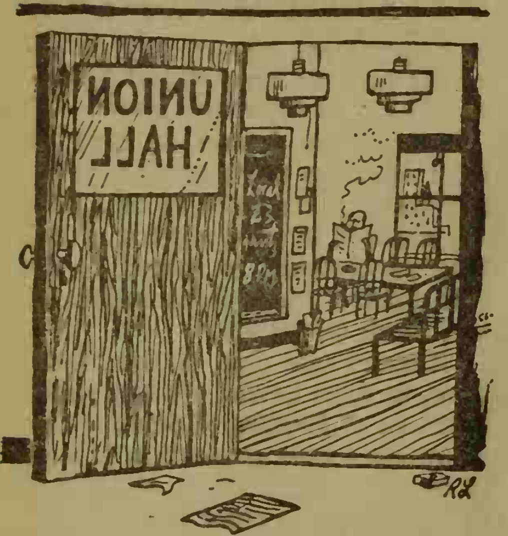
participating international unions: the permanent organizing staff, numbering eighty last January, now numbers about 170; and eight months after the start of the campaign there is no sign of flagging interest or determination.

Actual organizing is being done by the actively participating unions —they number about forty, and include the AFL-CIO's largest internationals—under the general supervision of campaign headquarters. The industrial fields covered are four: soft goods (textiles, chemicals and other non-durables); hard goods (machinery, electronics, metals); government, and hotels and restaurants. Results for the first seven months have been encouraging, if not sensational. In this period, bargaining rights have been gained in plants employing a total of 14,000 persons, of whom nearly 5,000 are government workers. (The ready response of government workers to the drive may be due in part to last year's Presidential order outlining procedures for governmental agencies to recognize and bargain with unions.)



These gains do not seem large in a region wherein, it is estimated, half of the 1,500,000 total labor force is non-union. But they signal the reversal of a trend, apparent in recent years, which found unions slowly losing ground to the influx of new, non-union workers, and in many cases losing more workers in NLRB elections than they gained. In the first quarter of this year, for instance, unions in the Los Angeles area won NLRB elections involving 2,077 workers, but lost others involving 2,199. In the second quarter, as the unionization drive gained momentum, victories involved 3,997 workers and losses added up to 3,803.

The statistics so far available show nothing conclusive. But, as William Gilbert, drive director, now says, "In many ways, the most important thing about this campaign is that it exists." Labor, for the time being at least, has regained some of its old proselyting spirit. And so far there has been a minimum of inter-union squabbles.

In many quarters, labor's general loss of militancy is ascribed to lack of militant leadership. This is only part of the story. In Los Angeles, as elsewhere, labor faces other problems: (1) the "good boss," whose pay scale and general treatment of employees are of a standard that lessens the lure of unions for his workers; (2) the as yet unbridged gulf between the growing army of white-collar workers and the old-style union leaders; and (3) the complex of problems presented by automation, which collective bargaining was never designed to solve.

In Los Angeles, the "good boss" problem presents especially formidable obstacles. In most plants, wages and working conditions are about as good as those provided under union contracts, and in some instances better. The arguments which the unions advance are that the "good boss" can turn bad at any time, that no individual is secure without a contract, and that in any case it is the pressure exerted by union contracts that creates the better pay and working conditions in the non-union plants.

These arguments are not new, of course. And neither is the counter-argument offered by management, i.e., why should the worker pay union dues to "corrupt outsiders" to get what they can get without joining a union? The truth is that this may be a new battle, but it is being fought with old weapons on familiar grounds. The unions are trying no new or unusual techniques; none has even been suggested. But the very difficulties of organizing under these conditions have sharpened some tactics, even if they have not uncovered new strategies. Unions have established training classes for organizers for the all-important task of finding competent, in-plant committees. These committees must then be able to pin down specific issues which vitally concern the majority of the workers in the plant involved. No "good boss" is so good that his workers are completely happy.

In an area so rich in defense contracts — aerospace and electronics especially — the professional workers, including engineers and technicians, would seem to be a natural objective for any union organizing drive. But the difficulties seem insurmountable.

The professionals are represented by associations which, as the years go by, act more and more like unions. But engineers by tradition don't like the word "union"; according to one engineering association official, 90 per cent of his members would have resigned if, a few years ago, it had been decided to call the organization a union. The word is perhaps less distasteful now than it was then, but not much. In any case, the associations themselves are not doing too well and are hard put to it to hold their own memberships.

In this area, the independent engineering associations have bargaining rights at only four major locations—Douglas, Lockheed, General Dynamics and the Los Angeles Department of Water and Supply. They have shown signs of militancy in only the last year or two, and promptly ran into difficulty. The latest trouble began when a petition was filed to split the lower-paid technicians from the engineers to form separate bargaining units. The result would vitally affect the organization involved—the Engineers and Architects Association (E.A.A.), which had been bargaining since World War II for about 5,000 technicians and professional engineers at General Dynamics in San Diego. The issue would also provide a good test of the attitude toward unions of the technicians and engineers, an attitude which neither the AFL-CIO organizers nor the association leadership seem to understand.

The first vote on the issue showed overwhelmingly that the engineers wanted no part of collective bargaining if it meant that they would have to make common cause with the technicians.

There followed separate votes by the engineers and technicians on whether each group wanted to retain the association as bargaining agent.The technicians said "yes" in all three divisions of the company, including Astronautics, the largest division. And the professionals, now rid of the technicians, seemingly indicated that they wanted to keep the association when they voted 1,733 "yes" to 1,591 for no union. But then a run-off was necessary in Astronautics because the American Federation of Technical Engineers, AFL-CIO, a late intervener in the election, had garnered 286 votes. In the run-off, the engineers voted against the E.A.A., 2,149 to 1,388.

What had happened was clear enough—and furnished a lesson to management. In the first go-round, the company had made no real campaign against the E.A.A. But when the first election turned out fairly close, management saw its chance and spoke out firmly in opposition to collective bargaining for professionals. Its arguments appear to have been persuasive.

The lesson for the association and the attentively watching AFL-CIO organizers was less clear. Some observers felt that the engineers had turned down the association because it lacked militancy. An association representative said: "The trouble was we were just not giving any leadership at General Dynamics. I think the men want more, not less, militancy and unionism." This viewpoint seems to have been adopted officially by the other professional guilds and associations in the area. At Lockheed, for example, the Engineers and Scientists Guild noted, in a recent newsletter, that the average weekly wage of an engineer is about $215 a week, and that a design specialist gets only $7 a week more than a plumber. "The plumber," says the Guild, "has learned the effectiveness of collective bargaining."

Naturally, the AFL-CIO unions like to hear that kind of talk.

The future of the AFL-CIO organizing drive is closely linked to the attitudes of teachers, technicians, professional engineers and other white-collar workers who constitute the bulk of the unorganized workers here.

Responsible management representatives are by now pretty much convinced that these attitudes are not pro-union, and that as a result the drive will fail to capture the white-collar workers and will only partially succeed among the unorganized blue-collar workers in service, government, hotels and restaurants and manufacturing. Indeed, management contends that the need for unions just no longer exists.

If one works at it hard enough, a persuasive argument can be made for the eventual death of almost any institution, including collective bargaining. But unionists are not convinced they are finished, or even on the way out. They see a permanent need for their organizations, and as one spokesman put it, "We could prove the point conclusively by disbanding all unions for a year or two to show the catastrophic results and how easy it would be to return to the era of the sweatshops."

And they also see in the current Los Angeles campaign a hint of an awakening of the labor movement, if not a full-scale union revival.

Disappearance of a Museum . . . . . David Cort

A possible insight into the secret lives of the very rich was masked by a routine art announcement June 25, 1963: the Cooper Union Museum of Decorative Arts had asked the Metropolitan Museum of Art to help it dissolve itself, and the Metropolitan had agreed to "cooperate." Within a week the Metropolitan curators in the various departments began pawing over the Cooper Union collections (textiles, paintings, prints, drawings, ceramics, metalwork, wallpaper, jewelry and furniture). And suddenly "everybody" seemed to know that the Metropolitan was going to pay Cooper Union something "over $2,000,000" for the whole thing.

There were a number of oddities or impossibilities or enormities about this proceeding that startled even the naive.

First, short of outright sale, an evaluation of one museum by a competitor is as objective as a second wife's opinion of a first wife.

Second, in decorative arts the Cooper Union collections are more generally used, better and more accessible (close to a subway station, though near the Bowery) than the Metropolitan's.

Third, removed from context, much of Cooper Union's collections will soon become junk.

Fourth, if the $2,000,000 has any meaning, somebody is getting a bargain, because Cooper Union has twenty Winslow Homer oils and about 280 drawings and water colors. These might bring up to $2,000,000 at auction. The remaining gravy would include the museum's 600,000 indexed picture-items and 30,000 objects of great worth. Actually, the only basis for the "over $2,000,000" figure is that that is the museum's old insurance value.

Having thus proved that the "routine art announcement" is impossible, I must now endeavor to explain why it is possible.

This brings us to the secret lives of the rich and the noble calling of serving as a trustee for museums, opera companies, symphony orchestras, foundations and the like. These lists of trustees are fascinating. The same names reappear in a suggestive web, as do apparent conflicts of interest, but never the hidden ambitions for this peculiarly impotent form of power.

A real professional in this field is Arthur Amory Houghton, Jr., of the Corning Glass family, which has supplied two U.S. ambassadors. We might suppose that as a beneficiary from the mass-produced Corning glass, he would despise arts and crafts, but on the other hand he is president of Steuben Glass, largely a handicraft operation. Now look at his trusteeships: Cooper Union (chairman), Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Morgan Library, Parsons School of Design (chairman), New York Public Library and the Philharmonic Symphony. Every one of these, with the lone exception of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, would benefit from picking up all or part of the Cooper Union collections. In particular, the Metropolitan trustees are aware that Ar-

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David Cort's latest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*

thur Houghton expects to be the next president of that museum, and that the Cooper Union transaction is his opening move in that direction. In addition, his own relatives' Corning Glass has a considerable museum development, for which they are very ambitious. And so, as the delicate operation wound into the open, where should Arthur Houghton be but in Europe?

One can still look at his house, at 3 Sutton Place, which gives him a J. P. Morgan connection because it was formerly the mansion of Anne Morgan, J. P.'s sister. It is one of the last "staffed houses" in New York, with twenty servants, when the old great families are down to no more than five. A sometime guest says there are no paintings in it, but a great deal of ceramics. It has a splendid coat of ivy, and the handle of the big front door is well polished. He also has a Maryland plantation, with both glass and grass.

Since Peter Cooper in 1859 founded his school "for ever devoted to the advancement of science and art," a lot has happened to both science and art. The day has passed when the Metropolitan was just a museum, hardly mentioned in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, while Cooper Union had a separate half-page entry, and was one of the glories of New York.

This school, which has never collected a penny for tuition, has not in over a hundred years run a deficit. A cold, neat grimness pervades the recent catalogues. Students must pay a small "materials fee" and make a "breakage deposit." I was told by the museum world that 80 per cent of its 1,300 students today are in engineering, the rest in arts, architecture and crafts; but actually the percentage is nearly 50-50. Its "science" side is a super-high school; just now it is offering a bachelor of science degree for the first time; the "art and architecture" side feeds the whole design world of New York, the American capital of design. And, after the museum has been looted, it is certain that Cooper Union will dissolve the art and architecture school. The memory of Peter Cooper will then be dead.

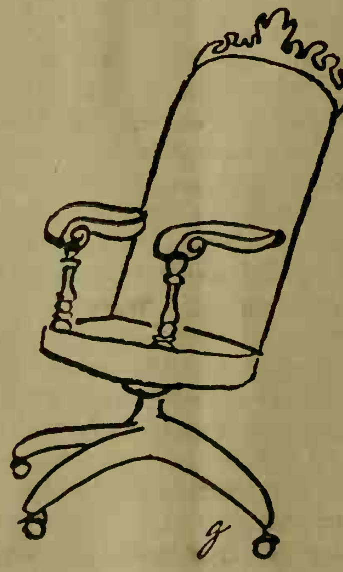
The late trustee, Irving S. Olds, first formed this opinion. It came to a head, ironically, when Cooper Union started a fund drive by appealing to its presumably grateful alumni in 1957. A pre-drive reunion had been addressed by Buckminster Fuller on the theme, "The Union of Science and Art." It turned out that the engineering alumni had done well, loved to get together and paid in most of the money. The art and architecture alumni, here as everywhere, were nowhere near so rich, loyal, gregarious and generally beneficial to Cooper Union. The fund campaign conclusively demonstrated the superiority of engineering over art.

Now, the rich trustees of Cooper Union, as of any other institution, have the unanimous conviction that anybody without money must be some kind of nut. (They can't help it.) The fund campaign, which had produced $6,000,000 (mostly from friendly corporations) by June, 1960, persuaded the trustees that arts and crafts, in the money way, are no good.

At this point the former president, Edwin S. Burdell, was shuffled off to a technical university in Ankara, Turkey, and the trustees ran Cooper Union for a year. When they finally brought in a new president, Richard F. Humphreys, it was a man who brought to the fairly elementary needs of the engineering students a specialist's status in "the ultracentrifugation of isotopes," and to the art and architecture students, presumably, a blank stare. And it had taken a year to find this man in the welter of experienced American educators. Trustee Olds died, and Arthur Houghton took his place.

This ends the demonstration of how the impossible is possible.

But since we are really interested in the connection between art and the very rich, this is only a beginning.



The patron giant of American art museums was unquestionably J. Pierpont Morgan who, by 1920, put the Metropolitan Museum of Art on the way to becoming the greatest signed-art museum in the world. (I report this last claim, but I don't quite believe it.) The usual euphoria has bewitched the Metropolitan curators and spread to the trustees, and they imagine that they are alone in the world. They would like to gobble up the Guggenheim, Whitney and Modern Art museums, but find themselves confronted by the basalt fronts of the Guggenheim, Whitney and Rockefeller power; and remember, the Metropolitan trustees may bob up again on the boards of the Guggenheim or Rockefeller Foundations, as for example Houghton does. The Metropolitan, however, is expanding wherever it can, possibly at the expense of Cooper Union, certainly in its new library building. It feels monolithic, and its trustees, among them Houghton, feel monopolistic. The trouble is as simple and childish as that.

The Morgan interest, represented by the Morgan Library, is now passive but wry, since J. P. Morgan in 1902 gave the Cooper Union Museum three great collections of medieval and Coptic fabrics, which may now be dispersed.

The large question is whether science and art are hopelessly divided and whether science (and engineering) has buried arts and crafts.

On the practical level, we see the onrush of automation, the increase of leisure, the search for outlets for surplus human energy and talent. In sober probability, we can expect a vast resurgence in arts and crafts just about the time Cooper Union has, for its purposes, liquidated arts and crafts and finally betrayed Peter Cooper's dream.

The history behind Peter Cooper's conception is important. This goes back to Louis XIV, who responded to a depression in the French silk industry by buying and expanding the Gobelin factory and founding royal and provincial academies of arts and crafts. These still exist. His system reached England with the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851, and the founding of the

South Kensington Museum (Victoria and Albert), today the greatest decorative-arts museum in the world, in handicrafts, architecture, porcelain, ironwork, glass, etc.

With these models in mind, Peter Cooper imported a Frenchman to advise him on his school and collections. In the same spirit, his granddaughters Sarah and Eleanor Hewitt in 1897 organized the museum to house the collections. J. P. Morgan's devotion to beautiful objects was in this identical spirit in the same period and was what made the Metropolitan Museum great.

On the theoretical level, C. P. Snow's famous doctrine that science and art are hopelessly divided is increasingly understood as the intellectual surrender of a one-eyed pedant. Science may be described as measure, art as fantasy; but the highest science may also be described as fantasy, and the highest art as measure. Mathematics is a kind of music. Every atom is an exquisite and monstrous work of art, as are also the Earth, the solar system and the universe. Thus, after the scientists and artists have stumbled and fumbled past all the errors and come into the clear, they find that their subjects are one subject.

Some indication that this is the prevailing view at the highest levels is given by the fact that members of the National Science Foundation plan to form a National Arts and Humanities Foundation.

On both the practical and theoretical levels, not to mention honor and tradition, one begins to perceive that the Cooper Union trustees are making monkeys of themselves. It is difficult to violate simultaneously past, present and future, but they are bringing off this crucial trick.

The trustees in question are our friend, Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., chairman, Frank W. Abrams, Daniel Maggin and Harrison Tweed. A surprisingly small group, and not exactly Peter Cooper's sort.

This was soon brought to their attention. The art editor of *Life*, Dorothy Seiberling, courageously headed a story, "Scheme to Scuttle a Museum," July 13, 1963, and the Cooper Union people immediately complained to her superiors.

The usual committee of the better elements, Committee to Save the Cooper Union Museum, cumbrously took shape, but it could mobilize some power in its president, Henry F. du Pont, head of the house of du Pont and of the Wilmington, Del., Winterthur Museum of Decorative Arts.

A more openly embattled committee, the Greenwich Village Committee, descended on Cooper Union's president, Richard Humphreys, who "refused them admission to the museum and discouraged attempts to interview museum personnel."

The museum people to whom I spoke sounded nearly in tears but firmly passed me on to the public-relations officer, who was good at his job.

The line of Cooper Union President Humphreys was that nothing was happening, but that nobody was permitted to watch it not happen. The sachems of the Metropolitan, the sachems of Cooper Union, were sitting around their secret council fires, brooding interminably, grunting, staring into the fire; and nothing was going to happen—until some silent midnight when everybody else had got tired and gone away.

The only weakness of the Cooper Union trustees is that the institution was given an enabling charter by the Legislature of the State of New York, and is given certain funds annually by the City of New York. They are, therefore, answerable to law and government. The summary disposal of the museum may also violate the terms of the wills of various donors. The formidable ghost of J. P. Morgan may appear. The Cooper Union affair may have to be solved in court, if the trustees do not first recollect their sense of honor and the memory of Peter Cooper, whose ghost is already present.

This will certainly not be a nice spectacle, if the little rich men dare to defy the magnificent old ghosts, pitting the little plots against the dead men's grand designs.

Legacy of Imperialism

THE RHODESIAN TRAP . . .

Arthur Keppel-Jones

The course of events in South Africa has often been likened to the plot of a classic tragedy. In the case of Southern Rhodesia the resemblance is closer still. The shape of the plot was determined by the manner in which the country was taken over and occupied in the 1880s and '90s, by its location between South Africa and Black Africa, and by the timing of its history in relation to the march of events elsewhere. These factors have caught the Rhodesians, white and black, in a trap from which it is impossible at present to see a way of escape.

On the last day of 1963, the unlucky Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland will be dissolved. From the moment that this prospect became certain, last March, the white Southern Rhodesians demanded of Britain that they be given full independence as soon as they had recovered their separate identity. The public replies of the responsible British Minister, R. A. Butler, were noncommittal.

Then another note was sounded by the African Summit Conference at Addis Ababa. It invited "the colonial powers, particularly the United Kingdom with regard to Southern Rhodesia, not to transfer the powers and attributes of sovereignty to foreign minority [i.e., white] governments imposed on African peoples by the use of force and under cover of racial legislation." Further, "If power in Southern Rhodesia were to be usurped by a racial minority government, the states members of the Conference would lend their effective moral and practical support to any legitimate measures which the African nationalist leaders may

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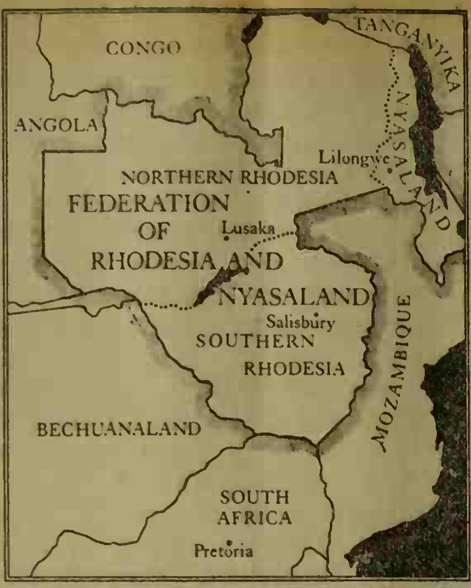
devise for the purpose of recovering such power and restoring it to the African majority."

The word to notice in these resolutions is *power*, for the Rhodesian dilemma stems from it. Southern Rhodesia is not a replica of South Africa, still less of Mississippi. It is true that the white population of 221,000 controls the machinery of state, and that in some respects the country has a bad record of racial discrimination. But its recent development has been in the direction of breaking down the color bar. What has been achieved in this way —in employment, sport, some hotels, theatres and other amenities, the University College, a partial abandonment of segregation in land, fifteen Africans in a legislature of sixty-five—seems trivial to African nationalists, but in comparison with South Africa, and with Rhodesia itself only a short time ago, represents almost unbelievable progress.

This development could probably have been carried much further if the African nationalists had wanted it to be. Sir Edgar Whitehead went to the polls in December, 1962, with an undertaking to repeal the Land Apportionment Act, the principal buttress of white supremacy apart from the electoral laws. He was defeated. It had been estimated that 60,000 Africans qualified for the vote, but because of the nationalist boycott of the new constitution, fewer than 3,000 voted. If the nationalists had chosen the other course they, and not Whitehead's United Federal Party, would have won the fifteen lower-roll seats; but because of the cross-voting of the two rolls, Winston Field's Rhodesian Front could have lost several upper-roll seats to the U.F.P., and so have lost the election. Then the nationalists would have held the balance of power, and could have supported Whitehead in repealing the Land Apportionment Act.

That outcome was at least a strong possibility. But the chance was deliberately missed because the nationalists are no longer interested in any change but "taking over." The issue is not now the common problem of plural societies, integration *versus* segregation. Southern Rhodesia presents the picture, even more strikingly than Lord Durham's Canada, of "two nations warring in the bosom of a single state."



At the last election, 44 per cent of the Europeans voted for a policy of integration which they knew would be far-reaching in its effects. Many of them have consciously accepted the prospect of an African majority in the electorate in "the foreseeable future," which has been interpreted as fifteen years; but always on the assumption that the Africans would fit into, and continue to work with, the existing forms of state and society. The whites will not accept this revolutionary overturning. But the politically conscious Africans will accept nothing less.

The whites enjoy a standard of living comparable to that of North America. Like every large European community in Africa, they have surrounded themselves with the apparatus of Western civilization—buildings, roads, plumbing, shops, amenities of all kinds—which are harder to find in the purely black countries. They have enjoyed self-government, Parliamentary institutions, civil and political liberties and the rule of law for forty years. White liberalism means admitting Africans to share these things, keeping everything in the Rhodesian way of life except the color bar.

It is the tragedy of Rhodesia that the color bar is really the pin that holds this structure together. The average income of the 3,600,000 Africans is less than one-fortieth of the European average; Africans in employment have one-tenth of the European income. The white standard has depended on a system of legally entrenched privilege. The country does not have the resources to give any significant percentage of its population a standard within hailing distance of that of the present elite. These inequalities could not long survive "one man, one vote."

Again, a community with Western political values has good reason for rejecting the alternatives that can now be seen in some of the countries that Africans are running in their own fashion: leader-worship, imprisonment of the opposition, intimidation of critics, friendly relations with Peking. But to ward off the revolution Southern Rhodesia, in the last four years, has blotted its statute-book with some of the most ferocious laws in the Western world. Civil and political liberty and the rule of law have been defended by abandoning them. The most dictatorial African leader would hardly want to do more than enforce the present laws against their authors. Liberalism grows only in a favorable soil, which Rhodesian granite does not provide.

The African solution to the problem is for Britain to bestow on the colony a new constitution with universal suffrage. The whites counter this with a demand for full independence, as a member of the Commonwealth, under the existing regime. If independence were given on these terms, the Southern Rhodesian nationalists would set up in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, a government-in-exile which would probably be widely recognized. And another consequence, threatened by African members of the Commonwealth, is that they might leave it.

To concede the white Rhodesian demand could therefore be very dangerous to the Commonwealth and to Britain's influence in the world. But the opposite course is beset with equal difficulties.

When Southern Rhodesia received responsible government in 1923, the Crown retained rights of disallowance (or veto) and the Governor was obliged to "reserve for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure" certain classes of acts, notably those discriminating on grounds of race. Though the veto was never exercised under that constitution, it had a deterrent effect: legislation was sometimes preceded by consultations with London. The Crown also retained, and exercised, the power of amending the constitution. In 1962, however, Southern Rhodesia acquired a new constitution, conferred by the Crown in terms of a British Act of Parliament. This included various checks on future, though not past, discriminatory legislation. In return, the old controls from London were abandoned, though the British Government retained the right of veto on constitutional amendments in certain defined circumstances. Southern Rhodesia will therefore emerge from the Federation more independent than when it entered. But its autonomy will depend essentially on convention, in most respects like that of the old Dominions before the Statute of Westminster. In law, Britain will retain the right to legislate for the colony until she formally abandons it. This is what the dispute is about.

The convention which prevents Britain from interfering in Southern Rhodesia is of a kind that has come to be regarded as inviolable; it was the very instrument which, before 1931, turned Empire into Commonwealth. It would not be questioned now, but for the appearance of a new value to set against it—the insistence of the non-white nations that the removal of everything savoring of white supremacy is an obligation so sacred as to outweigh all others. Because of this, the white Rhodesians want legal form to be given to their *de facto* independence.

Britain will hardly risk this. But it is doubtful if the alternative, the African solution, exists in practice. The armed forces of Southern Rhodesia are locally controlled and recruited. Upholding the existing regime is their chief function. And even if Britain could fly an army in, one could hardly expect to see Tommies shooting their own brothers in the streets of Salisbury.

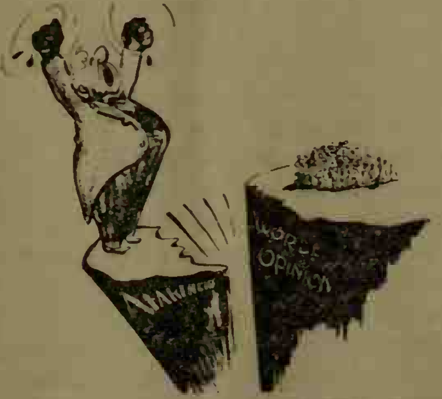
One answer to the conundrum has been thought of: independence in return for a sufficient extension of the franchise. But the whites are unwilling to pay the price. To do nothing, to let events take their course within the existing framework, is hardly easier for Britain than the other alternatives; for she then carries responsibility without power, she becomes the whipping-boy of the Afro-Asian bloc without having the means to buy off their hostility.

This is a Gordian knot. Who will cut it? The answer would depend on a correct assessment of the relative determination and staying-power of all the parties involved.

It can be assumed that the African states will keep up their pressure on Britain and, if Britain withdraws, their "effective moral and practical support" to a revolutionary movement. The concession of independence without conditions by the present British Government is unlikely but not inconceivable; by a future Labour regime, if it inherited the problem, almost inconceivable. The present Southern Rhodesian Government is more—perhaps much more — strongly supported now than when it was returned to power; it will not be thrown out. Will Mr. Field, then, (a) pay Britain's price for independence, or (b) declare independence *contra mundum*? In either case, could Southern Rhodesia weather the storm?

South Africa has a strong interest in keeping the buffer state going, but in a military showdown would have an even stronger interest in minding her own business. Intervention across the Limpopo would bring her into the official contact with enemies that she must at all costs avoid. Annexation of Southern Rhodesia, though possible as a last desperate resort, is unlikely. The Rhodesian pattern of race relations would be difficult for South Africa to digest or to change, and the traditional antipathy of the very British Rhodesians to Afrikaner nationalism dies hard.

This last point is an obstacle, too, to the "Boston Tea Party" that has been spoken of. The white Rhodesians want the Crown and Commonwealth, and the Rhodesian way of life too; they will not easily bring themselves to choose one and reject the other. At the same time there are factors that point to an independence of spirit that could induce them to hold out to the last. The whites of Southern Rhodesia, unlike those of Northern Rhodesia or Kenya, conquered their country themselves. It was never in fact based on treaties of cession by chiefs, nor was it pacified for the settlers by imperial forces. This circumstance gives the community a greater tenacity, a stronger sense of rightful possession (whether justified or not) than it would have in the other case. This is fortified by pride in material achievements and by forty years of self-government.



Parker

Against this weighs another factor which, if one is forced to choose, might be picked as the decisive one. The tenacity and the pride are, of course, strongest in the "old Rhodesians." But those born in the country form less than a third of the white population; they are outnumbered even by the postwar immigrants. There must be very few in the whole community who have no close family ties and roots in South Africa or Britain. Very many went to Rhodesia, and are there still, because it offered them a good living. Very many would leave as soon as it ceased, or threatened to cease, to do so—whether there were a threat of African nationalism or not. In the early months of this year, the Federation's net loss of Europeans by migration was at the rate of 300 a month. The coming changes have cast their economic shadows before. Building operations in Southern Rhodesia, for instance, have ground almost to a halt.

It is generally expected that the dissolution of the Federation, together with the unfriendliness of the northern neighbors, will set the Southern Rhodesian economy back a long way. This will speed up the rate of emigration. A break with the Commonwealth and its sheltered markets would have further drastic effects. Thus Mr. Field's weapons may come to pieces in his hands. The tenacity of the old Rhodesians is likely to weigh less in the political scale than the mobility of those who have not yet struck deep roots. At one stage or another, this factor may force the government to make concessions. But the concessions will be one more spur to emigration. Before the last election there was talk among farmers of leaving if Whitehead won. Currency control

(Continued on page 120)

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Novels of a Dead Revolution

Joseph Sommers

Mexico City

In their struggles with the seeming perversities and contradictions of Latin American psychology, Alliance for Progress economists and political scientists might learn much from the Colombian historian, Germán Arciniegas, who writes:

> *To understand what is going on within these strata of Indian and* mestizo . . . *population, in their economic as well as their human aspects, and to grasp the motives that inspire them to revolt, one must turn to the novel. In Latin America the novel is often a more accurate document than the history book. It has its origin at the points of greatest tension and sensitivity, and explains what goes on in the mind of the peasant and the masses.*

It is interesting to apply this observation to President Kennedy's important statement during his successful Mexican visit last year. In an apparently liberal historical interpretation, the President singled out the Mexican Revolution as an example of progress whose achievements can serve as a model for other Latin American nations.

But contrasting and even contrary evaluations are implicit in the three novels which critics have acclaimed as the outstanding Mexican works of 1962. *Barren Lands*, by Agustín Yáñez, details the psychology of the rural *campesino* as he witnesses the downfall of an old-style *cacique* (political and economic boss) and the coming of a new one, on the heels of the revolution. *The Death of Artemio Cruz,* by Carlos Fuentes, recounts the career of a *nouveau riche* industrialist who climbs, with his revolutionary credentials, into the powerful urban middle class. And in *Service of Darkness* Rosario Castellanos focuses on the largely non-acculturated Tzotzil Indians of southerly Chiapas. These works, each having some aspect of the revolution for a background, provide a convenient panoramic view. They take into account the key constituent elements of modern Mexico: the expanding metropolis, the countryside, and the remote but numerous highlands Indian communities.

These are not, however, "novels of the revolution" in the episodic, blood-and-guts sense that prevailed twenty-five years ago. Mexican letters are now in the hands of a younger, craft-minded generation, sensitive to literary influences from the United States and Europe. They seek to create substantial literary characters, to uncover psychological idiosyncrasies, and through them to get at larger, more complex truths. While in each of the three novels there is an implied attitude toward the revolution, this was not the central artistic concern of the authors. It is, however, the main consideration here.

Agustín Yáñez, born in 1904, holds a high political post in the Secretariat of President López Mateos. His record as governor of his native state, Jalisco (1953-59), was uncommon for its honest and effective administration. Yáñez, a serious, introspective man, has taught literature and aesthetics at the National University. An earlier novel, *The Edge of the Storm,* already translated into French, will be published in the United States this year by the University of Texas Press. His most successful novels have been those in which he elaborated a remarkable sensitivity for rural Mexico, its eroded landscape, its earth-bound peasants and their superstition-ridden variant of folk Catholicism.

Barren Lands is that kind of book. Set in the 1920s, the action occurs over the period of the agricultural year, with the perennial changes which this cycle brings in human occupations, landscape, personal moods and physical and spiritual security. The plot traces the decay and destruction of a *cacique* who had held his region in despotic grasp. He is swept away by a new and more potent *cacique* who rides the waves of progress and employs the new political tactics of the Mexican Revolution.

The novel alternates between the narration of exterior events and the examination, by interior monologue, of psychological conflicts within the protagonists. These monologues, often projecting far into the past, extend the narrative scope to cover four generations.

Yáñez has created a human study of the universal conflict between tradition and progress, between land and the machine. The new boss brings in electricity and hopes to exploit the region's mineral wealth. Implicit in *Barren Lands* is a series of questions. As the old pattern of pastoral simplicity disappears, along with its concomitant magical superstitions and home-grown saints, must it be replaced by a cult of the machine? Can the psychology and the nature of a *campesino* change as rapidly as technology seems to demand? Did the revolution merely pave the way for a new, more up-to-date tyranny?

Carlos Fuentes, already known to readers of *The Nation* for his political articles, is an important and outspoken figure in the independent Mexican Left. A man in his early thirties, with brilliant and maturing creative talent, Fuentes faces a literary future of great possibilities. His widely discussed novel, *Where the Air Is Clear,* was published in English in 1960 by Obolensky. Currently he has three works of fiction in varying stages of preparation.

In the peculiar aura of imminent death, his present novel reviews the career of Artemio Cruz during his last moments. The dying man, at random and in the order dictated by an agonized mind, contemplates the nature and meaning of his eventful existence. Poetic, often obscure language frequently violates logic and the sequence of time in favor of the subconscious.

The plot develops in reverse chronology, and the final series of events — which illuminate all that had transpired before — deal with the childhood of Cruz. A tone of philosophical anguish colors the action as the protagonist, guilty and unfulfilled, looks back at the revolutionary career which he abandoned in mid-trajectory in exchange for personal gain. His son had finished out the trajectory, dying with the Loyalists in Spain, while the father's latter-day

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Joseph Sommers, a member of the Romance language faculty of the University of Washington, is spending the current academic year studying the contemporary Mexican novel under a grant from the Foreign Area Fellowship Program.

activities included strike-breaking and commercial manipulation.

For Carlos Fuentes the middle class, with equal parts of vitality and cynicism, has diverted the main stream of the revolution into narrow channels of self-interest. In return for contributing the economic organization and attracting outside help, the Artemio Cruz crowd appropriates the major share of the returns. Increasingly ignored, although never abandoned, are the original aims of the upheaval which made possible their accession to power. The past hundred years — for the novel sweeps back into the nineteenth century — contain a portentous historical parallel. The Juárez reform period gave way to the Porfirio Díaz dictatorship. And the revolution, which overthrew Díaz in the name of renewed and deeper reforms, has now created its own new monster.

Rosario Castellanos was already established as a poet when she turned to fiction in 1957, at the age of thirty-two. Her first novel, *The Nine Guardians*, was published in the United States by Vanguard in 1959. It has also been translated into German and French. *Service of Darkness*, like her earlier work, is related to personal experiences in Chiapas, as a child and later with the *Instituto Nacional Indigenista*.

Unlike most Mexican novelists of the Indian, she avoids the pitfalls of idealization, romanticism, picturesqueness and crude naturalism. With objectivity and human comprehension, she defines her Tzotzil protagonist, Catalina, in terms of her indigenous culture and religious and social customs, as well as in her response to the universal problem of childlessness.

The sequence of events is set against the corroded social pattern in the highlands region surrounding San Cristóbal, where relations between Indian and *ladino* (the Indian term for non-Indians) are precarious. Feeble government attempts toward agrarian reform arouse profound antagonism among the aristocratic landholders, and vague hopes in the younger generation of dispossessed Indians. Errors and prejudices of a *ladino*-oriented clergy lay the groundwork for a mystical Tzotzil cult of newly uncovered pre-Hispanic images. The inevitable Indian uprising is quashed and the novel ends in collective tragedy, blended with the individual anguish or death of the leading characters — except for the principal landholder, who consolidates his gains through an alliance with the state political hierarchy.

The novel has a clearly historical setting: the era of Cárdenas, the flowering of the revolution. Yet time and chronology are subordinated to a different phenomenon — the transformation within the Indian collective consciousness of reality into myth, a process by which the Tzotzil can live with his inherited culture, converting the defeats of history into dark, timeless legends. Rosario Castellanos is critical of the revolution. Its ineffectual measures destroy the already tenuous equilibrium, forcing an official *rapprochement* with reaction, on terms which insure a firm grip over the Indians. In the author's view, progress can find no compromise with semi-feudalism. The future alternatives are continued anguish or radical reform.

As the foregoing comments indicate, these are not primarily "social novels," but imaginative literary creations. The facts of life in modern Mexico, however, offer support to the thesis of Germán Arciniegas. Today's centrist government continues to espouse land reform, but changes come slowly to the centuries-old rural atmosphere reflected in the Yáñez novel. There still exists a deep-rooted agricultural primitivism, in which it is possible for an ambitious individual with political influence to accumulate land and become a powerful modern *cacique*. The recent repeated marches on the capital by thousands of aggrieved peasants from the north indicate that the implicit questions of *Barren Lands* have relevance to contemporary agrarian problems.

Evensong

In late afternoon, when the light
no longer has a source, but is brushed
like a glowing powder onto leaves
and housefronts, a cock-cardinal
in the sconce of a dead tree-top
flickers like a wick, and calls his hen
to roost. Or simply calls.
On a wire spanning my lawn
from maples to blue-spruce, a dove
repeats its slow priestly sound
for some minutes of this world,
then leaves it. One by one
the bright dusts wear off. Trees
and sky enlarge toward one another,
mass into one shadow.

The ardor of this world looked at
in the moving meaninglessness
of light and of the lives
that sing to it, and leave,
is, finally, the grace there is.

John Ciardi

The urban Mexico City which dazzles American tourists with its cosmopolitan modernity and its giant university — evidences of the middle class — also houses a more prosaic but equally significant population sector: the poor. An unusually penetrating insight into the life of this sector is offered in the recent book by Oscar Lewis, an American anthropologist. *The Children of Sánchez*, a study of Mexican poverty, analyzes the status of those urban millions who have not been fortunate enough to make their way into the increasingly powerful, articulate and autonomous upper social group which Carlos Fuentes treats fictionally.

A visitor to the Chiapas highlands now finds more schools, medical stations and anthropologists, but he also finds the government program among 162,000 Tzotzil-Tzeltal Indians operating on an annual budget of approximately $150,000. The fertile valley lands are cultivated by *ladinos*, while the Indians continue pre-Hispanic slash-and-burn agriculture on steep mountain slopes. To supplement their income, as did Pedro González Winiktón in Castellanos' novel, they work under extremely unfavorable conditions on the lowlands coffee estates. In fact, considering that progress in the center and north of Mexico has outstripped the slight advances in Chiapas over these two decades, it is possible that the cultural and economic gap between the two regions is now even greater than before.

One cannot generalize broadly on the basis of three novels; on the other hand they represent more than coincidence. Similarities can be found in the works of half a dozen other authors, including some of the most promising on the literary scene.

A reasonable deduction is that a significant number of Mexican intellectuals today — with varying political viewpoints — see the revolution from a perspective which is critical and questioning. Unlike the political leaders, they consider the revolution a phenomenon of the past — a period of dramatic and fruitful change which came to an end when Lázaro Cárdenas left office in 1940. Succeeding decades, they feel, have witnessed an inequitable consolidation of revolutionary gains, and a failure to achieve many original goals.

Beatrice Webb's America

BEATRICE WEBB'S AMERICAN DIARY, 1898. Edited by David A. Shannon. University of Wisconsin Press. 181 pp. $4.50.

Saul Bellow

The Sidney Webbs came to the United States in 1898 to have a look at American institutions; they had already published their study, in fifteen volumes, of local government in England. Crossing the Continent, they continued westward to Australia and New Zealand on a trip around the world. Beatrice Webb kept a daily record of her impressions, a document which might have been left to us by one of Shaw's beautiful bluestocking heroines. Mrs. Webb, gently bred, daughter of a railway magnate, rejected the life (was it a life?) of a leisured Englishwoman and scorned the idea of a conventional and proper marriage. "When I turned to social investigation as my craft in life," she wrote in *My Apprenticeship*, "it was just my experience of London Society that started me with a personal bias effectually discounting, even if it did not wholly supersede, my father's faith in the social value of a leisured class."

Judging by this diary, Mrs. Webb never quite succeeded in changing her social complexion. Congressional leaders in Washington, bosses in New York, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco she described with a note of patrician condescension, a sort of socialistic snobbery. She reminded me often of Tolstoy as he is described in Gorki's memoirs — the grand seigneur in peasant garb. Faultfinding, humorless, self-important, she was still a shrewd and observant woman, with a quick grasp of new and complicated situations. After a week in Boston she concludes a brilliant discussion of the political scene there with the following summary:

> *Boston is administered by public spirited and well-informed brains, and corrupt and inefficient hands. The city of Boston is in fact governed by its aristocracy working through a corrupt democracy.*

How she must have astonished the bosses, who thought they were entertaining — or giving the brush-off to — a pretty English visitor, and found the glad hand ignored by this formidable inquisitor who demanded information about the police, the voters, patronage, sewage and paving.

She quickly discerned the inordinate powers of Congressional committees, the dangers of bureaucracy, the complacency of the public toward graft, the power of business in government. She also noted "the American contempt for the vested interests or 'established expectations' of the individual citizen. Private enterprise is permitted to trample on the individual. . . ." She was shrewd, too, in her observations of the businessman and manager. She noted in Pittsburgh ("a veritable Hell of a place") the militant arrogance of the people who got things done at the Carnegie Mills, the "brainworkers." Carnegie himself she thought a "reptile." Her portraits of such types have nothing old-fashioned about them. The attitudes of "private power" are evidently little changed.

But she was not more flattering in her estimates of a man like Altgeld, who immediately seemed to her "a cross between a working man and a dissenting minister," who lacked "personal dignity and a certain 'savoir faire.' " Mrs. Webb tended to judge the intellectual and moral qualities of people by the polish of their social harness. Woodrow Wilson pleased her; Teddy Roosevelt made her enthusiastic — he was "deliciously racy." Thomas Reed, Speaker of the House, she thought would make a "fairly good cashier." "He is said to be pious; he may be honest: but he does not matter." Idle American women she described as painfully dull creatures, hardly worth one's notice, "without intellectual curiosity or public spirit."

A word about her style. On the whole it is precise and sharp: Cornell students are "well-mannered but somewhat unhealthy looking youths, bad teeth, spotty complexions, narrow chests and sloping shoulders." Robert Lincoln "floated on his father's reputation into a position of importance. He had the ill-humour of continuous over-feeding and over-drinking: the hard uninspired intelligence of a complete materialist." Joseph W. Bailey, House minority leader, "to English eyes, looks a cad of the worst description, a strange combination of a low-class actor and rowdy stump orator."

Her explanations of the American political setup are invariably lucid and to the point. The diary contains a memorable description of San Francisco, a brief history of Hawaii, and a lively, spirited and interested report of a meeting with one of the wives of a Mormon elder, who was herself a doctor and was running against her husband in an election for the state senate. Mrs. Webb allows the lady to tell her own story, a fascinating one, and concludes that she was a "pure-minded little soul," but probably had no political ability and only a fragmentary medical knowledge. Mrs. Webb's high-mindedness here is redeemed only by her remark about polygamy — "Only one bull is required for twenty cows."

It would seem that the farther west Mrs. Webb traveled, the greater was her freedom from the self-imposed obligation to compare everything she saw with the English experience. Insular and provincial as she was, the crossing of the Rockies seems to have liberated her mind and her style. West of the Rockies, too, the Webbs were relieved of their single-minded pursuit of the facts of local government in the United States (Washington was something of a disappointment: "An unfortunate time to be at Washington, seeing that all the politicians to whom we have introductions are completely absorbed in Cuba"), and Mrs. Webb could relax a little. Bryce and de Tocqueville looked more penetratingly into American institutions. Mrs. Webb was not a generous observer; what her journal does not lack, however, is intelligence and charm.

Saul Bellow is the author of Dangling Man, The Victim, The Adventures of Augie March, Henderson the Rain King, *other novels and many short stories.*

DANCE

Faubion Bowers

It has become fashionable these days to talk about — and attend — Theatre of the Absurd. Sartre started the phrase and meant something serious, if debatable: man can accept responsibility for his life and acts only when aware of the world's absurdity. A good many plays so designated have nothing to do, really, with this thesis. Any new, off-beat, odd-ball or otherwise unusual happening in the theatre, funny or sad, is Absurd. The term sticks because it is convenient.

In dance, the most orphaned of theatre arts, enough zany and incomprehensible, but enjoyable, performances have now taken place and grown sufficiently popular that dancers need a catch phrase. Perhaps by extension, Dance of the Absurd is as good a designation as any. To those dance-goers who have at last found that their minds can grasp Martha Graham, I have to say that there are yet miles to go in the labyrinth of strange movements, extraordinary ideas, and other departures from ballet or dance as it was when we were younger.

These extreme, new dancers have been appearing more or less regularly, but only recently has word spread to any extent. As a result audiences have increased, and though the general bafflement remains steadfast, discerning spectators are becoming noticeably hoarser in their approval. One troupe, Alwin Nikolais' young dancers at the Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, appears weekends every other month. Nikolais creates dance sequences called *Imago*, *Finials* and the like, of exquisitely plotted abstract movements and motions. He couches them in costumes ranging from odd, through fantastic, to the outlandish. One number, well applauded if not wholly appreciated in New York, on tour in the provinces and at Spoletto last year, was *Noumenon*. The several dancers are dressed — perhaps the better description is bundled — in jersey bags of different colors. Sitting on stools, to disconnect the foot from the ground and confuse the human shape, they look like blobs. The dance consists of rhythmic juttings and protrusions illogically appearing from nowhere, anywhere unexpected. At the end, the dancers stand upright on the stools, their concealed hands wrapped around to enlarge the headnob. For the first time the audience knows for sure that these mystery cocoons are human.

Nikolais makes a specialty of theatrical accouterment. For one dance he attaches hoops of varying size at the ankles, knees, hips and chest, and covers the dancer's now distorted body with cloth. Like chessmen come alive, the figures bob and sway. In another dance, the costume is long suction pumps for hands, long enough to make a grotesque dance-walk on all fours merely by a slight leaning over. Elsewhere Nikolais' company—this time fully visible and scantily costumed — stands beneath a décor of bits of paper — a constellation of triangles, squares, hexagons. One dancer makes a deep motion to the floor of the stage and an arrow of colored paper follows; a second steps widely back, and another part of the décor descends, minutely following the movement. It takes a short while to figure out that invisible wires tie the dancer to his setting, and that *it* dances along with him. Dances as far out as these require electronic music, and this, too, with its droplets of sounds, jingle-jangles and outer-space whines, is composed and manufactured by Nikolais, the musician-choreographer.

For dance of a different sort, I recommend Mikhail Santoro at the Charles Weidman Theatre of the Expression of the Two Arts. There, any Saturday, Santoro may dance a lecture in calligraphy. Suddenly, while casually talking to the spectators, he will fall to the floor in a dangerous but well-calculated drop, rise again and start talking about lines. He pulls an invisible line from out of the floor, carries it as if it tenderly existed, and then starts painting on a large square of brown wrapping paper. His dance movements dictate the lines he paints in black and white, and as you puzzle out what picture the dance will make, hanging on for life and dear sanity to visible logic, Santoro speaks: "We know this is a man, because here's a hand. . . ." He quickly sketches a birdlike claw in the center of the paper — where the clutch destroys the very comprehensibility you have momentarily found. Then, dotting the eyes with two red splotches, the dance is over.

Or perhaps you will chance upon one of the *Evolvements* in which Santoro and his partner, daubed with paint, "build an image" by collecting coils, springs, a broken tricycle wheel, and piling them at the center of the stage in a *pas de deux*. The most somber part of this dance consists of Santoro, solo, moving boxes. One is a sandalwood cube, three feet square, and on top is a small black box. After a variety of actions and motions such as swinging orange-painted aluminum tubes in the air and hiding under vast sheets of paper, the climax is reached when the small box is turned so that the inside faces the audience. It is red — a jolt of color, the completion of an infantile play-cycle.

Within Dance of the Absurd there is, of course, the more and the less. Among the less comes Anna Sokolow's recent *Opus '63* (after the year, not the number of works composed) where Jerome Robbins' jazz movements are abstracted and attenuated, that is, twice removed from literalness. One section satirizes the blandness of society, the distance between people and persons except when "twisting." The star of the section is an Amazon — the tallest dancer ever to appear on stage — who, dead-pan, crushes her writhing, sex-tatic partners as she sinks to the ground, until they become feelers or antennae, threadlike spindles of leg, and she becomes a giant insect. At least, that's the way I saw it.

Another of the less strange dancers is the noble and aristocratic Eric Hawkins. Still, he can give you a shock of surprise. In one of his dances, *Pine Tree*, he stands for an

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Faubion Bowers is the author of Japanese Theatre, Theatre in the East, Dance in India *and* Broadway: USSR.

interminable length of time on one foot with the other extended at right angle. When you can bear it no longer, he slowly begins to lower his leg, and the accompaniment, composed and played by Lucia Dlugoszewski, strums a single stroke on the wooden ladder-harp. Then Eric Hawkins walks round in a series of identical circles — nine times is about the maximum the audience can take — and disappears in the wings.

Paul Taylor, evolving out of ballet, up from Martha Graham, into himself, is one of the most widely known practitioners in the Absurd field. A few years ago he conceived and rehearsed a dance where, in business suit (was it gray flannel?), he stood motionless while a grim clock ticked off seconds. I doubt if any dance has ever been more condemned, but those exacerbated ones who saw it and suffered under its static silence, are still talking about it.

Dance of the Absurd appears to be more than an aberrational sidetrack. To a new crop of youngsters now coming up this idiomless idiom seems natural. One of the most brilliant evenings of dance—so accorded by the press and soon to be repeated—was given a short while ago by Albert Reid. Still in his early twenties, Reid has already developed amazing technical command, control and ease. He can do virtuoso tricks with his body — stand on his toes, one leg or one hand, endlessly, leap, fall, spin — so that the wary will trust his competence; but more important, despite the coldness of a young dancer just out of training, he shows what he intends with his mind. His distortions and grotesqueries of movement claw at your nerves until a soft moment unexpectedly touches the gentlest of your emotions. Always off-balance, harshly angular, unusually extended in series of body stances never seen before, his fleeting seen-before postures come only to startle you.

One of Reid's eye-catching, heart-troubling dances was *Each Time You Carry Me This Way* (a popular tune), performed on the floor by means of slides and slithers. The arms repeated patterns, the upraised knees created symmetrical phrases, and the sporadic uprighting of the body punctuated the concealed purpose. The meaning? It could be the loneliness of the basket-case, or an incapacitated beggar plying his trade. In fact, it is the stylization of the pull exerted upon one human by an (invisible) other.

A Little Talk, the evening's show stopper, is a larger-than-life replica of a simple situation: the boredom when someone talks too much. Reid sits in a kitchen chair, motionless, the eyes staring straight ahead vacantly. The toes wiggle. Then the fingers twiddle. The eyes, slower than slow, wander to their corners and back. He slumps inch by inch until he is supine, then moves into a slow somersault with the chair until the initial, rigid, agonized posture of the beginning is resumed. The only sound is the squeak of the chair.

From the meaningful, Albert Reid turns to the absurdly meaningless. His troupe begins dancing before the curtain is raised. You hear foot sounds. Then the curtain rises a few inches, sinks again, rises again and you continue to watch a foot-dance with the concentrated attention of a movie camera close-up. Somewhere along the line, imponderable nerves of aesthetic response are touched. When Judy Garland's voice singing "Zing went the strings of my heart" booms out unrelatedly at the end of one dance, something goes zing in the spectator's amazement and admiration.

Out of inexplicable meaninglessness, we somehow learn, in theatre and dance, that something special may be generated. Nerves are touched, and even grated. Hearts are tampered. But what happens ultimately is aesthetic. There's beauty there. Strange, unbelievable, but it is catching us and catching on.

LETTER from TOKYO (I)

Harold Clurman

Several new lines in the Tokyo subway system are being built. The streets are now often little but metal or plank surfaces over hollow space. There are gaping trenches where the initial digging is still in progress.

This, I was told, was why I had the impression that the city looked as if it is still being constructed. But what I had said was that it was not simply the streets which were being refashioned, but the minds and hearts of the people.

In that fascinating and significant novel, Yukio Mishima's *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, we read, "Although I was still young, I was conscious . . . that the world of death which my father ruled and the world of life occupied by young people were being brought together by the mediation of war." The old, "the tempting concept of beauty which makes people powerless to act," as Mishima puts it, is at present under the constant assault of headlong action. The transformation of Japan is so rapid that the condition of the country has drastically altered, even in the past five years.

The results are not pretty, but they are highly exciting. Tokyo looks like a junk heap of modern mercantile and industrial contrivance. Pompous banks, Hilton-type hotels, bombastic office buildings, shrill movie houses seem to be tumbling from the heavens or being thrust up from hell amid decrepit alley shops run by struggling artisans of another era. New York is almost pastoral in comparison. Where elegant new Japanese-style (wooden) houses are put up, they are occupied, as in a typical development I visited, by such folk as a television producer, a baseball star and an American university professor. There is inflation, and though wages increase they do not catch up with the cost of living.

Japan, about as large as California, has 90 million inhabitants, and one's first impression of Tokyo is that all of them have taken to the streets at the same time. At night, when the neon lights blaze in colors more variegated, and in patterns more eccentric, than anything we can imagine outside of an action painting, one has the sensation of being spirited away into a monstrous fun fair on New Year's Eve. The Ginza, the so-called Broadway of Tokyo, which is a section rather than a single avenue, is one of the numerous entertainment areas aflame through various parts of the city, all of them covering many square blocks and all of them "jumping."

I remarked to a Japanese acquaintance that if I were permitted to see the new China I would regret not having been able to catch a glimpse of the old, but on seeing Tokyo now I could see both the old and the new Japan at the same time. He agreed. For in the midst of the bedizened megalopolitan chaos, there are considerable vestiges of the ancient civilization, and because of the surrounding upheaval they are the more striking.

In a city where in the center of the downtown quarter an edifice houses the nude "girlie" show, *Tokyo Temptations*, as well as an all-girl revue and a lavish movie emporium, there also stands, a short distance away, the Kabuki Theatre where all the actors kneel in obeisance at the door of the leading player's dressing room every time they are to go on stage, and once again when they have completed their performance. The city where the Turkish bath — advertised as a kind of carnival — is known as a substitute for an (illegal) house of assignation, is also the city where, to make themselves more desirable as brides, young ladies spend years perfecting themselves in the stylized gestures of the Tea Ceremony, which has been called "an extension of philosophy to the sphere of social meetings."

Certain aspects of Zen Buddhism are now employed, not only as psychoanalysis serves in the West, but as an aid in the achievement of business success. There are Cadillacs and Bentleys on the same streets where one can occasionally spy a man-drawn rickshaw in poor repair in which a geisha on her way to a beauty parlor is seductively secreted behind a soiled drape. While devotees with "libretti" of the linguistically unintelligible Noh plays sit as subscribers to that hieratic art, the leading young novelist of the moment has been compared to Gide and Genet.

Kyoto, Japan's ancient capital, still preserves much of its pristine loveliness and the new world does not jostle the old there, but all Japan is pushing its way to Tokyo. One is therefore justified in using Tokyo as the image for what is going on in the land.

Tokyo is not a theatre town unless Tokyo itself be considered theatre. True, I attended several Kabuki performances, one Noh play, one "Temptation," some modern plays—European and Japanese—as well as several charming and meaningful puppet plays. I also saw a stage and film actress who impressed me as an outstanding artist, one whom I took to be emblematic of the essence of Japanese art. Still, while I found the ritualized forms of the theatre instructive, these seemed to me less immediately cogent than the polish and sophistication of some recent novels and films. But all assumed greater interest for me because of the place and atmosphere of their setting: Japan itself.

I shall nevertheless begin with remarks about the actress Isuzu Yamada. Americans who saw Kurosawa's version of Gorky's *Lower Depths* may remember her as the volcanic virago of that film. The afternoon I saw her on the stage she was co-starring in a seventeenth-century comedy in which the male star was Matsumato Koshiro, one of three brothers, all of whom are distinguished representatives of the Kabuki hierarchy.

The play itself struck me as a much adulterated piece. It is customary in Japan, as elsewhere, to present lighter fare during the summer months. I was growing bored with the spectacle — Koshiro had cast himself in a part in which at least for the first two hours he had no opportunity to shine — when a magic instant transfigured the mediocre show into a memorable experience.

Yamada, who appears to be fifty, is a powerfully built woman of unmistakable sexual potency. On this occasion, she played an artful minx who has learned to give herself the airs of a *grande dame*. A man who is trying to extract some crucial business information from her begins to bribe her with flattering words and intriguing promises. She retains an imperturbable composure. He then produces both money and a precious jewel. A barely perceptible smile modifies the line of her lips; there is a suspicion of a glint in her eye. She instructs a handmaiden to gather up the money and the jewel as if it were trash. She rises, and with the web-footed tread affected by the great ladies of the seventeenth century (adopted by Kabuki actors), she moves with stately pride toward the threshold of the room. Just as she is about to disappear, she deftly and majestically whisks the booty from the servant's care to her own. Her exit has the same poise.

Here was the cream of Kabuki humor. (By introducing women into his company, Koshiro has broken with tradition.) What I have described was so delicately accomplished that it hardly seemed to have occurred. Yet the effect, though minuscule, was electrifying. Apart from the walk — and even this partook of an illusion— there seemed to be no movement at all. Nothing was "happening," except that the apparent immobility of the scene was in itself wonderful. A certain phase of Japanese art consists of a repose which moves! One witnessed this scene — it was a second isolated in time — as if one's attention had been transfixed by the radiant node of some brilliant gem. An extreme intensity was contained in the person of the actress, whose impassive demeanor had hardly changed at all, though all had changed.

What was most extraordinary — and specifically Japanese — in this is that the actress' gait, abstractly judged by Occidental standards, might be called ungainly, unnatural, even ugly. Yet through some transubstantiation, this distortion had become exquisite. I do not mean sensuous or ornamental, but hard, clean, unemphatic and perfectly expressive of irony, cunning, nobility. Japanese art can translate the misshapen into grace. Whereas Western art seeks symmetry,

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the Japanese tends to make assymmetry beautiful.

It is an art of contraries. Even the forty-three-foot-high Buddha at Kamakura in its overwheming quiet becomes dramatic as one gazes at it, awesome to the point of anguish. The static takes on mobility; what is almost hideous induces detachment and calm.

On visiting the stages of a film studio where a melodrama (based on the plot of *Carmen*) about traffic in drugs was being shot, I saw a starlet whom Hollywood might publicize as a sex knockout. Such faces — not at all uncommon in Japan — are favored by the Japanese movie moguls, and the roving eye of the tourist fixes on them avidly. But the most beautiful woman I encountered in Japan, the actor Koshiro's wife, had an altogether different kind of "good looks." This is the insinuating femininity one discovers in Japanese prints, a mixture of sensuality and refinement, a peculiarly enticing modesty which is sensed rather than seen.

"It was quite natural," Mishima writes, "that wars and unrest, piles of corpses and copious blood should enrich the beauty of the Golden Temple. . . . The uncoordinated design of its three stories, in which the art historian could only see a blend of styles, had surely been evolved naturally from the search of a style that could crystallize all the surrounding unrest. If instead it had been built in one fixed style, the Golden Temple would have been unable to embrace the unrest and would certainly have been collapsed long since."

In my next piece I plan to widen the range of contradictory perplexities in Japanese life and art.

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RHODESIA

(Continued from page 113)

will be a hindrance to emigration, but is not likely to hold back enough people to sustain the morale of the regime. The strength of white Rhodesia depends on prosperity; prosperity can be destroyed by white Rhodesia's enemies. They appear to hold the cards.

But if they overthrow the regime, in one way or another, it will be a Pyrrhic victory. The Belgian withdrawal was very harmful, but not fatal, to the Congo. Northern Rhodesia looks like surviving the change to black rule. But these economies turned on extractive industries of interest to large-scale foreign capital. Southern Rhodesia has a more complex and advanced economy: staple-crop farming, manufacture, commerce, finance, well-developed services. The skilled sector of this society, if depleted, could not quickly be replaced. The big overseas corporations which are now moving their offices from Salisbury to Lusaka (Northern Rhodesia) do not have their main interests south of the Zambezi. But the African population of Southern Rhodesia has multiplied sevenfold since the beginning of the century because there was a complex economy to supplement the resources of the soil.

A black Southern Rhodesia would change its name to Zimbabwe. That is the name of the mysterious ruins near Fort Victoria which archeologists have ingeniously interpreted without any human remains to help them. *Absit omen.*

LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

bricht's henchmen "built a wall to discourage their citizens from straying out of the Marxist paradise." It is a matter of historical record that the wall had been under construction seven weeks *before* the Fulbright statement. May I join you in hoping that the rest of Sir John's article rests on firmer scholarly foundations?

R. Leslie Anders
Central Missouri State College

Anglesey, N. Wales

Dear Sirs: The Berlin wall began as a barrier to cut off escapers: later it was converted into a permanent structure. My article referred to the former; Mr. Anders quotes the date of the latter.

The distinction seemed to me trivial. Wall or barrier, the East Germans built it as soon as they knew that they were not going to get possession of *all* Berlin. The contrary belief, namely that they built the wall when they still believed that East and West Berlin were about to be united — *qua* the Khrushchev ultimatum — is an absurdity. . . .

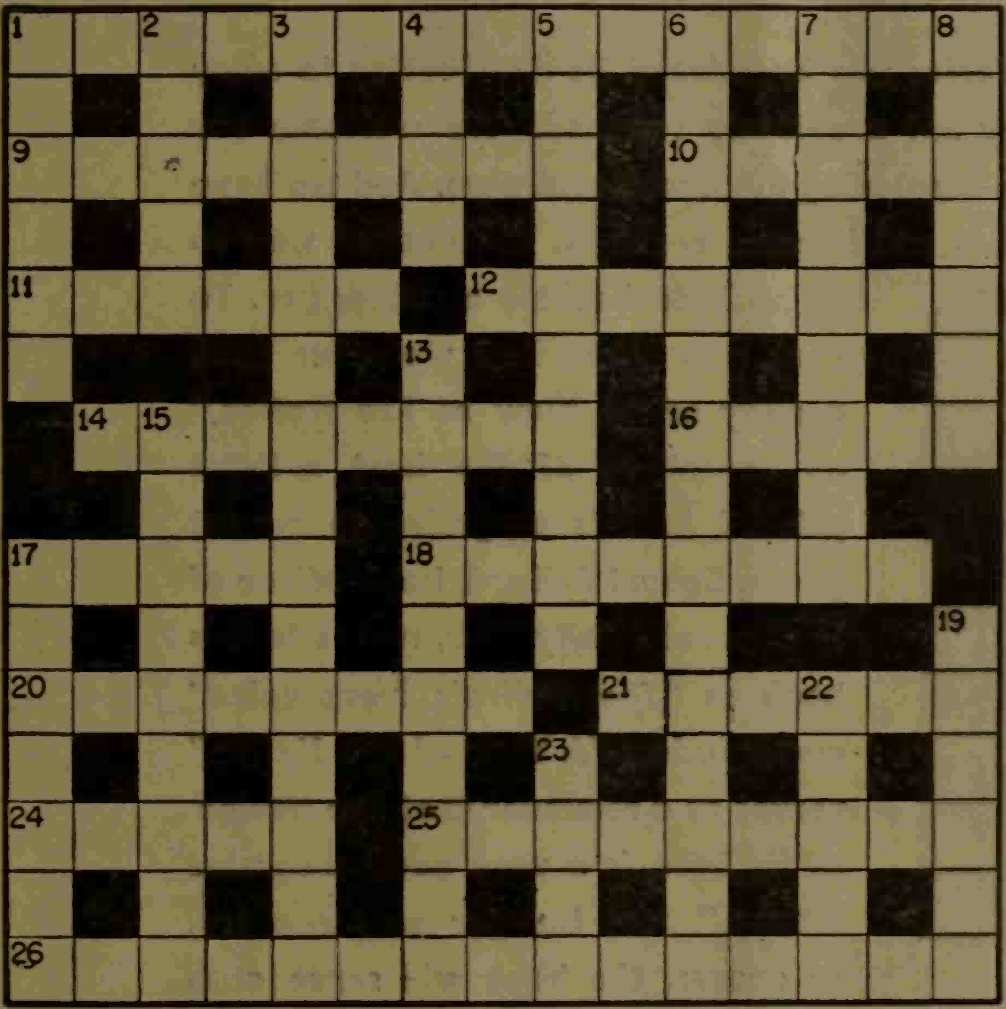
This interpretation of events could not derive from scholarship because there are no documents to collate. It is not the result of study, but of long, front-line experience of international affairs, coupled with the independent status which enables the facts to be seen from a viewpoint not fogged up by official handouts. *John Lomax*

CORRECTION

In our August 24 issue, page 90 ("Curious Quest for Womanpower," by Nancy Reeves), the fifth item under "real immediate trends" should have read: "(e) for more and more women to work part-time." We regret the error.—Ed.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1022

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A specially produced head of 9 usually considered in exceptional fashion. (15)
9 This sort of parcel has a pip of a wrapper, but it holds the sheets together! (5,4)
10 Could one be such a nut, and be allowed back? (5)
11 See 3 down
12 What might open with a slow movement? A composition of the island? (3, 5)
14 Buffet. (8)
16 Of necessity, gardens are plowed up by it. (5)
17 A legal right belonging to another country? (5)
18 Do away with something wrapped in canvas used by the retiarii. (8)
20 He aims to use something much more modern than 18 in combat!
21 Part of this has taken place in the California mountains. (6)
24 Acted humanly? (5)
25 Kipling's Triumph and Disaster.
26 One should be prepared, at least in part, for them. (5, 10)

DOWN:

1 Such lively intelligence could be responsible for a religious man, or Puck, or at least a line on one. (6)
2 Measured as a TV show might be? (5)
3, 17 down and 11 across Proving nepaled equals depaled. (1, 6, 2, 4, 2, 1, 6, 6)
4 Part of a register, by the sound of it. (4)
5 He's probably just putting on an air with a promise made to be broken. (10)
6 He has a questionable practice of capitalizing on others' mistakes. (9, 6)
7 One wouldn't so describe the ecumenical movement, but things that do have at least one point in common. (9)
8 No tone to the park—just colors.
13 Enterprise. (10)
15 There's no fiercer version of support! (9)
17 See 3 down
19 Gives us the pitch, perhaps, but Paul evidently strayed from it. (6)
22 A most unusual aperture! (5)
23 The part of certain buildings that's always in a state of collapse? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1021

ACROSS: 1 Over and out: 6 Abet; 10 Estates; 11 Phalanx: 12 Bird of Paradise; 14 Relaying; 15 Adds up; 16 Escudo; 18 Importer; 22 Divertissement; 24 Impasto: 25 Othello; 26 Kids; 27 Terrorists. DOWN: 1 Overburden; 2 Enthral; 3 Anthony Adverse; 4 Dust pan; 5 Uppers; 7 Brasses; 8 Taxi; 9 Banded together: 13 Operations; 17 Clipped; 19 Misdoer; 20 Trellis; 21 Stroke; 23 Pink.

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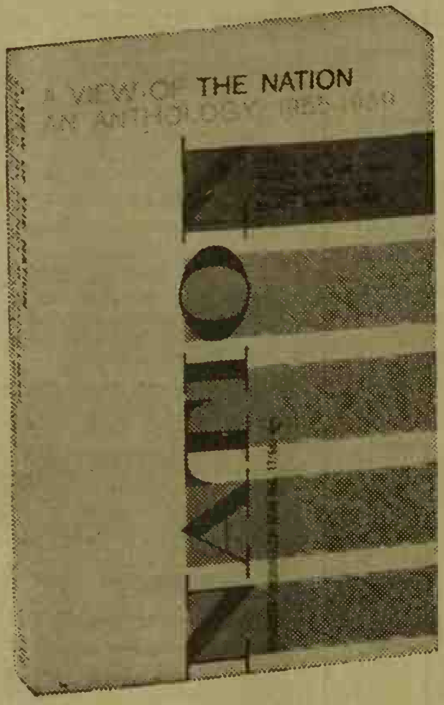

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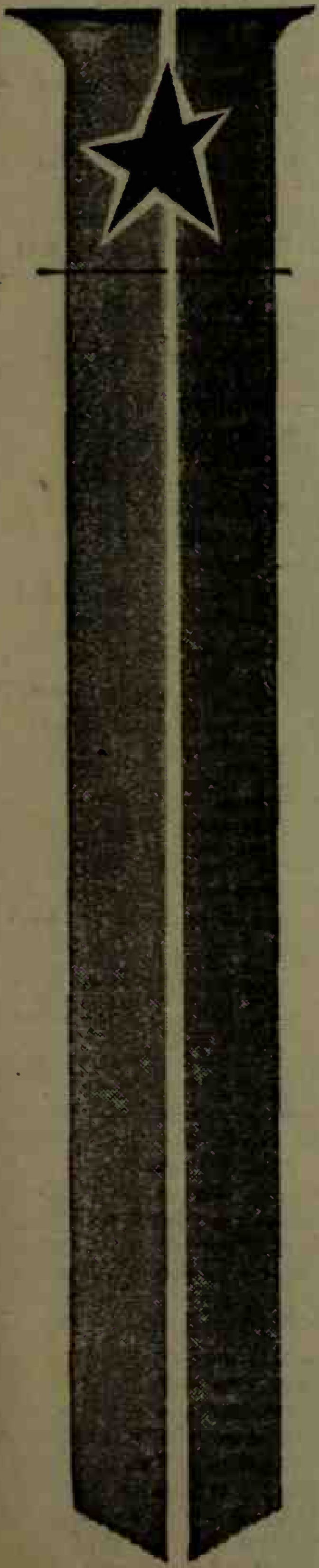

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SOVIET VIEW of WORLD WAR II

Alexander Werth

LETTERS

Too many drugs?

"The Aspirin Jungle" in our Aug. 24 issue, in which Brian Inglis, a British medical historian, attacked the medical profession for the over-use of drugs, elicited many sharp letters of criticism from physicians among our readers. We selected a more or less typical letter for publication, and append thereto Mr. Inglis' answer.—EDITORS.

New York City

Dear Sirs: As a practicing physician for the past thirty-five years, I would caution the readers against Mr. Inglis' therapeutic nihilism.

His article contains some reckless and irresponsible allegations. As an example: "It is quite possible that many people now lie under suspended death sentence. . . . " This alarming statement will initiate a chain reaction of morbid fear over past and present medication. It will stimulate capricious and unjust malpractice suits by invalids attributing their illnesses to medication in the dim past.

The notion that disease is an evolutionary trap set to snare the unfit is so much pseudo scientific garbage. . . . Of course some drugs have distressing and disagreeable side effects. But by and large their contribution to effective therapy has been most gratifying.

I employ chloromycetin whenever it is indicated and find it exceedingly effective. Employed according to the firm's directions, the hazards are minimal.

Derivatives of cortisone have been a blessing to patients suffering from resistant skin diseases. It is still a very desirable drug in rheumatoid arthritis, especially in cases sensitive to salcylates or not benefited by them. . . . Imferon is back on the market after reports of its toxicity have been proved unfounded. My experience with tranquilizers in children with emotional disturbances has been gratifying. The youngsters are not aware of the medication. Placebo my eye. . . .

Recent remarkable advances in enzyme- and biochemistry have contributed enormously to our understanding of the effects of certain drugs on cellular physiological processes. We are hopeful that in the not distant future drugs will be elaborated which will supplement deficient enzymes and substitute for missing ones.

If the image of the doctor is a bit tarnished of late, it is not because of drug therapy. There are other reasons. If people drift to crackpot cults and quacks it is not because of medication. Americans as a nation are notorious joiners. Secret societies, scatterbrained health cults, etc., abound in the American social milieu.

And Mr. Inglis need not be concerned about the doctor's losing his patients. The average physician has more patients than he cares to treat. And when the individual who swore off doctors is really sick, he is back in the doctor's office for any drug that will alleviate his misery. . . .

George S. Meister, M.D.

London

Dear Sirs: If Dr. Meister believes that the hazards of chloromycetin have been minimal when the drug has been "employed according to the firm's directives," I suggest that he read the Kefauver report. If he thinks that when children are not aware of being medicated there can be no placebo effect, then he can hardly have read his medical journals very carefully for the last decade; much of their space is occupied in presenting the results of research "double blind"—a complicated business made necessary by the fact that if the doctor believes in his remedy, his belief can influence his patients' reactions to it.

But the most damning sentence in Dr. Meister's letter is the one where he says, "Imferon is back on the market after reports of its toxicity have been proved unfounded." They haven't. According to Professor Alex Haddow, FRS, Director of the Chester Beatty Research Institute in London, the drug has been found to produce tumors in five species of animals after a latent period of nine months or more. Professor Haddow was careful to point out that this did not necessarily mean that Imferon would cause tumors in human beings; but "if there is a risk in man—and, as I say, we do not know—it might not become evident until twenty years from the date of treatment. . . . In light of all the circumstances, I believe its use should be severely restricted to cases in the older age groups." Yet Imferon, *even after the report came out*, continued to be advertised for pregnant women.

Brian Inglis

An apology

New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Since writing "Hoosier Witch Hunt" (*The Nation*, May 25) I have learned that more was going on at Indiana University in defense of YSA's civil rights than I knew at the time. Professor Ralph Fuch's letter to you was in large measure justified, and I am pleased to acknowledge this. Moreover, my article hurt and embarrassed friends and colleagues at I.U. — an effect not at all envisaged when I undertook to speak out against the Bloomington prosecutor's idea of "the American way." For this I wish to apologize publicly. Strength and good luck to my former associates in their resolve to keep academic freedom high on the list of I.U.'s many virtues.

Norwood Russell Hanson

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NATION

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The Nation, Sept. 14, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 7

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Beardsley letters

Dear Sirs: I am helping to prepare a new and complete edition of the letters of Aubrey Beardsley, and would be most grateful to any *Nation* readers who possess originals if they would supply me with particulars and, if possible, copies. My address is Hillnemon, Bailes Lane, Normandy, Guildford, Surrey, England.

Henry Maas

The March

The March will go down in history as a superb example of orderly, democratic self-expression. It should bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of those who tearfully voiced a variety of misgivings about the enterprise and suggested that it should not be staged. It should also mildly embarrass those who deployed troops and police as though Washington were about to be besieged by a hostile army instead of being visited by a vast number of friendly and well-disposed citizens who conducted themselves with the utmost restraint, dignity and impressive dedication to a fine public purpose. The demonstration should also establish what has been clear all along — at least to those who have had more than a nodding acquaintance with the so-called "Negro problem" — that the Negroes are probably the least alienated of America's racial minorities and the least revolutionary in any ideological sense. The overwhelming drive of American Negroes, in all regions, at all levels, is for middle-class status; they want to participate, on terms of freedom and equality, in the Great American Barbecue. This should prove reassuring to timid statesmen — Rep. William Jennings Bryan Dorn (D., S.C.) warned his colleagues in the House that the March would prove to be as dangerous as the Fascist march on Rome by Mussolini in 1922 — and equally timid editorial writers, some of whom have acted as though Negroes were an affiliate of the Mau Mau in Kenya.

But a question remains: after the civil-rights issue has been won, as it will be — that is, after all legally sanctioned forms of Jim Crow discrimination have been removed — what then? All that needs to be done to take the disturbing overtone out of this question is to grant Negroes the right to join the American middle class on terms of full freedom and equality. This is far from an intimidating prospect; it could mean greater buying power, more profits, a higher GNP. In practical terms, however, it poses some major social, economic and political problems. But civil rights is the first phase and victory in this should set the stage for the larger reforms and structural changes in the economy that must come next.

Booby Trap

In one of a series of editorials which began two and a half years ago, *The Nation* referred to South Vietnam as "a booby trap for the U.S." Events have proved the accuracy of the appellation. But there is worse to come. Unless the Kennedy Administration learns its lesson, the "falling dominoes" theory will prove valid, though not in the way in which Mr. Kennedy has invoked it. First South Vietnam, then other American satellites in Southeast Asia, will fall. The alternative could be full-scale American intervention — with not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of men, and maybe even nuclear weapons.

The Kennedy Administration inherited the South Vietnam problem from President Eisenhower, John Foster Dulles, Allen W. Dulles and various minor adjuvants. The idea was that, with massive American economic aid and military assistance on a relatively modest scale, an authoritarian government could save the country from communism. About $3 billion was invested in the enterprise and input is proceeding at the rate of about $500 million a year. The military assistance has exceeded earlier estimates of the requirements. Thousands of American combat personnel were sent to South Vietnam before the Pentagon let on that anything unusual was happening. Last year the estimates stood at 8,000. This year newsmen quoted 12,000 in their dispatches; when the crackdown on the Buddhists began, the figure suddenly jumped to 14,000 or 15,000. Over a hundred Americans have been killed in combat or in accidents connected with combat.

A country, however small, cannot be kept in permanent subjection by a gang like the Ngos, with what amounts to an SS of their own and an Army supplied and supervised by a foreign power. Even in Hungary, the Russians had to substitute a Kadar (a former dissident) for a party boss, Rakosi, and make various concessions. The United States has kept the Ngos in power while popular resentment continued to build up. In her New York *Herald Tribune* articles, Marguerite Higgins devotes much space to proving that the Buddhist movement is political more than religious. Of course it is! Religion always becomes an outlet for disaffection when all other media of expression are shut off. Consider the Negroes in our own South.

That American support for the Ngos and their followers has often been reluctant may be a mitigating factor in Washington, but in Saigon or Hué people are interested in their own troubles, not in ours. "Diem Clubs Down Student Foes, Puts 1,000 Behind Barbed Wire," reads the headline, not in *Izvestia* or the *Daily Worker*, but in the *Herald Tribune*. These are our clubs, our rifles, our wire, and the Vietnamese know it. The North Vietnam radio charges that the recent events "lay bare the Fascist and utterly cruel U.S. Diem regime [which uses] the anti-Communist signboard to persecute those who cherish democratic liberties and freedom of belief in South Vietnam." The truth is not altered by the fact that it is Hanoi broadcasting it.

The cardinal fallacy of American policy has been the idea that "victory" could be achieved by personnel and methods as evil as any the Communists have employed, and that democracy can use tyranny as its shield. The situation will deteriorate as long as these grotesque notions prevail in Washington. Should the time come when they can be dislodged, the form a *démarche* might take can be discussed. It will have to take in far greater scope than South Vietnam alone.

Short and Long Term

In a recent editorial, "Where Democracy Ends" (August 24), *The Nation* suggested that foreign investment is often the decisive factor in U.S. foreign relations. This truism is confirmed by Joseph Lelyveld's article, "U.S. Investments in South Africa Show Big Rise," in the August 18 *New York Times*. "If twenty-eight United Nations resolutions are any sign," Lelyveld comments, "South African racist apartheid policies have made her an outcast among nations. But the American investor's reaction to the first twenty-seven makes it a fair guess that he will not be put off by number twenty-eight, passed in the Security Council this month."

Measured by investment, the British are South Africa's best friend and we, with over $600 million, show scarcely less affection. Britain and the United States also absorb nearly half of South Africa's exports. In the Security Council, Adlai E. Stevenson, our eloquent Ambassador, deplores apartheid as "a bitter toxic," but to American business it is more like a tonic. The First National City Bank and Chase Manhattan are expanding their operations in South Africa, keeping pace with prime U.S. industrial corporations, such as (in the order of *Fortune* magazine ranking) General Motors, Goodyear, Firestone, American Cyanamid, American Metal Climax, Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical, Champion Spark Plug, etc.

This should not come as a surprise. Why should our major corporations behave differently abroad than at home? They practically all engaged in a massive Southward migration while the American Negro was still under the heel of the white supremacists and, if they are now showing some solicitude, it is because their tranquillity is imminently threatened by the Negro revolt. In South Africa, the white supremacists are firmly dominant and business can go on as usual.

In the last fiscal year, South Africa's GNP was up 7.5 per cent, a rise in which U.S. investment was a factor. Our government keeps hands off. A Commerce official said the department was "neither encouraging nor discouraging" American investment in South Africa, adding, "American business is doing pretty much as it pleases." A State Department official was even franker: "We respect the right of Americans to invest where they want to invest."

For the short term, apartheid has proved good for profits: in this sense the 1960 Sharpsville shootings (sixty-seven dead, 186 wounded) were a success. Money goes where money is—now. A General Motors official, however, made a comment which the elder Morgan would have found strange—he was said to think a decade ahead. General Motors, this spokesman said, "has not given that racial situation any thought whatsoever, either in its short-term or its long-term planning." The day will come when the enmity of the newly independent African and Asian nations, and internal revolt, will jeopardize both Afrikaner lives and American-Afrikaner investments, and General Motors will wish it had given "that racial situation" a bit of thought.

Heart of the Matter

Though its impact is much broader, the railroad dispute is comparable in many ways to the dispute that broke out in the air industry last year. In both instances, technology has overtaken manpower. In the air industry, the victims were the flight engineers; in the rail industry, they are the firemen. Both situations may be classed as tragic and inevitable. Nothing is going to stop technology; and nothing, in the long run, is going to protect the worker's job when machines can be made to do it better and more quickly. Collective bargaining was never designed to solve this problem, and it never will. *The Nation* holds no brief for railroad management, which has shamelessly exploited the "featherbedding" issue in an attempt to cover its own long history of mismanagement and utter disdain not only for its workers, but for the public which pays the salaries and wages and all the expenses of investment and operation. But it is equally true that history is kicking the fireman out of the locomotive cab, and he cannot resist indefinitely.

In a sense, the embroilment of government in this issue — despite labor's long, and justified, dislike of legislative curtailment of its prerogatives — could turn out to be a blessing. At least it places responsibility for one of society's most grievous problems in the public domain, where it belongs. And it forces politicians to face a situation from which they would fain avert their eyes.

The problem is neither to stop automation nor to curtail technological improvement, even at the expense of jobs. The problem is how a wealthy country can use some of its wealth to cushion the blow to the victims. In some areas — Harry Bridge's West Coast longshoremen's union, for instance, or the Kaiser steel plants—satisfactory, short-range solutions have been worked out jointly by labor and management. But in its broader aspects, the problem of our growing army of jobless demands a richer treasury and a more integrated approach than lie within the power of either management or labor to give. In this sense, what the arbitration commission that was set up by Congress decides about the exact procedures for settling the railroad dispute will prove less important, in the long run, than the program it evolves for taking care of those workers who must inevitably lose their jobs. It is upon this aspect that forward-looking legislators, unionists and employers must concentrate their energies. The business-vogue phrase, to "think big," has become a burlesque because its only objective has been to think in terms of profit, but this is a time to think big in terms of human beings and the nation they constitute.

The Ordeal of Captain Kauffman . . . . . . Fred J. Cook

I. Visitors at Midnight

Until one fateful night in mid-November, 1961, Captain Joseph Patrick Kauffman, a finance officer, U.S. Air Force, had lived a life full of overtones in the Horatio Alger tradition. His had been a struggle that might have been entitled, "Up from the Orphanage." A waif, he had begun life shuttling from foster home to foster home. He had worked his way through college; he had entered military service as a private in World War II; he had risen from the ranks to commissioned status; his personal record was spotless. In civilian life, he had never been dismissed from a job; in fourteen years in military service, he had never drawn a reprimand. If he had never married the boss's daughter (actually, he had remained a bachelor), his career still reflected that rise from neglect and poverty to a position of honor and status that we like to consider a key element of the American dream—a dream that, in Captain Kauffman's case, was now about to be suddenly and irretrievably shattered. As he lounged in his three-room bungalow at 129½ Cedar Avenue, Atwater, Calif., fate came gumshoeing upon him out of the November dark in the persons of agents from the OSI (the federal Office of Special Investigations, the investigative arm of the Air Force).

For in East Germany a secret-service agent had defected to the West. He had come bearing gifts, the principal one consisting of the charge that Captain Kauffman was, in effect, a traitor to his country—that the Captain, in a secret visit to East Berlin in late September-early October, 1960, had supplied Soviet bloc agents with military information and had entered into a solemn pact to conduct espionage for them.

Just what kind of man was this Air Force Captain whose impeccable career was so suddenly to be ended by the first hint of the word "espionage"? It became apparent almost from the outset that here was the vital question. For, in the court-martial action that was soon to begin and in all the subsequent legal processes not yet concluded, it became quickly evident that there was in this case virtually no proof beyond the word of one man against another—Captain Kauffman's word against that of Guenter Karl Maennel, the East German secret-service agent who had changed his spots and his allegiance. As one military reviewing authority was to write: "The question of guilt or innocence depends upon a determination of which of two witnesses to believe: the accused or Guenter Maennel. The question of credibility as between these two is the crux of the case."

Since this is so, a personal portrait of the protagonists in the unfolding drama of the ordeal of Captain Kauffman becomes imperative. Unfortunately, it remains to this day impossible to draw any real picture of Guenter Karl Maennel. Even when he testified, he testified in disguise—a false mustache, a false hair-do, stage make-up, dark glasses — and beyond the vaguest details, nothing was revealed about his earlier life. About him and all his doings, our all-precious military secrecy threw a smothering protective blanket of suppression, and so the man remains untouchable, barely real, a figure in masquerade out of the pages of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Quite in contrast stands Captain Kauffman, a man whose past, even after arrest and disgrace, survived the searching inquisition of the OSI without a blemish. At the time of his fateful mid-November rendezvous with the OSI agents, Captain Kauffman looked younger than his forty-three years. Chunkily built, he had close-cropped, jet-black hair, parted on the left side. His forehead was high, his eyes widely spaced. His face was long, yet with a hint of chubbiness about the cheeks; his mouth wide, with a downward droop at the corners that gave him at times an expression of glumness. His skin was clear, unmarred by line or wrinkle.

Born in Rutland, Vermont, on August 10, 1918, Joseph Patrick Kauffman and his two brothers were cast out early upon the world. The future Air Force Captain was in his infancy when his mother died, and his father, abandoning the children, turned them over to a foundling home. In subsequent years, young Kauffman passed from family to family, living in about fifteen different households. He started to work when he was ten, and, as he later testified, he had been working ever since. He attended a number of grade schools in New York City and State, and later went to the Theodore Roosevelt High School in the Bronx, where he was an average student. Though he never graduated from high school, he managed to get himself accepted at the University of Wyoming, and he traveled west to Laramie to complete his education.

> I worked my way completely through college [he later testified]. I held as many as six jobs at one time. I was a janitor; I made sandwiches in the student building; I also was the houseboy of the Professor of Military Science and Tactics; I was an usher at basketball and football games; I was a banquet waiter; and my Saturday night job was that of relief watchman.

By dint of such labor, he graduated from Wyoming with a Bachelor of Science degree in agriculture in June, 1941. Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, with whom he had talked, had promised to find him a job in Washington. Meanwhile, he worked in the Carleton Hotel. Three months later, the Senator got him

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Fred J. Cook's latest "special" in The Nation *was "The Corrupt Society" (June 1, 1963). He is the author of* The Warfare State *and other books.*

a job in the Department of Agriculture. He worked for the department in several cities, but the United States was involved in World War II and service called. He tried to enlist in the Navy's V-12 program, but was rejected for deficient eyesight. In October, 1942, the Army took him.

Kauffman saw World War II service in British West Africa, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Arabia. In 1945, he returned to the States and entered Officers Candidate School in medical administration at Carlisle, Pa. By the time he left the service in September, 1946, he was a first lieutenant. He returned to his job with the Department of Agriculture, but the Korean crisis developed and in April, 1951, he was called back into service with the Reserve unit to which he belonged. He had remained in the service ever since; had been promoted to captain in April, 1953; had been awarded the Bronze Star, American Theatre, the World War II Victory Medal, the UN Service Medal and the Korean Service Medal. His service had always been satisfactory; he had received various commendations. Significantly, it would seem, he had never handled secret documents.

September, 1960, found him winding up a one-year tour of duty at the Sondrestrom Air Base in Greenland. The installation itself was probably one of America's least secret bases. It was used as an emergency landing field for the Military Air Transport Service and as a commercial stop for the Scandinavian Airlines System. There were no security regulations in force on the base, and Danish personnel, both those stationed permanently at Sondrestrom and airlines personnel flying in and out, were free to use all the buildings and facilities. These details assume some significance in the light of what was soon to follow.

Captain Kauffman, ending his Greenland hitch, received orders transferring him to his next assignment, the Castle Air Force Base in Merced, Calif. With a leave to enjoy before reporting, Captain Kauffman decided to spend a short vacation in Europe, visiting countries he had never seen before. In Newfoundland, he hitched a ride on a MATS aircraft that landed him in Paris. On the flight he met Peter Borck, a guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Washington, and they struck up a brief friendship.

Paris, they found, was still jammed with tourists, and Borck suggested they go on to Hamburg, where he had relatives. Captain Kauffman was agreeable and spent four days in Hamburg, seeing the sights. Then he decided, since Berlin was so close, to go there. On September 28, he purchased a ticket and boarded a train to take him to West Berlin. He did not know (and though he had identified himself at the station, no one had warned him) that American military personnel were not supposed to travel through East Germany and into West Berlin on such trains. The result: three East German policemen, checking the passengers, spotted him and hustled him off.

So, by such mischance, began what was to become the ordeal of Captain Kauffman. According to the story on whose truth he has always insisted, he was held prisoner for nearly two days. A Soviet intelligence officer tried to browbeat him for information; Kauffman refused to tell his interrogator anything, and they engaged in a shouting match. The Soviet officer, evidently defeated, withdrew from the scene, and two much more polite individuals, apparently East German police, took charge of Captain Kauffman. They appeared anxious to have him sign a statement that he had not been badly treated; finally, to secure his release, he consented to sign.

This accomplished, his new custodians became quite friendly, appearing anxious to make amends. Though they released him to go to West Berlin, they made him promise to come back to the Communized Eastern section of the city. When he did, they took him to restaurants, to night clubs, showed him the site of the Hitler bunker and other places of interest. Not until the final day of his stay did Captain Kauffman learn that his solicitous guides were not ordinary German policemen, but agents of the East German secret service seeking to get information from him and to induce him to commit espionage.

Once he learned that, Captain Kauffman got out of Berlin fast. He never went back. He had no further contact. He had supplied nothing. But he had appreciated that he had been placed in a difficult and compromising situation. Superiors, if they knew, might view his version of this entanglement with suspicion, and so he had decided to say nothing about it. When he came to list on his travel form the spots in Europe that he had visited, he omitted all mention of Berlin.

Months went by, nothing happened, and Captain Kauffman had virtually ceased to worry about this harrowing incident. He could not guess that in Europe events were conspiring to trap him. Guenter Karl Maennel was one of those courteous agents who had showed Captain Kauffman the sights of East Berlin. Maennel decided now that the time had come for him to change sides. Making contact with American intelligence, he promised them information—and they promised him protection, pay and employment. A month later, on June 29, 1961, Maennel defected to the West. He assured his welcome by bearing tales of espionage rings, and one of his most lurid tales involved Captain Kauffman.

According to Maennel, much had happened exactly as Captain Kauffman was to insist it had, but with certain vital differences. According to Maennel, Captain Kauffman had signed a statement giving his East German captors military information; he had concluded a pact with them to conduct espionage in America; he had agreed to return to East Germany in 1963 to transmit information and to take a full four-week course in espionage techniques; and he had been given the name of a West Berlin contact through whom he might keep in touch—a woman, Klara Weiss, whose name and address had been written down in Captain Kauffman's personal notebook.

Just what happened next, just what channels this information took through the labyrinth of the military bureaucracy, remains today a mystery. Though the Air Force subsequently was to proclaim with great pride that it had nailed a traitor and a spy, the hierarchy of command was to exhibit a persistent and astonishing bashfulness about taking the credit for this meritorious deed. All that one may deduce from the exhaustive court-martial record is that "somebody up there," forever unidentified, took notice and began to act in strange and devious ways.

One of the first and most devious of these maneuvers involved the removal of Captain Kauffman from his own home so that it could be illegally entered and searched in his absence. The Bill of Rights was not worth as much as a piece of scrap paper when the military and the agents of the OSI decided to go to work on Captain Kauffman.

In early November, 1961, the Captain received orders detaching him from Castle Field and sending him off on a two-week special assignment to Travis Air Force Base in Southern California. He locked up his home at 129½ Cedar Avenue, Atwater, and boarded out his pet dachshund, Ricky, who, as a result, was not on the premises to raise an outcry when interlopers came. They lost no time in coming. At 1 A.M. on November 8, 1961, three figures left a parked car and approached the locked, three-room bungalow. The leader—he was later to acknowledge his role in court-martial testimony — was Lt. Col. Raymond E. White of the OSI. He it was who jimmied a window and crawled through, illuminating his way with the tiny beam of a pinpoint flashlight. The two other OSI agents crawled after him. They searched the three rooms—a living room, tiny kitchen and bedroom—for between two and three hours; and then, before the dawn caught up with them, they departed.

The next day, 1 A.M., November 9, they were back. And the day after that. On each occasion, led by the window-jimmying Lt. Col. White, they crawled into the deserted bungalow, spent from two to three hours searching, and departed. In all, some eight or nine hours were spent in these three illegal searches, a persistent and determined endeavor that, if the OSI agents' later courtroom testimony is to be believed, should have convicted them all of incompetence. For, according to this testimony, they discovered absolutely nothing of later evidentiary value; all discoveries were made in a later — and "legal" — search.

Unaware of these shadows that had been operating behind his back, Captain Kauffman returned from his officially ordered detour to Travis Field, and hardly had he settled himself in his home when the OSI agents came knocking on his door. All night they questioned him. All night Kauffman tried to explain to them. He readily admitted that he had been in Berlin in the fall of the previous year; he told the story as later, many times, he was to tell it. The OSI agents just looked at him owlishly, obviously unsatisfied.

"But that was all there was to it," Captain Kauffman protested again and again. "There was really nothing to it, see?"

They didn't see. They took the Captain with them to Castle Field, and there the inquisition began in earnest. The questioning went on for hours, for days, in the unremitting round that constitutes the verbal third degree. The agents worked on Captain Kauffman in relays, alternating between syrupy sympathy and brutal browbeating. Finally, Captain Kauffman, weary, badgered, infuriated, shouted and stormed back.

"Let me out of here," he demanded. "I want to get a lawyer."

They would not, of course, let him out of there, but they did have to let him get a lawyer. After all, even a captain in the Air Force has some rights.

II. Bill of Wrongs

It was November 19, 1961, that the telephone rang in the basement apartment of Charles Keith in New York City. Keith, now a prosperous real-estate man, is one of the brothers of Captain Kauffman; the other is Michael Bernard Kauffman, of Salt Lake City, a department-store executive and then a brigadier general (now a major general) in the Army Reserve.

"Pat [Captain Kauffman] told me what had happened, that he had been taken into custody and that he was being subjected to incessant, third-degree type questioning," Keith recalls. "He told me that he wanted me to get him outside counsel."

Keith, it should perhaps be stated at the outset, had been at one time a Communist, but had broken with the party years ago in a bitter row. He had drifted almost by chance into real estate, had worked hard and prospered, and no longer retained any of his former Communist connections.

After getting the call for help from Pat, Keith made some inquiries and called Benjamin Dreyfus, of the law firm of Garry, Dreyfus and McTernan, in San Francisco. Dreyfus agreed to act as counsel for Captain Kauffman and immediately called on his new client, then being held in a room of the hospital on the Castle Air Force Base. At this point, no formal charges had been preferred, but the OSI was pressing its daily round of questioning. Dreyfus instructed Pat Kauffman not to answer questions by anyone, but after he left the base the OSI agents resumed their interrogation.

The following day, November 20, Dreyfus formally recorded himself with the Judge Advocate's office as Pat's counsel. At the same time, he made a formal request that all questioning cease unless Pat was represented by counsel. This, of course, is another fundamental American right; it was promptly flouted by the OSI. Not even a formal letter by Dreyfus demanding that such interrogation stop had any effect.

On November 22, the OSI really put the heat on Pat in an effort to force him to discharge his counsel. An OSI agent denounced Dreyfus to Pat and made a series of charges and threats. Dreyfus, he said, was president of the National Lawyers Guild, which had been labeled as a "Red" organization by the government and "the main bulwark of the Communist Party." Connection with such a man, when the man was connected with such an outfit, was virtual "proof" of Pat's guilt, the OSI agent maintained, and if Pat kept Dreyfus as his lawyer, the fact would be used against him at his trial; in addition, Dreyfus' retention would be used by the government to make things hard for Pat's brothers, Mike and Charlie.

Kauffman knew that Mike, at least, might be penalized, for he had pending a promotion to major general. Worried, the imprisoned Captain called Charlie Keith in New York and urged him to fly out to California. Keith took a plane the same night and landed in San Francisco early on November 24.

He began the day with a long conference with Dreyfus. Dreyfus was, indeed, president of the National Lawyers Guild, and he had represented a number of alleged Communists or alleged sympathizers in civil-rights cases on the West Coast. But there was not a shred of evidence in this case to justify any of the OSI aspersions about him. Consistently, his actions seem to have been those of a lawyer trying diligently to do his best for his client, and when he was later replaced as Pat's counsel, he bowed out gracefully, accepting the logic that impelled the move.

After this original conference, Dreyfus and Keith called the Castle base to make arrangements to see Pat. This call to the office of Colonel Leonard S. Dysinger, the commander at Castle, apparently triggered action, for now, a full week after Pat's first telephone call to Keith in New York, officials decided to file a formal charge. It was the first of what ultimately became a four-bill count, charging Captain Kauffman with conspiring with Maennel and others to commit espionage by passing along military information that would be injurious to the United States.

This charge had been read to Pat by the time Charles Keith and Dreyfus were permitted to see him in late afternoon. Keith assured his brother that he would not be deserted and that, if it became necessary to change counsel later, this would be done. Pat decided, for the time being at least, to continue with Dreyfus. After the interview, Dreyfus and Keith called at headquarters and were presented with a typed copy of the charge. They were told that an investigating officer would be appointed by March Air Force Base and that the preliminary hearing would probably begin on Tuesday, November 28. Dreyfus again repeated his request that questioning of Captain Kauffman by OSI agents cease. But the next day the OSI questioning continued.

The mere fact of this remorseless questioning despite the defense attorney's repeated demands that it stop was bad enough; worse was the fact that the interrogations were preserved on tape, and electrical eavesdroppers in the Captain's hospital room even recorded his side of his conversations with his attorneys and his brothers. All of this was done despite the most solemn pledges to Kauffman that it was *not* being done. Repeatedly, the Captain asked his interrogators whether their conversations were being taped and repeatedly they assured him, on their solemn word of honor as officers and gentlemen, that they were not.

"It's funny to listen to some of the tapes," Keith says. "There they are pledging Pat on their honor that they aren't recording what is being said—and even the pledge as they gave it was being recorded!"

Even in the restrained record of the court-martial, the dirty work becomes obvious. George W. Latimer, a former Utah Supreme Court Justice, who succeeded Dreyfus as Captain Kauffman's counsel, dragged the reluctant admissions out of the mouths of OSI witnesses. Before the trial, Latimer had demanded and obtained permission to listen to the tapes; the OSI must have known he knew—and yet, as the record demonstrates, getting a straight answer out of an OSI witness was more difficult than extracting an impacted wisdom tooth.

Lieutenant Colonel Felix L. Barsanti, who was in charge of the 19th OSI district, did some heavy sweating when Latimer examined him on the point.

> Q. Colonel Barsanti, I'll ask you whether or not the telephone wires at Castle Air Force Base were tapped for the purposes of recording conversations with Captain Kauffman prior to December 6, 1961?
>
> *A.* The area of technical assistance is not in my division and I have no direct knowledge of anything of that type.
>
> Q. Colonel Barsanti, you want to sit there in the witness chair and say you have no direct information that these conversations were taped?
>
> *A.* Taping isn't telephone tapping.
>
> Q. Were telephone conversations involving Captain Kauffman taped and recorded from tappings?
>
> *A.* To my knowledge, they were not.

Colonel Barsanti admitted that he had brought with him a folder containing tapes of interviews with Captain Kauffman, but he didn't have them now, he said—they had been turned over to the prosecution. Latimer demanded to know whether the tapes weren't in manila envelopes, plainly marked as to their contents. Colonel Barsanti acknowledged that they were.

> Q. And on the manila envelope is there a notation "Interview between Captain Kauffman and Mr. Dreyfus, the lawyer?"
>
> *A.* I do not know, I did not handle the tapes.

Taping, Colonel Barsanti explained, was in the investigative province of Colonel White. The prosecution took over the struggling Colonel, but its gentler hand did not help much. Asked if he had ever listened to the tapes, Colonel Barsanti said: "I only listened to part of those tapes. Here I have not listened to them." Latimer took the witness back and hammered at the OSI's eavesdropping on the conversations between Captain Kauffman and his attorney.

> Q. Now let's see if I can refresh your memory a little bit. Were they [the telephone calls] not made from the hospital?
>
> *A.* I have no knowledge of any calls from the hospital.
>
> Q. You have no knowledge of any calls from the hospital?
>
> *A.* Other than information that was reported by the Air Police.
>
> Q. What was reported by the Air Police?
>
> *A.* The Air Police on guard reported the activities.
>
> Q. Did they report that the telephone conversations were being recorded, taped? Did they report that to you?
>
> *A.* They only reported the information he overheard.
>
> Q. On the telephone?
>
> *A.* Yes, sir.
>
> Q. And that was between Captain Kauffman and his lawyer?
>
> *A.* Yes, sir.

Colonel Barsanti wasn't much more comfortable in testifying about the taping of interviews with Captain Kauffman. He himself had participated in a questioning of the Captain on November 19, 1961, and under questioning by the prosecution, he testified that this is what happened:

> Captain Kauffman asked me whether it was being recorded, at the time I did not know. At the time I first went into the room to commence the interview with him and I told him I didn't know, that I would go out and find out. I went out and they told me the tape recorder was out of order and I reported that to him.
>
> Q. Well now did someone subsequently come in and tell you that it was fixed and working again?
>
> *A.* No, sir.

Q. When did you find later that some portion of the interview had been taped?

A. I didn't find out until it was practically over.

When Colonel White, the former window crawler and the officer who had supervision over the taping, took the witness stand, Latimer had the same difficulty eliciting the plain facts:

Q. Did Captain Kauffman make some telephone calls from the hospital to his attorney in San Francisco to your knowledge?

A. I heard that he did.

Q. Are there some tapes of those conversations?

A. There may be, there couldn't be any tapes on the lawyer's side of the conversation because the telephone was not tapped.

Q. Was the conversation of Captain Kauffman to his lawyer taped?

A. Captain Kauffman's voice could have been taped but his lawyer's was not.

Q. Did the communications he gave his lawyer, were they taped?

A. I believe Captain Kauffman's voice was taped but his lawyer's was not.

Q. Well, you say you believe, are you not certain that they were taped?

A. I am certain Captain Kauffman's voice was taped, but his lawyer's was not.

It took that long sequence to drag out an admission. White finally acknowledged that Captain Kauffman's room in the hospital had been wired for sound "in an effort to determine what Captain Kauffman may say during his tenure in that facility." He seemed a little regretful about the telephone taping of the captain's conversations with his attorney, but it was strictly a professional regret. "There was some trouble there," he said "—we got some from those and others didn't work out too well. It was a pretty sad arrangement there, we didn't have too much luck."

In this kind of atmosphere, Captain Kauffman inevitably had even less luck. When even a defendant's conversations with his attorney are not sacred, it can be virtually guaranteed that all his other rights will be violated at will. And so it proved.

November 28—the date by which, Dreyfus and Keith had been told, an investigating officer would be appointed by March Air Force Base—arrived, and nothing happened. It took two days for Dreyfus to reach Lt. Col. John C. Chew, the Judge Advocate at Castle Field, by telephone; the Judge Advocate told him that March Field was going to appoint a senior officer to handle the preliminary hearing, and he assured Dreyfus that he would be notified when this was done.

But it was not until December 6 that the next step was taken—the filing of additional charges against the Captain. Besides the original conspiracy charge, he was now accused of traveling to Berlin without proper orders and failing to report his visit to his superior officers; of agreeing to commit espionage and to return to East Germany in 1963; and of actually transmitting to Guenter Maennel information "relating to the national defense of the United States."

The tempo began to pick up. The following day, on an affidavit furnished by Paul W. Reed, the OSI agent who had taken the accusatory statements of Guenter Maennel, a "legal" search warrant was obtained permitting the OSI to search Captain Kauffman's much-searched home, and on December 8, a U.S. Marshal, Colonel White, Reed and other OSI agents ransacked the house in daylight, and they found — surprise! — a number of items that they had had no idea, on their word of honor as officers and gentlemen, were even there.

On this same eventful day, Captain Kauffman received another shocker. He was informed orally that he was not to be permitted to stand trial in the United States; he was to be ordered to Germany and there court-martialed.

This official "shanghaiing" of the Captain (as Latimer later was to describe it) had several sinister aspects. Captain Kauffman, whisked out of his native country, would be separated by thousands of miles from his brothers, his attorneys; his defense would be made doubly expensive and difficult. Worse, he would be denied his best chance to obtain justice. Had he been held for trial here, he would have faced a federal court, where a civilian jury would have heard the evidence and decided on his guilt or innocence; shipped abroad, he could be tried in only one way, before a military board in court-martial proceedings in a land where war hysteria was high. By this procedure, the Military Establishment made certain that it would itself decide the case it had brought—a case in which, by the bringing, its own prestige now demanded a conviction.

Dreyfus, informed of the hoodwinking to which he had been subjected in the long-maintained pretense that the investigation and trial would be held in California, promptly dispatched a sizzling protest to Dysinger and Chew:

> Captain Kauffman has been charged with certain alleged violations of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. . . . The charges have been the subject of thorough and detailed investigation at Castle Air Force Base since at least November 19, 1961, and Captain Kauffman has been subjected to ceaseless and oppressive interrogation concerning the charge, both before and after my objection to that interrogation on November 21. The charges were made and read to him at Castle Air Force Base in California.
>
> The proposed transfer will deprive Captain Kauffman of his right to counsel of his own selection at the Article 32 [pre-trial] investigation, and will prevent the preparation of his defense to the charges. The transfer will, accordingly, deny him rights to which he is guaranteed by the Uniform Code of Military Justice and by the Constitution.

Dreyfus' protest was ignored. He was told twice, orally, that the only answer that could be given was that the case was beyond the authority of Colonel Dysinger. Obviously, "somebody up there" in the Air Force hierarchy was calling the shots. On December 11, Captain Kauffman was served with orders decreeing his departure for "duty" in Germany (the duty, of course, of being tried) at 5:30 A.M. the next day. Hours later, Captain Kauffman, under guard, was flying on the next stage of his long ordeal.

The brothers he left behind him, Charles Keith and Michael Kauffman, resolved that he should have the best possible defense counsel, even though it strained all their resources. Convinced of Pat's innocence, they sought out Latimer, himself a Reserve colonel, distinguished in Utah as a jurist and a former Judge of the Court of Military Appeals. Latimer agreed to take the case and to go to Germany to represent Pat in both the pretrial investigation and the court-martial.

Hardly had he taken the case before it entered upon a new phase. A publicity campaign began whose most obvious purpose, it would seem, was to smear Captain Kauffman and prejudice his case in the public mind before he could ever be brought to trial. The first step appears to have been a teaser story planted by the Air Force in Washington on Dec. 15, 1961. This disclosed, ambiguously, that Captain Kauffman had been transferred to Germany in connection with a security investigation. Such an announcement, it would seem, could only serve to pique curiosity and elicit questions from the press. It did. The demand for more information became so insistent that the poor, helpless Air Force had to yield to reporters' importunities, and on December 21, it spelled out the charges. Headlines hit the press across the nation; the public had a new spy sensation.

Charles Keith in New York, analyzing this latest development for his brother, Michael, in Salt Lake City, wrote at the time:

> The release of this material by the Air Force to the press is particularly dirty pool. When I was in California, the Base Judge Advocate made a very special point of asking Dreyfus that there be no publicity, for "Pat's protection," from our side . . . assuring us that from the Air Force side not only did they not want any publicity but that they were prohibited from making the matter public, since all such stuff is "restricted" until the conclusion of the case.

The "restriction," obviously, had been something less than ironbound.

III. A Defector's Story

The story of Guenter Maennel is one that needs to be examined in considerable detail, for it was from the beginning—and remains today—the only evidence against Captain Kauffman. The story was told twice under oath, once in the so-called Article 32 pre-trial investigation that recommended a court-martial and again in the court-martial itself. And so it becomes incumbent to ask the questions: Was the story a credible story? And was it always the same story?

From the start, the military went to seemingly fantastic lengths to shroud Maennel and his account in the impressive hocus-pocus of supreme secrecy, the kind that is invoked when the very fate of the nation is at stake. Latimer was astounded in the pre-trial investigation when he was notified that Maennel was so important, his life was in such jeopardy, that the military could not risk bringing him to the Wiesbaden Air Force Base for the hearing — the hearing would have to travel to him at Camp King, near Frankfurt, where he was being held in protective custody. Latimer remained adamant against the removal and later that evening at the pre-trial, the investigating officer grudgingly relented and announced that the hearing would continue in the selected courtroom. Then the attorney was flabbergasted to learn that, according to OSI rules, Agent Reed, himself a witness, would have to be present when Maennel was questioned. Latimer told the agent, with some asperity, that he was going to "get those rules changed"; and this much, at least, was done. Reed was barred from the courtroom during the questioning of Maennel, a factor that proved of considerable significance later, when some irreconcilable differences developed between the testimony of the two.

The following morning, after the military had screened and searched all persons seeking entry into the hearing, the government produced Maennel, who walked into the courtroom accompanied by a cordon of American officials. In such an atmosphere, accorded such favored status, Guenter Maennel testified. What immediately follows is the way his first version developed on the witness stand.

Even before Maennel was given the oath, Latimer attacked:

> *Q.* Are you a Christian?
> *A.* No.
> *Q.* Do you believe in God?
> *A.* To a certain extent, yes.

The military still decided that Maennel understood the meaning of an oath and would be true to it. In other questions, Latimer developed the fact that Maennel was not familiar with the English language, that he always had to converse through an interpreter — a point, again, of considerable significance later when he was asked to testify about what Captain Kauffman did (or didn't) say.

Once these preliminaries were out of the way, Maennel testified that about Oct. 1, 1960 (he was uncertain as to the exact date), he was ordered by his superior, Colonel Horst Joenicke, to go to the Buch section of East Berlin and take part in the questioning of an American. When he arrived, he found Captain Kauffman already in the custody of another intelligence agent, Captain Hans Bergmann. They conducted Kauffman, who Maennel learned had been taken off the Berlin train at Mecklenburg, to a two-story house that was reserved by East German intelligence for meetings of its agents and the questioning of prisoners. There they were met by a woman interpreter, Lt. Sonja Eiserbeck.

Kauffman was then led to an upstairs room where Maennel, through the interpreter, began to talk to him.

> The American Captain answered my questions and told me that he did not know that he was not permitted to travel by an inter-zone train [Maennel testified]. We talked approximately thirty minutes about this and thereby became acquainted. After a Soviet agent arrived. That man asked me to leave the room and go downstairs and that he wanted to talk to the American Captain alone. I left the room and the interpreter stayed. The Soviet agent spent at least one hour together with the American Captain and the interpreter. I heard loud voices above me coming from the room where the three persons were located. After the Soviet agent came down. The interpreter accompanied the Soviet, I was told. I was told by her that they argued. The American Captain and the Soviet agent. From the interpreter I learned that the Soviet agent immediately proceeded to recruit the American Captain. However, he refused. When I asked the interpreter why they were so loud, she said something in an explaining way, "Those two are enemies." The Soviet agent after explained to me that he is not very fond of Americans and therefore furious. As he being previously assigned as a member of the Soviet Embassy in the United States was deported from the United States. I received an order from the Soviet agent to question the American Captain as to all military information he was in a position to give.
>
> I went upstairs with the interpreter and spoke to the American

Captain and calmed him down. He was still very excited after the discussion with the Soviet agent.

Despite the fury of Captain Kauffman's clash with the Soviet agent, according to Maennel, the Captain had let drop some matters concerning American bases in Greenland. The Soviet agent had tried to get Captain Kauffman to sign a statement incorporating this information, but had been repulsed. Maennel was instructed to try to get the signature. "When I spoke to him I talked him into signing," he testified.

This account, it would seem, contains an obvious inconsistency. By Maennel's own testimony, Captain Kauffman and the Soviet agent had been shouting at each other; by the account of the interpreter who was in the room, they hated each other. Yet we are to assume that Captain Kauffman, in these circumstances, gave information. Latimer, of course, demanded to know whether the interpreter's notes, whether any documents, were in existence to back this up. Unfortunately, no. Only Maennel was here to testify to the things that Captain Kauffman allegedly had said.

Maennel explained that the Captain was held prisoner overnight. The next day, he resumed his questioning of Kauffman. He wanted to get the Captain's signature on a document saying that he had been treated well. He also wanted to elicit from the prisoner as much information as possible.

It is obvious, even from Maennel's own account, that Captain Kauffman did not have any idea at this point that he was dealing with an intelligence agent. The Soviet agent's hard bullying had given way to Maennel's soft-shoe approach. Maennel testified that he talked to Captain Kauffman "just as if I had a personal interest in the matter, not mentioning anything about the HVA [the East German intelligence agency]. I just acted as if I had a personal interest whereupon the American Captain told me, explained to me, that persons he had met in his life he could place in three different categories. The man he had met with the bald head [the Soviet agent], he does not want to have anything to do with him."

Into this friendly philosophizing, Maennel now began to inject some pertinent questions about American air strength, personnel, etc., in Greenland. "In the beginning," he testified, the Captain

> was reserved and only answered questions which did not mean any danger to him. . . . But then later on he got into difficulty. . . . I personally was not able to determine as to what he said; if it is good, or if it is weak. Two weeks later I was informed by the Soviet liaison officer that the information which I received was not of much importance, even though it was an addition to information which we had already received. . . .

Was this, one feels impelled to ask, the great spy case? Obviously, no one in this military court except the accused and his counsel was going to ask such an unseemly question. Maennel testified that he incorporated all the answers the Soviet agent had gotten from Captain Kauffman, all the questions he had himself asked and obtained, in a document that he induced Captain Kauffman to sign at "approximately 1400 hours" on this second day of questioning. At this point, Major Bumgarner, Staff Judge Advocate, endeavored to get his star witness to put some flesh on the wasting skeleton of his great espionage case.

> Q. Now, you mentioned the questions, can you tell me the answers?
>
> A. That is very difficult now to repeat the answers entirely, after such a long time. [The lapse of time was from October, 1960, to January, 1962.]
>
> Q. I understand. But can you please try?
>
> A. Yes. The main mission in Greenland is radar control. There is not much personnel stationed in Greenland. The Air Force is represented even though there are only a few compared with other air bases as to sizes of air bases. There are many more. That is in general concerning Greenland. . . .

Later that same afternoon, Maennel testified, Captain Kauffman was released. His captors, who now gave every appearance of friendliness, imposed upon him two conditions. He was to stay at a certain hotel in West Berlin, and he was to return to East Berlin the next day so they could show him the sights. This promise, Captain Kauffman gave; and, unfortunately for him, kept.

The next two days of an early October weekend were filled with night-clubbing and sightseeing. Lieutenant Eiserbeck, the female interpreter, had vanished from the scene, but Bergmann and Maennel toured the city with Captain Kauffman. Since Bergmann spoke hardly any English, Maennel none at all, communication must have been limited; but on Sunday they capped some night-clubbing and drinking by singing the Communist anthem, the *Internationale*. How did Maennel know that Captain Kauffman was singing the *Internationale* in English when Maennel didn't understand English? He recognized the tune, he explained.

Came now the crucial, final meeting. Bergmann and Maennel asked Captain Kauffman to return on Monday. He agreed. He got off the train, bearing some bottles of wine and other tokens of appreciation for the kind friends who had shown him such a good time in East Berlin and who had refused to let him spend any money. He found that Lieutenant Eiserbeck had been added once more to the picture. Lunch was suggested in Maennel's apartment—actually another apartment in East Berlin that was at the disposal of the intelligence service.

Maennel, in his testimony, now described the pitch he and Bergmann made to recruit Captain Kauffman as a spy. They explained, in Maennel's words, that Captain Kauffman "did not have to do with persons from the People's Police, but with officers of the secret intelligence service. Mr. Kauffman was surprised."

A formal espionage contract had been drawn up for Captain Kauffman to sign, Maennel testified, but the captain "refused, and said he would not sign this document." Bergmann and Maennel agreed such a formal signature wouldn't be necessary; they would be happy to work with Captain Kauffman on a confidential basis. "He [Captain Kauffman] was completely conversant with this," Maennel testified. "The so-called obligation was done by handclasp. Bergmann, the interpreter and myself."

Captain Kauffman then, according to Maennel's continuing recital, was given explicit instructions: He was to gather all the intelligence information that he could, particularly personal information about American officers and their possible weaknesses; he was to memorize all such details, keep them in his head; and then, in 1963, he was to return to East Berlin, both to report his information and to take intensive training in espionage. In one of the most peculiar spy pacts ever concluded, Captain Kauffman was not to endeavor to pass information for almost three full years, not until he himself brought it personally on his next visit; but in the meantime he could keep in touch, just to let his East German friends know all was well, by writing notes to "a cover address" in West Berlin. The West Berlin address was that of Klara Weiss, and Maennel testified that he "personally wrote" the name and address in a notebook that Captain Kauffman pulled from his coat pocket. He identified the name and address written on a page of a notebook found in Captain Kauffman's home in the final, "legal" search of December 8, as the name and address he had written into the book during this final rendezvous in East Berlin.

Maennel couldn't "recall" but he did "assume" that Captain Kauffman had been given "a cover name" during this climactic meeting. Anyway, right afterwards, the Captain boarded a train for West Berlin—and that was the last the East German conspirators saw of him.

Such was Maennel's story. Ponder it a moment. The recruited spy, almost the instant he learns the identity and purpose of those attempting to recruit him, takes off into the wild blue yonder and is never heard from again. Is this proof of participation in a conspiracy? To reasonable men it might seem more like flight.

The difficulty became instantly apparent in Major Bumgarner's questioning of Maennel.

Q. Did Captain Kauffman at any time give you any information, or description, of the installation of the United States Air Force in Greenland?

A. During my second session with him, yes.

Q. But before you disclosed yourself as an agent, or as an officer of intelligence?

A. Before, no. Afterwards. After.

But by Maennel's own account, just given under oath on the witness stand, it was not "afterwards, after"—it was "before."

Cross-examination immediately served to emphasize the inexplicable paradoxes and the suspect quality of the case against Kauffman. Latimer began by bringing out a few routine details—that Maennel was twenty-nine, had been married for six years, and did "not wish to talk about" his family; he did not know "at the moment" where they were. He had had eight years in grade school, three in high school, and then he had been trained in counterespionage work. He would be "sentenced to die" if he ever had to return to East Berlin.

Having drawn this sketch of the man, Latimer began to pick his story apart. Maennel had typed out a detailed statement on the Kauffman case which he had given to OSI Agent Reed on October 26, 1961. Reed had interviewed him at length in mid-November, and from these notes he compiled a second Maennel statement. Significantly, the two statements did not always agree, and even more significantly, they contained some sharp deviations from the account that Maennel had now delivered from the witness stand.

One striking omission in Maennel's most recent version promptly drew Latimer's fire. In his second statement to Reed, Maennel had given a much more graphic description of Captain Kauffman's surprise and shock when the American learned, at that last meeting, that he was dealing with agents of the East German secret service who wanted to recruit him as a spy.

Q. I will ask you if you told Captain Reed this information. "At the conclusion of this discussion they, speaking about you, informed Captain Kauffman that you were members of the East German secret service, and when he heard that, he stated, 'My God! I might have thought so!' "

A. Yes.

Q. OK. That statement by Captain Kauffman was quite impressive to you, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. Rather significant you forgot about it in your first statement?

A. Yes.

In the first statement, which he had typed out himself in some two days of thoughtful labor, Maennel had not mentioned Captain Kauffman's singing the *Internationale*. He had subsequently, in his lengthy second statement, told Reed that he had been "quite astonished" at this performance of the Captain's, but Latimer pointed out that the "astonishment" had not been enough to make him remember the incident until *after* he got to talking to Reed.

Latimer now turned a probing light on the manner of Maennel's defection to the West. Maennel said he first talked to an American official about changing sides on May 30, 1961.

Q. Did you tell that official you would testify against Americans if they pay you and protect you?

A. I did not say, "if you pay and protect me," but I said that I would have the opportunity to testify, and that I wanted to testify.

Q. And did you ask to be paid?

A. I did not ask to be paid.

Q. When were you first told that you would be paid?

A. On the 30th day of May.

A month later, on June 29, Maennel crossed over the border, and on July 1, he went on Uncle Sam's payroll. He was being paid eighteen marks—about $4.50—a day and furnished with clothing and allowances. In return, or at least coincidentally, he had supplied information about Captain Kauffman's alleged activities and about a number of other alleged spy cases. He was himself, he protested, no expert in the science of military espionage; his forte was the political field.

Q. Did Captain Kauffman furnish you with any information of a political nature that was of any value to you?

A. No.

At this point, one is tempted to ask: What kind of information *did* Captain Kauffman give his captors that would be of such detriment to the United States? Latimer tried desperately to find out.

Q. Did Captain Kauffman at that time give you any information on any American officer?

A. Yes.

Q. And who was it?

A. About his Colonel in Greenland.

Q. And what did he tell you?

A. The question is very difficult for me to answer.

Q. All right. Don't answer it. Why is it difficult?

A. First of all because it is that long ago already[from October, 1960 to January, 1962]. And to the other, I did not strive to retain all these facts in my memory. At the time I was still over there.

Latimer asked whether the information Captain Kauffman had given had been important enough for the witness to remember. "Yes," said Maennel.

Q. What did he tell you about installations in Japan?

A. Today I can't give any details any more. . . .

Q. Do you remember any military information given by Captain Kauffman of any military base?

A. Very dimly. . . .

Q. Did he identify—give you a description, mention any shortcomings or any weaknesses of the United States Air Force officers?

A. He gave a rough draft. He gave in short form the characteristics of at least three or four officers in Greenland. Amongst those was the boss, the Colonel and his deputy, and logistic questions, and still one or two others.

Q. How did he describe the Colonel?

A. The Colonel is an elderly gentleman, perhaps fifty years old, old soldier, a competent officer.

Q. Well, now is that the general nature of the information he gave?

A. This, generally speaking, was the general nature.

As one can see, the national security of the United States was very definitely at stake here.

Latimer probed on, and he uncovered the amazing information that Klara Weiss, the lady of the "cover address" in West Berlin, had never received any communication from Kauffman; had never, indeed, been apprised of her "role."

And that, on the basis of this first witness-stand rendition by Guenter Maennel, was the extent of the great spy case against Captain Joseph Patrick Kauffman, a veteran of fourteen years in the American military service.

Justice, one might be tempted to think, would have been admirably served if the charges had been dismissed forthwith, but naturally such drastic action was not to be entertained by the minds of the U.S. military, bemused with the wonder of having obtained for themselves a real, live defector from the East German intelligence. Under such circumstances, the investigating officer naturally saw his duty, and he did it. He recommended that the charges against Captain Kauffman be aired in a full court-martial.

The trial that resulted was conducted at the Wiesbaden Air Base in Germany from April 10-18, 1962, and again Guenter Maennel was the government's star witness. Before examining this second and much more highly refined version of his spy tale, one should have, perhaps, a clearer idea of the care and labor that had gone into the preparation of that first, pre-trial version. OSI Agent Reed was quite explicit about this, both in his pre-trial testimony and in his testimony at the court-martial.

In all, Reed testified in the pre-trial examination, he had discussed the case with Maennel some "15 or 20" times. In his court-martial testimony, he spelled out the extent of these discussions in explicit detail. He testified that he met Maennel for the first time about October 15, 1961, and that he talked to the witness on about "eight, nine days," for as long as half a day at a time, before Maennel sat down and composed his first (October 26) statement. After receiving this statement, Reed studied it, then went back and interviewed Maennel some more. He estimated that he spent another "eight, nine days" with Maennel gathering the information which he later incorporated into the Maennel statement of mid-November. If Reed was telling the truth (and Maennel's version, as we shall see, was quite different), all of this exhaustive questioning took place before Maennel testified for the first time. Logic clearly says that, with such persistent and strenuous effort devoted to total recall, every iota of legitimate information should have been contained in Maennel's pre-trial testimony. Drastic changes in that testimony at the subsequent court-martial become infinitely suspect.

Hardly had Maennel taken the witness stand a second time, however, before such changes became apparent. In his pre-trial testimony, he had been uncertain about dates; he had incorrectly placed his first meeting with Captain Kauffman in October, and he had fixed October 7 as the date of the final, spy-recruitment rendezvous. Now he testified positively that "the first time I saw Captain Kauffman was on 29 September 1960, 1300 hours, Railroad Station, Buch, East Berlin." This was only the first faint indication of the drastic alterations in the recital that was to come.

Maennel testified that, at this first meeting, he identified himself to Captain Kauffman as "Lange . . . a member of the People's Police, not as a member of the MSF." He described again Captain Kauffman's encounter with the Soviet agent, but this time the indications of angry dispute faded from his account. He testified only that he "heard loud voices," and he never did repeat for the court-martial record the interpreter's significant remark, "Those two are enemies." As a result, the inconsistency of Captain Kauffman's having given information to a Soviet agent with whom he had just had a bitter personal encounter does not become obvious. But more important than this was the fact that Maennel's pre-trial vagueness about the information Captain Kauffman allegedly gave now was replaced by statements far more explicit. For instance, he now said Kauffman had informed him that

> . . . The jet planes stationed in Greenland were not the latest model.
>
> . . . The jet planes that were stationed there did not have too great range; they were small and medium range.
>
> . . . Jet fighters are the ones that are stationed there. There are almost no others.
>
> . . . The number was stated. However, it would be hard for me to recall it precisely now. I do not wish to state it as a fact.
>
> . . . In Greenland there would be about a thousand officers and enlisted men of the American Air Force. This is what he revealed.

Even more striking were the changes that followed. The prosecution in the pre-trial examination had been embarrassed by Maennel's insistence—an insistence that accorded with his repeated pre-trial statements to Reed—that he had not revealed his true identity and purpose to Captain Kauffman until their final meeting. If this was so, the conspiracy charge, the most serious one against Captain Kauffman, was dynamited, since there was no evidence to show his agreement or his participation in the conspiracy. And so what had been truth after those "15 or 20" questionings by Agent Reed suddenly became truth no longer.

"At the start of the discussion on Friday [the second day, not the last] I explained to Captain Kauffman that I was not a member of the People's Police," Maennel testified. Latimer interposed with a furious objection, but Maennel insisted that he was now telling the truth. The importance of this drastic revision of events is obvious. If this testimony was true, then Captain Kauffman, by his willing association with

Bergmann and Maennel on the following Saturday, Sunday and Monday had signified, not repugnance to them and their mission, but willing participation and collaboration. This, in essence, was the crux of the case. Maennel embellished it with some new details.

An atlas now suddenly appeared for the first time in his account. He had brought the atlas with him to the meeting of Monday, October 3, he testified, and Captain Kauffman had sat down with him and identified on maps areas in Greenland where American bases were located and areas in Japan, southwest of Tokyo, where there were other bases. At the conclusion of their discussion, after they had thoroughly agreed on everything—after Captain Kauffman had promised to cooperate, had agreed to return in 1963, had been given the name of the unsuspecting Klara Weiss as "a cover address"—after all this, "We drank a toast with a sip of wine to the unofficial cooperation which we had started." A ceremony, this, that had slipped Maennel's mind in all of his earlier recitals.

Cross-examination had hardly begun before there developed what must have been one of the most incredible scenes in the history of American jurisprudence. Latimer—confronted by this witness who was hiding behind a false mustache, false hair and dark glasses; aware that the OSI originally had wanted Reed in the courtroom during Maennel's pre-trial testimony—was on the alert, and it was well he was. He had not questioned Maennel long before he thought he intercepted signals being exchanged between the witness and a man stationed among the spectators in the courtroom.

Wanting to make certain, Latimer proceeded warily. He asked Maennel first with whom he had discussed the case between the conclusion of the pre-trial investigation and the present trial. Maennel replied that he had talked with Colonel Morgan and Major John H. Leonard, the prosecutors. Then:

> Q. You have not gone over your testimony since the Article 32 [pre-trial] Investigation with anybody except Colonel Morgan and Major Leonard?
>
> *A.* Yes.
>
> Q. They are the only ones you talked to?
>
> *A.* Yes.
>
> Q. When I asked you a question yesterday about the camp where you were, did you make a motion to somebody in the courtroom?
>
> *A.* Yes.
>
> Q. Did you receive a signal from somebody in the room?
>
> *A.* No.
>
> Q. Nobody in the room signalled you at that time?
>
> *A.* No.
>
> Q. Did anybody tell you that that name [the camp name] was not to be mentioned in connection with your examination?
>
> *A.* Yes.
>
> Q. Now, who told you that?
>
> *A.* An American official.
>
> Q. Well, who was the official?
>
> *A.* Mr. Frank.
>
> Q. Is he here in the courtroom?
>
> *A.* Yes.
>
> Q. Then you have talked to somebody about it, haven't you? . . . You have talked to somebody else besides Colonel Morgan and Major Leonard about the case?
>
> *A.* No.
>
> Q. You didn't talk to him then?
>
> *A.* I talked to Colonel Morgan.
>
> Q. In answer to a previous question, did you say that Mr. Frank told you to object when something was said about the camp?
>
> *A.* Myself, no.
>
> Q. You never had any conversation with Mr. Frank about that, at all?
>
> *A.* About what?
>
> Q. About mentioning the name of the camp, where it is, where it is located?
>
> *A.* We talked about that.
>
> Q. You talked about that with Mr. Frank, did you not?
>
> *A.* Yes.

The questioning of this wobbling, now-it-is-and-now-it-isn't witness shifted to other matters, but Latimer had no intention of letting the issue drop. During a recess, he carried his complaint to Colonel James S. Cheney, the Law Officer—in military court, the presiding judge. He argued passionately that to continue the trial in such an atmosphere would be to prejudice the rights of Captain Kauffman. Colonel Morgan, admitting the signaling, argued that really it didn't mean a thing. He had been afraid, he said, that the questioning might get into vital security areas, and so he had had an OSI agent, Douglas Smith, stationed among the spectators, with instructions to remove his handkerchief from his pocket as a warning. But the arrangement, Morgan protested, was for the guidance of himself and Major Leonard; it had nothing to do with the witness. See? But Latimer didn't see.

> The witness knew about it [he argued], because just as sure as I'm standing here, there was a signal when I mentioned the camp, that he raised his hands and said—oh, no! I don't care if trial counsel can't run his case without signals from the spectators because then I don't know how an accused can get a fair trial. In this case I think he has been denied one, fundamentally and substantially.

It was never explained how Maennel's "Mr. Frank" metamorphosed into Colonel Morgan's "Mr. Smith," but "Mr. Smith" was banished from the courtroom, the Law Officer overrode the defense protests, and the trial went on.

Some of Latimer's sharpest subsequent thrusts dealt with another major inconsistency in Maennel's account. Maennel testified that he had had a copy of the document Captain Kauffman allegedly had signed and other documentary evidence relating to the case in his possession in his East Berlin office shortly before he defected. He had known for a full month that he was going to flee to the West; he had known he was going to inform about Captain Kauffman—indeed, the very day he arrived, on June 29, 1961, he began talking about the Kauffman case. Yet—

> Q. You have no written evidence of any kind to corroborate what you say here on the witness stand?
>
> *A.* No.
>
> Q. You didn't bring any of those documents with you?
>
> *A.* No.

Maennel's only explanation for the drastic revision of his story in this last round on the witness stand was that he had had more time to think about it in those long days and nights in Camp King after his Article 32 questioning in late January. This contention led to a final exposure of the stuff of the prosecution's case and brought its two major witnesses, Maennel and Agent Reed, into irreconcilable conflict.

Reed, pressed by Latimer to justify the legal basis of the search warrant that had been obtained so belatedly in California, contended at great length that he had obtained all the information on which the warrant was based, not from the officers who had made the prior illeal searches, but from Maennel in xhaustive interviews at Camp King. And so he spelled out explicitly the number and duration of those "15 to 20" questionings of the star witness.

If Reed's testimony was true, Maennel could not possibly excuse his last shifts on the witness stand by contending, as he did, that his earlier testimony had been given without sufficient forethought. So Maennel, under oath, swore emphatically to a far different version. He had seen Reed only three times, he said—once on October 26 when he turned over to the OSI agent the original statement he had prepared; and just twice, for brief interviews, in mid-November. "The first discussion took place on one day for about two to four hours and the second discussion on the day for one or two hours in November," Maennel testified.

Colonel Morgan, evidently aware of the dangers of discrepancy, asked:

Q. Then there was a further discussion about the middle of November covering about two days, is that correct?

A. No, it's not like that.

Colonel Morgan asked Maennel to explain "how it was then," and Maennel repeated that he saw Reed only once in October, when he turned over the original material, and just twice in November when they discussed the Kauffman case, the last time for "only one or two hours."

The collision of the testimony is head-on, irreconcilable. And it is significant that, in each instance, the version told from the witness stand fitted the needs of the witness telling it. There is no way of telling where the truth lies. But it is indisputable — and vital — that one of these two major witnesses for the prosecution was committing perjury; and a case, founded in its major elements on perjured testimony of one sort or another, is a case that reeks with the odor of frame-up.

IV. The Search That Failed

In the Kafka-like atmosphere of the courtroom, Latimer's attempt to probe into the burglarious entries into his client's home almost led to his forced exodus from the case. When he attempted to cross-examine Agent Reed on these entries, the witness refused to answer, asserting that all activities of the OSI were "classified" as involving the security of the United States. Latimer, naturally, protested and demanded that the witness be directed to answer his questions. Government counsel counter-argued that if this subject was to be pursued, Latimer would be required to leave the courtroom as he was not cleared to hear security information and, because he was a civilian, could not be cleared by the military. It was only on Latimer's insistence that Kauffman could not be deprived of his elementary right to counsel of his choosing that government counsel relented and obtained, from Washington headquarters, declassification of the material involved. This is why the sordid story of the burglarious entries could finally be pried from the unwilling mouths of the offenders.

Latimer put up a strong battle over the legality of the search warrant, contending with every appearance of logic that the final, "legal" search must have been based upon the discoveries made in those three illegal, window-crawling entries into Captain Kauffman's home. If so, of course, the evidence gathered in the "legal" entry—the notebook with Klara Weiss's name in it, a receipted Berlin hotel bill, the railroad ticket stub for Captain Kauffman's trip from Hamburg to Berlin—all could have been banned from the trial record. In this endeavor by the defense, Agent Reed and Lt. Col. White became the principal targets.

Reed described the extremely limited space in Captain Kauffman's bungalow in these terms: "When you first come in there is a living room. On the far side of the living room, a small kitchen, and then to the left is a bedroom." Standing inside the front door, you could look right through an archway from the living room into the bedroom, and clearly visible, just inside the bedroom, was a dresser. It was in the top left-hand drawer of this dresser that OSI agents found a group of some half-dozen notebooks. And it was in one of these that they found the name and address of Klara Weiss.

One might possibly be forgiven for suspecting that a squad of OSI agents, searching these cramped quarters on three consecutive nights for from two to three hours a night, might just have happened to discover such a piece of valuable evidence lying in such an exposed place, practically begging to be found. But nothing of the kind, of course, had happened. White testified under oath that it hadn't.

"We looked at all the furniture," he concluded. Yes, they had looked in the dresser. They had found a huge amount of correspondence, a cardboard box and several folders filled with it. Captain Kauffman, White noted, was a most meticulous man; he saved everything. And all the letters and documents he had saved, the OSI meticulously photostated. But it was all love's labor lost. Not a thing was discovered in all this searching and photostating that was later to prove of any use at all. As White put it, ". . . To my knowledge, nothing that we found or were photographed has ever been used as evidence."

Of course, it just so happened that, *after* Agent Reed had obtained a "legal" search warrant, Colonel White was the one to discover the notebook with the name of Klara Weiss written in it. He just opened that left-hand, top drawer—and, what do you know, there under some other notebooks and correspondence, he found exactly what the prosecution needed to lend at least some shadow of credence to Maennel's story.

After the first three—and, according to White, futile—searches, there had been a mysterious, fourth illegal entry. This, White explained, was not really a search; he had just gone back to Captain Kauffman's home on November 28, 1961, to make certain that everything had been replaced in the order in which it had been found.

Yet, in all their searches, whether legal or illegal, OSI agents found nothing to indicate that Captain Kauffman was engaged in espionage. This man who so meticulously saved everything—even a Berlin hotel registration, a ticket stub, the Klara Weiss address on a page that could easily have been torn from his notebook—had not preserved anything that even faintly resembled military information. No data on the superiors whose weaknesses he was supposed to be cataloguing. No information on the location of bases. In a word—nothing. The point was developed by Latimer in his questioning of Reed:

> Q. All right. Did you find any [of the kind of information mentioned by Maennel] when you got there?
>
> *A.* The notebook with the address of Klara Weiss in it.
>
> Q. Did you find any maps?
>
> *A.* No, sir. We did not find any maps.
>
> Q. All right. Let us see what else you expected to find and you had an honest belief would be there. Did you find any photographs of any military value?
>
> *A.* We did not find them there. There is a possibility they were there.
>
> Q. I just asked you whether you found them?
>
> *A.* We did not find them.
>
> Q. Did you find any negatives?
>
> *A.* No, sir, I didn't.
>
> Q. Or films?
>
> *A.* I did not find any.
>
> Q. Or other documents reflecting United States military installations, or personnel?
>
> *A.* I did not find any such.

Yet this investigative disaster, this failure to find a shred of evidence of espionage, had not convinced Reed of Captain Kauffman's innocence. On the contrary, his mind still flirted with the "possibility," not that his case was bad, but that he simply hadn't been able to discover the evidence that must have been there.

This unrelieved chain of negative discoveries was now about to be climaxed by a negation even more complete and final. Klara Weiss, the mystery contact in West Berlin, had been located by the OSI. Agent Warren S. Halvorson testified that he had interviewed Klara and her daughter, Herta. Klara, born in 1876, and Herta, born in 1898, might seem at first glance unlikely spy queens from the mere matter of age, if nothing else; but they did admit, according to Halvorson, that they had a relative, Guenter Vogt, one of Maennel's associates, in the East German secret service. However, according to Halvorson:

> They advised us that they can never receive any mail at their address addressed to Guenter Vogt, nor had he ever sent any mail to be forwarded to any address. This did not only include the United States, it included all foreign countries. . . .

On cross-examination, Latimer copper-riveted the point.

> Q. In this interview with Klara Weiss, you asked her if she had ever received any mail from anybody in the United States, and she had not. She said, she had not. Is that correct?
>
> *A.* The way the questioning went sir, was, we asked her if she ever received any mail from the United States for Guenter Vogt. She said, no. So then we figured, "Well, nobody in another country?" No was again the reply. And then, of course, we asked her if she had ever mailed anything, any correspondence for Guenter Vogt to West Germany, or any other country, and she said, no, she had not.
>
> Q. She had not received any mail from the United States?
>
> *A.* That is correct, sir.

V. The Captain's Story

It remained only for Captain Kauffman to take the witness stand.

The defense, in addition to the gaps it had torn in the prosecution's case on cross-examination, was based on two cornerstones. One was the testimony of Captain Kauffman himself; the other, the submission of an exhaustive amount of public material demonstrating widespread knowledge about the nature and location of American bases in Greenland. The volume of published material, submitted by the defense, ranged from page-one news items in *The New York Times* to full-scale feature articles in *Life* and in virtually every other American magazine of major circulation. Thule, the major radar base in Greenland—a base Captain Kauffman had never visited and about which admittedly he had no special knowledge—had been quite adequately described. By submission of these published exhibits, Latimer demonstrated that Guenter Maennel could have gathered the kind of generalized, uncertain knowledge he had displayed—and this was all he *had* displayed—from any number of sources other than Captain Kauffman. This point made, the rest depended upon Captain Kauffman himself.

Called to the stand, Kauffman's startlingly altered appearance spoke eloquently of the ordeal he had been going through. In the space of less than half a year, he appeared to have aged more than a decade. The once glossy black hair was now turning white. The face that, at forty-three, had retained almost the unblemished smoothness of youth, was now drawn and haggard, with deep-slashing lines running downward from the corners of the nose to the corners of the mouth.

The Captain testified quietly, calmly, about the events of his early life, about his varied tours of duty in the service. Gently, Latimer brought him to tell of the mischance that had taken him to Berlin and had landed him in the arms of the East German police. Kauffman described the story from his viewpoint much as it had been told before, until he arrived at last at the house of interrogation in Buch in the custody of Captain Bergmann, Maennel and Lieutenant Eiserbeck, the female interpreter. There, he said, they had tried to question him.

> Q. Now, in that conversation, what was the general subject of the inquiries made?
>
> *A.* They wanted to know whether . . . what I thought of the present United States, what were the feelings of the people of the United States towards the President; they asked questions about Sondrestrom, about the length of the airstrip, where the buildings were located, where the quarters were located; questions along that line. What was our mission; how did our food come in there.
>
> Q. All right. Did you answer any of these questions?
>
> *A.* I only answered certain questions.
>
> Q. All right. Tell the court those you answered and those that you refused to answer.
>
> *A.* I answered questions concerning my name, rank, serial number.
>
> Q. And those were the only questions you answered at this time?
>
> *A.* This is correct.

Captain Kauffman described his encounter with the Soviet agent in these words:

> He went through the same questions over and over again and got

highly incensed at me. He knocked on the table, yelled; he said he could not understand why an officer of the United States service couldn't answer simple questions as to how many people there were at Sondrestrom, how many aircraft we had there, where the locations of the buildings were. In each instance I refused to answer him.

Q. You yelled at him?

A. I yelled at him, that I was not going to answer any of his questions, that I desired to see a representative of the American government.

After the Soviet agent stormed out, Captain Kauffman was interviewed briefly by a man whom he identified as "a slim individual" (Maennel) and then he was placed in a bedroom under guard for the night. The following day, September 30, Maennel interviewed him again; but, the witness insisted, he answered no questions pertaining to defense matters. Of course, Maennel—as Maennel himself had admitted—had searched his personal effects, and so had gleaned some general information about his last station and the names of the commanders. Finally, according to Captain Kauffman, a document was presented for him to sign.

> It had my name, rank and serial number [he testified]; it had the fact that I was traveling from Sondrestrom Air Base, Greenland to Berlin, Germany; it also had that I was not a spy; it had also the names and addresses of both of my brothers and it also had the names of the three members which had been mentioned to me, that is, Colonel Skofield, Colonel Stewart, and Colonel Williams—to the fact that they were middle-aged men of good character; it also in there—it had in there that at Sondrestrom Air Base they had radio, TV; this was a landing strip for Scandinavian Airlines System; the last thing they had in there, to the effect that I had received no bodily harm and that I was being released. I protested against signing this document.

Captain Kauffman was told, however, that, if he wanted to be released, he would have to sign. Two other conditions were also attached to his release. He was to stay at a certain hotel in West Berlin, and he was to agree to come back the following day, on his word of honor as an Air Force officer. Finally, after an argument that lasted from forty-five minutes to an hour, Captain Kauffman agreed to the conditions and signed the document. He also, when he was released, did what he had agreed to do. He went to the designated hotel, the Charlottenburger, and registered there under his correct name, giving his rank and place of birth; and the following day, a Saturday, he returned to East Berlin where his now-kindly captors wanted to show him the night life.

It was true, Captain Kauffman said, that as the evening progressed they burst into song. But, instead of thundering the *Internationale*, as Maennel had testified, his contribution had been two old American standbys, *I've Been Working on the Railroad* and *It's Only a Beer Bottle*.

Q. Do you know the words of the *Internationale*?

A. No, I do not.

Q. Do you know the melody?

A. No, I do not even know the melody.

It was, Captain Kauffman said, purely a social evening; there was no discussion of politics, of political philosophy or of military matters. The same was true on Sunday when his escorts, Bergmann and Maennel, showed him the sights of East Berlin. On his last visit, on Monday, he was surprised to find that the interpreter had rejoined their party. He was taken to a house where a table "in a fairly large room" contained a platter of sandwiches "like a Swedish smörgasbord, and coffee." They had lunch, and it was then, he testified, that he learned for the first time that his hosts were in reality intelligence agents seeking to entice him into an espionage contract.

Q. When that was told to you, what did you do?

A. I was shocked. I remember specifically saying, My God!

This testimony, it may be noted, agrees precisely with all of Maennel's versions of the incident prior to that last, revised version he had delivered from the witness stand. In refusing to sign the document, Captain Kauffman also acted as Maennel had said he acted.

Q. After you told them you would refuse to sign, what was done?

A. After I said I refuse to sign, at this time the heavy-set individual [Bergmann], through the interpreter, said that in case I'd like to get in touch with him, he would like to give me an address.

Q. What was done then?

A. We couldn't find any paper, and I handed them my notebook. As a matter of fact, I would have done anything at the time to get out of there. . . .

This was the manner in which the name of the eighty-four-year-old Klara Weiss, who even according to Maennel had not been notified of her role, happened to find its way into Captain Kauffman's notebook. He hadn't looked at it, hadn't paid any attention to it. He had been simply intent on "getting out of there." There had been no handshake ceremony to ratify a solemn pact; there had been no drinking of a toast to the future flourishing of espionage. Instead, his captors, at his request, had driven him to the railroad station; he had taken a train back to West Berlin; and the next morning, he had taken a Pan American flight out of Templehof Airport.

In all of his contacts with the East German agents, he had never given any information that could be used "to the injury of the United States of America in any way, shape or form"; he had never agreed to go back to Berlin in 1963; he had never had any intention of participating in espionage work, nor had he; he wanted only to continue his career in the Air Force.

At this point, turning to the prosecution, Latimer said: "You may cross-examine."

The prosecution asked for a short recess to gather its forces, a pause that affords a last chance to take a look at what manner of man was Captain Joseph Patrick Kauffman. The picture comes from a number of widely scattered sources, but the sources in general all agree: the man they picture is the same man—one who was perhaps over-conscientious, over-zealous, over-dedicated; an extremely meticulous man who saved everything, worried over every detail. One can see him making a good finance officer. Every penny, every entry in a ledger would be to him a matter of infinite concern.

It was completely in character that, when he decided to visit Europe, he should acquire from a fellow officer a volume entitled, *How to Travel in Europe on $5 a Day*. Peter Borck, the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, whom the OSI diligently tracked down, confirmed Captain Kauffman's account of their meeting, their short visit in Paris, their trip to Hamburg. But Borck filled in some interesting sidelights. On the train on the way to Hamburg, he said, they had met an attractive woman, a secretary in the American State Department. Captain Kauffman, who remarked that he had been a long time in Greenland without the sight of a pretty face, waxed perhaps over-jovial and broke out two expensive bottles of liquor that his commander had given him as a departing present. Despite the Captain's animation and his generosity with his liquor, Borck recalled he had gotten the impression that Kauffman was probably a bit tight in money matters. He had complained about the high prices in Paris, and when they reached Hamburg, he had asked Borck to recommend an inexpensive hotel.

The man who had been an orphanage waif, who had shuttled from foster home to foster home, had survived his early trials and gained a station in life; but it is obvious that he had not survived without scars. The abnormal effort that had enabled him to work his way through college, studying and holding six jobs at a time, existing on four to five hours' sleep a night, had left him an essentially work-oriented individual, with difficulties in human relationships. In 1956, at the Eglin Air Force Base in Florida, he had become involved, apparently for the only time in his career, in a personality conflict with higher command. He had been transferred to the base to work on a special project with which he was not familiar, and it was not long, according to his commander, before his all-out effort was getting him into everyone's hair. He became so obsessed with detail that he had difficulty getting anything done; he was haunted by the feeling that his office personnel was inefficient; he was exercised by what he called filthy conditions in the rest rooms; and he diligently devoted himself to trying to change everything. Neither the office force nor his superior took kindly to these endeavors, and his superior sent him to the base hospital for psychiatric examination.

The resulting long report sheds some illuminating rays on Captain Kauffman. The psychiatrist noted that the Captain had experienced "a great deal of trauma in his earlier life," and "while he feels he developed quite normally, he never had time to relate to other people in any close way. He has never married, although he has dated frequently." He had absorbed himself in his work and in one other, overriding interest. He had always given of his time and money "to help support orphanages and homes of that nature," in the hope that other unfortunates might not have so hard a struggle as he had had.

After his arrest, naturally, all stops had been pulled out by the OSI in an effort to dredge up detrimental personal and ideological information. They tried to find evidence that he was homosexual, and failed. They hoped to discover a strain of subversive Marxism; but the ineradicable picture remained of a man who, if he had political opinions, must have been practically a made-in-the-mold conservative —scrupulous, honest, meticulous to a fault.

Three obscure paragraphs in *The New York Times,* after Captain Kauffman's arrest, project the image of the man fellow workers had known in the Department of Agriculture branch in Detroit. "I just can't believe that [spy] story," said Gene Russell, who had roomed with Captain Kauffman in 1948 and 1949. "He was about the most honest guy I ever knew," Robert Cooney, another friend, said: "He was almost overzealous about his honesty." His former secretary, Elizabeth Perliss, put it this way: "He was a person beyond reproach."

It is perhaps not too much to suggest that this is precisely the type of personality that would be especially devastated by the type of charge that had been brought against Captain Kauffman. A harder, more cynical, man, one whose world was not so meticulously ordered, might have been better equipped to cope with the issue; but Captain Kauffman, surviving the OSI's verbal third degree, denied his rights in being "shanghaied" to military trial in Germany, was a man especially and peculiarly torn (as official reports on his conduct indicated) by a seething, burning resentment, a soul-destroying bitterness, as he awaited the shafts of the prosecution.

He did not have to wait, Colonel Morgan went instantly to the one specification in the charges about which there could be no dispute. Captain Kauffman had not reported his trip to Berlin; he had not reported to higher authorities, as regulations required, that he had been contacted by East German secret-service agents. Why? "I did not think there was any requirement to report about these contacts," Captain Kauffman said, a bit lamely.

This one point established, Colonel Morgan went for the jugular. Charles Keith had written to Michael Kauffman after the first blast of publicity that the Air Force was playing "dirty pool"; but the "dirty pool" of the past was as nothing to the "dirty pool" Colonel Morgan was about to play now. In all of the OSI investigation, in all of the trial record, there is no hint (if one excepts the dubious word of Maennel) that Captain Kauffman had ever been personally beguiled by Communist ideology. But he had a brother who, admittedly, at one time, had been a Communist. This was enough:

> Q. How many years did you live with your brother, Charles Lawrence Keith?
>
> *A.* I didn't live with him for years —probably a matter of six or seven months. . . .
>
> Q. Now, during this period of time you were living with your brother, Charles Lawrence Keith, did you ever see any Communist literature or books in his possession?
>
> *A.* I don't know what you're talking about, sir.
>
> Q. I think the question is clear enough, Captain Kauffman.
>
> *A.* If you will mention some books, possibly I could say whether I have or haven't. Everybody has who happens to have an extensive library.
>
> Q. During the period of time that you were living with your brother, Charles Lawrence Keith, did you ever see any Communist literature or books in his possession?
>
> *A.* No, I did not.

This was all that Colonel Morgan needed. Voice rasping scornfully, he pointed out that, in answering a similar question by OSI Colonel Barsanti on November 19, 1961, Captain Kauffman *had* acknowledged that he *had* seen Communist literature in Keith's possession. This touched off a furious legal argument. When the smoke had settled and the defense's objection to the line of questioning had been overruled, Captain Kauffman answered: "The books I saw were on Karl Marx. These are the same books that were recently shown in the movie relative to General Stone. He had a similar library."

"That's not the question I asked you, Captain Kauffman," Colonel Morgan snapped.

He was a hound on the scent now, determined that nothing would do but a flat "Yes" that could be contrasted with the previous flat "No"—and so could be used to make Captain Kauffman out a liar. Finally he got it; and, relentless, Colonel Morgan pounded on.

> Q. Now, again, Captain Kauffman, my question is: Why did you testify a while ago that you had never seen Communist books or literature in your brother's possession?
>
> *A.* I did not understand your question, sir.
>
> Q. I see. . . . Now, you have indicated you have two brothers, one named Charles—and what is the other one's name again, please?
>
> *A.* The other one's name is Michael.
>
> Q. Which one do you consider yourself closer to?
>
> *A.* I consider myself equal, to both.
>
> Q. Then I ask you, Captain Kauffman, who is the beneficiary for gratuity pay in the event of your death, in the event there is no surviving spouse or child? [Here there was a legal argument; the defense was overruled, as usual; and then—]
>
> *A.* I'll answer the question this way, Colonel Morgan—
>
> Q. Just a moment. Captain Kauffman, I want you to answer—
>
> *A.* Would you not give me a chance to—
>
> Q. I want you to answer the question, not some other question. If you are not clear on it, we'll have the reporter read it. Do you want the question repeated?
>
> *A.* No, my brother Charles is indicated as the beneficiary for insurance. Now, may I continue?
>
> Law Officer: You may explain that answer.
>
> *A.* My brother also has a copy of my will, in which all of my possessions, including insurance, is left to the University of Wyoming to establish a trust fund for deserving individuals, so they can continue their education and not go through what I had to go through, in working through college. Now, this can be confirmed, too.

Even Colonel Morgan had had enough of the answer at that point, and he quickly dropped the whole matter. But the damage, it would seem, had been done. Captain Kauffman had been tarred with his one-time Communist brother; he had been trapped, in an effort to do justice to his brother, in an evasive answer that the prosecution could hold up with a hoot and a holler, asking, in effect, "See? How can you believe this man?"

If there had ever been any doubt about the issue, this sequence probably settled it.

Latimer, in his summation for the defense, did his best. Maennel, he argued, was "a pathological liar." He stressed the inconsistencies, the outright contradictions, in the various stories that Maennel had told. He held up a map that *The New York Times* had printed, showing the precise locations of American bases in Greenland and giving the number of troops stationed there at 6,000—far more explicit information than anything Maennel had been able to cite in his testimony. Latimer emphasized that Captain Kauffman in April, 1952, had been given "a top secret rating" after a most thorough examination of his family and his background and that this, though he never actually handled secret material, had never been taken away from him.

Captain Kauffman, Latimer acknowledged, had been stupid. He had thought he should keep his word, even when he gave it to a Communist—that overzealousness about his honesty that his friend, Cooney, had mentioned—and so, instead of running away, as he might have done, he went back to East Berlin as he had promised to do. Drawing a devastating comparison between the two protagonists, Maennel and Captain Kauffman, Latimer said:

> We have a traitor, a deserter, or a man that has sold out and comes out here in disguise and the trappings of a Hollywood actor. And he comes in and gives us an oath, and we have the prosecution insisting that he is an honorable man because he tells the truth. Well, I think maybe he had better give a little bit of advantage to the American officer. At least I have one that's not an admitted spy; not an admitted Communist. . . .
>
> I am representing to you a United States Air Force captain some forty-three years of age, who has had a very fine record with never an Article 15, a letter of reprimand, a special or a general court, who has traveled all over the world, and has gone from enlisted man to a promotion in the reserves to a major, and is presently in the permanent rank of captain. . . . And look what he ran into in the space of four days. In a space of four days that man's whole future is riding in the balance.
>
> But I am going to put him on my scales, and then I am going to let the government have theirs. I'm going to let them have their traitor. I'm going to let them have their defector. And I am going to let them have the man that I know, and you know from the record, has lied on many occasions.

It was a bargain that the military court bought. They weighed the two in the scales—and they loved, not the American officer, but the traitor. Captain Kauffman was convicted on all four counts. His sentence: twenty years in prison.

VI. Presumption of Guilt

The ordeal of Captain Kauffman goes on. Probably no other case of our time has exposed such a range of callous disregard of the rights of the individual: illegal search; third-degree verbal questioning in the absence of counsel and in defiance of counsel's request; the taping of at least one end of privileged conversations between the accused and his counsel; the spiriting of the prisoner abroad to deprive him of fair trial; the court-martial in an atmosphere loaded with the phony, ultra-security trappings of the totalitarian state; the exchange of signals in the courtroom while the accusing witness was on the stand, making a travesty of the most elementary processes of justice. Look well at that catalogue. The deeds in this unrelieved sequence are completely incompatible with the ideals of American democracy, with its primary emphasis upon the protection and the liberty of the individual.

The ordeal of Captain Kauffman becomes an invaluable showpiece in the workroom of American military authoritarianism. It is a window through which one may view the processes, the prejudices and the predisposition to judgment, that pervert the very basis of the American system of justice. In spy and security cases at least, the presumption of innocence is transformed into a presumption of guilt; all of the prestige of the government, of authority, rides on the shoulders of the informer-accuser, and the burden of proof is placed upon the accused to prove his innocence, if he can and if he dare.

This harsh and cruel reversal becomes patently clear in the exercise of illogic that was used to uphold and sustain the conviction and sentence of Captain Kauffman. The first review, prepared by Wendell J. Willmore, civilian attorney, and approved by Colonel Dwight R. Rowland, Staff Judge Advocate, is a vivid example in point. This review, which has formed the bedrock of the military's case ever since, acknowledged quite frankly that the entire case revolved about the test of credibility between Maennel and Captain Kauffman. Bearing in mind now the changes in Maennel's testimony, the final witness-stand additions to his testimony, his own contradictions of self on the witness stand, the patent weaknesses and almost idiotic flaws in the spy yarn he unfolded, let's see how all doubts were resolved in favor of Maennel and the prosecution.

> The court [Willmore wrote], with the advantage of hearing and observing the witnesses, demonstrated by its findings that, as between Maennel and the accused, it believed Maennel. . . . I have arrived at the same conclusion. . . .
>
> Maennel's explanation of these inconsistencies and failures of memory, as well as certain other inconsistencies . . . was that his initial statement to the OSI was somewhat hurriedly given (after more than a year following the events related) and that since that time . . . he had thought about the matters more carefully and the details thereof had become clearer to him. [Note the complete absence of any mention of the irreconcilable conflict between Maennel and Captain Reed.] This explanation does not appear to be unreasonable, particularly in view of the length of time involved after the incidents in question. . . .
>
> Significantly, the accused in his testimony agrees by and large with Maennel's description of what happened, except as to those particular instances which tend to place him in an incriminating position. If we are to believe his story, we must necessarily conclude that Maennel's account of events, while accurate for the most part, is just enough flavored to make the accused out a traitor. The record strongly gives the impression that where such testimonial deviations from the truth occur, it is the accused who makes them and not Maennel.

There is, of course, no logic in this conclusion. When two statements stand in contrast, with no shred of supporting evidence on either side, common sense would seem to say that one may be just as true as the other. And when that one, as in Captain Kauffman's case, is supported in vital details by the story the accusing witness *originally* told—but which he then subsequently changed to fit the legal needs of the prosecution—only a man peculiarly prejudiced or peculiarly blind could decide that the presumption of truth must ride with the accuser. No circumstance could more graphically illustrate the supremacy of the virus of suspicion. Presumption of innocence, basis of the American system, has been turned into presumption of guilt.

This, then, is the core of meaning, the central significance, of the ordeal of Captain Kauffman. As we said, that ordeal still goes on. In January, Latimer argued Captain Kauffman's appeal before the Air Force Board of Review in Washington. Though the prosecution put in an almost perfunctory appearance, relying almost solely on the reasoning of the Willmore-Rowland review, this military board upheld the conviction, but dismissed one specification and reduced the sentence to ten years. Latimer, fighting on, carries his case next to the Court of Military Appeals, where, for the first time, the case against Captain Kauffman will be reviewed by civilian judges. The appeal probably will be held in October.

Meanwhile, in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, the imprisoned Captain Kauffman still waits and hopes for a justice that, even if it comes, can hardly be expected to make whole again the bits and pieces of his shattered life. So, prematurely aged, he waits on the slow course of the law — a law that, to date, has reserved its smiles for a man of unknown antecedents who left his country, wife and family and came out of East Germany bearing tales of spy rings and, with them, courting American pay and favor.

Chicago

RISE of the NEGRO MILITANT . . . Hoyt W. Fuller

Chicago

At the time that Louis E. Lomax's *Harper's* article, "The Negro Revolt Against the Negro Leadership Class," appeared back in 1960, only a few people—black or white—envisioned any imminent upheaval in the ranks of Negro leaders. Today, it is rather freely charged that the NAACP, for example, until recently was almost as much a Negro status organization as it was a battler for equal rights. But this kind of talk would have seemed blasphemous only a short time ago. With a speed matching the tempo of the general assault against segregation, Negroes of all social and economic strata are coming to realize the correctness of Mr. Lomax's contention that the entrenched Negro leadership class — largely, the upper-middle class — is equally a target of the current Negro revolt.

Perhaps nowhere in the nation is the revolt against the Negro leadership class so dramatic and—to the growing number of erstwhile associates of that class—so welcome as in Chicago. There is a certain logic in this: no other American city can match Chicago in the qualitative depths to which its Negro leadership

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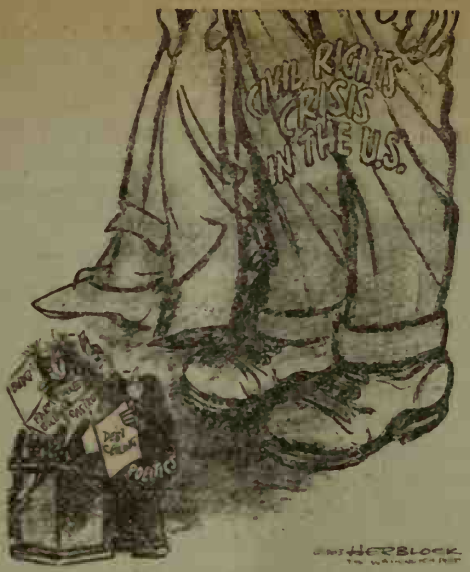
has descended. In all fairness, it must be stated that a substantial minority of middle-class Negroes here have long opposed the Negro elements in the city's powerful Democratic political machine. Protest votes are regularly cast for Republicans in South Side wards; but they are cast with the prior knowledge that, against the machine's formidable efficiency, the gesture is foredoomed to failure. Considering the machine's effectiveness, Negro politicians here—for the present, at any rate—have little reason to fear the Negro revolt. However, other members of the Negro leadership class are discovering that they are, indeed, vulnerable.

The first of these leaders to suffer the arrows of the aroused Negro public was Mrs. Wendell E. Green, widow of a circuit judge and—until last May—the only Negro member of the city's school board. For several years, under the leadership of the Chicago Urban League's dynamic executive secretary, Edwin C. Berry, segments of the Negro community have been engaged in running skirmishes with School Superintendent Benjamin Willis and the school board over the issue of *de facto* and contrived segregation in the schools. The superintendent has been little inclined to entertain the Negroes' complaints, and the board generally has supported him. What sympathy the Negro groups received from the board came, almost invariably, from Raymond W. Pasnick, who is white. Mrs. Green either supported Superintendent Willis or was silent. (There exists a parallel situation in the City Council. The half-dozen Negro Aldermen, all Democrats, are contemptuously referred to as "The Silent Six." It is white Alderman Leon Despres who persistently speaks out in behalf of the Negro community and who, because of it, is frequently attacked by his Negro colleagues.)


CIVIL RIGHTS CRISIS IN THE U.S.
POLITICS
HERBLOCK

Eclipse

Criticism of Mrs. Green had smoldered for several months before it finally exploded last spring. The breaking point arrived when it was revealed that Mrs. Green, alone of the eleven board members, had expressed reservations on the appointment of Robert J. Havighurst, an outspoken white, liberal educator, to head a long-delayed survey of the public-school system. (Other board members undoubtedly opposed the appointment, but reserved comment.) Certain individuals and organizations, notably the American Legion, objected to Dr. Havighurst on the grounds that he had associated with left-wing organizations. Mrs. Green, in newspaper reports, disapproved of the educator's proposals for regional high schools and requested the first of several postponements on voting on his appointment. She was also active in urging subsequent deferments on one pretext or another.

Various Negro pressure groups apparently had urged Mrs. Green to become more aggressive in behalf of integrated schools, but to little avail. When, early in May, she appeared at the Dulles Elementary School to address the PTA, she was met by organized demonstrations. Later, when it was learned that she would address the graduating class of the all-Negro Dunbar Vocational High School (on an invitation extended seven months earlier), several predominantly Negro groups announced they would be on hand for a "peaceful protest," charging the Negro board member with "support of Jim Crow education, support of second-rate education, an attempt to sabotage the survey of Chicago's schools, and misrepresenting her office." The protesting groups included the NAACP and CORE, as well as the Negro American Labor Council, Teachers for Integrated Schools and Independent Democrats for Political Progress.

On the evening of the commencement ceremonies, some 900 pickets ringed the high school long before Mrs. Green's arrival. When Principal Joseph J. Dixon introduced the guest speaker, about 200 persons in the audience arose and walked out. Mrs. Green proceeded to deliver her address; after she sat down, those who had walked out returned to the auditorium. Through it all, Mrs. Green retained a remarkable dignity and composure, but it was clear that the experience had bewildered and badly upset her.

One of Mrs. Green's severest critics was Charles H. Jones, Jr., spokesman for the Chicago Area Friends of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), who insisted that she should resign from the school board. "She has refused to recognize the necessity that Negroes must be unshackled and let out of the ghettos," he said. In a statement released prior to the Dunbar Vocational High School protest, Jones said that the protesting organizations had "tried repeatedly during the period Mrs. Green has been a member of the Chicago Board of Education to treat her with all the respect and courtesy due a member of this important body, being ever mindful of her age [she is over sixty] and her sex. This respectful treatment has been met repeatedly with hostility, disdain and non-cooperation. We are sick at heart that this public protest is necessary, but in the last half of the twentieth century — one hundred years after Emancipation — when this nation's children, generation after generation, have been marred and maimed by second-class treatment, we can no longer allow false representation of Negroes to go unchallenged."

But the more telling portent for Mrs. Green and for Negro leaders of her persuasion was contained in a statement Jones made later to a reporter. Mrs. Green, he charged, "has no psychological or emotional identity with the Negro community." In an amplification of this proposition, a rebel NAACP leader aimed this broadside: "You know, in the past, so many elite Negroes received appointments and honors —and considerable status and income—as representatives of the Negro community when they actually made every effort to cut themselves off from the true Negro community. They were too busy being like white people and trying to persuade white people that they were different from the Negro masses. Literally carbon copies of white people, you know. It was self-degrading, and it is no wonder white people despise them. Well, it's not going to be like that any more, either outside the NAACP or inside it. The leaders must be with the people—or else."

Less than two weeks after Mrs. Green's experience, Mayor Richard J. Daley and the Rev. Joseph H. Jackson underwent similar ones at the hands of the outraged young civil-rights activists. Both were shouted off the platform when they attempted to address an NAACP mass meeting following a parade on July 4. Despite official denials by the top level of the NAACP hierarchy, the Young Turks of that organization are known to have been very much in league with the fomenters of the protest against the two speakers. They wanted both the Mayor and the minister to know that soft-treading on the issue of equal rights had been relegated to history. And they wanted the NAACP brass to know that apologies were not in order.

By the middle of July, the campaign against school segregation intensified to the point where violence flared, and the CORE sponsors of the drive were no longer effectively in control. The newspapers pointed accusing fingers and made dire warnings, and the police moved in to make arrests and restore a kind of order. One day Alderman Charles Chew, a Negro who had been elected as an "independent" Democrat, showed up among the pickets outside the Board of Education offices downtown. And then, the following day, a truly strange event took place. Alderman Claude W. B. Holman announced that he and the other four available Negro Aldermen (one was on vacation) were sponsoring a "monster" civil-rights rally on August 5. On the same day, it was also learned, some sixteen civil-rights groups had organized the Coordinating Council of Community Organizations (CCCO) and had set a huge conference on civil rights without notifying or inviting any of the Negro Aldermen. (Later in August, four of these Aldermen arranged a meeting with School Board President Clair M. Roddewig without notifying or inviting Alderman Chew.)

Noting the Negro Aldermen's belated attempt to get on the band wagon, the Rev. Arthur M. Brazier, a militant Negro leader and head of CCCO, said wryly: "The Aldermen have begun to get the message that the Negro people are not satisfied with the way the councilmen have been conducting themselves."

MYTH-IMAGE of the SCIENTIST

Hilbert Schenck, Jr.

During those happy moments when the average practitioner of science can ignore the essential triviality of much of his work, he may daydream back to the palmy days of Darwin and the icon-smashers. In his fantasies he may become a tough-minded Huxley confronting an ancient and tired Church of England, freeing men from centuries of enslaving myth and superstition. But it is all too obvious that, in its rapid triumph, science has only substituted a newer myth structure for the old ones and these myths of science are no more logical or useful than the ones long since abandoned.

Consider, as an example, our mythic image of the scientific investigator himself, the seeker after truth, the man motivated only by curiosity, a Mallory of the mind, climbing into a stratosphere of ideas only "because they are there." Actually, curiosity or a search for truth has nothing whatever to do with most of modern research. Investigations are usually initiated because the scientist believes a granting agency or company front office will approve his topic. The topic itself should be of contemporary interest (high-energy particles, heat transfer in rocket nozzles and tanks, studies of big-city delinquency); it should relate to previous publications by the grantee (no "fliers" into a new field allowed): and it should fit the budgetary policies of the target agency or foundation. The proposal-writer understands that a thirty-grand request with two years' duration is favored by the National Science Foundation, especially if the proposal stresses generality. The Ford Foundation, on the other hand, likes to give more than this, but only to name schools and teams of people—and only if there is a relationship to education. Far-out stuff (parapsychology, hypnotic and sleep-learning) is absolutely N.G., as is any project that solves only a particular problem (turning bullock dung into methane fuel) rather than "adding importantly to the store of human knowledge."

The investigator's doctoral candidates have, of course, even less chance (indeed no chance) to exercise their personal curiosity since they must do what the proposal says. The fact that a student might rather study water-lifting in Ghana than the flow of liquid hydrogen in rocket pumps is of no moment. Unfortunately, some years and a couple of publications later, he must continue the study of liquid hydrogen flow, since this has become his field of competence. His dean is wondering what was the use of paying a premium to this young Ph.D. if the kid can't even get a little old grant. It is easy to see how a really substantial literature on hydrogen-pumping can grow in a few years.

The days in which an English cleric could meditate theories over morning porridge and then try them out in his private lab are long behind us. Tiny pieces of research still do result from curiosity-motivated work, but the amount is insignificant. I once "bootlegged" time on an industrial digital computer to write a paper showing how ocean waves would focus sunlight on a level bottom, a project that no granting agency would have touched due to my non-oceanographic background. Every so often I notice other small pieces, totally unrelated to the author's affiliation or specialty and obviously resulting from curiosity-motivated work. Few have the opportunity to play such pleas-

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ant games with the expensive toys of modern science.

Actually, this would not be so phony a myth-image if it were not accompanied by so much emphasis on "truth" and the "independent scientific spirit." For, while small truths are indeed an essential part of research, large truths are not and never have been. If any scientist involved in the Christmas Island nuclear blast of some time ago had told the *truth* about his proposed experiment, he would have said simply, "I don't know what will happen." If any AEC-sponsored researcher wanted to tell the *truth* about the effects of fallout on children, he would say, "I don't know."

C.P. Snow's novel of scientific honesty, *The Affair*, is fun to read, but it never occurs to any of the book's characters how trivial the "cooking" of doctoral-thesis data really is when compared with the continual falsifications perpetuated at the very pinnacles of the scientific hierarchy. If one of my students "bugs" his data sheet, he will either produce a result of such trivial consequence that I will not even notice it, or one of such glaring importance that I will have to rerun the test myself. Dishonesty in research is a senseless crime, easily spotted and potentially disastrous to the criminal. A rigorous reporting, especially when the results look odd, is a matter of self-interest and self-protection and has nothing to do with morality or immorality in science. It is in the areas of costly technical conjecture and public scientific policy that the moral bankruptcy of our leading scientists is displayed, where short-term political and immediate personal gains turn them into the antithesis of our scientific mythman. From the small truths of their youthful research they have moved into the world of the big lie.

Even the scientist in political difficulty does not emerge as a very great culture-hero. From Galileo to Oppenheimer, he has usually knuckled under to immediate authority, often at a time when his intellectual colleagues in the arts, philosophy and theology were choosing jail or worse. But this unhappy thought raises a new myth for examination involving competition of "free" versus "slave" science (to borrow some cold-war jargon). This myth, widely promoted during commencement addresses and in pamphlets on technical education sponsored by foundations, assures us that American science is really stronger, since it is free to follow the bents and inspirations of its practitioners. I have already mentioned the degree of freedom "on the job" of the young researcher in choosing his project—a degree which appears about the same as that of his Russian contemporary. Further, there seems to be no more pressure on talented Russian youths to select a given field than on an American youngster. The state, in either case, seems content to let the grants, scholarships and other inducements regulate the supply.

As far as the female half of both societies is concerned, the iron-curtain girls have much *greater* freedom to choose careers in science. According to current estimates, one-third of Russian engineering posts go to women. In the United States, lady physicists are rare birds, while distaff engineers are unheard of. Many engineering schools will not admit women and those that do make every effort to steer the girls into biology or, perhaps, chemistry. Even lady physicians still have a rough time in any area other than pediatrics. A number of engineering societies do not admit women to full membership and some actually maintain a kind of ladies' auxiliary where female technologists can be kept away from the men. If an engineering school were suddenly to open its ranks to the girls, it would be faced with a serious job-location problem in the technological industries. My own estimate of the situation is that a rigid quota system imposed by the college-placement office on the hiring industries would be required to break through this particular prejudice. Such an act of courage on the part of American technical colleges is, incidentally, almost impossible to imagine.

At the policy level of science, it is evident that the Russian technical leaders have more freedom than our own, for it is they who make the *move* and it is we who make the *response*. It is *they* who decided on the space race and then euchered us into joining the game. A scientific leadership that was free to move in the directions of interest and personal fulfillment would hardly have to look at our cold neighbor, the moon, for inspiration. Instead of this incredible forty-billion-dollar boondoggle, a really free scientific establishment would get on with the jobs worth doing: instantaneous spoken-word translators, cheap desalting plants, massive irrigation and weather-control methods, satellites that beam forecasts and power everywhere, disease cures and body-part banks, multiple methods of birth control, sociological assaults on poverty and prejudice, econometric studies of world-distribution patterns, unheard-of transportation methods, melting of permafrost and cooling tropic areas, harvesting the seas.

To the lay person, bemused by the clean-cut astronauts and Telstar, it seems that science is indeed a wonder. I would say that if a significant fraction of the monies and technical concentration of the space and weapons efforts were diversified into applied research on world-wide problems, the current pace of scientific progress would be revealed for the irregular and halting business it really is. Furthermore, the Western nations could afford to let Russia have the moon, for they would be trading it to us for the earth—and a healthier earth at that. Most interestingly, the scientist or engineer, immersed today in the anonymity of the bull pens and overshadowed by a few glamour boys getting their millions from the Luce papers, would truly and finally fulfill himself. He would be, for the first time, living up to his potential in this age of science.

Consider a small industrial group working on some tiny aspect of a space venture, perhaps the astronaut's boots. There is a heat-transfer man, a materials expert, a fabrication engineer, a group leader, some test engineers and a secretary. After six months of effort and a million dollars' worth of testing, the boot is perfect. The capsule makes its usual orbits and the astronaut goes water-skiing with the President's sister-in-law. So what?

Let's take the same group and the same money, but explain to it that 5 per cent of the births in Honduras result in the fatality of the mother simply because there are no sterilizers available to the midwives. Now our team works out a means of making pottery autoclaves that will withstand the necessary pressure. In so doing, they learn a great deal about pottery as a heat-transfer and structural material. They may even pioneer new methods for constructing cheap medical sterilizers for all sorts of purposes. The death rate of mothers in childbirth soon drops sharply and the group leader gets a medal from Honduras. The other technical people go home at night, sit down in front of the TV and say to their wives, "I accomplished more in the last six months than the entire Cape Canaveral thing did in ten years." Who is to deny their words?

A free community of science, led by brave and rational men, would make such opportunities available to us all. There is enough misery and enough opportunity to let all of us become heroes, and more honest and valuable heroes than any astronaut who ever lived. If the organization men of science could sell this moon nonsense to the taxpayers, they could certainly push a policy which would whip the Communists all over the place as it rapidly created wealth, markets and consumers in a hundred countries. Furthermore, such research would certainly generate a stunning array of new foods, gadgets and ideas that would be usable by everyone on the ground. Of course, neither the Russian nor American scientific leaders are brave, rational or truly free. Rather, they seem little more than puppets jerkily astride a cold-war hobby horse.

The investigator who is not concerned with application, or technological advances, may feel that these comments do not apply to him. Yet he is both victim and staunch defender of the most pernicious of all science myths. This is the belief in the primary importance of "pure" rather than "applied" science. This bit of folklore orders the course of scientific discovery in the following simple pattern. First, it specifies, comes our pure investigator, motivated by his curiosity. He arrives at something interesting, but apparently useless, such as a geometry of hyperspace or an odd trace in a cosmic-ray photo-bundle. Then it turns out, almost magically, that the geometry exactly predicts the path of electrons in a tunnel diode or something, while the particle is triply-ionized lithium and its behavior immediately suggests a good way to construct the neutron or "private property" bomb (it kills only people and there is no blast), or else a way to preserve cranberry juice. Thus does pure or non-directed research add to the national wealth and well-being. Furthermore, the purists are quick to warn that improper or inadequate support of their particular area of interest will dry up the wells of "truth" from which flow the ideas that lead some day to the transistor, the washer-dryer combination and color television.

I believe this myth is almost wholly without verification by the history of science and technology. There is no evidence of a sequential process of discovery proceeding from abstract to applied science and proving that the latter cannot happen without the former. The actual situation is far more complex; it would seem most closely to resemble a kind of dialogue between the abstract and the concrete in which neither is always first.

As a single but important example, there is a law of nature called the Second Law of Thermodynamics which may well be the most fundamental and far-reaching law yet formulated by mankind. In its applied-science sense it limits the utilization of all energy sources by men. In its deeper and more philosophical implications, it involves the direction of time itself and the evolution of the universe. The Second Law was first formulated by a French engineer, Sadi Carnot, a strong thinker who certainly qualifies as a pure scientist of his time. His "Reflections on the Motive Power of Heat" were the result of quite practical questions from James Watt and his derby-hatted engineering contemporaries who wished only to get more work out of a given engine. What, Carnot pondered, were the limits on such work production? His answers led to a very profound, actually very beautiful, penetration of the natural order. Yet I know of no scientific historian who alleges that Carnot's formulations could have occurred without prior work by the completely non-theoretical engineers of his day. The pure and applied worlds strike mutual sparks and neither is of predominant importance.

Now why does this particular myth form a core of the scientist's belief structure? *Because it is the primary myth that relieves science of responsibility, of its sense of sin.* This is the myth that equates science to art as a purely personal, creative endeavor, an activity responsive only to the genius of an individual mind. When an abstract-expressionist hurls gouts of orange mud at a half acre or canvas and proclaims an artistic millenium, he does no one harm. When a group of supposedly abstract truth-seekers hurl tons of radioactive mud into the blue and pleasant sky, it is not at all the same thing. Dr. Teller may proclaim a "spirit of adventure," but we can all think of better descriptions than that.

No researcher can escape the continuing responsibility for his acts. The disclaimers we all too often hear, "But my work has no application. I can't control its use. It's pure," are usually nonsense. Only a single-minded fanatic or a liar cannot give a sound estimate of the implications of his work. If we are squandering vast sums of public money not to fulfill human needs of the flesh and spirit, but only to advance our petty and special hobbies, then science is not pure, but only contemptible.

Myths fulfill both psychological and emotional needs. They provide the true believer with easy, stereotyped responses when strong moral action is actually required. So successful are the myths of the scientific establishment that almost no scientific conference or meeting schedules a single session, or even a single talk, on the immediate moral implications of research and the day-to-day responsibilities of scientists to their fellow men. The American Physical and Chemical Societies, the American Societies of Electrical, Civil, and Mechanical Engineers, and a hundred other learned groups walk in myth-besotted sleep. There is no new Huxley to rise and point his finger at these bishops of the scientific establishment, smiling in their scholarly cassocks, applauding the endless rockets and explosions while a billion persons grow up bent and hungry, shouting for the water and food and homes that we could provide with our powerful tools. No wonder we must have protection from the growing cries. Without our myths, our ears would be deafened and our hearts pinched and we might finally see ourselves with a too horrible clarity.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Soviet View of World War II

Alexander Werth

In the last four years, largely as a result of the 20th Party Congress of 1956, the "real truth" about the war in Russia—all the way from the invasion of June 22, 1941, to the great Berlin apotheosis—is being told by professional historians, by generals, by local party or Komsomol leaders. And quite frequently the author is a "collective" of thirty or forty or fifty survivors of some particularly important long-term military action: *The Partisan Movement in Belorussia* (published recently by the Belorussian Academy of Sciences) or the *Moscow Opolcheniye* (i.e., "Home Guard," of about 100,000 volunteers, many of them elderly workers, who, ill-armed and ill-trained, were often used for filling the gaps in the front outside Moscow). The story of the Moscow *opolcheniye* is one of the most tragic of the war, and even many of its survivors refrain from using the all-too-usual heroic clichés.

There are books on the work of the war industries (e.g., *Guardiya Tyla*—"The Guard of the Rear") also written collectively, and giving some idea of the almost incredible physical hardship and mental strain that millions of workers—men, women, adolescents, and even children—endured, especially during the grim winter of 1941-42 when entire industries, evacuated from the German occupied or threatened areas, had to be re-housed at the height of winter in the wilds of the Urals, Siberia and Kazakhstan. This migration and transplantation of industry, as a result of which, by September, 1942, the production of war equipment had reached once again its summer 1941 level, is one of the most amazing feats of organization and human effort; thousands died of sheer exhaustion and overwork.

The "standard" Soviet history of World War II is the enormous six-volume *Great Patriotic War of the Soviet Union 1941-45*, of which the first four volumes (taking the story up to the end of 1944) have so far appeared. Written by a "collective" of Soviet historians and under the supervision of an "Editorial Committee," comprising generals, Central Committee bosses and professional historians, the *History* is published jointly by "the Institute of Marxism-Leninism attached to the Central Committee of the CPSU," and by the publishing house of the Ministry of Defense of the USSR. It is hard to imagine a publication subjected to more systematic vetting than this one, and yet it contains some immensely valuable material, complete with long excerpts from Ministry of Defense, Foreign Ministry and other archives, not to be found elsewhere. No doubt the 20th Congress and the general process of "de-Stalinization" give some of its parts a rather peculiar slant. Thus, although Molotov, Malenkov, Beria and Kaganovich were, together with Stalin, members of the GKO (the State Defense Committee, equivalent of Churchill's War Cabinet in Britain), Stalin himself is mentioned as rarely as possible; most of the other GKO members might never have existed.

Instead, the greatest prominence is given to Khrushchev who, in 1941, was the political head of Marshal Budienny's inglorious command in the Ukraine; then, in May, 1942, party boss of the Army group which was to lose the Battle of Kharkov, that disastrous prelude to the even more disastrous German summer offensive which swept the *Wehrmacht* into Stalingrad and deep into the Caucasus. Later, Khrushchev was a political member of the Stalingrad Front (i.e., Army Group), and so shared the glory of that victory. Two important instances are cited of Khrushchev in open disagreement with Stalin: first, when he advocated withdrawal from Kiev—a proposal which, if followed, would have saved several hundred thousand Russians from encirclement, captivity or extermination; and, second, when he advised Stalin against his foolhardy and, as it turned out, disastrous attempt to recapture Kharkov in May, 1942, when the Germans enjoyed great tank and air superiority in the area. Much of this build-up of Khrushchev as a war leader is, of course, highly arguable (while in Russia in 1941-45 I hardly heard him mentioned) and the book also suffers from such childish taboos as the omission of the fact that Malenkov was at Stalingrad in a capacity similar to Khrushchev's, as General Chuikov told me in Stalingrad at the time.

There are other shortcomings in the book: lend-lease (which, for example, with 400,000 jeeps and trucks greatly added to the Red Army's mobility after Stalingrad) is hardly mentioned. Also, the question of how many prisoners the Germans took, particularly in 1941 (the Germans claimed more than 3 million), is passed over in silence, apart from the admission that "very many" were to perish in the horrible German prisoners' camps. More specifically, on the Kiev encirclement, the *History* denies the German claim of 650,000 prisoners and suggests a figure of about 200,000, leaving aside those who were killed or who broke out of the German ring. Also, the tone of the *History* tends to be over-heroic: while speaking of "the heroic spirit" of the people of Moscow in October, 1941, it makes no mention of the famous *drap* (skedaddle) of October 16 when, with or without permits, more than half of the city's population fled in a state of near-panic. (That this Moscow skedaddle is not taboo except in the official *History* may be seen from the very graphic account of those agonizing days in Konstantin Simonov's 1959 novel, *The Living and the Dead.*)

Despite these flaws, the *History* is a remarkable contribution to an understanding of the Soviet-German war. Among the most valuable chapters are those dealing with the beginning of the invasion; they give the reasons why exactly it was possible for the Germans to crash within a few weeks to the suburbs of Leningrad, to Smolensk, west of Moscow, and deep into the Ukraine. Some highly valuable explanations are offered for the total unpreparedness of the frontier areas; why, for example, with the rebuilding of the network of airfields in these areas, practically all the Russian aircraft, concentrated on a small

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Alexander Werth has been working for the last two years on a voluminous history of World War II in the Soviet Union. It will be published here under the title: Russia at War, 1941-45.

number of fields, could be wiped out by the Germans on the very first day. More significant still are the figures relating to aircraft and tank production in Russia during the twenty-two-month "breathing spell" of the Soviet-German pact: by June, 1941, when the Germans struck, modern aircraft that could stand up to the Germans, and modern tanks like the KV and the T34, had barely gone into mass production, the Russians having, in June, 1941, little more than 1,000 modern tanks altogether. Nor was personnel properly trained: many airmen were put on the few available modern planes after only a few hours in the air, and the same inadequate training prevailed for tank crews.

The frontier was neither fortified nor properly manned, and the anti-tank guns were wholly insufficient for dealing with German breakthroughs that sometimes attained to 100 tanks per km. And whereas in 1941 most German infantrymen had Tommy guns, the Russians had only rifles. (Nor was the Red Army psychologically prepared for war: the prevalent view, incorporated in the Draft Field Regulations, was that the war would be fought "on enemy territory and at small cost in blood"; and whereas the doctrine of the counter-offensive had been worked out in great detail, defense, and above all, defense in depth and organized retreat, had been wholly neglected.) It is quite clear from the *History* and many other books that Russia was going to be much better prepared for war by 1942; one must say that June, 1941 was, in fact, Hitler's very last chance of defeating Russia. Stalin knew it; hence his desperate bid to postpone the German attack at any price.

But even in 1941 Hitler failed: both at Smolensk in July and at Leningrad in August the Russians threw in sufficient reserves (however badly armed) to stop the Germans. Whether Moscow would have been captured if Hitler had not tried to do too many things at once (capture Leningrad, Ukraine, Crimea, etc.) will remain one of the enigmas of that war. What is certain is that there is no truth in the popular theory that "the winter" saved Moscow; during the first and greatest German onslaught in October the weather was very mild; it was not until the second all-out bid after November 16 that the winter weather helped the Russians. Furthermore, the weather could work both ways: if it had not been for the very hard winter and enormous quantity of snow in January-February, 1942, the Russian counteroffensive of December-March (with the Germans entrenched in well-heated houses and dugouts) might have been much more successful than it was. This little-known operation is examined in the *History* in great detail.

Even more valuable, in many ways, than the *History* are the war reminiscences by some of the generals: I. V. Boldin, I. I. Fedyuninsky, I. V. Tyulenev and, above all perhaps, V. I. Chuikov of Stalingrad. Tyulenev deals primarily with the defense of the Caucasus in the summer of 1942 when, in frantic haste, stupendous fortifications were built around the oil cities of Grozny and Baku, as well as across the Caucasian Mountain passes, so that, in no circumstances, could the Germans capture either the oil centers or Transcaucasia. The Fedyuninsky and especially the Boldin memoirs are particularly remarkable for their account of the chaos and bewilderment that prevailed on the frontier during the first days of the invasion — but a chaos accompanied by numerous cases of suicidal resistance by some (though not all) Russian troops. Boldin's account of Belostok, with civilians fleeing and total German command of the air and a consequent massacre of the refugees, is one of the most dramatic and tragic stories of the war. When, three months later, Boldin was put in charge of the defense of Tula, south of Moscow, against the onslaught of Guderian's tanks, the *lutte à outrance* spirit had already crystallized into something very hard and admirable. And most of these books confirm (though not explicitly) Ehrenburg's statement, in his recent memoirs that, rightly or wrongly, "there was, among the soldiers, absolute confidence in Stalin"— except, it is true, at the beginning of the invasion, when nearly everybody lost his head. It is a curious departure from the Khrushchev line.

But the good spirit of the troops outside Moscow in December, 1941, was not the invariable rule. Most remarkable of all the war books are the Chuikov memoirs on Stalingrad (*Nachalo puti,* "The Beginning of the Road"). He avoids undiluted heroics about either soldiers or generals. In his account of the pre-Stalingrad fighting in the Don country, there are good troops, and even admirable troops, fighting to the last man and the last bullet; but there are others who easily panic; there are generals who know their jobs, but there are others who either don't know their jobs, or lack the necessary nerve and character; there are some who have no faith in being able to hold Stalingrad and who get themselves medical transfers to quieter spots. What is more, in his detailed and fascinating account of the fighting inside Stalingrad, Chuikov admits that on at least two occasions Stalingrad was very nearly lost; the book contains some sharp polemics — against certain generals, notably against Yeremenko, who commanded the troops on the other side of the German five-mile "Volga salient" north of the city and who could, to some extent, have relieved the plight of the Stalingrad defenders, but failed to do so.

In a different category, though equally valuable, are books on that unprecedented human drama, the siege of Leningrad, where in the winter of 1941-42, one-third of the civilian population of nearly three million died of "dystrophy" — the learned word for starvation — with the Germans in one place only two miles outside the city. Two such works are A. V. Karasev's *Leningraders During the Blockade* and D. V. Pavlov's *Blockaded Leningrad.* The latter writer had the agonizing task of being in charge of Leningrad's food supplies at a time when the daily ration was — in most cases — reduced to four ounces of more or less ersatz bread,

Winter Apples

Lady, you are walking in your sleep.
You are stealing my apples,
and even though I know
you are walking
while you sleep,
I cannot forgive the theft. I fear even more
what you must be dreaming —
what forces you out of bed;
makes you walk by
and steal apples from my bowl.

Diane Wakoski

and almost nothing else, and many thousands were dying daily.

The all-over picture presented by this new literature of the Soviet-German war is one of immense courage, stoicism and endurance during the first two years, and one of continued hardships but, at the same time, of an immense feeling of achievement and patriotic elation during the last two years. Russia, as President Kennedy recalled recently, lost twenty million people in the war — and though, as a national achievement, the victory was tremendous (what share of the credit must go to the Army, "the people," the party and Stalin personally, will continue to be a matter of dispute), the price of victory was terrible, and accounts for Russia's passionate distrust of Germany to this day. A reflection recurring in some of these books is that this was "the last war of its kind"; that very few of its lessons will have any bearing on the "next" one — if there is to be one. In the next war there will be no scope for human heroism, no Stalingrad, no Leningrad, no Sevastopol — just indiscriminate extermination, of the cowards and the brave alike. A war with only victims and no heroes would, as one Russian put it, be doubly unbearable.

Insights into the American Worker

THE AMERICAN WORKER IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: A History Through Autobiographies. By Eli Ginzberg and Hyman Berman. The Free Press. 368 pp. $7.50.

Harvey Swados

This intermittently intriguing volume might more accurately be titled "American Workers in the Twentieth Century," and the subtitle too could very well be altered; for what it contains is a series of ninety-three excerpts of "cases," not always autobiographical, ranging in length from several paragraphs to several pages, in tone from drab to gay, in intensity from passive to impassioned. These cases (or Life Histories, as they are called in the Table of Contents and the running heads) are to be found in three separate sections of the book, labeled Immigrants and Migrants, Prosperity and Depression, and High-Level Employment.

The sections in turn are surrounded by material which is fairly elementary but probably useful to the beginning student — historical and interpretative chapters by the authors (professors at Columbia University and the University of Minnesota), so that the book is divided into five parts and a dozen subsections (of which the Life Histories form three). It is all rather confusing, and the confusion is compounded because the origins of the cases are identified only in the index at the back — and there often not by date — so that even if you read with one finger in the index you will not be able to learn just when a carpenter or bootblack underwent the experience he relates.

What you will learn are a number of big and little insights of the kind that used to be found in novels — before novelists turned in upon themselves; and in movies — before directors turned to the absurd and the soporific. Anyone who cares about human beings must be moved by these Americans, explaining what it is like to knit full-fashioned silk hosiery ("I imagine a knitter would have to have very good eyes to last ten years"), or to be a tool and die maker ("I feel that I have ability that the average man don't have. I can look at almost anything even in this room and tell you how it was made, and if I had to turn around and make the dies to duplicate it, I believe I could"), or to wait table at a large restaurant ("Verbal insults usually result from a patron 'running' a waiter to the kitchen for one item at a time, and concludes by leaving a miserable tip. This type of character is known as a 'snake.' The waiter, after several snakes, has had his patience peeled thin. When a waiter has more than one party, a snake can put him 'up a tree' ").

The range is vast and formidable, from militant sit-downers and fearless textile organizers ("I said: 'Well if you want me to leave why don't you give me a fighting chance and go get a policeman and tell him I say come down here and carry me to Atlanta. I have no way out of here except walking.' Then the old man who was the mob leader said: 'We are not bringing the God damn

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Harvey Swados has edited the anthology Years of Conscience: The Muckrakers *for Meridian.*

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law in this—we are the law here. . . .' About this time the old man said: "There has been enough damn arguing. Go get the hemp rope from the truck. . . .' ") to the patriotic poor ("every time I hear *The Star-Spangled Banner* I feel a lump in my throat. There ain't no other nation in the world that would have sense enough to think of WPA and all the other A's") and those happy with their lot ("I don't blame Mr. Pugh a bit the way he feels about the unions. The plant manager knows Mr. Pugh mighty well and he told my foreman what Mr. Pugh said. Mr. Pugh said, If the union ever comes in here . . . why I'll just close the plant down. . . .' They just operate these unions out of Wall Street, anyhow").

The authors have gone through muckraking magazines, government hearings, WPA regional studies, depth interviews, and the Oral History tapes of several universities. But it will be observed that, far from being a collection of "autobiographies," this is a conglomeration of answers to questions, as-told-to accounts, journalistic narratives and volunteered memoirs, in short a *mélange* of older and newer ways of getting news from the underlying population. In some the human being emerges, in others he does not. In some his labor and his aspirations emerge, in others they do not. Furthermore, while there is great variety, there is hardly a cross-section. Where are the bank clerks, guitar players, sign painters, numbers runners, ballplayers, jocks, call girls, hustlers, con men, teachers, repairmen, car hops, reporters, civil servants, garage mechanics, disk jockeys? And if we are to have one Harlan County ballad, why not the lives of such as Aunt Molly Jackson or Mother Jones? If we are to have reportage by Louis Adamic, Charles Rumford Walker and Ruth McKenney, why none by Jack London, James Agee or Edmund Wilson? And why not even one excerpt from the uniquely American life-work stories in the files of the IWW paper, the *Industrial Worker*?

But more important than any of these questions of emphasis or variety is the central problem: the creative use of the tape recorder. The growth of Oral History centers at Columbia, Wayne State and Michigan, California, and no doubt elsewhere, is proof that social scientists are eagerly availing themselves of technological developments to capture for future generations the authentic voices of our own. But if we think of the use made of the camera and the microphone over several generations we must conclude that usually the mechanical device encourages the mechanical mind; really fruitful use of the endless collecting of endless raw data must await the rare creative man — like the anthropologist Oscar Lewis (with his *Five Families* and *The Children of Sanchez*) — who can visualize a new understanding growing from the interplay of the new medium and the freely speaking human being. The possibilities for the imaginative use of the actual are boundless, not alone in the social sciences but in the fields of fiction and drama as well.

The Viability of Utopia

UTOPIA AND ITS ENEMIES. By George Kateb. The Free Press. 244 pp. $5.50.

Saul Maloff

Notoriously, the Yahoos have all the life, all the magnetic energy, attract while they repel by their very vileness. All that the Houyhnhnms have is virtue and goodness, and they bore us, probably for that very reason: they are so clean, so sweet-smelling, so rational. Happiness, both private and public, must be possible, at least in theory: all of us know people who are not fools and who seem happy; and so long as we can imagine public happiness, we can imagine we may attain it. The trouble sets in when one tries to write about it: happy people leading happy and in some sense significant lives; no serious writer, however happy, is likely to try. More serious trouble is unleashed by the attempt to create human happiness, to arrange, to engineer it. All the benevolence in the world seems too little: Coleridge and Southey never did get their pantisocracy started on the banks of the Susquehanna, and Brook Farm burned while Alcott talked, brilliantly and at great length. Every one of them meant well; all they wanted was perfection.

The good, the virtuous society—it seems little enough to ask for, a modest dream, the perennial hope of mankind. In *Utopia and Its Enemies*, George Kateb defines Utopian society, in its modern terms, as "a world society of peace, abundance, and effortless virtue," which utilizes the resources of modern science and technology to achieve those ends. Mr. Kateb's idea of Utopia takes much of its inspiration from such works as Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, William Morris' *News from Nowhere*, Wells's *A Modern Utopia*, Lenin's *State and Revolution*, Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*, B. F. Skinner's *Walden Two* and Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization*, though he is critically aware of severe limitations in all of them. He is concerned not so much with projecting a Utopian vision as with a rigorous defense of its viability against its enemies, those thinkers and writers who deny its possibility or its desirability or both.

Mr. Kateb is a professor of politics at Amherst: his exposition is lucid and judicious; his arguments are methodical and, typically, incisive; he ranges impressively far and wide through social philosophy, political theory, imaginative writing, in search of the enemy, whose name is legion. In order to manage his material, he limits its scope, excluding, for example, a consideration of the complex question of work and leisure in Utopia; the focus is upon the elements of his definition—peace, abundance, effortless virtue, since these "are the essential features, including as they do the political form, the economic basis, and the major qualities of the social life, of modern utopia."

In its contemporary form (and, obviously, for the first time in history) Utopian thought can take for granted

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Saul Maloff is a member of the literature faculty, Bennington College.

Investiture

The life of Galileo as it is reset
On a lecture platform allows us lecturers
To step back one pace and find ourselves
Under rope or mitre.

Investiture occurs not to the tolling
Of a recanting bell, merely
To our campanile striking
Its familiar schedule.

Ugly truth, lovely value take us
Into their cast, while around their
Moving inquisitions
Move the inquisitive spheres.

Josephine Miles

the possibility, had we but the will, of an economy of abundance on a world-wide scale, all panicky talk of "population explosion" notwithstanding—and hence of the most significant antecedent conditions of permanent peace. At bottom, the counter-arguments to these (one would think) self-evident desiderata are immoral, and worse; Kateb argues cogently against them in familiar enough ways. Indeed, he is almost too cautious, granting the "enemies" more perhaps than they deserve. In his scrupulous desire to be fair, he credits them with benign intentions, assuming always that Utopianism has much to learn from its opponents.

For the serious modern Utopian, the exacerbating problem is precisely the *quality* of individual and social life: the possibility, which haunts the Utopian and anti-Utopian alike, that the person will become inert, flattened; that in a rational hygienic society the style and quality of life will become uninteresting, devitalized; that having gained the great dream of the end of hunger and war, of disease and ignorance, we will have surrendered human range and depth. Mr. Kateb is finely conscious of this central problem, though in the severity of his thinking and feeling he considers the counter-arguments "aesthetic" and therefore somehow frivolous—as in the short run, and on balance, they doubtless are. Nagging doubts remain: the phrase itself—"effortless virtue"—repels, so corrupt are we; yet I would like to carry those doubts into Utopia just to see what comes of them.

A radical politics which is not continuously animated by Utopian vision, we have learned in this historical era, must degenerate into bureaucracy; yet, conversely, Utopian vision which is not rooted in an adequate radical politics must finally be irrelevant to our present dilemmas, which are political. The human condition is a political problem, and so are hunger and war. The Utopian vision of permanent peace is this day's politics of nuclear disarmament. When an American President can on a "good-will" tour pledge to cheering multitudes of Germans the destruction of American cities in the defense of Western Europe, so that they will know us for the sincere people we really are, the problem is immediate and political.

LETTER from TOKYO (II)

Harold Clurman

Life in Japan today may be viewed as a sort of melodrama, a conflict, not between the "good guys" and the "bad guys," but between the old and the new. Though the upstart new has the clear advantage, the suspense is considerable. As in all instances where a civilization is in rapid transition, there is resistance. Those who fear or resent the passing of the old maintain that change is more apparent than real. It is easier in Japan than elsewhere to take this position, since Japan has always been able to assimilate features of other cultures and to transform them into something peculiarly its own.

Youngsters assure me that the Noh and Kabuki theatrical forms—issue of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries respectively—are doomed. Their language is archaic and their pace, particularly that of Noh, intolerably slow. These were aristocratic modes, and are said to have little relation to present needs.

But though the government does not subsidize the theatre in the European fashion, the state financed the Kabuki's American tour; the Puppet Theatre, developed in the sixteenth century, had its career renewed by a grant from the national treasury. These are taken as signs that the old theatre will not become extinct. Yet I found sold-out houses only at contemporary plays. There was greater attendance at the Kabuki than at the Noh, and while the Noh audience was predominantly elderly and the Kabuki audience middle-aged, the audience for the modern plays was conspicuously young.

A learned devotee of the old theatre made an observation which struck me as especially significant: while the present players of Noh and Kabuki are proficient in the required movement and intonations, most of them lack the "inside feeling" which must animate these forms. Actors in modern plays, it was quickly added, have much more "inside feeling." This says more than any comparative statistics on the two kinds of theatre.

The Japanese film industry, affluent some years ago, is now suffering a decline as sharp as that of Hollywood's. This is supposedly due to earlier overproduction and to the poor quality of many recent films, most of which are as hackneyed as our old "B" movies. The deterioration, according to one gentleman committed to the maintenance of the traditional arts, is turning the interest of the young back to the theatre. But, he added with an enigmatic smile, none of the arts could really attract them because their bent is toward baseball, golf and country outings!

It struck me later that this remark dovetailed with another, by a university student, that the Japanese, "so clever with their fingers," were now reluctant to become skilled workers tied down to permanent jobs. They desire freedom to wander, to have a good time. With employment everywhere at hand, the young are always able to find new jobs. But labor is poorly paid and most workers live in rather squalid dwellings; that is why, someone else explained, so many people crowd the streets, where their eager pursuit of fun gives Tokyo its hectic complexion.

The attempt to resolve the tension between the traditional and the contemporary is most strikingly illustrated in the better films. One has only to think of *Rashomon* and some of Kurosawa's "Westerns" (Samurai adventure stories) to observe how detachment and skepticism allow the modern Japanese artist to celebrate certain perennially admirable virtues while subtly undermining their premises.

Masaki Kobayashi's *Harakiri* is a recent example of the interplay between new and old. Laid in the period of feudalism's decadence, its plot denounces the brutality and futility of that society's codes of honor. By

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thematic extension the story also casts doubt on adherence to many still prevalent and respected disciplines.

It is beautifully made and superlatively acted, with something of the chastened luxury of ancient Japanese art. Still one recognizes that a good deal of the pleasure of *Harakiri* lies in its cruelty and the gory extravagance of its sword play and fight scenes. It offers pity and terror but little tragic purge because its values are somewhat uncertain.

Other representative new films are Kurosawa's treatment of a murderous kidnaping (a new crime for Japan) and Ozu's homey *Oyaho* ("Hello") which centers on two little boys' desire to possess a television set. That instrument is the hero-image of the film.

The Actors' Theatre—organization and building—was founded some twenty years ago by the actor-director Korea Senda, who learned much from his studies in Berlin in pre-Hitler days. The theatre's auditorium seats four hundred and eighty; it is comfortable, modestly attractive, up-to-date. An orchestra seat costs less than a dollar.

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Senda told me that The Actors' Theatre couldn't count on more than five thousand spectators for any of its productions in Tokyo. The most successful of them—*The Threepenny Opera*—had to move to a larger house to accommodate the seventy thousand people who were expected to see it. How, in view of these limited numbers, was it possible to build so fine a theatre? The actors themselves had contributed as much as 70 per cent of their earnings from television and movies.

"What idealism!" I exclaimed. "Since the theatre has been in existence for twenty years, one must conclude that there is a certain amount of realism involved as well," said the director. "Has the theatre become profitable?" I asked. "No," he answered, "but the actors now contribute only 20 per cent of their earnings."

There is a numerically unimpressive but steady demand for modern plays—as persistent as the political radicalism which is both a force, particularly in the trade unions, and not a force! As a French journalist long resident in Japan put it, there is little "spirit of protest" in the country. The present (democratic) government assumes in the eyes of the people a power as trancendental as the almost religious eminence of the Emperor in bygone days.

There is a theatre school, but I judged the actors insufficiently trained for the modern stage. I inquired if there was any knowledge among them of the Stanislavsky system. Indeed there is, I was told, but there is greater interest in Brecht's methods because "they are closer to the Japanese temperament." This is understandable when one remembers the anti-naturalistic bias of the Brechtian canon with its emphasis on objective detachment. I associated the reference to Japanese temperament with something I read in the program of the Noh theatre. In the Noh play only the main personage (apart from the men who play women's roles) wears a mask—because the tradition has it that *"the mask is more expressive than the human face."*

A conviction grew in me as I was about to leave the country that within these theatrical pronouncements lay hidden some principle or clue which might unify the multiple data of my Tokyo stay. Despite the howlers inherent in headlong generalization, I decided to make a "tableau" of my variegated impressions.

The essential Japanese approach to life is aesthetic. Japanese ethics are aesthetics. Japanese morality is more a matter of balancing courtesies than an effusion or a formalization of sentiments. What we call "heart" is a virtue rarely emphasized.

In an aesthetic world view both good and evil can be made splendid through artistic and intellectual mastery. Ugliness itself needs only discipline to be made elegant. This is pagan, "liberal" and permissive. The Japanese are an ironic people. Irony is a way of checking clashing impulses; it is a step toward balance. To be truly comprehended, life must be contemplated as a lofty spectacle which like all play has a tendency to collapse in farce. The unseemly is often considered more comic than shocking. But a fascination with blood is also clearly marked in Japanese art. Blood is the most specific emblem of life's drama, and the shedding of it (one's own or another's) serves to release the aggressive instincts which must perforce lie beneath a constantly controlled, in this case an aesthetically formalized, existence. The Japanese, polite to the point of courtliness, are prone to sudden fits of nervous rage and hysteria. Where the aggressive instinct does not find physical expression it takes on the guise of another sort of "irony" which is difficult to differentiate from malice.

The Japanese are sometimes accused of hypocrisy, a charge inevitable with the use of the mask which the formalized control of relations entails. The Japanese are eye-minded rather than ear-minded, and the eye is less "soulful" than the ear!

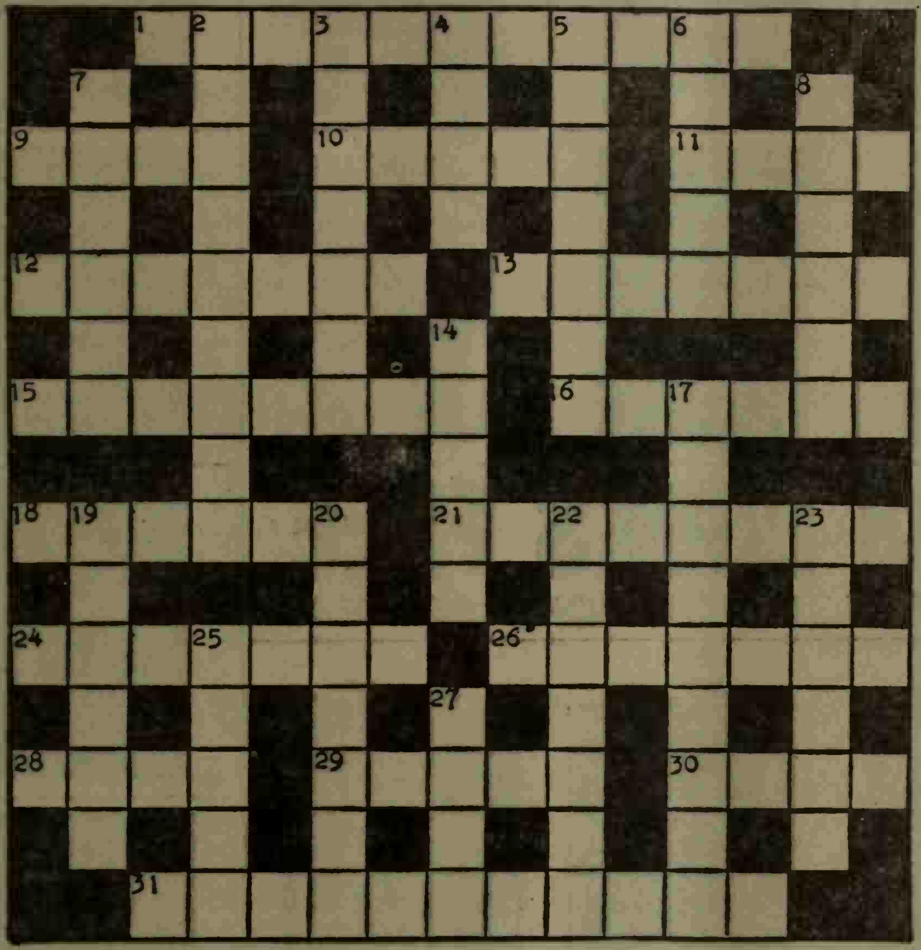
The democracy of the machine is now releasing new forces with tremendous speed and energy. Advanced capitalism is a great leveler. Women, once the glorified slaves and adornment of Japan, are changing their status. Many believe that women are the only ones to have unequivocally improved their condition in the new society, but the women themselves feel that their lot has not been sufficiently ameliorated.

Though homosexuality is still regarded with serene impartiality—the pagan smilingly admits every appetite — the demands of modern efficiency lead to a certain "Puritanism." Did not the Japanese Supreme Court punish the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*? Yet at the same time one finds extreme samples of popular erotica in many book stalls. And Tokyo streets steam with sensuality.

The Japanese intellectual is convinced that in America the artist and the highly cultivated carry far greater weight and are more respected than in his country, where now only the big banker and the monopoly industrialist matter — though they were presumed to have been exorcised during the American occupation. Japan is prosperous, but everyone asks, "will it last?"

Crossword Puzzle No. 1023

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Pirate ship, if you're referring to the Captain! (5, 6)
9 and 16 across Flourishes with muffins, breakfast food, etc. (10)
10 See 21 across
11 Worthless 4, by the sound of it. (4)
12 Joke thrust upon me subjectively by provincial types? (7)
13 To rest in refuse shows such stupidity! (7)
15 Having worked to a degree, one could still be a miss, despite the usual connotation. (8)
16 See 9 across
18 Comes together to fight about certain churches? (6)
21, 14 down and 10 across Not a legal standard, in the main. (5, 3, 10)
24 Would "Life With Father" be so entertaining? (7)
26 Accepted practice with an old-time plane. (7)
28 Dog food? (4)
29 A relatively short period of time with one so lovely! (5)
30 See 8 down
31 Sends for raw material, in a way, in displaying perversity. (11)

DOWN:

2 Slangy term for certain apparel which should start a pirate out. (4-5)
3 See 25 down
4 With this, you might at least know where the blow came from. (4)
5 Sends up the wrong sort to hang. (7)
6 Listen to this drop! (Goes with a number first.) (5)
7 This could come as a shock to you. (6)
8 and 30 Not the one in the Rhine, but still associated with Lorelei. (6, 4)
14 See 21 across
17 Julia would have had less liquefaction without them. (9)
19 A hotel that was built for something other than love. (6)
20 How some parts are reversed in an undetermined manner? (7)
22 Descriptive of Gilbert and Sullivan's limited output? (7)
23 Look at what you'll certainly find if you've forgotten to fill the trays! (6)
25 and 3 The height of confusion? (5, 2, 5)
27 "I scratch my head with the lightning and ——— myself to sleep with the thunder." (Twain) (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1022

ACROSS: 1 Extraordinarily; 9 Paper clip; 10 Betel; 12 Key Largo; 14 Credenza; 16 Needs; 17 Alien; 18 Tridents; 20 Rifleman; 21 Shasta; 24 Erred; 25 Impostors; 26 Dress rehearsals. DOWN: 1 Esprit; 2 Taped; 3 A friend in need is a friend indeed; 4 Role; 5 Impresario; 6 Ambulance chaser; 7 Intersect; 8 Yellows; 13 Initiative; 15 Reinforce; 19 Tarsus; 22 Stoma; 23 Apse.

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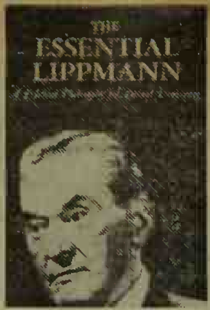
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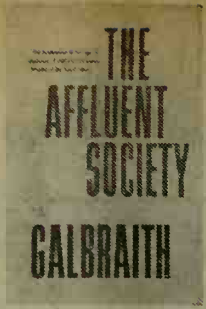
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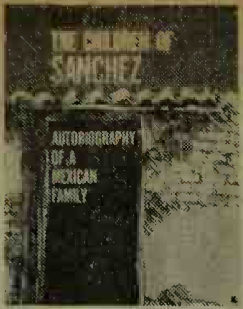
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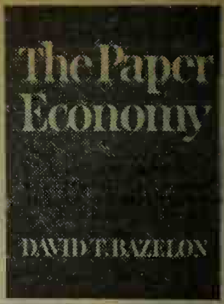
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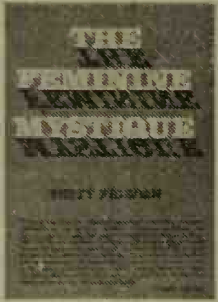
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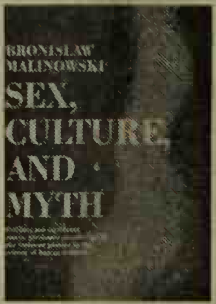
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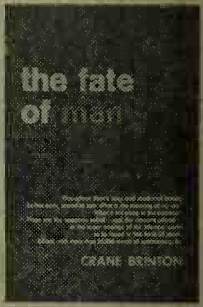
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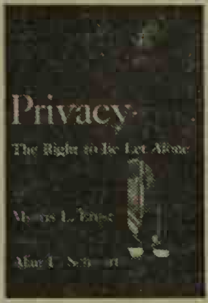
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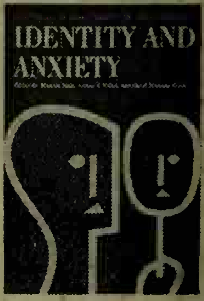
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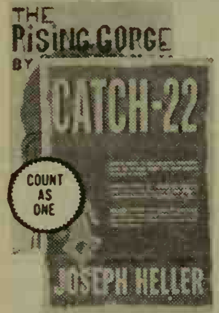
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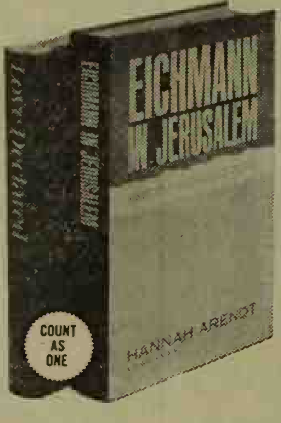
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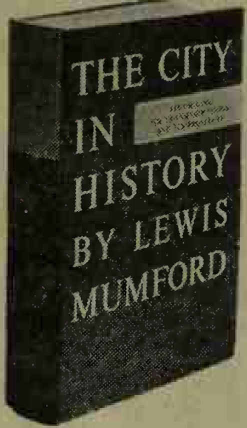
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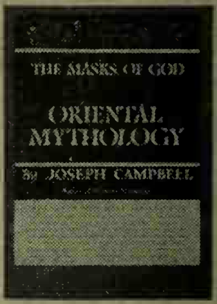
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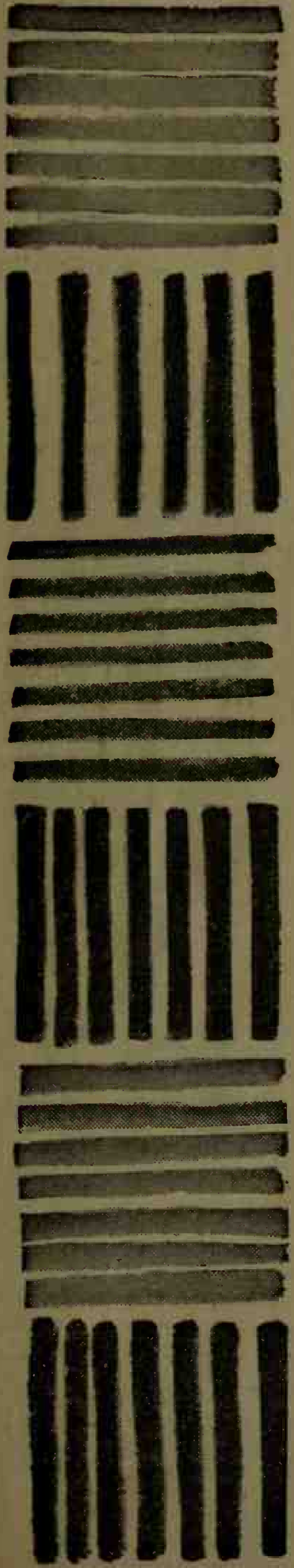

Prosperity Through Equality

Loren Miller

Exodus from Britain

NO ROOM AT THE TOP

Carey McWilliams

CHINA: NEW ALTERNATIVES

C. P. Fitzgerald

LETTERS

China's proposal

Penrhyndeudraeth, Wales

Dear Sirs: Those who wish for peace in the countries of NATO and the Warsaw Pact must be glad of the test-ban treaty as a first step towards the ending of the cold war, and must hope that it will be followed by such further measures of conciliation as have been suggested on either side. Unfortunately, though not surprisingly, this is not the view of the treaty which is taken in China. . . . But it can hardly be hoped that the mood of China will change while China continues to be treated as a pariah. . . .

The Chinese Government, as announced in *The Peking Review* of August 2, has made certain proposals to the effect that all countries of the world should renounce nuclear weapons "completely, thoroughly, totally and resolutely"; and that, in order to carry out this renunciation, they should "step by step" dismantle all bases on foreign soil, establish nuclear-free zones effectively covering the whole world, and agree to these measures at a conference of the heads of governments of all the countries of the world. This proposal should be treated seriously and not dismissed as Utopian.

It will be a profound tragedy if the ending of the cold war between Russia and the West, if achieved, is nothing but the prelude to another cold war, which may be just as dangerous and have an outcome just as disastrous as was to be feared by the continuance of the present one.

Bertrand Russell

Wrong reason

London

Dear Sirs: The article by Stephanie Gervis in your August 24 issue on the French anti-bomb movement is quite informative, but contains several inaccuracies. "Paul Kleijel-Valrymont" is certainly *Maurice Kriegel-Valrimont;* also, *Voie Communiste,* described as "the newspaper of the moderately pro-Chinese minority within the French Communist Party" is the organ of a group which left the party in 1956.

These are minor errors. The final inaccuracy goes well beyond a minor error and becomes a political slander. Miss Gervis writes that Claude Bourdet "resigned as co-editor of the Left Socialist weekly *France-Observateur* . . . [because] . . . its other editor, Gilles Martinet, who also belongs to the PSU, had taken the line that if other nations have the bomb, why shouldn't France?"

The reason for the break between Bourdet and Martinet was that Martinet believes that the planned, organized capitalism that France has under the de Gaulle government is a development over what it had had before. Neither Martinet nor *France-Observateur* has supported de Gaulle's bomb. On the contrary, both have opposed it. . . .

Owen Cahill

Happy ending

New York City

Dear Sirs: With considerable pleasure, I would like to inform you that I have recently received a wire from my wife in the Philippines telling me that the Philippine President has approved her application for a passport. We are now in a position to be reunited.

I wish to express my gratitude to *The Nation* for printing my letter of appeal [July 13], and to its readers who responded to it.

William J. Pomeroy

End of a teacher

Burlingame, Calif.

Dear Sirs: To continue your story for anyone who is interested in the sequel to "The Man Who Taught Too Well," by Donovan Bess [June 15]: On June 28, all parties assembled to find whether Gordon Lish should be reinstated as a high-school teacher or not. At 7:30 P.M. the hearing began. At 1:10 A.M. the case against Gordon Lish had been presented and he was free to present his defense. Unfortunately, by this time most of his witnesses, including students whose parents had taken them home, and other teachers who had come reluctantly to testify against their administrative bosses, had disappeared. . . . Further, most of the defense points he would like to have made were ruled irrelevant. (One of the charges against Lish was that he was late for classes; when, at the hearing, Dr. Walsh, school principal, was asked whether, on June 5, he had not arrived at 8:11 A.M. but had signed in for 8 A.M., he was told he did not have to answer. Only Mr. Lish's conduct was in question, it was pointed out.)

The result was a foregone conclusion. Gordon Lish's career as a high-school teacher has now ended.

Fran Fokes

London School grads

Dear Sirs: The Register of Students of the London School of Economics is being brought up-to-date. We are eager to obtain the latest addresses of all students who completed courses at the school during the years 1935-1952. We hope such students will send their present addresses (with their maiden names, if they are married women) to me care of the school, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

J. Alcock, Registrar

THE
NATION

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The Nation, Sept. 21, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 8

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CORRECTION

In Harvey Swados' "Revolution on the March," Sept. 7 issue, Cleveland Robinson was described as "gigantic." Mr. Robinson may indeed be a giant, spiritually; physically, he is not. The adjective, mistranscribed by the printer, was "granitic."—*Editors.*

Why the Brush-Off?

While Washington was running around in circles, General de Gaulle came up with a proposal for ending the war in Vietnam by reunification of North and South. The State Department dismissed the idea as "hypothetical." The timing, it was broadly implied, indicated that de Gaulle's motives were anti-American and malicious. Subsequently, in a rambling radio interview, President Kennedy remarked that "he [de Gaulle] doesn't have any forces there or any program of economic assistance, so while these expressions are welcome, the burden is carried, as it usually is, by the United States and the people there [in Vietnam]."

It is true that General de Gaulle has not poured $3 billion into a small country—with the result that it is now worse off than when the French were exploiting it. It is also true that the French do not have 15,000 men in South Vietnam, and that neither is French blood being spilled by the Vietnamese nor Vietnamese blood by the French. The French were beaten and, militarily, they got out. But in no other way. France still has a $250 million investment in South Vietnam, including almost all the huge rubber and tea and coffee plantations, and a share of the chemical, beer, glass, textile, cement and other industries. France is still South Vietnam's largest customer. French lay and religious schools have an enrollment of 30,000; about 30 per cent of the country's university graduates are French-trained, and more than 1,500 Vietnamese university students are in France today. De Gaulle is not precisely an interloper.

A good many South Vietnamese may regard *us* as the interlopers. The Indo-Chinese war ended ten years ago and the bitterness has died down. It is we who have sprayed the countryside with napalm and herbicides, shot peasants from helicopters on the chance that they might be Viet-Cong soldiers, helped herd the rural population into protected hamlets which bear an odd resemblance to concentration camps, and kept the Ngo family in power. When Kennedy speaks, the Vietnamese remember these incidents in the struggle to preserve Southeast Asia for the free world.

And what is this proposal of the General's? It is really nothing bizarre and sensational: he merely suggests an implementation of the 1954 Geneva agreement—a return to legality, in a word. Under the treaty which ended the war, the North and South halves of the country were to be united by free elections. Our protégé, Ngo Dinh Diem, and his precious family objected on the ground that no free election could be held in the North. That may be, but the Ngos saw to it that no free elections could be held in the South either. If Diem ran today for dog catcher of Saigon he could be elected only with the aid of his brother's strong-arm men, and if he went about his duties he would be assassinated.

General de Gaulle certainly has not offered a surefire remedy for the woes of Vietnam, but he has let some fresh air into the miasma which American policy has generated and in which we ourselves are stifling. It may be, in view of the situation in Laos, that a better solution would be a federation of North and South, the North to remain Communist, the South capitalist, with free intercourse between the two and no foreign interference, either from Red China or the United States. This is no easy solution, but it is far more realistic than anything American policy has come up with in Southeast Asia. "The French," says Walter Lippmann, "must know some things that we, who are newcomers and novices in the region, do not know." In the light of events, we know very little, we should be very humble, and we should not only welcome ideas, but ponder them hard.

Is the SST a Must?

"SST" stands for "supersonic transport," and President Kennedy says we must have it, just as we must land a man on the moon before the end of the decade. The moon race, however, seems to be on the decline, while the SST promotion is only getting under way. The production of a prototype will cost only about $1 billion so, compared with Project Apollo, with its $20-$40 billion price tag, SST is really hardly worth mentioning. Nevertheless, when the aerospace manufacturers were asked to contribute $250 million, or something at least, they demurred so vigorously that the President has appointed Eugene R. Black, formerly president of the World Bank, to expedite matters, and it is reported in the trade press that he is likely to do this by exacting only a token contribution from the aerospace and air transport industries. As usual, Uncle Sam will extract the funds from the taxpayers.

And what will they get? The first thing to note is that the majority of Americans are not flying and have never flown. They can't afford it at present rates. Flying is largely an expense-account mode of travel; according to one estimate, half of all business flying is done in connection, direct or indirect, with government business, the bulk of which, of course, is concerned with the arms and space race. What the American on the ground will get is sonic boom, the thunderous crash generated by an aircraft which noses down, even slightly, at a speed of 2,000 mph. It will rattle windows, and perhaps break them, twenty-five or thirty miles on either side of the flight path. Around airports the noise will be about as now — that is, highly objectionable. If it is not increased by the SST (which must take off and land subsonically), it will certainly not be decreased.

Americans who fly will not benefit materially either; the country is not large enough. An SST might be worth its cost in a flight from Moscow to Vladivostok, or from New York to Hawaii, but even that is doubtful since, by its nature, the SST is a gas hog and cannot fly long distances non-stop. What the traveler wants is a reduction in terminal delays — and safety. Given these, he can be perfectly content with a speed of 550 mph while he is airborne, and his chances of getting to his destination in one piece are reasonably good (although they could be improved). And the groundlings can sleep.

Society's Scapegoat

Ours is said to be a child-oriented society. True, a warfare state would not seem to be ideal for the nurture and education of children, and there is perhaps a fifty-fifty chance that children and parents alike will perish in a nuclear cataclysm, but that is something most people prefer not to think about. "Drive slow; we love our children," the roadside signs read, and we do love them. Schools and teachers are therefore objects of intense interest to the average family and, except by some elderly misanthropes, school taxes are paid with less griping than income and general real-estate taxes. Yet, despite the accepted principle that nothing is too good for the children, in the turn of events nothing is too bad for them either. The opening of the school year furnishes plenty of illustrations.

Certainly, mistreatment of teachers is not conducive to good education, but in the United States teachers as a class are neither respected nor accorded the rights and freedoms of ordinary citizens. In New York City, blessed at this juncture with the best board of education and the best school superintendent it has had in many years, the system has been threatened by a general strike of teachers. The merits of the case do not concern us in the present context; what is of interest is the hypocrisy which pervades the controversy. The hearts of the teachers are full of solicitude for the children, but if all the needs of the children were met, and no salary increases were forthcoming, it is hardly likely that the teachers would assume their duties with a divine sense of mission.

The Governor of New York, the Mayor and the other high-level functionaries involved in the controversy go much farther in public-relations gimmickry. According to them, strikes by public servants menace society and cannot be tolerated. If you dare to strike, they say to the teachers, you will be dismissed, never to return. (In point of fact, they would be mildly punished in accordance with the Condon-Wadlin Law which, foresightedly, was emasculated precisely to prevent mandatory mass firings.) "There is no right anywhere to strike the schools," the New York *Herald Tribune* pontificates. Assuming that teachers have grievances—and they have them nation-wide, and not only in New York—what is to be their last resort? What but a strike? Teachers are workers like other workers, and for workers there is only one ultimate method of securing a redress of grievances—an orderly and concerted withdrawal of services.

Does this make martyrs of the children? That is an appeal to a form of sentiment which one would flatter by calling it maudlin. No school system was ever closed by a strike of teachers. Where school systems have been closed—as in Virginia, the Mother of Presidents—it has been by racists. School strikes are seldom as long as six-day bicycle races. If those who oppose them would think up some other way for teachers to register their protests, it would be a service not only to the teachers, but to labor generally. Perhaps, also, the children can learn as much from a march on Washington or a teachers' strike, as they learn in the classroom. They are going to live in a society in which such things can and do happen. If they learn enough about the causes, they may inquire, when they grow up, why $60 billion of federal money is spent annually on the arms race, and only a minute fraction of that on the schools. The sum is so huge that if the fraction were enlarged only a little there would be better schools, better teachers — and less hypocrisy.

An Ounce of Modicum

William C. Foster's U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency has made one signal contribution to the disarmament dilemma: it financed the Benoit report (after Prof. Emile Benoit of Columbia University, chairman of the panel which made the study). Disarmament, this group concluded, need not bring on economic collapse — "if the government exercises a modicum of economic sense, foresight, and courageous leadership." How much modicum would be required is hardly susceptible to quantitative determination; however, since ours is a society in which governmental folly is supposedly balanced by corporate wisdom, it would seem that we must enlarge our view to include business policies which would make disarmament economically feasible, if by some act of God it should become politically possible.

Such a study has been initiated by Arthur W. Barber, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense (Arms Control) and is reported by Philip J. Klass in *Aviation Week* (August 12). Mr. Barber's chosen instrument is the Defense Industry Advisory Council (DIAC). Knowing that defense contractors wish to keep on serving their country and might be thrown into a panic at the prospect of having to make money in some other way, Mr. Barber was careful to assure the DIAC members (in Mr. Klass's words) that "there was no cause for alarm nor any implication that arms-control agreement would be reached in the near future." The defense contractors seem already to have reached that conclusion, for Mr. Barber discovered that they had not devoted much effort (in officialese, that could mean practically none) to study of the impact of arms control, if and when it might arrive. Surveying the twenty-five biggest defense contractors, *The New York Times* came to the same conclusion.

The contractors were, however, only too happy to talk to Mr. Barber about "business problems." One airplane company asked if, to help it diversify into non-defense areas, it could use the government-owned plant it now occupies. Since a surplus of government-owned airplane plants exists, Mr. Klass reports that "some Defense Department officials believe it might be possible to sell such facilities to present occupants *at a small fraction of their original cost* to facilitate diversification into non-military lines." (Italics added.) Other suggestions were along the same lines.

The subject being so unpleasant, defense industry would rather not think about arms reduction. If it must, it feels it is entitled to a helping hand at the taxpayers' expense. Mr. Barber no doubt has the best of intentions, but he does not seem to be made of the stuff which will get us out of this impasse.

Quack Medicine

The people of the United States spend some $25 billion annually on gambling. In some social strata gambling is an endemic disease, resembling alcoholism. Many of the people who could afford to lose, don't gamble: they are too smart. Many who gamble can't afford to lose, but that doesn't stop them. Yet, with all the misery that the gambling fever brings in its train, the politicians want more of it. They will do anything for tax revenue — a standard of morality which, in some other connections, would land the offender in jail.

New Hampshire has approved a state lottery and other states are flirting with the idea. In New York City Mayor Wagner is in favor of off-track betting and has managed to get on the ballot a city referendum on the subject. The vote will probably be in favor, since more New Yorkers bet on the horses through bookies than at the track. The latter requires a certain amount of leisure and money besides the wagers; the former requires only a telephone call. But the referendum will be only advisory, since the state legislature must sanction the innovation before it can become law.

The city administration is Democratic, the state administration is Republican. For once, *The Nation* finds itself in agreement with the upstate rural legislators. Assembly Speaker Joseph F. Carlino (who is not from upstate) sent two investigators to England, where betting shops have been legal since January, 1961. In England, the investigators found, people will bet on which raindrop goes down the window first. Now that the scope of betting is enlarged, Britons wager $2.8 billion annually on horses alone, or about 65 per cent of the British defense budget. In some places, the average betting is $5 or $8.40 a week among people who earn $33.60 to $42.00. And the reason for increased gambling, according to a number of recent reports, is mainly the availability of gambling premises. A tax on betting may be politically painless but it is the least efficient way of raising money; the revenue which the state derives is never more than a fraction of the amount bet and is more than offset by the direct and indirect social costs that gambling entails. In the United States, a spokesman for the Salvation Army declared, the Wagner plan would "hurt the little person . . . without providing him any public service." The proposal to license off-track betting shows the bankruptcy of ideas and morality in municipal government.

Exodus from Britain

NO ROOM AT THE TOP . . . . .

Carey McWilliams

London

The big story in Britain is not the Profumo case or the coming general election or even the Great Train Robbery; rather it is the accelerating emigration of Britons, primarily to Australia. So far this year, Australian authorities have received 145,000 applications from residents of Great Britain who want to settle in Australia; applications have been pouring in at the rate of 1,000 a day. Behind these figures, impressive in themselves, is a fascinating story of population dynamics.

In the last twenty years, Britain has been invaded by a million or more immigrants, most of them colored, and most of them from Commonwealth countries, primarily from the Caribbean. At the same time, more than a million Britons have left their homeland, most of them for Australia, although many are now leaving for South Africa, of all places. About a year ago, the volume of West Indian immigration had reached a point which prompted the adoption of the Commonwealth Immigrants Act. The act imposed a brake on further immigration and was, despite some fancy semantics, essentially aimed at barring further large-scale colored immigration. The key events leading up to its adoption were, of course, the racial incidents at St. Ann's Well, Nottingham, and Notting Vale. The failure to apply its provisions to the non-Commonwealth Irish was merely one of the more "visible" indications of its discriminatory bias. There may be 1,250,000 or more Irish workers in Britain; their constant back-and-forth movement makes an exact count impossible. Quite apart from this consideration, Irish workers could not have been excluded without upsetting trade relations between Britain and Ireland which are of ever-increasing importance to both countries.

But the Commonwealth Immigrants Act has merely checked, it has not stopped, West Indian immigration. Any week's batch of London newspapers carries one or more stories about West Indian stowaways, many of whom try to enter Britain by way of Ireland. Moreover, the act is premised on a work-voucher system which permits considerable administrative flexibility in enforcement. Until 1960, Pakistan and India imposed a voluntary restriction on migration to Britain, but this has begun to break down and today there is a backlog of 130,000 applications from citizens of both countries desiring entry permits.

The fact is that a vacuum exists in the British labor market (at least in certain sectors) which has not been generally related to the exodus of Britons. As yet, of course, both movements are of marginal importance in terms of total manpower needs; but are nevertheless of very real importance in terms of what they portend. English hospitals are now manned by a minority of English nurses; many of the interns and orderlies are "colored." The London Transportation Authority, today largely dependent on West Indian labor, maintains recruiting offices in Barbados. Currently in need of 2,400 bus drivers and 1,300 conductors, the Authority has recently dispatched a recruiting team to Malta. The British restaurant and hotel industry, largely unorganized and fantastically overstaffed with "white" flunkies, also continues to attract West Indian and other "colored" labor for the menial jobs. In fact, many London restaurants, notably those in the Lyons chain, have come to resemble the American color scheme: white waiters and waitresses, black help in the kitchens and basements. One night recently I looked into the basement of a fashionable restaurant in the Knightsbridge district and saw as motley a crew of dishwashers as one could imagine: West Indians, Chinese, Africans, et al. Even the British Army has gone multiracial. In the last few years, it has sent recruiting teams all over the Commonwealth. Included among the new recruits are Fijians, Nigerians, Ghanaians, Gurkkas, Maltese, Malays, Seychelloise and Mauritians. But true to the color scheme of its more famous units, the Army excludes Commonwealth recruits from the Household Brigade (the five regiments of Foot Guards and the Household Cavalry) and from the Scottish regiments.

If Britain is attracting low-paid colored workers — wages on the publicly owned transport system are very low indeed — her own emigrants are exclusively "white," since neither Australia nor South Africa will accept "colored." The Australian policy is stated with complete frankness. Asian and African students are welcome, as are colored visitors, but the country remains committed to a long-standing "white Australia" policy. In fact, the fear of population pressure from neighboring Asian countries is what prompted Australia to work out the carefully planned program of "assisted" immigration it has pursued since 1947. This program is designed to fill the enormous population vacuum that exists in the subcontinent. China's population increases about 12,000,000 a year; Australia has yet to achieve a population of 12,000,000.

What Australia is now attempting, through assisted and non-assisted, exclusively white immigration, drawn mostly from Britain, is to achieve a population growth of about 1 per cent a year. The natural increase is about 1.5 per cent, so that the total increase, if the plan succeeds, will be about 2.5 per cent a year. At this rate, according to A. R. Downer, Minister for Immigration, Australia will achieve a population of something like 12,500,000 in eight years' time and its second ten million in 25 years — that is, by 1988.

As an offset to Chinese population pressure, this is, of course, a ludicrously low rate of increase, but it is some assurance and the program is being pursued with energy and intelligence. In the period since 1947, Australia has attracted 1,500,000 of the 10,000,000 who constitute its present population. This year it hopes to gain through migration about 80,000, of whom approximately 45,000 will have benefited from the "assisted" emigration program, which is based upon a fairly careful sifting of applicants to get the right age, ethnic and occupational "mix." Because of administrative delays and for mechanical reasons, the backlog of applicants rises daily.

Years ago I had occasion, as Commissioner of Immigration and Housing in California, to study mass-migration movements at a time when that great state — it seems even more ironic in retrospect than it did then — was attempting by all manner of means, both fair and foul, to check the inflow of so-called Okies and Arkies upon which its subsequent wartime prosperity largely depended. Mass-migration movements have a familiar rhythm; they start slowly, as a barely perceptible trickle. Uniformly, they are motivated by sound considerations: usually, there exists a combination of "push" and "pull" factors, that is, certain forces "push" emigrants out and other forces, at the terminal point, attract them. Australia is 12,000 miles from the British ports of embarkation; it is a long jump, and people would not make it without good reason. Yet today more and more Britons are making it and only a negligible number — not more than 8 per cent — return.

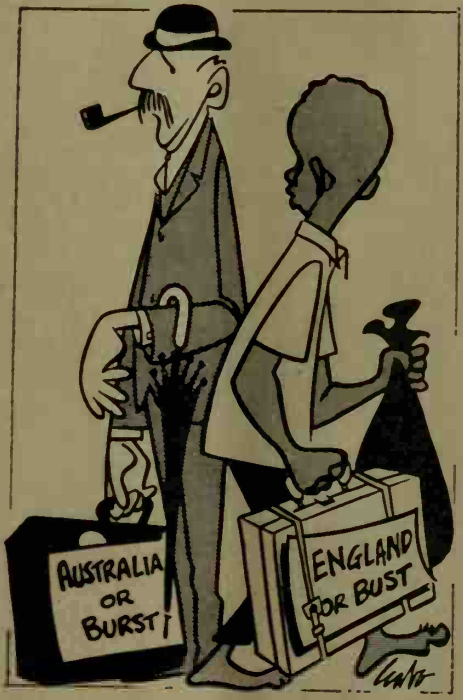
This fact is in itself proof that what is involved here is a genuine mass-migration movement, but one that is still in its infancy. For at some point, in all such movements, the increasing stream suddenly becomes a flood. This point has not yet been reached in the Britain-to-Australia flow, although the sharp increase this year is an indication of things to come. With all such movements, too, the "letters home" begin to act as a prime factor in stimulating further movement. When part of a family migrates, the remaining members are under pressure to join the migrants. The volume of letters naturally increases as the number of emigrants increases. This year 80,000 emigrants, most of them British, will be writing letters home; next year the volume of mail will be still greater.

The Australian program, carefully planned, is based on economic surveys, investment policies and the like, all designed to provide jobs for migrants and to facilitate their assimilation. It is for this reason, so the Australian authorities say, that they prefer "white" English-speaking emigrants. Emigrants in need of assistance or requesting it can make the long passage to Australia from Britain for £10 ($28) — a token contribution to the actual cost. Children under nineteen years of age travel free. Emigrants travel on good, one-class P & O boats. So a family, say, of husband, wife and six children can make the passage for $56 and be assured of home and job when they arrive. In the period since 1947, Australia has aggressively sought emigrants through advertising and a skillful public-relations campaign. And it does this with little fear that it will ever have cause for regret. For in theory, Australia could eventually absorb 100,000,000 immigrants, as the late Nevil Shute once suggested. To March, 1963, the program had drawn 1,938,582 immigrants, of whom 957,400 came from Britain. Other nations high on the list included Holland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Austria, Poland.

Today Australia maintains a recruiting office in London and also has offices in Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Holland, Greece, Italy, Malta, Spain and France. At one point it even sought to attract migrants from the United States but, to its embarrassment, most of the applicants were unemployed Detroit Negroes. So rather than run the risk of offending us by frankly avowing a "whites only" policy, further U.S. recruitment was discontinued for the time being. But in assessing the future of Australian immigration, the big postwar build-up of population in California should not be forgotten. Sooner or later, California is destined to discover Australia, and when it does the westward movement of population, halted on the West Coast when the first Australian gold rush petered out, will begin again. For Australia is to California what California is to the rest of the United States — the land at the end of the rainbow. And California is closer to Australia than is London.

Why do Britons decide to make the long trek to Australia? It is not because of the cheap passage, although that is what makes migration possible for many. Prospective emigrants offer up a fine assortment of "reasons": winters are too cold in Britain; the housing problem is acute; too many "blacks" are coming to Britain to compete for jobs and housing. The Common Market, the Skybolt missile incident, Suez, the Bomb, are mentioned. Nine out of ten parents say that they believe their children will have a better chance in Australia. But the longer one listens to these reasons, the more one comes to realize that none of them, standing alone, is an adequate explanation. I felt, for example, that the reasons were conjured up to justify, or rationalize, a decision that had already been made at a different level of consciousness. Officials at Australia House and South Africa House assured me, and quite convincingly, that so-called "distress" areas are not good recruiting centers; there is no correlation between areas of unemployment and areas from which the bulk of the applications come. What is of critical importance is a generalized feeling, slowly formed, often imperfectly formulated and reluctantly articulated, that Britain "has had it," that the time has come to move on.

But there is something else involved. Certain sections of British industry are highly modern and efficient. But there is a large middle sector which has operated in a protected market situation for much too long. There is upward mobility in the society, to be sure, but it is limited and the struggle to retain whatever margin of security or status one has attained seems to be more important than any effort to advance beyond it.



Despite the new universities, British higher education is still much too narrowly based. There is a strong bias against the large university; it is widely assumed that a university education must be small-scale in order to be good. During August, the papers were full of pro-and-con arguments over whether Britain did or did not need an institution patterned on the Harvard School of Business Administration. (Mind you, the discussion was over whether they needed even *one* such institution.) Lord Franks has been assigned the task of preparing a report on the subject. In all of Britain there is not one institution comparable, say, to M.I.T. Slight wonder, then, that Britain is losing scientific talent to the United States. The Association of University Teachers calculate that 1½ per cent of all British University staff now emigrate every year; Glasgow University had the highest loss in the survey—about 11 per cent in 1960-61. Talented young British scientists are attracted to the United States not by higher salary scales alone; what primarily attracts them is the exciting possibility of being able to work in fine labs, with excellent equipment and facilities. In itself, the loss of university staff is probably not of major importance, but it is merely one of a variety of developments which serve to indicate that the generalized feeling I have mentioned is based on solid considerations.

What Australia and South Africa want, of course, are young, skilled workers. No farmers, please! Professional people—doctors, architects, teachers, nurses—yes; white-collar workers, some; but, above all, skilled workers. And that is exactly what they are getting — despite the fact that there is already a shortage of skilled workers in Britain. Roughly a third of the emigrants to Australia fall in the twenty-to-twenty-nine age category; roughly a third are "craftsmen and production-process workers." Because Australia is in the Commonwealth and recruits by agreement, it soft-pedals the aim of recruiting skilled workers.

But South Africa, which has left the Commonwealth, makes frank avowal in its advertisements that what it wants are skilled workers: building workers, carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, electrical workers, machinists, chemists, quantity surveyors, instrument makers, toolmakers, et al. South Africa launched its program of "assisted" emigration in 1961. It maintains recruiting offices in London and also in Germany, Italy, Greece, Holland, France, Sweden, Portugal and Spain. In addition to skilled workers, it needs doctors, teachers, university instructors, et al., to replace the talent it has lost or driven out because of its apartheid policies. Natal is estimated to have lost 20 per cent of its radiologists and 10 per cent of its architects in the past two years. Strange as it may seem, the South African recruiting program is succeeding. This year, the country has received 5,000 more applications than in 1962; the number of applications should exceed 20,000 by the end of the year. Emigrants from London to Johannesburg are offered air fare at approximately half the regular price and children under two years of age, not occupying seats, travel for 10 per cent of the adult fare. In some instances, South Africa has succeeded in inducing an entire English plant — managers, technicians, workers and machinery — to migrate; several textile plants, for example, have been lured from Britain in this manner.

South Africa, of course, pursues a "whites only" policy and maintains a standing offer to pay resident Indians a bonus and passage money if they want to return to India. None do so. Neither Australia nor South Africa wants elderly people, but some come as members of families. One of the factors stimulating the Australian migration is that a British subject can, after six months' residence, become an Australian citizen on payment of a 15 shillings fee, and social services are integrated in such a way that British emigrants forfeit no rights.

One of the ironies in the situation is that Britain is underwriting its own population depletion. Under various Commonwealth acts and agreements, a fund was established to help settle the Dominions with good, sound British subjects. From this fund, the British Government currently contributes about £150,000 ($450,000) annually to stimulate migration to Australia. This, I was told, hardly pays the cost of getting the emigrants from their homes to the ports of embarkation, but it is an interesting indication of the curious situation in which the British now find themselves. Actually the Commonwealth Immigrants Act of last year, I was told, is of doubtful constitutionality in some respects; but Pakistan and India, thousands of whose subjects are anxious to go to Britain to work, have thus far cooperated with the British Government in policing the act on a voluntary basis. Even so, the British are aware that in their eagerness to strengthen Commonwealth ties in times past, they may have strengthened some of these ties more than they realized or intended.

Officials at South Africa House explained to me, with the extreme courtesy that seems to be a part of the South African syndrome, that they were opening up agricultural opportunities for "white" emigrants from Kenya on the assumption that there is no possible future for them in Kenya. But they are not at all anxious to accept "white" settlers from Rhodesia; they much prefer that these settlers stay where they are, to form a barrier against "black" Africa. But the same officials, when pressed, conceded that South Africa may eventually have to accept the bulk of the "white" settlers in Southern Rhodesia.

Underlying the interchange of population now taking place within the Commonwealth is a larger issue. Where, today, can "white" Europeans migrate? Black Africa no longer provides an outlet for "second sons"; nor does India or Pakistan or Ceylon or the West Indies. In Latin America there is a language barrier. With fairly high levels of unemployment, Canada has been distinctly cool to the idea of encouraging immigration; it operates a loan scheme, but has no formal program of "assisted" emigration. Even so, migration to Canada from Britain has increased in the last few years: from 13,295 in 1961 to 16,055 in 1962. And in the last six months the number of applicants has jumped; between January and June, 11,396 settlers arrived, compared with 6,693 for the same period last year.

New Zealand, like Australia, has an "assisted" emigration scheme, but a more modest one. Single women under thirty-five get free passage, whereas single men pay £25 ($70) toward their fare, and married people £50. Like Australia, the New Zealand authorities have been deluged with applicants since January. New Zealand House in London received 400 letters a day during the first four months of the year, and between April, 1962, and March, 1963, more than 10,000 made their own unassisted way there (about two-thirds of the total figure do so every year), while 4,200 were "assisted."

No European country is eager to receive immigrants, although some need workers and the French have managed to absorb the former Algerian *colons* with remarkable ease. Emigration to the United States is costly and is definitely discouraged. For example, *The Emigrants' Guide*, the authoritative manual by Walter Marsden which is consulted by all prudent emigrants, contains this frigid statement of official U.S. policy: "The U.S. does *not* ask for immigrants. The U.S. has *no* assisted immigration or passage scheme. The U.S. Embassies do *not* find jobs for intending immigrants. The U.S. Embassies do *not* arrange packing or transport of baggage and effects for immigrants." In a word: emigrants, stay where you are; the famous inscription on the Statue of Liberty belongs to history. Even so, the U.S. Embassy in London issued almost 13,000 immigrant visas during the first half of this year compared with just over 21,000 for the whole of 1962. Of these, however, many were the wives of U.S. servicemen.

So while the United States, Canada and New Zealand offer some opportunities, South Africa and Australia are the prime recruiters. It seems incredible that skilled workers, with families, should be willing to take a chance on South Africa; but, just as South Africa can attract capital, so it attracts emigrants; economic opportunities seem more important than the threatening political storm clouds. But South Africa cannot absorb immigrants on the scale that Australia can, nor is it nearly as attractive. On balance, then, the conclusion would seem to be that Australia stands on the threshold of a long period of population growth based on a policy of selective "assisted" emigration.

Events could, of course, retard or halt this migration. The initiation of exciting educational and other reforms in Britain might generate an entirely new atmosphere; but, even so, Britain is "old" and Australia is "new." A city such as Liverpool literally reeks of social old age. Perhaps, in the end, Britain will be invigorated by the exchange of population, one phase of which has been temporarily moderated by the Commonwealth Immigrants Act. As Colin MacInnes pointed out in *The Spectator* (June 7, 1963), Britain has always been "invaded by new races"— Romans, Danes, Normans—and perhaps an infusion of West Indians would be a good thing. Vigorous, attractive, hard-working, they, like the Irish, are drawn to Britain by factors that will not easily be offset or reversed. "To us, the natives," writes MacInnes, "this new stock presents a marvelous opportunity. No one can doubt that England in so many ways is jaded, needing new vitality. Without our wishing it—let alone, God knows, planning it — Puck's [Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill*] voice has summoned from every continent of the globe new races whose chief common characteristic is a grim will to survive." The summoning of these "new British" may be a necessary aspect of the restructuring of the economy and of British social life. The first year of the Commonwealth Immigrants Act has already prompted suggestions that it should be modified. Later this year it will be up for renewal and the debate will no doubt touch on the mounting exodus of Britons.

As to Australia, there cannot be any doubt that it stands to profit — and is profiting — enormously from the population movement it has skillfully set in motion. For it should be kept in mind that *every* migrant brings something to Australia besides energy and skill; every migrant has some money, some property, some capital or some credit. A family, completing arrangements for passage to Australia when I was in Australia House, intended to manufacture costume jewelry in Australia and had approximately $20,000 to invest. The 80,000 emigrants who will go this year will transfer sizable funds and will doubtless draw on friends and relatives for further funds as they uncover opportunities for investment.

The question is, can Australia, in the end, make a "white Australia" policy work? Two years ago an Immigration Reform Association was formed for the purpose of urging some modification of the racial ban. Perhaps Australia will, in time, accept emigrants from Asian countries on a selective basis. In any case, the big move to Australia is under way and it will well repay continued close scrutiny.

CHINA: New Alternatives

C. P. Fitzgerald

Is it possible, given the Sino-Russian rift, that the time has finally come when a reconsideration of United States policy toward mainland China may be possible? Nearly fifteen years have elapsed since Washington settled into its negative policy of containment and, apart from Sino-Russian difficulties, it would seem that the policy has about run its course. As events from World War I to the present have repeatedly shown, the most "fixed and settled" policies of nations toward one another seldom endure longer.

It may therefore be asked whether the end of the present U.S. policy towards the People's Republic of China is not at hand. And further, if this be so, what form a changed policy might take, and what effects upon China would follow from such a change.

There are three stages, or ways, in which policy could be changed: slightly, seriously or drastically. The least change, and therefore the easiest to manage from the political point of view, would be the relaxation or abandonment of the embargo on trade and commercial dealing with China, except in respect of strategic military articles. With this would go the removal of travel restrictions on merchants, the press and private citizens. Such a change would only bring U.S. policy into alignment with that followed by Britain and a number of other powers, many of which do not have diplomatic relations with Peking. There would, in fact, be no need for actual recognition of the Peking government nor for diplomatic relations: neither France, Italy, Canada nor Australia, to name but a few states, has gone further than this.

The second stage, or approach, would be *de facto* recognition of the Peking government. This device, frequently used in the nineteenth century and sometimes in the early part of the present century, has lately fallen into abeyance. By it, a government not wishing to pass final judgment upon the legitimacy or durability of a new regime, recognizes it as *de facto* the government in actual control of the territory in which it performs the functions of sovereignty. An example of this practice was the recognition of the Lithuanian Republic in the period following the Russian revolution, without endorsing its claims to the city of Vilna (which it claimed to be the capital of the country) at a time when Vilna was held by Poland, which claimed it as a part of that country. The United States could, using this device, recognize Peking *de facto* as the government of mainland China, and enter into trade relations, perhaps limited diplomatic relations also, without formally denying the claim of the Nationalist regime in Formosa that it is the legal government of China.

The third, the drastic change, would be to extend *de jure* recognition to Peking as the legal government of all China, which would imply withdrawing such recognition from the Nationalist government, but not necessarily handing Formosa over to China. It would be for the Chinese regimes to settle the question between them, by force or by agreement. It is possible that concurrent with such recognition of Peking, an agreement by which both Chinese regimes agreed to renounce seeking a solution by force of arms could be negotiated.

It is not the purpose of this article to consider whether political reasons would prevent the U.S. Administration from following any one of these courses, nor to discuss which of them might meet with the least opposition; if the necessity for change becomes sufficiently imperative, one or other will be adopted, perhaps first one and then another. The possible Chinese reaction to these various policies is in itself one of the factors which may lead to their adoption or rejection. It is hardly in doubt that if the third, the drastic change, were decided upon, the effects upon China would be great. China would have scored—in her own view—a great

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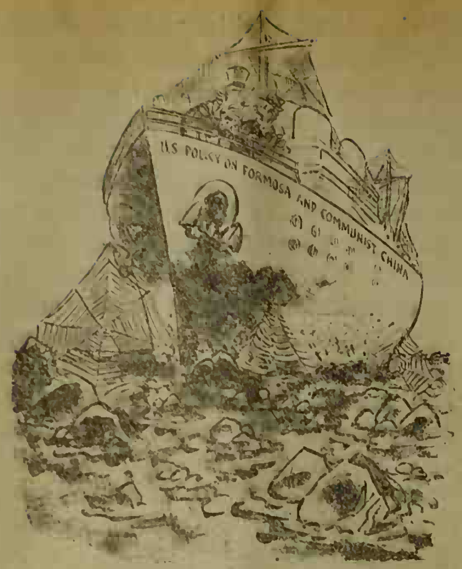
diplomatic success, defeated the policy of the "reactionary imperialists" and proved to herself and the rest of the world the value of the hard line so far followed. Thereafter, it could be hoped that China would be less intransigent, more willing to discuss and less eager to declaim; that gradually relations would stabilize, not indeed upon a truly friendly basis, but upon what now passes for the normal footing between the cold-war blocs. This may well seem but a meager reward for so great a reversal of policy. It is, in any case, very unlikely that such a forthright alteration would be made in one move, at the present time.

If the United States were to adopt the plan of *de facto* recognition of Peking, it is certain that China would respond with angry indignation. The move would be denounced as another "imperialist plot" to contrive the creation of "Two Chinas," an idea which both Peking and Taipei denounce as incompatible with the unity and integrity of the Chinese nation. But *de facto* recognition is a unilateral act; a declaration that, in the view of the government making such recognition, the government so recognized does in fact control the region, and is the regime with which relations concerning it must be carried on.

In one sense, the United States Government has already admitted that this is the position. At Geneva, concerning the neutrality of Laos, and at Warsaw and later at Geneva, in the conversations between Ambassadors, the Administration has accepted the fact that Peking rules in China, and has made limited but real agreements to which both nations have put their signatures. Peking might dislike *de facto* recognition, but there is nothing that the Chinese government could do to stop the United States from making such a declaration. Once made, it would be for Peking to decide how far this change should modify her attitudes. America would have made a gesture, which would cost little, if it also altered little, but would demonstrate a flexibility and a willingness to seek solutions which have not been evident in the past.


US POLICY ON FORMOSA AND COMMUNIST CHINA

Herblock: The Washington Post

"Hey — Does It Feel as If We're Beginning to Move?"

If, as would seem the most probable, any change were at first limited to a relaxation of the trade and travel embargo, an act which Washington could perform without consulting Peking at all, it is likely that the reaction from China would be somewhat scornful in words, but quite practical in acts. The government of the People's Republic has not allowed ideology to interfere with trade in other cases. Those Western and also South American powers who do not recognize Peking have no difficulty in trading with China. Their merchants and businessmen frequent the trade fairs at Canton, fill the hotels in Peking. They enter easily, at short notice, are hospitably entertained by the officials of the trading corporations that deal with them, and do good business. On the evidence, a continued ideological offensive against "imperialism" would be quite compatible with an active U.S.-China trade.

When the pattern of China's recent trade deals with Western countries is examined, it is clear that practical considerations, some of them farsighted, are dominant. China has continued to purchase wheat from Australia and from Canada. Payment has been punctilious; in consequence, the China market for the wheat crop has become an important factor in the Australian economy and this in turn begins to affect the political attitudes of key sections of the Australian electorate. China has also bought Viscount aircraft from Britain, thus detaching her civil air transport industry from exclusive reliance on Russia, and linking herself for future supplies and present maintenance with Britain.

There can be little doubt that so far-reaching a decision, involving as it does the presence in China for some time of a large number of British technicians brought in to train air and ground crews, could only have been taken at a very high level, and was made as a reinsurance against deteriorating relations with the USSR.

It is against the background of the Sino-Soviet dispute that the possibility of a change of American policy toward China becomes more than idle speculation. It can hardly now be denied that this dispute has fundamentally altered the international situation. China, no longer counting upon Russia's friendship and assistance (which she declares have already been denied to her), will seek other friends, and still more other sources of the technical assistance and key imports which her economic reconstruction requires. The view that China's policy is headed for a world war is not really borne out by facts, as opposed to words.

Even the Russian allegation that China believes a better world would be built on the ruins of a nuclear war (an idea which the Russians seem to have taken from the press of the West) has but slight foundation in any published Chinese polemic. In these documents (the letter of June 14 to the Soviet Communist Party), it is asserted, on the contrary, that China realizes full well what nuclear war would mean, but believes that it is no longer within the range of real dangers.

It is argued that the "imperialists" would not dare to use such weapons, as they would themselves be destroyed by the retaliation of the "Communist Camp." The Communist countries, of course, being Socialist, and therefore peace-loving, would never be the first to use nuclear weapons. Here, at least, the Russians profess agreement. So nuclear war is a "paper tiger," not because it has no claws, but because it cannot be employed. The revolutionaries therefore should "despise it tactically" but "take account of it strategically."

In other words, Russia is a faint heart for not using her nuclear power to threaten the West, and under cover of the threat to back up and promote the revolutions of the underdeveloped countries. However, the putting of rockets and missiles into Cuba was "adventurism" for the very reason that this was not a necessary act to sustain Cuba nor the best way to threaten the United States. China does not expect a war, and is therefore willing to engage her civil air transport deeply with the British imperialists, use Australian wheat to relieve her food shortages, trade with all powers.

A change in U.S. policy would be taken as a justification of China's line, and would, perhaps, annoy Russia. But if Russia were inclined to accuse the United States of playing off one Communist power against the other, it could truly be retorted that this is only taking a leaf from a well-thumbed Russian book. The Chinese have not the bomb, and they cannot now start a nuclear war even if they were really inclined to take the consequences. They also believe that it is because they have no nuclear power that they are shunned and ostracized. In their view, only power counts. Once a state has the ultimate weapons, it makes no difference what kind of regime is in power; that state will be recognized, treated as an equal. If it has not this power, then no matter what ties of ideology or old alliance may bind it to a stronger partner, it will still be treated as inferior, ultimately "expendable." They consider these hard facts demonstrated by the history of recent U.S.-Soviet relations, by the relations which subsist between the Western allies themselves, and now also by what appears to be the reality in relations between the Communist powers themselves.

The Chinese should, on this line of realistic reasoning, consider any American change of policy as a reflection of their own growing power. If a change comes before they achieve nuclear armaments, they will consider it as an intelligent anticipation of a forthcoming event: if afterwards, as a tardy, less intelligent, acknowledgment of a new fact. It is vain to expect, in the short run, or even for a long time to come, that a change of Washington's China policy would win Chinese good will even if the difficult problem of Taiwan, the Nationalist seat at UN and suchlike entanglements could be satisfactorily disposed of. China, being in an age of faith, will still believe that the heathen must soon perish from the face of the earth. But she will not feel that she has the duty to achieve this aim by suicidal holocaust.

There could well be a relaxation of tensions — the more certain and the more lasting if not too abruptly attempted. It will be more difficult for the Chinese to continue in a vein of sustained denunciation of America if America is deliberately, but firmly, engaged in a policy tending toward normal relations. It may well be that if the Russian heresy — as the Chinese see it — develops, the main weight of the propaganda machine will be thrown against Moscow in the hope of capturing the allegiance of the Communist parties of the world. Since America is not a Communist state and has no Communist Party worth worrying about, she could find herself suddenly on the sidelines of this great dispute — ignored as irremediably capitalist — but, if willing, a useful source for trade and technical advance.

It is very probable that these gains, if gains they are, will hardly seem worth while to many Americans: why involve the nation and the political parties in a new source of contention and strife? If China gets the bomb, it will be time to think about the whole matter, but just now it is better to leave the Chinese to quarrel with the Russians and take advantage of the more accommodating temper which this quarrel seems to induce in the Kremlin. The more aid that China gets, the sooner will her economy advance and her ability to produce nuclear weapons appear. This is not a Western, nor an American, interest and should not be served.

There are always excellent arguments for doing nothing: they have the drawback that if followed, they leave the initiative to the other side. It is said to be a rule of war that the initiative should always, if at all possible, be retained by the side which hopes for victory. There seems to be no reason to think that this rule does not apply to cold war. It may also be argued that the fact that no approach has been made to China, no hint of a possible change of policy admitted, precludes anyone from forming a sound judgment of what China's reaction to such a change might be. Clearly the Chinese are not going to announce, in advance of any terms being offered, what they might settle for. The present rulers may be Communists, but they are still Chinese, a people with a very old tradition of compromise and bargaining, and a very fine skill in carrying out such transactions.

PROSPERITY through EQUALITY . . .

Loren Miller

If America's 19 million Negroes and all their property were tucked neatly away in a country of their own on the coast of Africa or in some island in the sea, their nation would rate a high priority in our foreign-aid program. And justly so. Theirs would be a country with a better than 90 per cent basic literacy rate, with a fair number of skilled workers interspersed with a preponderance of unskilled and agricultural laborers, an emergent middle class and a good proportion of lawyers, doctors, schoolteachers and civil servants, all of them English-speaking and practically all of them with a deep commitment to the democratic way of life. But their nation would need aid, and need it quickly, because its growing unemployment rate would already stand at depression levels; its relief rolls would be bulging; a substantial percentage of its basic literates would be functionally illiterate; 16 per cent of its housing would be substandard; its illegitimacy rate and school dropouts

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Loren Miller, Los Angeles civil-rights attorney, is a vice president of the NAACP and publisher of the California Eagle, *one of the country's oldest Negro newspapers. His article, "Farewell to Liberals"* (The Nation, *Oct. 20, 1962), aroused widespread interest.*

would be high and its median family income low; its youth victimized by a high degree of hard-core family poverty and, worst of all, the trends toward accentuation of its social ills aggressively increasing. Despite the shortcomings, the nation would represent a current $12 billion annual market with an increasing desire for consumer goods ranging from hair oil to automobiles.

The assumption here is that the market in this theoretical nation would be pre-empted by American industry and, keeping to that assumption, a marked increase in the demand for consumer goods would give the American economy a shot in the arm that would be reflected in a trend toward fuller, if not full, employment for all Americans. If, through American aid, the income of its 19 million inhabitants could be raised to the levels of Americans of comparable economic strata, the Negro nation's income would be more than doubled to an approximate $28 billion; and, if such a sum were pumped into the American economy by consumers of American goods, our own gross national product would be raised some 2.5 per cent, according to Walter W. Heller, chairman of the President's Council on Economic Advisers.

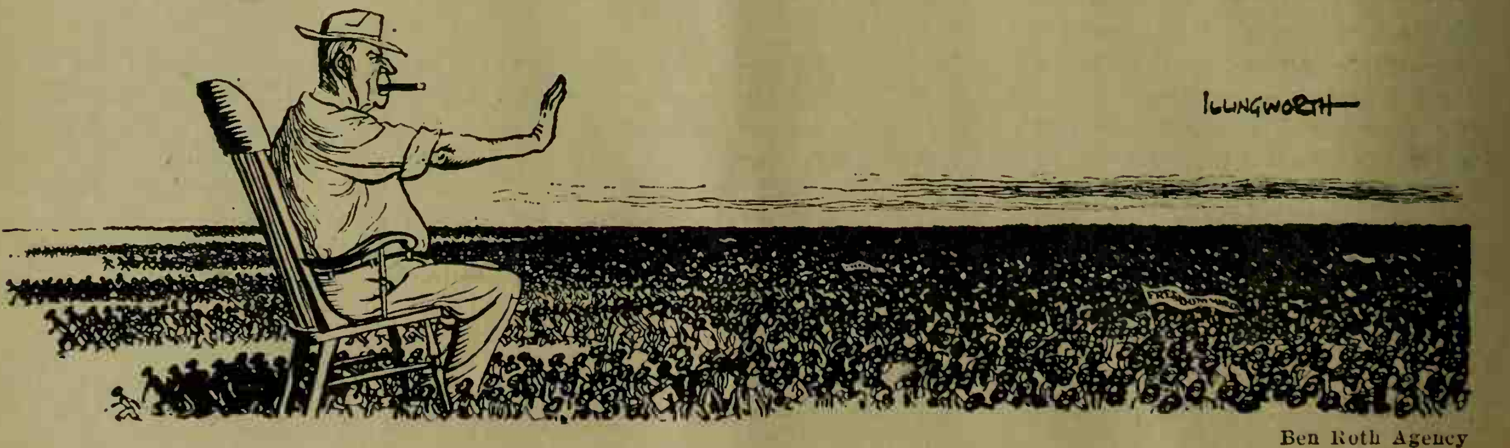
A rise in this theoretical nation's income could occur only with a drastic reduction of its functional illiteracy, an enormous retraining of its workers, wholesale improvements in its housing, a plummeting of its relief rolls, marked decreases in unemployment, illegitimacy and crime and juvenile delinquency rates and, best of all, a reversal of presently falling living standards and of socially undesirable and harmful conduct. In short, the nation would move toward white American standards. Foreign aid would have served its exact purpose: It would have assisted a friendly, underdeveloped country and it would simultaneously have benefited the American economy.

Even though our example creaks at the joints because Negroes aren't residents on some foreign shore, but are in fact Americans scattered throughout our own country, there is nevertheless a quickening demand for some sort of internal Marshall Plan designed to close the gap between them and other Americans. "The U.S. must learn to look upon the Negro community as if it were an underdeveloped country," *Fortune* magazine commented in March, 1962. James Farmer, director of CORE, recently proposed a gigantic federal public-works program to provide jobs for Negroes, containing provisions for education and retraining, with the explanation that such a program would "stimulate the economy," improve schools, provide housing and other facilities for those in need, and give factual substance to the equality aspirations of the President's civil-rights program.

Whitney Young, executive director of the National Urban League, has consistently urged a crash program to ameliorate the Negro's social and economic plight and, on June 9, the League's board, which is moderate by popular standards, passed a special resolution saying that "The National Urban League challenges the responsible leadership of our country to undertake a massive 'Marshall Plan' approach of intensified special effort to close the wide economic, social and educational gap which separates the large majority of Negro citizens from other Americans." Pauli Murray, lawyer-author, has told Radcliffe alumni that "If the United States can spend billions of dollars in foreign aid to help bring less-developed countries abreast of the modern age, it can at least offer comparable assistance to a deprived sector of its own citizenry. We need an 'Operation Bootstrap' which engages in a massive national effort to raise the hopes and standards of the forgotten part of our population. . . ."

The proposals for an aid program do not indicate disagreement with the President's civil-rights program. Rather, there is enthusiastic support for it combined with concern that Negroes do not wind up with a mouthful of civil rights while living in hovels and subsisting on relief or starvation wages. The aim of an aid program is to close the social, economic and educational gap that yawns between white and Negro Americans.

The gap, about which everybody is talking, is wide and deep. The median annual income for the Negro family today is $3,233 compared to $5,835 for whites — a gap of some 45 per cent. The unskilled, semi-skilled and service workers account for 75 per cent of all Negro workers, as compared to 39 per cent for whites. The Department of Labor said in March that "In 1962 non-whites (mainly Negroes) made up 11 per cent of the civil labor force, but 22 per cent of the unemployed . . . an unemployment rate over twice that of white workers." In 1962 the unemployment rate for non-whites 14 to 19 years of age stood at 21 per cent for boys, 28 per cent for girls; the comparable figures for white boys and girls was 12 per cent. Negro youngsters constitute about 15 per cent of the youth population be-


ILLINGWORTH—

Ben Roth Agency

tween 16 and 21, but 50 per cent of the unemployed and out-of-school youths between those ages are Negroes. Leon Keyserling told the NAACP this summer that 22 per cent of the nation's hard-core poverty is concentrated in the Negro 10 per cent of the population.

One in every six Negro dwelling units is substandard as compared to one in 32 for whites; Negroes occupy 47 per cent of the nation's public housing. One in every four Negro women with pre-school children is working away from her home; only 7 per cent of 1960's high school graduates were Negroes; and in that year, 21 per cent of the school dropouts were Negroes. President Kennedy summed up these statistics in his civil-rights message:

> *The Negro baby born in America today, regardless of the section of the nation in which he is born, has about one-half as much chance of completing a high school as a white baby, one-third as much chance of completing college, one-third as much chance of becoming a professional man, twice as much chance of becoming unemployed, about one-seventh as much chance of earning $10,000 a year, a life expectancy which is seven years shorter, and the prospects of earning only half as much.*

The figures are alarming enough, but the trends are worse: they are ominous. The gap between Negro median family income and that of whites increased from 43 per cent in 1952 to 45 per cent in 1960. The gap in white-Negro unemployed rates has increased since 1957 and unemployment spells tend to last longer among Negro workers than among whites. Non-white workers, who represented 11 per cent of the labor force and 22 per cent of the unemployed, accounted for 26 per cent of the long-term unemployed — which means that many of them are permanently jobless. The Department of Labor notes that during recovery periods in employment, "There is a definite lag in the recovery of unemployment rates among non-whites. . . . For non-white workers the recovery not only came later; it was also less vigorous. . . . Once [the non-white worker] loses his job he is less likely to be recalled or to find another." Non-white girls have a much higher unemployment rate than any other group in the entire labor force, and the trend in that respect is accelerating. The number of Negroes on aid programs is on the upswing, both absolutely and in percentage comparison.

I have cited these statistics at tiresome length because they are unknown, indeed not even guessed at, by the average American. When he is confronted with them, the man of good will is apt to jump to the easy conclusions that if we can just wipe out existing racial inequalities and give the Negro an even-steven chance from now on, we will have solved the problem. The disturbing truth, as Eli Ginzberg of Columbia has pointed out, is that "If the color barriers could be eliminated overnight, that fact alone would not materially improve the position of the Negro." The increase in the Negro unemployment rate in states with enforceable, and enforced, fair-employment statutes points up that observation. Fair employment is unavailing without the compensation of full employment. Secretary of Labor William Wirtz puts the case that "It will be a hollow victory if we get the 'Whites Only' signs down only to find 'No Vacancies' signs behind them. It is essential that we solve this unemployment problem for all workers, white and non-white." That is good as far as it goes, but there is more to it than that.

If we got the "Whites Only" and "No Vacancies" signs down tomorrow, employment would still be stratified, with a grossly disproportionate number of whites at the top and an equally disproportionate number of Negroes in the lower reaches of the laboring force. Full employment would stimulate and step up automation with its inevitable disemployment of workers in the unskilled and menial categories —where Negroes are concentrated. Of course, *if* we sustained full employment long enough, and *if* we rid the nation of racial discrimination and *if* Negroes got the requisite training and education, we could ultimately attain our ideal of man-to-man employment equality and clear up the backlog of problems in housing, urban residence and other social relationships. That would take several generations and we are running out of time. The question is how we can speed up the process.

In the case of the underdeveloped nations, we have decided as a matter of national policy that it is to our best interest to accelerate their growth and development, partially because of our moral commitment to help our neighbors and partially because we think it is good business. Those same considerations plus the understandable desire for equality on the part of Negroes undergird suggestions for a "Marshall Plan" to aid Negroes as a group in our internal society. However, the suggestion is more easily made than formulated as a workable plan.

At the threshold we are met with the ironic circumstance that governmental assistance to a racial group, as such, runs counter to equalitarian constitutional principles. The guarantees of our Constitution accrue to *persons*, not to groups. The Civil War Amendments, the Great Charter of Negro rights, were enacted in an effort to wipe out the racial distinctions found to be embodied in the original Constitution by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. The Supreme Court restored the Dred Scott dogma of constitutional sanction of race distinctions by the *Plessy* case holding in 1896, and subsequent separate-but-equal decisions, with the ruling that the states, and inferentially the national government, could classify citizens on the basis of race and restrict the individual right to use state facilities on the basis of the classification. Thus we got Negro schools, Negro parks, Negro regiments and the whole gamut of Negro institutions through the use of racial classificatory schemes. The controversial civil-rights decisions of the past three decades amount to nothing more than Supreme Court rulings that the states may *not* use racial classification, direct or indirect, as the basis for school assignments, access to the ballot box, use of a public park or seating arrangements in a bus. Public-accommodation statutes, or fair-housing or fair-employment laws, simply interdict the use of racial classification by the innkeeper, the landlord or the employer in the selection of customers, tenants or employees. Color blindness is enjoined on the federal government, the states and private individuals. In theory the rule works both ways:

Benefits can no more be bestowed on a racial basis than burdens imposed because of color.

However, three hundred years of imposition of disabilities because of race have presented us with a condition and not a theory. The National Urban League resolution grapples with the thorny problem by asserting that special help for Negroes "which may appear to be in conflict with the principle of equal treatment for all, is required to overcome the damaging effects of generations of deprivation and denial and to make it possible for the majority of American Negroes to reach the point at which they can compete on a basis of equality in the nation's increasingly complex and fast moving industrial economy." A way out of the constitutional impasse may be found through use of the principle embodied in federal legislation designed to assist depressed areas and defense-impacted communities.

Sprawling Negro ghettos in every large and small city, with their chronic unemployment, their over-representation on relief rolls, their crime and juvenile-delinquency problems, and their need for education *are* depressed areas which do not qualify for aid under existing legislation because they are lumped in with advantaged sections of their cities to take the larger community out of the depressed-area classification. Legislation which extended the depressed-area label to geographic sections of metropolitan complexes could bring Negro communities within a permissible constitutional classification because race would not be an ostensible basis. Since 72 per cent of the nation's Negroes live in urban areas, almost three-fourths of the Negro population could be reached in this manner. Rural poverty and deprivation are largely concentrated in the South's black-belt counties, and an extension of the depressed-area concept to include rural areas could conceivably include them.

Finding a constitutional way to extend aid to Negroes as such does not solve other problems inherent in the Marshall Plan racial proposals. *Fortune* did not spell out the workings of its proposal that the "U.S. . . . look upon the Negro community as an underdeveloped country." Farmer's "massive public works" program is simply an injunction to use the depression recipe of made-work to build "schools, highways, houses" and other needed facilities with complementary programs to educate Negroes. The Urban League skirts the public-works idea and calls for the "cooperative effort of many social agencies, both public and private"; it urges "government, philanthropic foundations, business and industry" to reassess "the extent of their financial support to established organizations committed to securing equal opportunity for Negro citizens" and it proposes the assignment of the "best" teachers and other such persons to schools and public facilities in Negro communities. In another sector where the subject of "special" aid to Negroes is never mentioned, but where it lurks beneath the surface, President Kennedy and a number of state governors have urged searching examinations of public service, both to step up Negro recruitment and to correct the present dismal civil-service practices that freeze Negroes in the bottom rungs of employment. They have also used pressures to compel the employment of Negroes by public-works contractors and their admission to unions controlling such employment.

There is no use blinking the fact that all of these proposals contemplate what the *Fortune* article bluntly called "positive discrimination" and what the more polite call "compensatory action to overcome serious racial disabilities resulting from historic handicaps." (India calls a similar prescription to aid lower castes "preferential equality.") Opponents call it "segregation in reverse" or "compensatory discrimination." Call it what you will, the fact is that the nation has been presented with a bill for the cost of three centuries of exclusion of Negroes from the main current of American life. We made a few minuscule token payments almost a century ago when we established the Freedmen's Bureau after the Civil War, but decided to let the debt ride after a short, seven-year experiment. Principal and accrued interest, at compound rates, are now due.

There seems to be no escape from government sponsorship in this matter through some kind of public-works program to be mapped out with the same care with which we extend, or say we extend, foreign aid to build dams or other internal improvements that will help the body politic of the underdeveloped nation. Renovation of decaying Negro ghettos will not only better the housing conditions of Negroes, but attract whites back into the city proper to batter at residential segregation. And of course there is sound warrant for programs to lift the educational level of Negro adults and children alike, with the term education used in its widest sense to cover academic learning and training to fit the pupil, adult or child, for active participation in the economic structure of the country. There is much to be done in retraining and apprentice programs. Governmental expenditures won't be enough; there must be governmental leadership to enlist business and industry and the whole range of voluntary organizations in finding ways to recruit Negroes into the industrial and economic aspects of our social order.

Any such proposal, especially with its overtones of compensation for past deprivations, is bound to rouse bitter opposition, ranging from principled objections to more government intrusion into private business and added bureaucracy, through whites and Negroes who will fear reduction of Negroes to wardship of the federal government, and on to those who have a stake, fancied or real, in perpetuating the present racial stratification. The best possibility for selling the program, as the phrase goes, would lie in a demonstration that governmental expenditures would stimulate the economy to a degree that it would spur us toward our full-employment goal and that, as momentum was gathered through private participation, we could see a reasonable probability of both a drastic reduction in unemployment and an accretion to the gross national product. Unfortunately, nobody can *demonstrate* that supposition. What is apparent is that our economy does need a shot in the arm.

The nation has been embarked on a fairly brisk expansion which has now lasted about as long as any postwar recovery, but we haven't been able to cope with the unemployment problem. Heller explains

(Continued on page 168)

The Pain of Being Unbound

AFRICA UNBOUND. By Alex Quaison-Sackey. Frederick A. Praeger. 174 pp. $4.95 cloth; $1.95 paper.
THE MIND OF AFRICA. By William E. Abraham. University of Chicago Press. 206 pp. $4.
POEMS FROM BLACK AFRICA. Edited by Langston Hughes. Indiana University Press. 158 pp. $4.95.

Ezekiel Mphahlele

Africa's common preoccupations in this half of the twentieth century are the struggle for liberation, the unity of her peoples, non-alignment in the cold war, and the desire to see the United Nations become more and more an instrument for the liberation of man and a just arbiter in world conflicts. Mr. Alex Quaison-Sackey, Ghana's delegate to the UN, treats of these preoccupations in *Africa Unbound.* No one can accuse him of lack of confidence in the ability of Africa to project a coherent personality in world affairs. Indeed it is this admirable confidence and persistent enthusiasm that Ghana injects into world affairs in general and African problems in particular, and Mr. Quaison-Sackey's book is the embodiment of these Ghanaian traits.

The author sketches in broad lines the independence movement in Africa, and the two main conferences that Ghana called with a view to forging the unity of African states. Both of these—the Accra Conference of Independent States and the All-African People's Conference—were held in 1958, three years after Bandung, but nothing in the form of a permanent organization arose from them. The chief reason for this was that African states soon split into blocs and all energy was dissipated. Also, too many countries were still not free, and the conference's ambition to meet yearly did not reckon with the fact that the freedom movements had neither the time nor the money to send their leaders to Pan-African meetings. The Pan-African Freedom Movement of East and Central Africa was more realistic because it was a functional body that concentrated on clearing the pockets of white supremacy in particular areas.

But Ghana need not feel despondent because even the last Addis Ababa conference failed to effect the political unity President Nkrumah has been urging from the start. Perhaps such a union is not even desirable. It is a big enough undertaking to focus Africa's resources on routing white supremacy and racism; it is enough that practical problems like customs, communication, economic and cultural affairs can now be tackled by appropriate unified agencies.

Mr. Quaison-Sackey lays heavy emphasis on the "African Personality." He sees it as an ideal which cannot yet be defined; but that does not prevent him from stating its role in definite terms. It is, he says, the cultural expression of what is common to all peoples whose homes are on the Continent of Africa.

The author sees *négritude* and the African Personality as complementing each other. *Négritude,* he rightly observes, is an "exile," it does not have its roots in Africa; whereas the African Personality is geographically limited to the black continent. The African Personality "seeks first to find itself before it attempts to seek reconciliation, and takes action, creative action, in trying to realize the dreams of Negritude." *Négritude* on the other hand, he says, stresses a common conditioning, a common cultural background, and seeks to reconcile Negro culture with Western culture. Whatever the difference between these two, Mr. Quaison-Sackey justifiably warns the people of African descent in the Western Hemisphere to "continue to strive for the equality that cannot be separated from human dignity . . . in the country in which they live." They must, he adds, maintain their bonds with Africa.

What is it that leads a man to speak of *The Mind of Africa?* William Abraham, Associate Professor of Philosophy at Ghana University and the first African to be made Fellow of All Souls at Oxford, is prompted to this title by his belief that there is a world view to which African religion and theology, morality and social organizations and all other central concepts can commonly be related. His model is his own people, the Akan of Ghana. One key concept of the Akan is their view of wrong and sin. They hardly distinguish between the two, in the way the West tries to separate them: "sin was the counterpart in human activity of contradiction in human thinking. Since contradiction paralyzes thought, it follows that sin or evil would be heavily punished." On the other hand, he argues, the result of the growth of science in the West has been that morality comes to be based on that "complex which suits men in their present circumstances, or on the consensus of human opinion. A sort of utilitarianism and naturalism in ethics would then be almost inevitable. Politics come to emphasize institutions with but scant mention of their ideals."

The differences the author points out between modern European art and traditional African art with its symbolic and functional character are all valid. But I think Mr. Abraham oversimplifies the unity of African cultures. It is quite clear that there are points of identity like communal responsibility, the irreducible essence of man, or the idea of "being" as the center of life — life as an end in itself, and so on. But why we need a Pan-African "policy" deriving from the heritage of Africa so that "solutions validated within such a policy could be found to the advantage of . . . natural unity . . . to give Africa a continental outlook," we are not told. One would have thought that individual African nations had more than enough to cope with in the cultural development of their own peoples without having at the same time, at any rate initially, to waste time and money subscribing to a cultural policy that seeks to ram everything into a continental mode. Is the Muslim North also included in this policy?

This reviewer's experience indicates that, except for Ghana, governments are not enough interested in cultural activity to devote attention and money to sponsor it. And often we advance sentiments of international African solidarity to conceal national inertia and apathy, thinking at the same time that we can exorcise some intangible, ill-defined "'cultural neo-colonialism"

Ezekiel Mphahlele is the director of the African program for the Congress for Cultural Freedom. He is the author of The African Image *(Praeger); an autobiography,* Down Second Avenue *(Faber), and numerous short stories.*

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merely with our corporate blackness. The real test of what we can make of our urban and rural cultures in confrontation with modern techniques, economic systems and mass media is to found in our national endeavor: in cultural projects that involve communities at different levels of sophistication, so that culture is not just for an elite class, or merely something to talk about, or merely ideological posturing. Ghana's endeavor to expose the masses to cultural activity under complete state control, and Nigeria's through the nongovernmental Mbari writers' and artists' clubs of Ibadan and Enugu, and South Africa's Union Artists with its music and drama school and its machinery to run an equity for musicians are the kind of test I mean. Soon Kenya is to follow, and so far the success in each area has been tremendous. Until such foundations have been established, a Pan-African policy will only reduce culture to conference papers. Nor is the author unaware of this danger, because he says, "nothing could be more disastrous for Africa than that a false general attempt should be made [to promote Pan-Africanism]." This does not, of course, argue against the necessity for a Pan-African organization to tackle other problems.

Mr. Abraham has clearly posed the dilemma of the African intellectual: his dual loyalty — to the nationalist cause and to the fellowship of intellectuals the world over. One thing is evident, and the author implicitly warns the outside world about it: no one should demand of the African intellectual that he join in the quarrels, the preoccupations and concerns of the Western world simply because he is an intellectual. For these concerns arise from common reflexes that are based on Western culture, and the African does not share them. A thesis on the African intellectual is yet to be written.

Langston Hughes oversimplifies when he says in a foreword to his anthology, *Poems from Black Africa*: "The best of the black poets writing today in English or French in Africa south of the Sahara are not so much propagandists for African nationalism, as they are spokesmen for variations of *négritude* — a word the French-speaking writers have coined to express a pride in and a love of the African heritage, physically, spiritually and culturally." A good deal of the poetry inspired by *négritude* is thoroughly dull and rhetorical. If by variations of *négritude* Mr. Hughes simply means the African experience, it is hardly worth mentioning that out of it the African creates much more meaningful poetry than what he might write out of an experience he does not share. But the members of the *négritude* school, which is French-speaking, go further and argue that their physical, spiritual and cultural pride is a protest against colonialism and that there is such a thing as *un style négro-africain;* that they write to a program.

The English-speaking poet is much more self-confident. Thus, when Gabriel Okara, one of the best Nigerian poets, protests:

> *In your ears my song*
> *is motor car misfiring*
> *stopping with a choking cough;*
> *and you laughed and laughed*
> *and laughed,*

he slides into flabby rhetoric. Not so when, without striking an attitude, he abandons himself to the clash and fusion of piano and drum music,

> *And I, lost in the morning mist*
> *of an age at a riverside, keep*
> *wandering in the mystic rhythm*
> *of jungle drums and the concerto.*

John Pepper Clark, another of Nigeria's best poets, is not the less powerful because he writes about a dancer instead of railing against his colonial past:

> *Tremulous beats wake trenchant*
> *In a heart a descant*
> *Tingling quick to her finger tips*
> *And toes virginal habits long*
> *Too atrophied for pen or tongue.*

On the other hand, one cannot help asking oneself what Bloke Modisane's concentrated blackness has to do with the mixture of sorrow, and happiness, hatred and joy, and so on. Yet when he describes his loneliness, one can hear it scream, and the message is direct. A. C. Jordan asserts his human dignity and not his Negro-ness when he tells the white man that he might as well

> *tell the mother hen*
> *Who sits on her brood*
> *Not to peck at the mongrel*
> *That sniffs at her young,*

as ask a black man to submit humbly to dispossession.

The Ghanaian poets that move one most in this collection are Andrew Amankwa Opoku (with his epic of a river) and Kwesi Brew ("Ancestral Faces"). The latter poem is moving not simply because of its intrinsic *négritude* theme. Its experience and idiom are compact, its visual effects vivid. While the black man of the present age dances, the ancestors

> . . . *gazed and*
> *Sweeping like white locusts*
> *through the forests*
> *Saw the same men, slightly*
> *wizened,*
> *Shuffle their sandalled feet to the*
> *same rhythms.*
> *They heard the same words of*
> *wisdom uttered*
> *Between puffs of pale blue smoke*
> *They saw us and said:*
> They have not changed!

The French-speaking poets have sucked the ancestor theme dry, but they have never been able to communicate it with such economy of language and with such visual effect.

It is not that the poetry inspired by *négritude* must necessarily let us down. There is much of this —"black pride," the pulsating of the "dark blood," fingers bleeding on the Khalam instrument, naked feet, sword-blade breasts, wives supple as palm trees, the vultures of white civilization — that can weave exciting myths around us. But what are we to say when poets are forever amazed to discover that Africa also has beautiful women, when they see Harlem as a projection of Africa, when Francis Ernest Kobina Parkes of Ghana still moans in a free country that he cannot control his own waking and dreaming and therefore cannot make his "voice heard in the wrangling for mankind's soul"? What are we to say of Parkes when he imagines that in "the new dawn"

> *The mighty are no more*
> *Cassocks are no more*
> *Sceptres no more?*

This view of Africa fails to observe corrupt black men in cassocks, oppression and assassination of blacks by blacks (instigated by white imperialists, maybe?), black vengeance, black violence. It presents only half the story of Africa, often a romanticized image of a continent that is still innocent, pure, cheerful, and misses the nuances of a continent in the process of being unbound. It pretends that blackness is the only passport a Negro requires to be accepted among Negroes; it pretends that the only agony Africa will ever have known is that of being colonized and bound, and refuses to recognize the agony of change, of living with freedom, which still lies ahead.

However, barring such light pieces as Peter Abraham's prose and one or two flat translations of oral poetry, Langston Hughes has put together a most interesting collection, and must be commended for his service to African literature.

The New Wayfarers

THE GROUP. By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace & World. 378 pp. $5.95.

Robert Kiely

What Chaucer did for the fourteenth-century English pilgrim, Mary McCarthy has done for the Vassar girl of 1933. The section of society Miss McCarthy has chosen to cut through obviously limits her field, but one of the virtues of *The Group* is that it is an unassuming and economically constructed novel which displays a brilliance for the particular, rather than symbolic, bombast for the universal. And this without a trace of apology or pretense from the author. It is never a fatuous book. Even when it succeeds in reaching beyond its own narrative boundaries of time and place, it remains essentially what Miss McCarthy apparently wanted it to be: a period piece.

The wayfarers in *The Group* are eight recent Vassar graduates seeking, in the United States of the thirties, shrines worthy of their worship. There are the common and timeless choices like sex, a "suitable" marriage and money; but there are also possibilities more peculiar, or seemingly peculiar, to the time about which Miss McCarthy is writing: the New Deal, breast-feeding, psychoanalysis, Bolshevism, the theatre as social criticism, and Europe as a place Americans still went to escape America.

Two of the girls — and these are the two Miss McCarthy really cares about — pursue love with that combination of stubbornness, faith and lunacy which often distinguishes the truly committed from those who have just gone along for the ride. In everything save their hope in the reality

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Robert Kiely is an instructor in English at Harvard and assistant senior tutor at Leverett House. He was a contributor to the recent issue of Daedalus *devoted to the contemporary novel.*

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of human love, Miss McCarthy has made these two characters different, even opposite, from each other. Fair-haired Polly Andrews is from a rich, old family in financial decline. Economic reverses have helped make her a benevolent realist, a person of extraordinary common sense who sees and accepts people for what they are. She serves as a reassuring center of sanity and goodness in a book that otherwise would have been decidedly pessimistic. Her faith in love is rewarded by what appears to be the one happy marriage of the group — to the one whole and mentally healthy male in the novel.

Kay Strong, on the other hand, is a dark beauty from the West whose father is a hard-working, but not socially prominent, doctor. She is a romantic dreamer who lives in a world which she creates, like her elaborate recipes, out of the exotic and insubstantial. She marries a young playwright whom she considers a genius in spite of his repeated failure to say or write anything of interest. And it is her inability to see him as the fool, coward and sadist he is that finally destroys her. In Harald Petersen, Mary McCarthy has invented one of the most loathsome characters in recent fiction, but what is much more interesting is the way her own hatred of him is so evident. No authorial voice is heard in direct reproof, yet every page involving him blisters with a fury which is startling and refreshing in this age of the detached viewer and the ambiguous villain.

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Men generally don't fare very well in *The Group*. The amiable ones, like Polly's father and Gus LeRoy, a book publisher, tend to be eccentric or weak-minded; and the rest, whether descended from Nathaniel Hawthorne or a Viking warrior, seem to spend most of their time raging around New York trying to rip the society veneer and tailored clothing off Vassar graduates. The girls all have a fairly hard time trying to correlate sex and love, but given the varieties of male hostility, impotence and indifference with which Miss McCarthy confronts them, that is not hard to understand.

Though the more serious and deeply realized sections of the novel deal with Kay and Polly, it would be inaccurate to call them the main characters. The group itself is the main character and its eight parts are continually being threaded and rethreaded into one another. It is even amusing to think of the group as one body, with cool Elinor Eastlake as the head, Polly and Kay as two halves of the heart, plump "Pokey" Plothero as the stomach, and the gross Norine Schmittlapp taking up the rear. Just as it is not possible to regard all parts of the body with equal seriousness, Miss McCarthy cannot regard all the members of the group with the depth of feeling she extends to the narratives of Polly and Kay. Priss Hartshorn, agonizing over the dilemma of breast-versus-bottle feeding, "Pokey" Plothero, commuting by private plane to Cornell in order to become a veterinarian, and Norine Schmittlapp, switching her "passion" from politics to comparative religion "after Munich," are buffoons, crazy Dickensian caricatures who provide Miss McCarthy's satiric powers with ample exercise.

Partly because of the nature of her subject and partly because of her virtuosity as a writer, Miss McCarthy has chosen a variety of tones to define her characters. Though the narration is in the third person — each girl does not tell her own story — there is a voice heard through every section that echoes the person being described. When, at the beginning of Chapter Eight, for example, we are told that "Libby MacAusland had a spiffy apartment in the Village," we know that "spiffy" is the word Libby would use; from the outset we are getting to know her habits of mind through a kind of osmotic linguistic process. This technique is especially successful in the many comic and

Into the Interior

Mountain, mountain, mountain,
marking time. Each
nameless, wall beyond wall, wavering
redefinition of
horizon.

And through the months. The arrivals
at dusk in towns one must leave at daybreak

— were they
taken to heart, to be seen
always again,
or let go, those faces,

a door half-open, moss
by matchlight on an inscribed stone?

And by day
through the hours that
rustle about one dryly,
tall grass of the savannah

up to the eyes.
No alternative to the
one-man path.

Denise Levertov

satiric parts of the book, where we can hear the ring of old money or provincial snobbery or garbled Freudianism mimicked by the voice of the supposedly objective narrator. But what is gained in quick tonal variation is lost in dramatic intensity. There is a lack of emotional momentum in *The Group* which prevents the tragic conclusion from having real force. Possibly sensing this, Miss McCarthy has contrived a series of ingenious surprises and reversals in her final chapters which are not worthy of what has gone before.

As a whole, *The Group* is a witty, moving, instructive and wise novel — a gem of American social history as well as very good fiction. One can already hear the present generation of graduates from the better women's colleges declaring emphatically that they are *not* like the characters in this book. And since the New Frontier has replaced the New Deal, Jung become more fashionable than Freud, and everything is "suave" rather than "spiffy," they will, of course, be perfectly right.

A Kind of Revolt

A PRECOCIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Translated by Andrew R. MacAndrew. E. P. Dutton & Co. 124 pp. $3.50.

Hayden Carruth

There is not much real autobiography in this book. Evidently the work was begun as an introduction to translations of Yevtushenko's poems, an attempt to tell Western readers something about the circumstances in which they had been written. But the poet found he needed more space than an introduction would allow. What he has here is an essay which, though still rather short, constitutes a full self-defense and, at the same time, a plea for his country. Of necessity the essay is stitched to the main events of the poet's life, but these are never accented. In fact, Yevtushenko appears altogether a more modest and less flamboyant fellow than we had been led to believe by the publicity given him during the past two or three years.

Solely on the basis of internal evidence, I suspect the English title was not Yevtushenko's responsibility. Beyond that, I am 90 per cent convinced that the essay is naive. If, as I think, the only adequate definition of rebellion and revolution in our time has been given by Camus, then Yevtushenko, like other Marxist writers, is tediously old-fashioned. He quite unashamedly uses such terms as "ideology," the "heroic struggle for the future," the "religion of the revolution." He again and again affirms his devotion to the concepts of 1919. His enemies — Stalin and the toadies and time servers of the Stalinist bureaucracy — are castigated only for their suppression of the revolutionary ideal; that is to say, for their

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Hayden Carruth's most recent collections of poetry are The Norfolk Poems *(Prairie Press) and* Journey to a Known Place *(New Directions).*

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falling away from Leninism. Lenin himself is absolutely unquestioned; Marx and Engels stand silently and patriarchally in the background; Trotsky is still referred to in orthodox terms as an "opportunist."

In other words, Yevtushenko appears to be an unquestioning Communist who simply wants a return to the austerity, purity and fervor of 1919. In 1963 he still sees nothing of the implacable catastrophe lurking in the revolution. "A Communist," he says, "is a man who puts the people's interests above his own, but who, at the same time, would never wantonly squander human lives in the name of those interests." For me, at least, the inference is inescapable that the expenditure of human lives is perfectly all right so long as it isn't wanton.

I do not believe for a moment that if Yevtushenko somehow were to find himself in a position of authority in Russia, he would become another Stalin. Yet there is nothing in his autobiography to rule out this possibility. Should we have expected more from his essay? No, of course not; Yevtushenko is a poet, not a political scientist. He was born and educated in a society which prohibited free inquiry, and his schooling, according to his account, was sketchy. But one can't help being depressed by the renewed evidence of failure to understand. History repeats itself — what could be more dismal? The new wave of revolutionaries is like all the old, acclaiming the chaste past, exalting the triumphant future, suffering the present like a wound.

But even though Yevtushenko's essay seems a very pat specimen of that peculiar form of Marxist literature in which one praises one's own revolutionary piety while condemning the deviations of one's enemies, it still is a far more charming, even more eloquent, piece than most of the genre. Interesting and important, too — one can't deny that in the present context of world affairs. Ultimately, Yevtushenko's reputation will rest on his poems, which is as it should be; but for the present, his largest audience will be for his autobiography, at least in Western Europ and America. This is the bittere anti-Stalinist polemic out of the USS we have been permitted to see, a we find it, like everything about Ru sian politics, fascinating.

Finally, there is my 10 per ce doubt. Actually, the chance that th essay is a calculated exercise in hidd meaning, in which the author h buried an outright and sophisticat condemnation underneath a naive a "constructive" criticism, is a good de less than one in ten. But consid this: the term "dialectical materi ism" is used only once and then scornfully coupled with the gross kind of anti-Semitism; on the oth hand, the words "spirit" and "spiritu appear often, and there are a numb of covert Biblical references. In a case, Yevtushenko's control sometim slips; he veers toward outright c demnation of the Soviet system, th quickly covers his steps with a n avowal of revolutionary zeal or anti-bourgeois platitude.

Recently, because of this book well as his other writing and spe ing, Yevtushenko has been in l water at home. One can only, w a whole heart, wish him all good lu

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LETTER from PAGAN

Donald Rich

Like Ankhor, Pagan is an ancient and desolate city; unlike Ankhor, however, it has never been forgotten—it is just not clearly remembered. Eight miles long, four miles deep, it lies on the arid plain stretched along the Irrawaddy in middle Burma. It is difficult of access, has never had any celebrated travelers, and has not once been called one of the wonders of the ancient world.

And yet it is—for this area of thirty-two square miles, this once great sacred city, holds nearly a thousand of the most tremendous pagodas, stretching one behind the other to the horizon, each hundreds of feet high, sitting like gigantic chessmen on a board, like blades of grass in a lawn.

It is a stupefying sight—it is a thousand Cheops' pyramids, it is Yucatan stripped of jungle and grown tenfold, it is all the *wats* of Cambodia heaped together. As beautiful as Chartres, as fantastic as Mont St. Michel, e pagoda climbs against the sky, add to this fantastic congress of buildi , this architectural marvel, this ne unbelievable vision of the anc t world.

Here in dimly remembered Pa , Buddhism first entered the Far E , in the ninth century, shortly after e first of these temple-towers was b . Twenty-one kings reigned in s sacred city until it was destroyed the thirteenth century by Kublai Kh . Marco Polo was in Cathay then d remembers the expedition but did t know where it went. The powe f Pagan, a capital of those states v Burma, was broken, but the plac mained—one could no more des y these massive towers than one c d the pyramids.

The few archaeologists who e visited the city have discovered in e temple-towers a fantastic legacy n India; for these enormous rem s, strewn along the riverside, const e a history of Buddhist architec . Some of the pagodas are bell-sha l,

---

Donald Richie, novelist and film critic, is now in Germany, having presented the Yasujiro Ozu Retrospective at the XIII Berlin Film Festival.

like those in Ceylon, raised on enormous bases above the ground; others, like those in Benares and Mirzapoor, are the bluff-knobbed, terraced wedding cakes of medieval India; while others are the pumpkin-like towers still being erected in Thailand and Cambodia.

Here was the Buddha's first home in this part of the world, but here — as always — he kept lodgings with the indigenous gods, the *nats* and *bilus*, spirits and demons, wholly animistic, local to Southeast Asia. As Shinto and Buddhism go side by side in Japan, sharing attributes, sharing the pious, so here, the white-faced, gold-eyed *nats* guard the octagonal center cell which contains the Buddha, while the tusked or fanged *bilus* preside benignly over corridors of marvelous, fading but still preserved, frescoes, scenes from the life of Buddha, filled with hunting, dancing, torture, singing, death and love-making.

Each of these tremendous pagodas consists of two lofty and concentric corridors, interspersed with passages leading to the hard center of the building, that enormous cell in which stands the Buddha. Above will be another terrace, more corridors, more passages, each terrace growing smaller until finally the tower is reached. Both outside and in are the stairways, straight up like stone ladders, the plastered roofs folded like long linen canopies, or coiled, spiral staircases, looking Romanesque but of the purest white lime-plaster. And each corridor, each staircase, is punctuated with high, wide windows, tunneling through yards of masonry, to let in light and air.

It is this that gives the temples of Pagan their peace. In Yucatan, in the pyramids, one believes in death, it is arranged that you should. And the crushing darkness inside Cheops, hundreds of yards of stone pressing against you, quite cunningly suggests what death itself must be. But in the towers of Pagan, even at the center, light enters, milky, pure, carried as though by aqueduct, horizontal light reflected by a score of white cemented walls. No matter how hot the day, these towers are cool at the heart, for the openings catch the breeze, as do the wind towers of Ispahan.

The city, though desolate, is not deserted. There are villages among the towers and many brown-skinned, orange-robed priests with shaved heads and bare feet. Busloads of them come to the main temples, newly plastered a blinding white: the great Ananda with its flowered terraces, Mahabodhi with its golden spire burning in the sun, Lawkahtipan or Shwesandaw, inhabited by schools of monks, children, goats and the great, grave Burmese cats.

They look and act like local tourists, but a better word would be pilgrims because before the squatting and the talking and the sucking of sections of sweet sugar cane, all take flowers or lighted resin candles to the

Villanelle of the Sinister Committee

The sinister committee has already made up its mind.
It didn't need these witnesses and files.
It's sure to find the proof it hoped to find

of nimble enemies, clever and unkind,
spying disguised in lyingly innocent smiles.
The sinister committee has already made up its mind

that evil documents were sealed and signed,
that there are photographs and coded wiles.
It's sure to find the proof it hoped to find.

Though few informed, though others have declined
to testify, and so are kept in jails,
the sinister committee has already made up its mind.

As Inquisitions easily divined
and tortured dissenters in various interesting styles,
it's sure to find the proof it hoped to find.

It's difficult for this committee not to remind
some critics — like a history — of such trials.
The sinister committee has already made up its mind.
It's sure to find the proof it hoped to find.

Harold Witt

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heart of the temple they have chosen. Here stands the Buddha in one of his many incarnations, covered with gold leaf, often a circlet of local rubies around his head. The statue is tremendous, fifty, one hundred feet high, his feet lost in golden gloom and smoke, but his face gently illuminated from the sky.

Nothing changes in Pagan. The favored temples get new gold leaf from the faithful and the ruined—like the marvelous Hitlominlo, a brick-red pile set in red clay, a tremendous ruined fruitcake of a tower, old Babylon itself, crammed with cool and dusty and deserted cells, its frescoes hanging in ribbons from the ceilings and stirring in the faint breeze—remain as they have for centuries.

A few things change. At the Bu Pagoda, the oldest in Pagan, and rising half out of the river itself, I looked up and saw a yellow-robed priest who seemed to be fishing; I could see the rod very plainly. After I had climbed up, however, I saw that he had his ear bent to a transistor radio.

A transistor at Ise, or in Knossos, there it might jar the romantic, but not in Pagan. Size makes style and the diversity within this forest of pagodas is quite reconciled to sheer mass. This amazing sight, this forest of a city, seemingly diverse, is completely unified by its very size, by its very purpose. To one who goes there today it speaks as clearly as it did a thousand years ago.

Pagan is still difficult but no longer impossible to reach. Every Sunday there is a flight on Union of Burma Airways leaving at 6 A.M. which gets to Nyaong-U, the airport near Pagan, an hour and a half later. It would be wise to hire one of the jeeps at the airport for the tour. The return flight leaves at 2 P.M., or one may stay overnight at the guest house (built in honor of the visit of the Prince of Wales) and go to Mandalay the next day, returning from there to Rangoon. Visas to Burma are difficult to obtain, but all tourists may have a seventy-two-hour transit permit. If Sunday falls within that time you may go to Pagan.

(*Continued from page 160*)

that our labor force and our productive potential are growing so fast that we have to run just to stand still. Our total output rose something like $30 billion from the second quarter of last year to the second quarter of this year; yet our unemployment rate went up from 5.5 to 5.8 per cent. We're going to have to pick up speed somehow and it can be argued that government has got to embark on some kind of spending program even if we get the proposed Administration tax cut and it spurs the economy as predicted.

The foreign aid program hasn't borne the expected fruit and, unfortunately, it is lagging more and more as an economic device. Military expenditures. which are such a substantial prop to our present shaky position, are a drag on the economy in the long run. There is no social advantage in pouring billions into overkill as we are doing at the present time. We do know that where racial restrictions have weakened and Negroes have put a foot in the economic door, business has stepped up through an enlargement of buying power in the particular community. We have Heller's informed estimate that merely raising the Negro's income to that of the national level would increase the gross national product by more than $14 billion, a 2.5 per cent rise. If the rise in Negro income were accompanied by an overall increase in national income through the stimulation attendant on satisfaction of consumer needs, we could reasonably forecast a very substantial growth in gross national product, to the consequent advantage of all Americans.

It is well to realize here that government expenditures on a program to benefit Negroes would have to be substantial and would have to partake of what Young calls a "crash" nature in order to produce maximum results. No pinch-penny governmental spending program can make a dent on unemployment, no matter what its object, and the stakes are too high in this case to warrant half-way measures. The question of "how much" would have to be answered by an economist with both eyes open to the desired economic *and* social yield. Deep-running trends of the kind now operative that widen the gap between the majority of Negroes and other Americans can't be reversed without heavy initial outlays of money and effort. Racial unrest is too explosive to permit delay.

Even if the case for overwhelming national economic benefits be discounted to a degree, the stern fact is that the nation must launch a massive drive — call it whatever you will—to close the social, political and economic racial gap that now exists. The national welfare is in jeopardy, weighted down as it is with 10 per cent of the population socially and economically handicapped, too often dependent on public assistance, poorly educated and unable to assume the normal responsibilities of good citizenship. Unless we reverse current trends, we shall soon have a hard-core group lying permanently outside our social order, preyed upon by, and in turn preying upon, our economic and social institutions. The cost may come high, but the choice should not be difficult.

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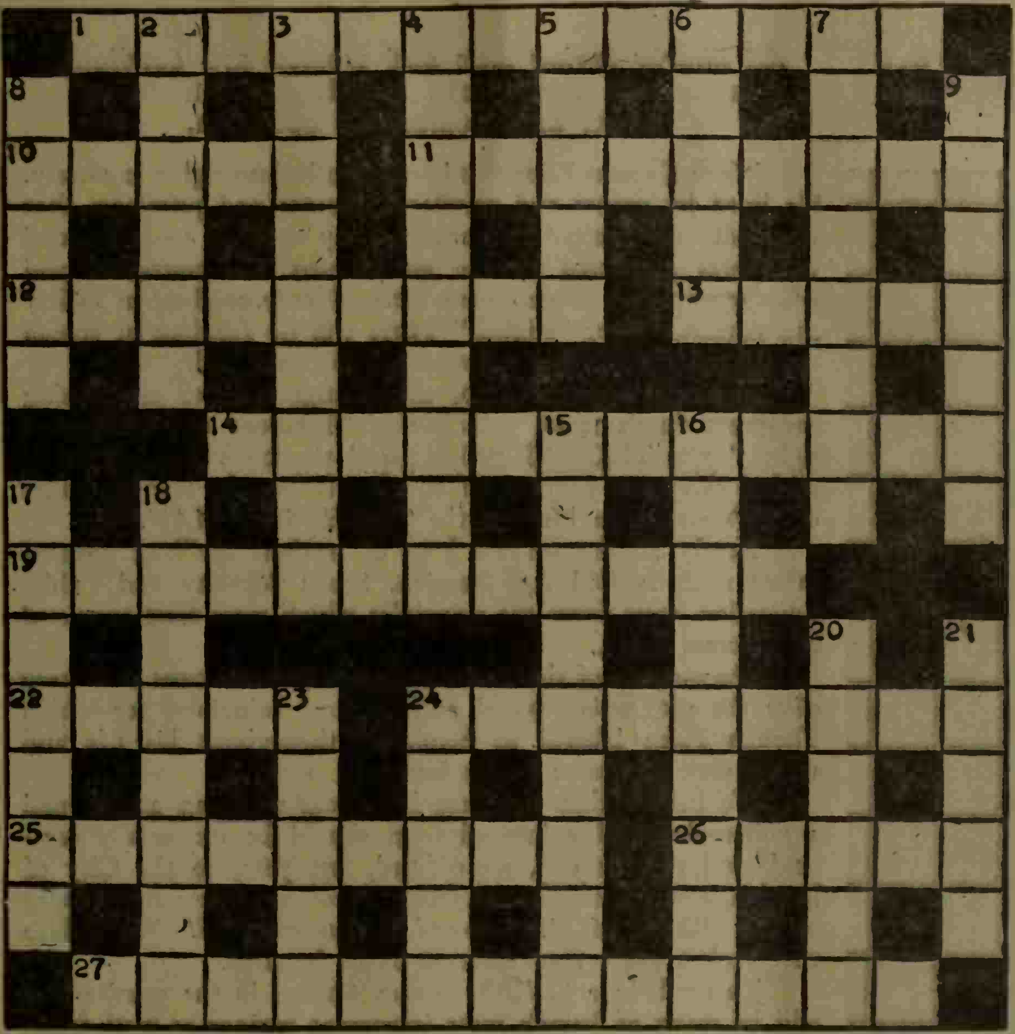
Crossword Puzzle No. 1024

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Where some people fight implies they live nearby. (5, 8)

10 At least one bit of information suggests what some boys like to do with pretty girls! (5)

11 Vox humana, for example, shouldn't come from the bottom of the heart! (5, 4)

12 Bore, perhaps, to speak long and loud inside. (9)

13 What some demonstrators did with the material? (5)

14 Guides unions in trouble, though lacking in sincerity. (12)

19 Bill might display it in almost any religious sect. (12)

24 Being incumbent on the make-up of both a bovine and a hog. (9)

25 The cop might to the robber, as the son might to the father. (4, 5)

26 How beer might be bought is descriptive of the race. (5)

27 Thin gentlemen, but responsible for the imparting of knowledge.

DOWN:

2 The French have such capacity for wines and the like! (6)

3 Is the discussion at one more sober than it used to be? (9)

4 and 22 They certainly set off a man's speech! (9, 5)

5 Fish point of view? (5)

6 Soldiers used to live under strained conditions, by the sound of it. (5)

7 Sometimes displayed by the top of the train, too. (8)

8 Able to be easily taped. (5)

9 Main title associated with buccaneers? (7)

15 Richard tried to cry early in the automotive age. (3, 1, 5)

16 A word introduced in the process of loosing me? (9)

17 Is it the up-and-coming fashion to tie in knots a descendant of Esau? (7)

18 Ideally promises in their description to be like a wild mustang. (8)

20 Pretty, but not as valuable as gold or zinc. (6)

21 One who acts like a common man? (5)

23 Proving I got paddled before by the teacher! (5)

24 Possibly started out with a lot of dough. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1023

ACROSS: 1 Blood vessel; 9 and 16 Brandishes; 11 Vain; 12 Punjabi; 13 Density; 15 Bachelor; 18 Closes; 21, 14 and 10 Skull and crossbones; 24 Pastime; 26 Sopwith; 28 Chow; 29 Houri; 31 Frowardness. DOWN: 2 Longjohns; 4 Vane; 5 Suspend; 6 Eaves; 7 Trauma; 8 and 30 Little Rock; 17 Silkworms; 19 Loathe; 20 Somehow; 22 Utopian; 23 Notice; 25 and 3 Tower of Babel; 27 Purr.

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THOMAS PAINE STATUE

FOR LONDON

All liberty loving men and women are cordially invited to participate in this great historic event and momentous occasion.

This is a picture (greatly reduced in size) of the first model of the Thomas Paine statue to be erected in Thetford, England, the city of Paine's birth, on June 8, 1964, on the 155th anniversary of his death. The completed statue will be nearly 8 feet high, covered with 14 karat gold leaf, on a granite base of 6 feet, and will commemorate the writing of the "Rights of Man," and will symbolize that, "The Pen Is Mightier Than The Sword." Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy of Art, is the sculptor.

When Thomas Paine was born, man had no rights in society. He lived by grants and privileges. Grants and privileges that were not only limited in scope but any attempt to go beyond what was permitted by the government was restrained and severely punished. Government dictated your conduct in society and regulated your "Rights." There was no freedom of speech and to publish without permission was prohibited.

The man responsible for this change and for establishing the great fundamental principle of "Inherent and inalienable rights," was THOMAS PAINE, and the book which accomplished this great purpose, of equality before the law regardless of one's station in life was the *"RIGHTS OF MAN."*

Nearly all the welfare laws of modern civilized governments such as Old Age Pension, Social Security and Public Education, stem from the principles which were first expressed by Thomas Paine.

The purpose of the THOMAS PAINE FOUNDATION is to keep alive the progressive, social and political principles for which Thomas Paine labored so heroically throughout his life and which were expressed in his immortal book.

We believe that the time has come when an author and a philosopher and a humanitarian should be universally honored, and to that end, we offered, last year, to the City of London, a statue of Thomas Paine to commemorate the writing of the "Rights of Man" — *and it was accepted!* We believe that such a great man deserves to be honored.

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> **"Independence is my happiness, and I view things as they are, without regard to place or person. My country is the world, and my religion is to do good."**

These words will speak to generations yet to come.

We consider this a rare opportunity for all lovers and admirers of Thomas Paine to show their appreciation for his invaluable contribution to the freedom of mankind.

Remember, there are no salaried officers of the Thomas Paine Foundation and *all contributions are tax deductable.* The names of all contributors will be recorded on parchment and sealed in the corner stone of the statue. The THOMAS PAINE FOUNDATION, 257 West 38th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

• • • •

• THE THOMAS PAINE FOUNDATION

is a non-profit organization, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, for the purpose of securing for Thomas Paine the recognition which he so richly deserves, for his unselfish and invaluable contributions for the betterment of the human race. The Thomas Paine Foundation has been responsible for the erection of a statue of Thomas Paine in Paris, France, and in Morristown, New Jersey, as well as being responsible for Thomas Paine's election to the New York Hall of Fame. The Thomas Paine Foundation was also responsible for placing a marker on the site where Paine was buried at his home in New Rochelle, N. Y.

• The Thomas Paine Foundation, Inc., is also legally entitled to receive bequests.

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JOSEPH LEWIS, Secretary
THE THOMAS PAINE FOUNDATION
257 West 38th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

Yes, Joseph Lewis, I think Thomas Paine should be honored for his invaluable services to the cause of freedom, and I am sending you, herewith, my contribution of $.................... for the statue to be erected in Thetford, England on June 8, 1964, commemorating the writing of Paine's immortal book the "Rights of Man."

I understand that my contribution is tax deductable.

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TAX CUT: A Dissent **Peter Dorner**

THE NATION

September 28, 1963 . . 35c

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LETTERS

Need for disease?

New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Many physicians (although not yet enough) will confirm Brian Inglis' observations on drugs and their abuse ("The Aspirin Jungle," *The Nation*, Aug. 24). . . . But Inglis moves onto extremely thin ice when he skates away from drugs and attempts a series of teleological figure 8s relating to the "purpose" of disease.

The notion that the non-epidemic diseases represent nature's technique of eliminating the "unfit" has, I should hope, long since been relegated to the same resting place that contains the one about the divine right of kings. Just how much "need" for coronary heart disease or lung cancer will there be, for example, if we apply current knowledge about such man-made hazards as smog, smoking, industrial toxins, lopsided diets, etc.? Should we reverse the successful elimination of pellagra or the control of pernicious anemia in the name of pseudo-eugenics? Do the neuroses and psychoses—which neither kill nor sterilize—aid society to preserve its "fittest"?

Perhaps it is the social structure itself, and not its medical victims, that needs some pruning. . . .

E. Richard Weinerman, M.D.
Associate Professor of Medicine and Public Health, Yale School of Medicine

Vicarious Odyssey

Great Neck, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: This is to thank you for Donald Richie's remarkably observant and vivid articles in *The Nation*, particularly "Letter from Hamburg" (August 24). Mr. Richie is blessed with an unfailing sense of place and time; a collection of his essays in book form would make a memorable vicarious Odyssey through which, in his own words, "those outside can look in" on the temper of a people and an age.

Frank Salomon

Myth and sin

New York City

Dear Sirs: Hilbert Schenck's article ("Myth-Image of the Scientist") in the Sept. 14 issue is too reasonable to leave much room for argument. However, I must take exception to his conclusion that any myth "relieves science of responsibility, of its sense of sin. . . ."

The artificial and admittedly mythical division of science into "pure" and "applied" has nothing to do with the appalling lack of a sense of moral responsibility in our society. . . . We are all worshiping at the altar of indifference—and that does harm, whether it is found among the members of a military court (see Fred Cook's article in the same issue), by the citizen reading a newspaper, an artist perpetrating artistic and intellectual fraud, or a scientist. It is true that indifference and a lack of a sense of responsibility are particularly shocking among the intellectuals who, because of their greater than average intelligence, must accept greater than average responsibility to search for truth and defend right.

Incidentally, the Call for Papers for the 1964 Spring Joint Computer Conference is actually requesting papers on the "social implications of information processing"—I am anxious to see whether the committee will actually accept a discussion of this subject.

Alice Mary Hilton

Recognition for Rustin

Ho-Ho-Kus, N.J.

Dear Sirs: I was gladdened by Harvey Swados' recognition and praise of Bayard Rustin in "Revolution on the March" (*The Nation*, Sept. 7). Incidentally, it was the crowning of a climactic experience for me to come home from the March and read, at 2 A.M., Mr. Swados' moving article on the background of this historic event! . . .

Bayard Rustin is singularly the key figure in this absorbing drama; he is the one most important human being behind the Negro's nonviolent movement, having set the example, laid down the discipline, and delivered the inspiration and courage which all the "name" leaders—and their thousands of unnamed followers—display before the shaken conscience of the world.

One thing not mentioned about Bayard is his singing, which he also has given the movement. For a quarter of a century he's been singing spirituals in a way that awakens the soul and transforms it into the force which now declares, "We shall overcome!"

Dorothy Mock

Grave note

Mexico, D.F.

Dear Sirs: Of all Fred J. Cook's fine articles "The Corrupt Society" [June 18], for my money, is the best. If we aren't careful Mr. K. may bury us after all.

Willard Motley

Cooper Union

New York City

Dear Sirs: In "Disappearance of a Museum" [Sept. 7], David Cort raises many issues with which I sympathize, but he has committed a serious injustice. The Cooper Union School of Engineering is not a "super high school." . . . Roughly 75 per cent of its graduates are accepted by some of the finest graduate schools in the country, a figure few others can match. The School of Engineering has a fine reputation in the industrial and scholastic fields and I feel an apology is due it from Mr. Cort.

Robert Solomon

THE
NATION

Saturday, September 28, 1963
Volume 197, No. 9

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The Nation, Sept. 28, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 9

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

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Congress Isn't Always Wrong

A chronic complaint in American politics is that the procedures of Congress are slow, obsolescent, and better suited to the horse-and-buggy era than to our computer-speed culture. It is also alleged that Congress plays politics with the national destiny, whatever that is. In all of this there is no small amount of truth, but there are times when procrastination almost qualifies as a virtue. Congressional reaction to the President's proposed tax cut is a current instance.

After eight months of gestation, a modified version has emerged, 17 to 8, from the womb of the House Ways and Means Committee. Now the infant must survive the rigors of debate on the House floor, after which it goes to the Senate Finance Committee for surgery under the direction of an old practitioner, Hon. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia. After emerging from the Finance Committee, it must withstand the high winds of Senatorial debate, to be followed possibly by referral back to the House for a joint conference, and so on.

The fact is, however, that if any substantial body of voters really cared, things would move much faster. It is only when Congressmen sense public apathy that they too are apathetic. From this tax bill the overwhelming majority of taxpayers, those in the 20 per cent bracket, will get such modest relief that they are not taking pen in hand to denounce Senators X and Y, and Representative Z, for withholding what the President wants them to have. As far as organs like *The Nation* are concerned, a tax bill without tax reform is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Many citizens are worried about the national debt as well as their own familial debts, and many economists — see Peter Dorner's "Tax Cut: A Dissenting View," p. 171 — have the gravest doubts that a tax cut will actually serve as insurance against a possible recession. The President keeps on saying it, but Presidential advisers have been wrong before.

As for Congressional politicking, it is neither better nor worse than Executive politicking. The Republicans believe that the Democrats, possibly including the President, don't really lust for a tax cut at this time. If the bill fails and next spring brings a recession, the President will be in a position to cast the blame on the Republicans. Democratic passion for a tax cut may rise to a higher pitch next August, say, or as near as possible to the 1964 elections. There is always the chance of a close election and, though the tax cut will be no bonanza for the masses, it may swing some votes.

The conclusion is, then, that the debate can continue at its present pace without grievous consequences. Pro or con, the fate of this measure does not endanger the Republic. The legislators can take their time, and they should.

The Test-Ban Debate

The Senate's deliberations on the test-ban treaty have likewise not been carried on at spaceship speed, but things have been going much better than might have been the case a few years ago. The mood then, on the part of those who favored an agreement, was one of multiple apprehension. The fear was that the superpowers would never agree and if, by the grace of God, they did, that the U.S. Senate would not go along. Clearly, it will. Most of its members want to, and of those who don't, a good many will vote in favor anyway. A third of the Senate must stand for re-election in 1964; Senators also have their fears.

In fact, what was to be the debate of the decade is something of a fizzle. The most irreconcilable opponents show little zest for combat. One would expect Stennis, Russell, Goldwater, et al., to be up there beating their breasts and shouting that this treaty will be ratified over their dead bodies; but nothing of the kind is happening. They aren't even on the Senate floor very much. On the opening day, Stennis delivered his subcommittee's report to the effect that the military and technical position of the United States would be harmed; then he departed. Russell and Goldwater never showed up at all; Goldwater was in Cleveland talking before the Ohio Republican Finance Committee, just possibly campaigning for a higher office than that of Senator. Thurmond gave more time than his colleagues; he was observed wandering in and out.

The opposition is desultory for a very simple reason: in this case the voters *are* interested, and hence danger looms. Donald M. Fraser of Minnesota, a Representative who has no voice in the matter, nevertheless polled his constituents, asking, among others questions, "Do you think the test-ban treaty will or will not strengthen world peace?" and "Do you think the Senate should approve the treaty, or reject it?" Seventy-eight per cent thought it would strengthen world peace; 84 per cent voted for approval.

Whoever votes against the treaty is handing his opponent a gilt-edged issue for 1964. Our two-party system is largely a mirage, but we could have two parties on this one: those who voted for, and those who voted against. *Newsweek* (August 5) quoted an "astute political observer" in a succinct observation before the fact: "It will be a rare Senator who will run next year on an I-voted-to-ban-the-ban platform." Not that the voters expect the lion and the lamb to lie down together, but they want the beginning of a retreat from the brink. They are going to get it.

Get Down to Cases

The President, it is reported, is receiving conflicting advice from his Vietnam experts. It cannot be more conflicting than the comments in the press. All alike can serve only to bedevil him, and he certainly sounds bedeviled. It is impossible to summarize all the viewpoints, but the following probably have the most adherents:

1. "Patience, quiet diplomacy and full military and economic support for South Vietnam are the essential ingredients for a solution" (New York *Herald Tribune*, September 12). That is, act is if nothing had happened. We must sink or swim with the Ngos (perhaps no longer praising them as in the past), for after them comes the deluge.

2. Get rid of the Nhus, who were responsible for the attack on the Buddhist pagodas, but keep Diem, who isn't quite that bad. It won't satisfy the Buddhists, but at least it will relieve President Kennedy of his daily bolus of insults from Mme. Nhu.

3. Get out of Vietnam, period. The Young Democrats of California passed a resolution to this effect, and were jumped on as if they had committed a public obscenity — or worse, as if they were a bunch of Reds.

4. Get out, unless. . . . Or stop aid, unless. . . . Or reduce aid selectively, unless. . . . Ten or more Senators have offered counsel along these lines, but the Ngos (including the Nhu pair) are well entrenched, and the unlesses have slight chance of realization.

None of these proposals can even begin to get us out of the mess. In his September 9 television appearance, the President was at his most ineffectual, but he offered one lead which is worth following up. The problem, he said, was Red China, which, if South Vietnam should fall, he pictured as overrunning Southeast Asia right down to the tip of the Malaysian peninsula. He seemed to forget the Seventh Fleet and other resources he still commands, as well as the traditional enmity between the Vietnamese and the Chinese. However it is quite true that Red China cannot forever be left out of the equation. Sooner or later there must be a diplomatic confrontation between the United States, which has appointed itself the guardian of the area, and the Chinese, who have an enormous population and a formidable army. Suppose, then, the President allowed his mind to resume its normal functioning, and it came up with something like the following:

1. A venture in secret diplomacy, which can be useful in a delicate situation. We could make private overtures to the Red Chinese via Warsaw, proposing terms for a mutual hands-off policy in Vietnam. Candidate Kennedy had some tentative suggestions about letting the Reds have Quemoy and Matsu which he decided not to press during the campaign; President Kennedy might well turn back to these suggestions and the thinking that prompted them. This course would have the additional advantage of playing off China against the Soviet Union, as well as the Soviet Union against China.

2. In concert with France, approach Hanoi, North Vietnam, with proposals for an end of the war and a neutral federation of North and South, the North to remain Communist, the South to remain capitalist, with free intercourse between the two, perhaps under UN supervision.

3. Hanoi also to use its influence with the Pathet Lao to stabilize the situation in Laos.

4. The United States to give economic aid to both North and South Vietnam, which would be a better investment than pouring $500 million a year, and Vietnamese and American lives, down a perpetual rathole.

5. *Then* get rid of the Ngos, part and parcel, Diem and Nhu; not withdrawing American troops, however, until the Catholic population can be safeguarded.

Politically impossible? Perhaps, but if the present simulation of thinking continues to prevail, World War III might well start in Southeast Asia, as World War II started in the Pacific.

Krebiozen—The End of the Road

According to the Food and Drug Administration, the long-touted cancer remedy, Krebiozen, developed by Dr. Stevan Durovic, is nothing but creatin, about 100 grams of which (3.5 ounces) is found in a healthy man of average weight. If this finding is sustained, Dr. Durovic, with his dosage of about one twelve-millionth of the amount normally present in the human body, has lost a case which he deserved to lose long ago. Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, the respected former vice president of the University of Illinois, who supported Dr. Durovic's claims in part, does not come out too well either, nor does Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois, a political supporter of the Krebiozen sponsors. The one man who comes out of the affair with credit — if the FDA proves its case—is Dr. George D. Stoddard, who lost his job as president of the University of Illinois and well-nigh ruined himself financially in defending litigation growing out of the controversy.

Even if Krebiozen is not proved to be creatin, it now seems clear that the drug has no future.

It is already barred from interstate shipment and it is hard to see how the distribution agency can remain in business. Yet the thirteen-year-old controversy must leave a residue of public suspicion which will damage others besides the promoters — the FDA, the AMA, and even the National Cancer Institute. In part this will be the irrational result of the realization that we are back where we started, with millions doomed to an often agonizing death from internal cancers which defy early detection. In part, however, it will also be the outcome of the extraordinary virulence of medical controversy, beside which the *odium theologicum* pales, and the growing unpopularity of the AMA which, for a change, in this matter has been fighting in the public interest.

In these circumstances, a dispassionate survey of the whole miserable business is badly needed and, by an adroit piece of timing, it is available in the September issue of *Consumer Reports*. *CR* concludes that the truth about Krebiozen is not known and may never be known, and that the fault must be laid at the door of Dr. Durovic, who has not played the game according to the rules which have been found absolutely indispensable if medical research is not to dissolve into chaos. CU contends that for years Dr. Durovic, on one pretext or another, has refused to reveal the chemical composition of his alleged remedy, the technique of its manufacture, and other data essential for impartial evaluation.

Just the same, the present threat to call on the Justice Department to prosecute Durovic (and perhaps Ivy) seems as ill-advised as much that has preceded it. Many persons, including some physicians and psychologists, are so terrified of cancer that they refuse to recognize the disease in themselves, even when the symptoms are unmistakable. Others, knowing their condition, will grasp at any straw. Many of these are personality types who are actually helped, for a while, by any remedy in which they believe. Dr. C. P. Rhoads, late head of the Memorial Hospital Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases in New York, ascribed the occasional favorable effects of Krebiozen to this placebo effect. The fact remains that several thousand cancer sufferers are convinced that Krebiozen is keeping them alive. The public must be protected, but the protection need not be at the expense of these unfortunates. If it is administratively possible for them to continue to receive Krebiozen, they should get it. The FDA has the power to bar dispensation to new cases and there—if at all possible—the matter should be allowed to rest.

A Dubious Charge

Cheddi Jagan, the Premier of British Guiana, and Forbes Burnham, the leader of the major opposition party, are in New York for scheduled appearances before the Good Offices subcommittee of the United Nations Special Committee on Colonialism. The issues — ideological, political, ethnic and racial — that have led to the embittered rivalry between these men, and their respective parties, are dealt with elsewhere in this issue (see page 179). Of immediate concern is a peripheral issue.

Early in August, a group calling itself the Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba, Inc., released a statement in Washington purporting to "prove" that Jagan's government was being subverted by Cuba and the USSR. Part of the proof consisted in the submission of what purported to be copies of drafts for sums totaling $127,957.76 drawn on Barclays Bank, made out by the Ministry of Education, Moscow, to an organization in British Guiana known to be an arm of Jagan's People's Progressive Party. Also submitted was a photostat of a credit slip in favor of Guiana Import-Export Corp. for $1,720,046.64 dated June 29.

In submitting these documents at the Washington press conference, a spokesman for the Committee said that the documents had been spirited from the Water Street branch of Barclays Bank in Georgetown. Senator Thomas Dodd and a section of the press promptly made much of the charges. But now, in a letter dated August 22, addressed to the General Secretary, People's Progressive Party, Barclays Bank in Georgetown reports that no such transactions have passed through their books. The same letter points out that, while the credit — from the bank of Havana — is dated June 29, the stamp purporting to have been placed on it by Barclays is dated June 26. *The Nation* has no way, of course, of knowing where the truth lies in this matter, but there is certainly good reason to question the authenticity of the original charges.

From the outset, a number of American organizations have been acting toward the Jagan government as if they represented the State Department or as if they felt it incumbent on them to assist the State Department in making a prima facie case against that government. The list would include Dr. Fred Schwartz's Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, Moral Rearmament, the Inter-American office of AFL-CIO and, now, the Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba. Without any help from these organizations, the State Department has steadily pursued a policy which seems to be aimed at forcing Jagan to accept help from the Russians and from Cuba — thus proving "conclusively" that his regime has been "subverted." If this is the objective then the policy seems to be proceeding quite satisfactorily without assistance of the kind just proffered by the Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba.

TAX CUT: A Dissenting View . . . . Peter Dorner

"Getting the economy moving ahead" -- this has been the topic of a great debate in recent years. How do we get an increased rate of economic growth; how do we reduce unemployment? For the past six months or more, the debate has focused on a tax cut, but the issues as yet are not clear. A good bit of "faith" is involved, because, in fact, a tax cut fails to get at the fundamental problems.

Any discussion of the potential effect of a tax cut must come to grips with two basic realities of our present economy:

1. the increasing inelasticity of demand for an ever-expanding number of consumer goods;
2. the increasing mechanization and automation resulting in a rapid disappearance of jobs for the unskilled.

Elasticity of demand for a product is measured by the consumption response to an increase in income (or a decline in price). For example, food products as a whole have a very inelastic demand with respect both to income and price. A 10 per cent rise in consumer disposable income results in only a small increase of food purchases (2-3 per cent). Likewise, a reduc-

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tion in price evokes little change in consumer response.

Food satisfies man's most basic need; thus, it has arrived first at this state of inelasticity. But as consumers become more wealthy, other products fall into the class. There is a limit to the expansion of demand for consumer durables such as automobiles, refrigerators, television sets, etc.

When new goods appear, they are viewed as luxury and prestige items. But as more families buy them, they are transformed into necessities and the demand for them becomes more inelastic. A significant point about consumer durable goods is that they have a second-hand market. When a higher-income family buys a new appliance or automobile, the old one finds its way into the home of a lower-income family. This indeed may be a means whereby the rich subsidize the poor, but it also acts as a faster brake on demand than would be the case with nondurables, which have no second-hand market.

It is true that new goods now entering the market can stimulate some increased economic activity. Home air conditioning, outdoor recreational equipment and the like will become larger items in family budgets, but it is improbable that they will be a sufficient factor to give the economy the necessary boost. It is also true that there remains a large unfilled potential demand for the common "necessities" of the consumer durables. However, this potential exists among the lower-income groups in the society, and here we face the second basic condition of our modern economy. A general characteristic of these lower-income groups is a lack of skills required in our present production processes. While unemployment in the total labor force is today at something over 5 per cent, the rate for unskilled workers is over 12 per cent. [See "Prosperity through Equality" by Loren Miller, *The Nation*, Sept. 21.]

These two basic realities of our present economy are new. During the depression of the 1930s there was a great potential demand. The problem was to get purchasing power into the hands of the people so that the idle factories could go into production. The variety of skills required in the production processes was more nearly proportional to those existing in the general labor force. Under those circumstances, it was realistic to stimulate the private economy and increase private investment. Jobs would become available, incomes would increase and effective demand would follow. The problems of inelastic demand and disappearing job opportunities were not of central importance.

During the war years, the economic situation was the complete reverse of what it is today. Shortages of goods and workers were the norm. In the postwar period, up until the mid-1950s, there was a tremendous backlog of demand for consumer durable goods, and the forced saving of the war years made this demand effective. Mechanization (and automation) was not the factor it has since become. Furthermore, many tasks that had been neglected during the war years provided employment even for the less skilled.

But in the last decade, inelasticity and automation have changed the nature of the problem, and they require new means of attack. Today we have an economy that is sluggish, unemployment at the unacceptable rate of between 5-6 per cent, and an increasing number of workers *unsuited for employment by private industry.*

No nation has ever before faced such conditions. Western Europe is only now approaching the stage of mass consumption. She will not be troubled by these conditions for perhaps another generation. But in the United States, they are upon us now. This, indeed, is the "new frontier" in the economic world. Yet it appears doubtful that the New Frontiersmen in Washington recognize it as such.

It is in the above context that we must evaluate the proposed tax cut. What is it to accomplish?

The various consequences of a tax cut would depend on the nature, size and distribution of such a cut. The general hope is, of course, that it will stimulate spending by consumers and investment by business. It is a hope that rests on the worn cliché that our tax structure is dampening "incentive, initiative and investment." There is no evidence to support this. Looking back over the past ten years, one finds that corporate taxes as a per cent of profits were actually slightly higher in the first five-year period than in the second. Furthermore, the total internal sources of corporate funds (retained profits, depletion allowances and depreciation and amortization allowances) were a slightly larger percentage of a much larger gross national product in the latter five years. (Total internal sources of corporate funds as a per cent of GNP: 1953-7 = 6.1%; 1958-62 = 6.2%.)

Given these data, it is unreasonable to claim that the tax structure is strangling investment. If that were the case, it would have done so even more severely in the first five years of the decade. But, in fact, there was little reference then to the "stifling" effects of the tax system.

It is not the tax bite that has changed over this decade. It is not that industry is anxious and willing to invest but lacks funds or incentive because of taxes. Indeed, we have an excess industrial capacity now, and that is another of our problems.

Even if the tax cut were successful in stimulating new investment, it would not be apt to get at the basic difficulties. Much of the new investment would be in the form of labor-saving and labor-displacing equipment. More and more, our investments tend to create skilled and professional jobs and to displace unskilled ones in the process. Thus we have the paradox of an acute shortage of people in the professions and in positions that require extensive training, coexisting with chronic unemployment.

The unskilled unemployed and under-employed cannot be put back to work by means of a tax cut. Many of these people, if they are to work at all, will have to be employed in some type of public project. Private industry simply will not hire them. Nor are retraining efforts likely to do very much toward raising skill levels to present requirements.

Another consequence of a tax cut that should not be overlooked is the demand that will be made to balance the federal budget. The Business Committee for Tax Reduction in 1963 is on record for a tax cut *along with* "a reasonable balance" in the federal budget. If the tax cut is offset by a reduction in federal spending, its effects will be nullified insofar as any increased employment is concerned.

Looking at all the above factors, I conclude that an across-the-board cut in taxes is not the way to stimulate the economy at this time. Tax reform? Certainly! But the reform idea has been largely abandoned. Increasing participation of government in the economy is imperative under our modern conditions. In an increasingly automated economy, it will become increasingly necessary to use the taxing power of the state as an instrument of income distribution. A cut in taxes is a move in the wrong direction.

'Speaking in Tongues'

The High Church Heresy

Donovan Bess

"My Non-Intelligence of Human
Words
Ten thousand Pleasures unto
me affords. . . ."
—Thomas Traherne (1634-74)

San Francisco

Glossolalia, "speaking in tongues," is a symptom in some psychoses. The patients spout fluent nonsense and seem to feel the better for it. In primitive societies, says Professor J. Stillson Judah, an expert on irregular religious behavior, the shaman is apt to "become inspired with a spirit of an ancestor, or of a stream, or of a mountain—whatever it is they worship—and he then begins to speak in an unfamiliar tongue."

Paul spoke in tongues, meaning that he surrendered his voice box to allow the Holy Spirit to speak through him in an unknown language, and other early Christians practiced glossolalia. Religious historians, however, barely mention it before the seventeenth century, when it had a vogue in France. It appeared in Scotland in 1830, and has been intermittently observed in India, Germany and China. Nearly a hundred years ago, the American Pentecostal sects began to nurture glossolalia, but in a carefree setting not to the taste of officials of the middle-class Protestant denominations. April 3, 1960, therefore, was a difficult day for such officials. That was the Sunday on which Rev. Dennis J. Bennett arose in his (high) Episcopalian church in Van Nuys, California, and confessed to glossolalianism. He said that "the Holy Spirit did take my lips and tongue and form a new and powerful language of praise and prayer that I myself could not understand. . . ."

It was not one man's revolt. It developed that about seventy of Father Bennett's 2,500 parishioners already had the habit of speaking in tongues. The rector, a convert from Congregationalism, was removed to Seattle. There, his energetic ministry rehabilitated St. Luke's Episcopal Church and spread the new movement throughout respectable Protestant churches of the Northwest.

The scandal surrounding Father Bennett's exile revealed that glossolalianism had been boring within the Episcopal apparatus for two years. The first unit was organized in the Church of the Holy Spirit in Monterey Park, Los Angeles County. Perhaps this deviation might have been ignored, since it occurred in a region with a history of spiritual eccentricity; but church investigators discovered that another tongue-speaking unit had been active for two years in Trinity Church, Wheaton, Ill. A power struggle began.

The publicity about Father Bennett's effusions gave the movement a healthy boost. The custom spread so rapidly that prelates in the Episcopal, Methodist and Lutheran churches established commissions to investigate. The Right Rev. James A. Pike, Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of California, demanded a system of disciplines under which the glossolalians would be seen and not heard. Methodist Bishop Everett W. Palmer, who heads his church's Seattle area, called speaking in tongues "a perversion." Presbyterian officials sought to inhibit tongue-speaking ministers through what they call "counseling."

The theological panic about glossolalia may give the impression that it is manifested by cackling, or gurgling, or shouting across the moors, or all of these, combined with convulsions and foaming at the mouth. However—at least in the "high Pentecostal" and middle-class Protestant denominations—glossolalia usually emerges in a pleasant, undulating, open-voweled speech rather like Hawaiian, or Arabic, or a Romance language, or Latin. It has aspects of the chant; it often has a pulse of its own, bearing down gently on the start of each "sentence." Sometimes it sounds like calypso singing. It is considered a way of praising Jesus.

Sometimes the speech issues from the extreme emotion generated during a healing service in a church; sometimes it is courted, and won, during a fervent prayer session in a church committee room; sometimes it comes to persons gathered in their living rooms, with curtains drawn but with friendly strangers welcome; sometimes it comes to a person alone, kneeling in the pew or walking to the supermarket. Usually the head is bowed and the eyes are closed when the non-words push out: then the face turns skyward and after some moments looks washed clean both of pain and of the elation usually associated with earthly enjoyment.

At one prayer group I observed this summer, all four of those present spoke in tongues: a twenty-three-year-old artist who hopes to become an Episcopal priest; his wife; a middle-aged divorcée from England, and her fifteen-year-old daughter. They did not seem to mind my presence, or the disturbances when the clock croaked "cuckoo" during prayers. They sat in a circle, in chairs, each with his hands laid within adjoining hands. The young man first prayed in English. Then from his lips I heard: *"In eesh see-ah cohma sohya in-eeshe say la homoshah-ee ya."*

A few minutes later the divorcée

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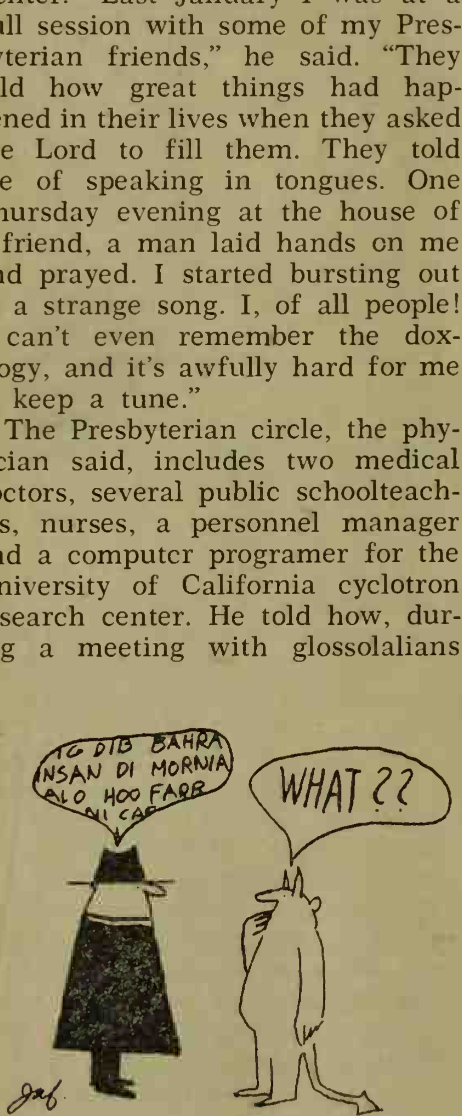
said: "*Ah ach ma hah moora, ay andorra ay ach-ah ha moora. Ahntee muhr ah hah melah, ay ah nahah mahah murch mahlan.*" In defiance of the Bishop's pastoral letter of censure, she gave an English version of what the Holy Spirit had said through her lips: "Seek the smooth surface and the high peaks."

"*Go vostra ah nuh koh mostra gahn,*" said the young girl. "*Kay nee say dah.*" The young man, interpreting for her, said: "Listen, for I've said it again and again; listen, for the Son of Man is come."

After twenty minutes of such prayer, each of the four took turns sitting in a chair, while the others heretically laid their hands on the head and the shoulders. During this rite, choruses of the four tongues commingled. The communicants said they did this periodically to drive away troubles.

At another home-based prayer meeting earlier in the week, I heard the testimonial of a middle-aged gastroenterologist from the University of California Medical Center. "Last January I was at a bull session with some of my Presbyterian friends," he said. "They told how great things had happened in their lives when they asked the Lord to fill them. They told me of speaking in tongues. One Thursday evening at the house of a friend, a man laid hands on me and prayed. I started bursting out in a strange song. I, of all people! I can't even remember the doxology, and it's awfully hard for me to keep a tune."

The Presbyterian circle, the physician said, includes two medical doctors, several public schoolteachers, nurses, a personnel manager and a computer programer for the University of California cyclotron research center. He told how, during a meeting with glossolalians from Stanford University and its environs, he encountered a woman possessed by a demon. "I prayed for Christ to give me the authority to drive out the demon," he testified. "I am happy to report that He did, and the woman has been freed."



A handsome, slick magazine, *Trinity*, now is distributed nationally for converts among the historic Protestant denominations. It publishes testimonials from all over the nation; they are proof that speaking in tongues is not just another of the religious growths that thrive and die so frequently in sun-baked California.

The glossolalian tends to employ a Hollywoodian excess in discussing the delights of rebirth. For example, the current issue of *Pentecost* carries this statement from Rev. David J. du Plessis of Oakland: "When the river of life flows and baptizer and candidates meet in that river, there are always those who receive a glorious and mighty baptism." Mr. du Plessis is one of the major promoters of the tongues movement in the historical denominations, from California to India. Another major promoter is Rev. Larry Christensen, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church in San Pedro, Calif. "In order to speak in tongues, you have to quit praying in English," he argues in an instructional leaflet for beginners. "The first sounds will sound strange and unnatural to your ear, and they may be halting and inarticulate (have you ever heard a baby learning to talk?). You may even have the thought that you are just making it up. But as you *continue to speak*, and the lips and tongue begin to move more freely, the Spirit will begin to shape a beautiful language of prayer and praise." He warned, however, that "the Devil will be right at hand to challenge your experience — telling you that you made it all up. . . ."

The glossolalians have won over at least one very important prelate: the Right Rev. Chandler W. Sterling, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Montana. He told an Episcopal convention in Oregon two years ago that "another Pentecost is coming," but that first, Christians must get the "organization church" out of the way. Bishop Sterling reaffirmed this attitude in an issue of *Trinity* last year. The speakers in tongues also boast of successes on the Yale campus. About twenty members of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship have told university chaplains they "received," according to *The Living Church*, an Episcopal weekly. The revival at another upper-class campus, Stanford, apparently is just as vivacious. Bruce Nickerson, a hearty 1963 graduate in economics, said that from fifteen to twenty Stanford students participated each week this spring in a glossolalia seminar conducted by Rev. William Pickthorn, pastor of the Christian Center Church in nearby Palo Alto. "It gives the students a chance to be loving," Nickerson said. Conversions of intellectuals and scientists are well advertised. Father Bennett, speaking from his prospering glossolalian parish in Seattle, declared: "Our own church numbers at least two college professors who are sharing in this new life, and one of the leading neuro-surgeons on the West Coast."

A pillar of Far West glossolalianism is Rev. Todd Ewald, the bouncy rector of Holy Innocents Episcopal Church, which is so high-church it uses incense on Sunday mornings. It is located in Corte Madera, in a valley full of redwoods and wealthy, horsy, hard-drinking San Francisco suburbanites. Father Ewald makes no bones about offering old-time religion. He also is the Episcopal chaplain at nearby San Quentin Prison, where he learned about the buddy system at first hand. Father Ewald is so enthusiastic he offered to heal the athlete's foot of a newspaper reporter inquiring about glossolalia. (The priest explained that the actual healing would be done by the Holy Spirit "working together with your dermatologist.") He likes to tell strangers, "Come to our prayer meeting—our tempo is beautiful indeed. God love you."

Father Ewald said the Holy Spirit cured one of his church members of alcoholism after hands had been laid on him as he stood in a circle of men praying, with hands clutching shoulders, before the altar. "After he received," the rector said, "he whipped off his shirt and yelled at the other men, 'One of you suckers burned me.' He pointed to a spot in his back and said, 'The tongues of fire burned me.' " Father Ewald said another of his flock "received the baptism of the Holy Spirit" during a routine confirmation service. "When I asked him what had happened, he said, 'I felt and heard the winds. It was like every window in the place suddenly was open.' "

Father Ewald's encouragement of intimacies with the Holy Spirit is most displeasing to his superiors. Good Episcopalians want God to save them, but some of them think He shouldn't get personal about it. They think the church should keep its cool, Angelican tone, because it is the only way they can pledge allegiance to Queen Elizabeth. So Bishop Pike appointed a glossolalian study commission — an especially British way of postponing decisions without losing dignity. The commission included two psychiatrists, a para-psychologist, a tongue-speaking rector from San Leandro (an unfashionable suburb near Oakland) and a priest-anthropologist. The commissioners found that at least twelve clergymen of the diocese were "actively involved." Their report was partly a psychological white paper and partly an institutional confession.

> *Both of our psychiatrists point out that much of our religious life as Episcopalians is so externalized and formalized that all too easily we become spiritually strait-jacketed* [*the report said*]. *The phrase, "God's frozen people," apparently has serious emotional overtone as well as evangelistic!*

The commissioners concluded that glossolalia, psychologically speaking, "may be either an unhealthy element within the personality or a creative influence." They decided, "We wish to study the movement further."

In this way, on May 14, they handed the ball to Bishop Pike. But by this time he was in no mood for meditating on the "creative influence" possible from this troublesome group. He released the pastoral letter in which he condemned this "distorted focus"; he said the church was faced with "heresy in embryo"; he outlawed any exorcism of demons except under psychiatric supervision; he ordered Episcopal laymen to cease the laying-on of hands; he banned "tongues" from confirmation services; and he "advised" his clergy and church members to desist from glossolalianism "in our churches or in homes or elsewhere."

The bishop evidently overestimated his own influence, or underestimated the vigor of his opponents. The pastoral letter drove them underground, where they have been fired with the zeal of the Christians hounded into the Roman catacombs. Of late, the glossolalians have been busily crossing denominational frontiers and fraternizing with lower-middle-class Pentecostals; some even claim to have invaded Roman Catholic territory.

Meanwhile, the Methodist hierarchy was agonized in its own reappraisal. It is even harder for Methodist churchmen to be sporting about this problem: they cannot forget the successes of that gifted renegade from Methodism, the late Aimee Semple McPherson, the founder of the Angelus Temple of Los Angeles. The Right Rev. Everett W. Palmer, resident Methodist Bishop of the Seattle area, told his people this spring that glossolalia "ranges from incoherent babbling, unintelligible monologue and ecstatic ejaculation, to trances of a medium." Glossolalia, said Bishop Palmer, "generally has drawn people into a wilderness of idiosyncrasy whose only harvest has been briers"; and "it tends to make for spiritual snobbery"; and "our Lord never [did] resort to irrational, ecstatic gibberish nor incoherent babblings"; and "in plain truth it must be termed perversion"; and [worst of all] "it tends to make the Church look ridiculous."

The Presbyterians, by appearing to be only raising their eyebrows, seemed to have fared better. Only three of their churches in California are known to be heavily Pentecostal. The glossolalians, said one of the affected ministers, "are very enthusiastic and are trying to convert other members." He said, perhaps with a touch of pride, that he thought the Episcopalians and the Lutherans "appear to have even more of this."

Nobody has yet tried to make a scientific evaluation of glossolalia, nor even to take an inventory in the manner of William James's *The Varieties of Religious Experience.* Psychologists and intellectual theologians vary in their theories of what draws people into the movement. Some say the impetus comes from an unconscious need to solve personality conflicts or to shed feelings of inadequacy or guilt through "instant salvation"; others feel there may be a purposive drive behind it, a drive to discover, via the irrational, some meaning in a world dominated by "rational" men who keep us on the brink of nuclear or racial war.

Psychologists who have treated glossolalian patients find that they "tend to have some deep personality conflict," said Aaron Ungersma, a clinical psychologist at the San Francisco Theological Seminary (Presbyterian). He reported that one patient who had confessed to strong homosexual leanings found that when the desire became unbearable he spoke in tongues—and "the pressure was off." Another glossolalian man, he reported, told his therapist that speaking in tongues permitted him to control guilt feelings about his extramarital affairs. "Certainly," said Dr. Ungersma, "glossolalia provides reassurance in times of tension."

Two other psychiatrists said they felt the glossolalians expressed a great deal of sexual energy and that "mass hypnosis" evidently was involved. This view was tempered by Dr. Sheila Moon, a San Francisco psychotherapist. She agreed that in certain individual cases hysteria, latent psychosis or exhibitionism might be involved; but, she suggested, the causes involved our whole way of life.

"Glossolalia," she said, "is essentially a convulsive effort of the unconscious parts of personality to push through into consciousness in a teleological way"—and is "potentially creative." She felt, however, that the phenomenon was on the whole "isloated from the rest of the psyche, and thus goes off without being related consciously to the wholeness of the person." Autonomous contents of the unconscious "are always dangerous."

Professor Judah, who teaches at the Pacific School of Religion, said he felt that many persons are initiated into speaking in tongues entirely through the power of suggestion. He has observed the activities of religious fringe groups for decades. "This reminds me," he said, "of the outbreaks of treeing the Devil in Europe several centuries ago. People got down on their hands and knees and barked to chase the Devil up the tree. Reporters sent to observe this came under the power of suggestion, and they, too, began to bark and join in the chase." He said he was convinced "real power" was released through speaking in tongues. "Sometimes when I have watched it the hair goes up on the back of my neck."

Francis Geddes, a scholar who has compared glossolalia with what he calls "LSD evangelism," said: "Both speaking in tongues and taking LSD offer a person a very deep, very profound, very soul-shaking experience. But the next question is: What does this experience mean? This is where I part company with both the LSD evangelists and the speakers in tongues."

As director of the Religious Research Foundation of San Francisco, Geddes keeps up with both movements. "Those who speak in tongues say you get spiritual maturity for nothing," he said. "I'd say the LSD evangelists feel that way, too. Both approaches place a high priority on psychological or religious experience as an end in itself. The LSD people say, 'experience, experience, experience.' The tongue-speaking people think they have some kind of direct channel into the Holy Spirit. . . . When I look an LSD convert in the eyes, I get the same look as when I look at a speaker-in-tongues—the look of 'I've got truth.' They are taking the cork out of the stopped-up id, and that can be dangerous."

Dr. Arnold Come, a professor at the San Francisco Theological Seminary, also emphasized the dangers. "Rather than go through all of the agony of thinking about it," he said, "they want a short cut to certainty, and this is dangerous." He recalled an account of an intemperate meeting of the Anabaptists at St. Gall, Switzerland, in the seventeenth century: how glossolalia occurred in company with "lewdness and unchastity" and "fratricide by decapitation." The possible perils involved also were suggested by Dr. Douglas Horton, a former dean of the Harvard University School of Divinity. "You can go out from glossolalia and murder a guy as quickly as you can love him," he said.

Professor Come said the glossolalians' literal belief in the King James Version of the Bible is in itself an anti-intellectual evasion akin to right-wing politics. He said one tongue-speaking Episcopal priest recently told his followers that the scholars at the University of Chicago who prepared the Revised Standard Version of the Bible had "slanted it as a Communist version." Professor Judah said he also felt such literal belief in the Bible seemed to go hand in hand with the radical Right.

The theological critics of the glossolalian movement perhaps have underrated the excitement of speaking in tongues. The glossolalians tell about the "thrills" they have had: their testimonials throb with *joie de vivre.* In our hedonistic society, religion presumably can attract only if it furnishes some fun. After running the gamut of television, sex, alcohol and drugs, what pleasures are left? One thing the Hollywood TV writers cannot produce is the sensation of being possessed by the Holy Spirit. Alan Watts, an intrepid religious philosopher and a former Anglican priest, took up this topic in a letter written last May to Philip Adams, the attorney for Bishop Pike's diocese.

> *As you may know* [*he wrote*], *I am a great believer in ritual order, but without the leavening of a certain touch of divine madness it is as disastrous as a suspension-bridge that is perfectly rigid. "Six days shalt thou labor," and be righteous and sober, but the Seventh Day is the holiday, the spiritual equivalent of the mardi gras, the time out for "celestial whoopee," for the* celebration *of the holy mysteries. (Do you remember that Dante described the song of the angels in heaven as "the laughter of the universe"? . . . Does the ordinary Anglican-chant version of the Venite sound anything like laughter?) . . . So please, Phil, remind the Bishop of the tradition that the wine for the Eucharist be 20 per cent alcohol, and that, by analogy, it is his pastoral duty to protect and encourage the fermentation of the Spirit in his flock. . . .*

But it is necessary to pursue this with something more penetrating than bon mots. The nature of life, as Francis Geddes said, provides us with events "tragic and ambiguous," as well as with amusing hours at the seashore. For example, R. A. Knox, a religious historian, tells how in 1689 troops advanced on an assembly of Camisards in France, and how the menaced sectarians breathed "into one another's mouths to produce an inspiration of supernatural courage."* Here was a total defense of uniqueness through brotherhood. This combination often is present when glossolalians get together. "We are so loving," says Father Ewald. In an article in *America* last May, Father Daniel J. O'Hanlon, a Jesuit theologist, acknowledged the allure of the new Pentecostals. He observed that socially malajusted persons are "threatened by a terrible loneliness for which the middle-class churches, Protestant or Catholic, seem to offer no adequate remedy." Especially terrible in these days is the loneliness of being black and being hated, of being white and hating, and of being white and being hated, and of being black and hating. At a private prayer meeting in San Francisco last June, four Southern Baptist youths knelt on the floor near a middle-aged Negro woman. One of them, a twenty-one-year-old sailor from Louisiana, broke out in tongues. "Oh, Lord," he said. "I tell Thee I have no more pride about her getting the same blessing I got. I am free, I tell Thee, and I'm glad that you have taken the prejudice out of my heart." Can it be that the urge to speak in tongues is motivated also by an unconscious lust for one world—for global salvation?

If there is such a lust in this, is it—paradoxically—hitched to an affirmation of individual rights? Dr. Moon said that basically she considered glossolalia to be "an attempt of man to break through the meaninglessness of his contemporary world and to express his own unique identity." She said: "We are told on every side, and loudly, what to think, what to feel, what to be-

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*In *Enthusiasm*, Oxford University Press, 1950.

lieve, what to work for, what to defend, what to hate. And if we are at all thoughtful or imaginative, we resent and perhaps reject these pressures." Certainly the young persons who speak in tongues in 1963 show remarkable courage in the face of harassment by prelates and by newspaper reporters who haven't the guts or won't take the time to consider the human needs involved.

"Speech is the nervous system of our society," writes J. R. Firth in *The Tongues of Man*. To surrender that nervous system, even temporarily, is an act of rebellion against society and against that peculiarly human accomplishment, consciousness. The questions raised by the glossolalian revival are of concern to all of us. Do their gains of greater brotherhood work toward global love, or toward an edgy new fraternity of the Washed? Can the initiates control the power released, or might it get away in the manner of a nuclear reactor gone wild? Or is this a desperate, irrational rally to stand firm against overwhelming pressures to conform?

A Briton's View

AMERICA'S MEDICAL FUTURE . . . . Lord Taylor

Lord Taylor spent two months in this country last spring as a guest of the State Department's Foreign Leader Program. Lord Taylor is himself a physician, and in the House of Lords he leads the Labour Party in matters of health. As Medical Director of the Harlow Industrial Health Service, he is especially preoccupied at present with problems of medical care and with the very serious shortage of doctors in Great Britain. He asked, therefore, that he be put in touch with doctors and medical administrators, in cities and villages, who face similar problems here, and the State Department introduced him to such persons from Washington and New York to Phoenix and San Francisco, with many way-stops. His hosts also took account of Lord Taylor's hint that he would be happy whenever a weekend found him visiting in the home of a physician who enjoyed access to a good trout stream.

Discussions on medicare sometimes lead to echoes of Billy Bones's opinion in *Treasure Island* that "Doctors is all swabs." Having known a good many on both sides of the Atlantic, I would say with confidence that this ain't so. Every profession everywhere has its share of black sheep and psychopaths, but medicine gets less than the average, for the simple reason that the hard work involved makes little appeal to the really bad eggs.

American doctors compare well with doctors anywhere else in the world. Technically, their level of achievement is generally excellent. As individuals, most of them are fine men, with high standards of personal and professional ethics, with wide humanity and understanding of their patients, and a rugged independence and individuality which are essential for good doctoring. As individuals, most are popular with their patients. But collectively, the image is a divided one. As the white-gowned servant of humanity, the American doctor is a hero, a figure of romance, with science and his own personal skill as weapons in a never-ending battle against disease. His offense in the eyes of his detractors is that he is rich, and is determined to stay that way. In a society dedicated to achievement on a sound cash basis, unpopularity on this score is surprising.

The trouble is that the doctor is not very good at putting his own case. This is partly because he has not thought it out thoroughly himself, and partly because good doctors everywhere prefer doctoring to medical politics. So in his collective capacity he appears as the affluent enemy of progress, which is far from being the case.

In Britain, the broad pros and cons of medicare are no longer argued. We are almost all of us pretty sure we have moved in the right direction. That is not to say that we have got all the answers; indeed we haven't. But more than 90 per cent of us like our National Health Service well enough to use it, even though we don't have to. And almost all our best doctors are in fact practicing within the service. There are still genuine difficulties to be solved, for both patients and doctors, not least of which is our failure to create new medical schools. We are shorter of doctors than ever before, yet at the same time there are more boys and girls wanting to become doctors than ever before. Medical schools get more than thirty applicants for every vacancy, a sufficient testimony that the National Health Service has not destroyed the popularity of medicine as a career. The wail which goes up in America from disgruntled Englishmen, most of whom have failed at home to get the jobs they want, is quite unrepresentative. Anyone seeking an objective picture of Britain's National Health Service should turn to an excellent book by an American, Almont Lindsey, entitled *Socialized Medicine in England and Wales* (University of North Carolina Press, 1962).

The case for medicare is so strong that it is bound to spread the world over — America included. But it carries with it risks and dangers to patients and doctors alike. These must not be minimized; rather they must be examined carefully, so that they can be avoided. The benefits of medicare are obvious, the risks subtle. In the public mind, therefore, only the benefits will be seen. It is up to the experts, medical and non-medical, to concentrate their thoughts on the real risks and dangers and not waste their energy fighting where the case is hopeless.

The arguments in favor of medicare are simple and overwhelming. Good medical care is, and is bound to be, expensive. In the years ahead, as the science of medicine expands, it will become more expensive. It follows that most people will be unable to pay the full cost in cash at the time they receive treatment. Common sense tells us to spread the cost of our episodes of illness over our entire earning life. This means we must insure. But for most of us the heaviest costs are inevitably in infancy and old age, outside our normal working and earning span. This means family and whole-life insurance. During a period of, say, forty working years, we have to pay for risks spread over seventy or more years. But there is another difficulty. Because of their heredity or upbringing or work some people are better risks than others. Through no fault of their own, the bad risks simply cannot carry their own burden. Nor indeed is it possible to isolate the bad risks in advance. The only fair thing to do is to pool all our risks. But even if we do this, a flat per capita payment will be unfair. A uniform flat payment will have little effect on the $40,000 a year man, but will seriously reduce the standard of living of the man earning one-tenth of this amount, and this in turn may reduce his family's level of health. It follows that, if we want everyone to have the best possible medical care at his time of need, everyone must pay according to his capacity throughout his entire earning life. In a modern society this presents no inherent technical difficulty. It simply means that the cost of medicare is added to the income tax or other graduated taxes. That is what we have done in Britain. Of our weekly per capita contributions of about $2 for national insurance, a small part only goes toward the cost of the health service. Something like seven-eighths of the cost of the service comes out of general taxation — mainly income tax, purchase (or sales) tax and excise tax.

In a sense, this idea, which is generally accepted in Britain, is foreign to the American philosophy of self-help and the devil take the hindmost. There is much to be said for the American doctrine of self-reliance, of giving and getting value for money, of working hard and taking both the rewards of success and the knocks inevitable in comparative failure. But with medical care, this philosophy in America has already broken down. Sickness insurance is already widespread. But, to the outside observer, the picture is chaotic, with the commercial insurance firms seeking to skim off the low-risk cream and the nonprofit-making organizations being left with the high-risk, high-cost residue.

As a matter of common humanity, medicare for older people has a great deal to commend it. But in terms of national economics, it presents special problems. This is the high-risk group, so the cost to the community per year of risk covered will be relatively far higher than the cost of covering everybody. Medicare for the old may be humane common sense; it may be politically practical; but its effects will be far more dramatic than is generally realized. The great bulk of serious medicine and surgery in advanced societies is now done on older people. So, in effect, medicare for senior citizens will mean that a substantial part of most doctors' work will be for medicare patients. It follows that medicare for senior citizens presents almost as great an administrative challenge, and almost as many potential risks and dangers, as medicare for all.

Properly run, medicare can convey great benefits to patients and doctors alike. The risk is the destruction of the freedom and independence of the medical profession, with a corresponding fall in the quality of service rendered to the public. Instinctively doctors realize this, but they have not faced the problem. I do not think most American doctors have any inherent objection to prepaid medical schemes, provided that the payments are a proper return for work done, and do not involve unnecessary form-filling and outside control of the doctor's work. Here I would say they are right. A whole-time salaried medical service would be a disaster for America, as it would be for Britain. We pay our general practitioners by capitation fee and our specialists by part-time salary. Both groups remain free to practice medicine as they think fit, and neither is restricted, as are civil servants, in their freedom of speech or political action. Doctors working in the National Health Service criticize every aspect of it freely, and they can and do serve as members of Parliament, as municipal councilors, and as members of the many committees which run the service. Nor has the National Health Service been handed over to the Public Health Services. Within its legislative framework, it is largely a self-governing association of physicians, and herein lies its strength.

I am certain that medicare in America will involve payment of most doctors on a fee-for-service basis. Whether this will be direct, from federal or state agencies, or via some noncommercial buffer like Blue Shield, is a secondary matter. Since the risks to be covered are universal, payments are bound to be through taxation. No government can properly farm out its tax-collecting function. But there should be no compulsion on citizens to use, or doctors to participate in, medicare schemes.

As a result of the growth of insurance practice in the States, the custom of "charging what the traffic will bear" is dying a natural death. Fees are, in fact, becoming standardized, despite resistance to the establishment of recognized fee schedules. Nevertheless, there would seem to be a case for three levels of schedule — one for the general practitioner, a second for the specialist, and a third for what might be called the super-specialist. Many doctors who are now classed as GPs might well be graded as specialists for certain types of work, and vice versa (for example, the internist who sews up a cut finger or sets a fracture).

America, like Britain, suffers from under-doctoring in its less attractive areas and over-doctoring in its more pleasant spots. Over-doctoring might be justifiable if there were a total surplus of doctors, though its effects on the profession in the over-doctored areas are on the whole bad. For under-doctoring there is no excuse. In Britain, we have managed to avoid "direction" of doctors as to where they should practice by two simple measures. First, we offer extra cash incentives to doctors who set up practices in under-doctored areas. Second, additional practitioners are forbidden to set up new Health Service practices in over-doctored areas, though they can of course start private practices anywhere they like. These controls apart, there is freedom to practice wherever a doctor wishes. It is fair to add, however, that British patients change their doctor far less readily than do Americans. As a result, most doctors enter practice as assistants or partners with established doctors. So opportunities for practice are limited by patient behavior rather than by law.

Medicare, then, involves two incursions into the doctor's freedom. First, he cannot fix his own fee for his medicare patients; he must accept a negotiated scale, which should, however, have regard to his degree of competence and experience. Second, until all areas have enough doctors, he cannot set up in medicare practice in over-doctored areas. These restrictions apart, he should be able to continue to practice precisely as at present, without state interference in his professional work.

Hospitals in the United States display a remarkable diversity in both ownership and quality. There are church and community hospitals, municipal and veterans' hospitals, proprietary private hospitals and so-called convalescent homes. Most are excellent, but many are very poor indeed. Any medicare plan must involve some measure of hospital planning over wide regions. Without this, patients who need highly specialized care cannot receive it. Hospital planning means surveys of both quantity and quality. An effective hospital service means upgrading of the less good to the level of the best, and the provision of new facilities where they are most needed and not necessarily where enthusiastic citizen groups would like to put them.

In Britain, all hospitals have been nationalized. This has greatly simplified hospital planning and upgrading. I doubt if so drastic a solution is needed in America. Indeed, there would be many practical disadvantages, arising largely from the size of the country. In each state or region, the minimum requirement is that there should be a hospital planning authority, with sufficient powers and incentives to achieve what is needed. Such an authority should cover all types of hospital — charitable and municipal, mental and psychiatric, long-stay for the aged and chronically sick, as well as the proprietary hospitals and convalescent homes. A firmly operated licensing system could prevent the proliferation of unnecessary hospitals. Upgrading could be achieved by the adjustment of capital and maintenance grants through the hospital planning authorities.

I have said nothing thus far about the future of group medical practice or the existing prepayment schemes. The former will probably continue to grow under their own momentum; but they should certainly not be imposed generally on an unwilling profession. The latter will inevitably go out of business as collectors of contributions, but could well continue as payers of benefits or providers of facilities, assuming they are genuinely non-profit-making. On the other hand, it is hard to see how commercial insurance companies could perform any useful role in the provision of medicare on a universal (or nearly universal) scale.

Accurate social prognosis is hard enough in one's own country. To attempt the same thing in another country is even more difficult. On medicare, the people of America will make their own decisions. My excuse for this incursion is to try to illuminate some of the problems we met and dealt with, when we trod the same road fifteen years ago. I have tried to put them into the context of modern American medicine. In so doing, I have been guilty of both dogmatism and oversimplification. But these faults have at least the virtue of showing up the difficulties with greater clarity. No one can study the American scene without being impressed by the quality of the civil service, the public health and hospital administrators, and above all the doctors, in general and specialized practice. Among them, I have little doubt, they will find better answers to the problems of tomorrow than I have been able to suggest. It is high time they got together to examine the real challenges and risks inherent in any medicare program.

British Guiana

PRELUDE to INDEPENDENCE

T. E. M. McKitterick

A few days after Dr. Cheddi Jagan's victory in the elections of August, 1961, an American newspaper man, in British Guiana for the occasion, remarked that he and several others would probably be fired by their editors when they got home. They had been warned that Jagan was a Communist and that British Guiana under him would be a second Cuba; however, their stories had become increasingly favorable to him as the campaign had progressed. "Now," said the newspaper man, "I don't know whether he's a Communist or not, and the funny thing is that I don't think it matters."

After two uneasy years the questions are still unresolved. The American Administration thinks that British Guiana is at least one step from communism and cannot, therefore, be given any economic aid. The State Department has exerted heavy pressure on the British Government to withhold the independence promised in 1961 until Jagan and his associates are ren-

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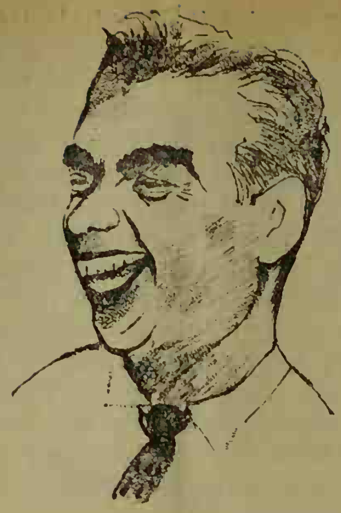
dered powerless. Either Britain must suspend the constitution and resume direct rule (the State Department is apparently not troubled by a return to colonialism), or else the constitution must be so modified that the next election will leave Dr. Jagan with a minority of seats and place the government of the country in the hands of a coalition of his two principal rivals, Forbes Burnham and Peter d'Aguiar. Any other course, it is feared, would involve the risk of a Communist bridgehead on the South American mainland. Britain, however, does not see it quite that way, and although Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys admits that he is baffled, he has been reluctant to adopt either of the courses advocated by the State Department. This reluctance is not due to love of Jagan or underestimation of the Communist risk. It is based on a different appreciation of what would happen.

The problem of British Guiana is one in which economics, political principle, race and personalities are inextricably mixed. Though it has only 600,000 people in its 83,000 square miles, it is an overcrowded country; almost the whole population lives on the narrow sugar and rice belt along the coast or at the foreign-owned bauxite and manganese mining centers in the interior. Rather less than half are Indians, descended from indentured laborers, brought in from Asia after the end of slavery; less than 40 per cent are the descendants of Negro slaves; the rest are Portuguese, Chinese or mixed, with a few communities of aborigines. Broadly speaking, the Indians are rural and work the sugar and rice fields; the Negroes are urban and industrial, and the Georgetown middle class is Portuguese, with an Indian element.

Jagan is supported mainly by the Indians, Burnham by the Negroes and d'Aguiar by the middle class, with the result that the three main parties derive from groups that are not only racially distinct but are also both physically and economically separated. Political differences are therefore largely identified with differences of quite another sort, and the conflicting personalities of the leaders do much to intensify them. Yet there is such a thing as a Guianese personality which transcends the differences. Along the coast there is everywhere a consciousness of the vast, undeveloped interior — the 300-mile-wide belt of dense bush and the mountains and savannahs beyond —capable of being opened up only at huge expense, yet believed to be full of riches. There is also a West Indian consciousness, the sense of belonging to the same group as the peoples of the British Caribbean whose Negro and Indian ancestors arrived in the same way, who speak the same language and have the same culture and ties.

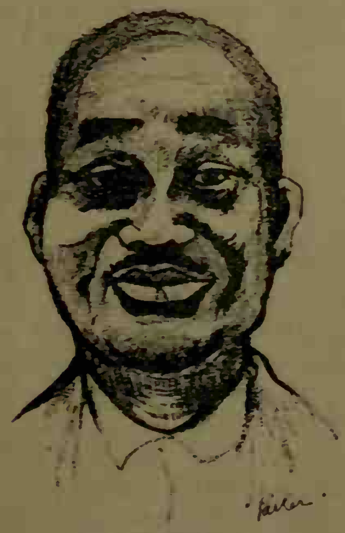

Parker

Cheddi Jagan

Jagan and Burnham both derived their original political inspiration from this Guianese consciousness, and in 1953 they were allies in the country's first, ill-fated attempt at partial self-government. They both were, and to some extent still are, anti-colonialist revolutionaries, dedicated to removing control by the settlers and the British and to replacing it with an essentially egalitarian Guianese rule in which, theoretically, there are no racial distinctions. When they quarreled in 1955, it was partly a clash of ambitions, but also because Burnham disliked Jagan's Marxist leanings (though confessing to a certain Marxist influence on his own thinking). Once the split had occurred, the risk of racial politics was present. Today, Burnham is the leader of the mildly socialistic People's National Congress, but he is first and foremost the guardian of the Negroes against Indian domination — or, with d'Aguiar of Georgetown and the few other urban centers, against control from the countryside. On the basis of common dislike of Jagan, Burnham and d'Aguiar have formed an informal and uneasy partnership which expresses itself as an opposition voice in the legislature. But beyond that they support any form of anti-government action — including the unconstitutional rioting against the 1962 budget, which ended in the burning of central Georgetown, and hardly less unconstitutional strike against the government's labor-relations bill, which paralyzed the country for eleven weeks in the summer of this year. In the bitter political battle for control, accusations of communism, fascism and the acceptance of money from abroad are hurled about indiscriminately. [See "A Dubious Charge," p. 171.] One of the reasons why so many people believe that Jagan is a Communist is simply that his opponents say he is — not the best of evidence, especially when the fanatical d'Aguiar is as free with charges of communism as any member of the John Birch Society.

Is Jagan a Communist? And if he is, does it matter? He will not deny that he is a Marxist, or that his American wife was once a member of the Young Communists. But it is hard to find instances of communism in his behavior. He does not propose the expropriation of the mining companies or of the giant Booker Brothers, a company which dominates the sugar industry and much else besides; he wants to attract foreign capital, private as well as public; his emphasis on the public sector in developing the country is no greater than in many other emerging territories; he has surrounded himself with constitutional guarantees against dictatorship; he has declared himself for non-alignment, and is as willing to accept foreign aid from the United States or Britain as from the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia or Cuba. On the other hand, he has tried to extend party control to the Rice Marketing Board and to a section of the trade unions; and when he demands the admission of more Indians to the civil service and the police, no one is quite prepared to believe his claim that this step is necessary only because those bodies are already heavily overweighted with Negroes. In his public speeches he can often sound like a Communist, and some of his supporters sound even more so.

In 1957, when Jagan and Burnham first opposed each other in an election, it was a fairly simple and thoroughly Guianese affair, remote from the cold war and with little racial feeling in the campaign. In 1961, with independence promised soon afterwards, the atmosphere was much more tense. Jagan may or may not have had help from abroad; Burnham had been openly collecting money from Guianese and possibly others in the United States, and d'Aguiar was widely believed to receive funds from Moral Rearmament sources. For the first time America took official interest in a Guianese election. Cuba had happened since 1957, and Jagan's admiration for Castro was not concealed. Jagan's victory, achieved by a minority of the total vote, worried the State Department, and thereafter both Burnham and d'Aguiar began to play openly for American support. In the 1962 riots, and again in this year's general strike, there were rumors and counter-rumors of support from the CIA and from Communist sources. All that is known for certain is that, on Jagan's side, oil and other supplies arrived from Cuba during the strike when other sources were closed; and on the other side, that there was some help by American unions to the strikers and a willingness to declare ships and cargo "black," which would not have shown had the strike been called by left-wing unions against a right-wing government. British Guiana had become part of the cold war; the interests of the Guianese themselves were now in second place, and none of those most concerned asked any longer whether all this was really necessary.



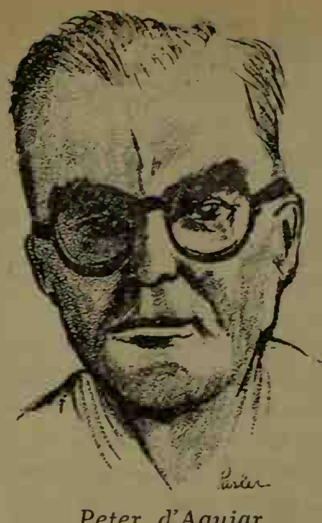
Forbes Burnham

This is another way of asking whether, even if Jagan is a Communist, it matters very much. In 1961, it probably did not. He was elected constitutionally and was by no means the first man to take office on a minority of votes; he was impressed by the need for the fastest possible development of his country, and was eager for aid from whatever source it might come. The danger was that if he was cold-shouldered by the Western countries, he would turn into a Communist of a more dangerous type, forced into an unwilling isolation which would oblige him to seek friends elsewhere. Now that official American aid has been finally refused him, and now that his political opponents enjoy at least the tacit support of the United States, the danger is very real.

In the last few months the internal condition of the country has deteriorated; the government has been unable to rule effectively, the opposition has no real alternative to offer, the economy has suffered serious damage. No one now believes that independence should be granted in the near future. But if that is not done, what should be? There are four possible courses, each with powerful arguments against it.

The first, one of the two recommended by the State Department, would be to suspend the constitution and revert to direct rule, which would mean bringing in enough British troops to hold the country down by force. Apart from its basic unattractiveness, this would be futile; it could only be temporary, and at the end Jagan or someone like him would re-emerge with increased bitterness.

The second would be a new constitution based on proportional representation; this is demanded by the opposition parties, and it also would be acceptable to the State Department. Had this system been in force in 1961, no party would have had a majority, but Burnham and d'Aguiar together would have been able to form a coalition — though whether an alliance between these two incompatible men could have lasted, or made for good government, is another matter. The next election, if called fairly soon, will probably (but not certainly) produce a similar result. But after that Jagan will probably be back, since the Indian electorate is growing far faster than the rest.



Peter d'Aguiar

The third would be to do nothing, to let the country disintegrate and fight it out. No one wants this, but there is a real risk that it may happen, simply because no one can decide what else to do. It would probably result in a victory for the numerically superior Indians, but with an intolerable legacy of bitterness.

The fourth course is the most difficult but is formulated in the best interests of British Guiana. It is to recognize that any properly democratic system is likely to result in a victory for Jagan and his rural Indians, but to try to take the sting out of it by providing even better safeguards than exist at present for the racial and economic minorities. The measures taken last year to combat the less dangerous situation in Trinidad provide an effective example of this strategy. It would involve setting a date for independence some time ahead, and using the interval to alleviate as much of the internal discord as possible.

At first sight such a policy looks like a lost cause, but it is the sort of thing that has been done before —in Malaya, for instance, or in Cyprus. It is also the only possible way of utilizing the country's painfully limited supply of political and administrative talent. It would have to be supported by substantial aid for development, supervised if necessary by a United Nations or possibly an Anglo-American mission. Difficult though it is, it is the only course that could, in the end, dispel the prevailing uncertainty, allay resentment, and extract British Guiana from a cold-war setting in which it does not properly belong.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Latin America: A Massive Indictment

THE GREAT FEAR. By John Gerassi. The Macmillan Co. 457 pp. $6.95.

Alex Neish

Progress in Latin America is an exercise in running, jumping and standing still, now carried out to the encouraging jingle of American dollars. It is prompted by an irrational fear of communism and generally executed by bureaucrats who cannot see the trees for the wood or the facts for their private bank balances. It takes place on a road nominally paved with U.S. good intentions and actually littered with the dead hopes of those South American leaders who believed that an advance could be made peaceably in the face of entrenched privilege and the stranglehold of U.S. big business. Looking down on it all are the twin images of President Kennedy and Fidel Castro.

In a paragraph, that is the general theme of *The Great Fear*, a massive indictment of past and present U.S. policy in the hemisphere. More particularly, John Gerassi's theme is an attempt to answer the question again provoked by Washington's reappraisal and Latin America's criticism of the Alliance for Progress: What is the future of these volatile republics? Just where is this continent of 8.5 million square miles and 206 million people going? It is important to know because, even by 1975, there will be 303 million people in its confines, and by 2000 A.D. probably more than 200 million in Brazil alone.

Summing up the present situation in Latin America, Gerassi concludes that illiteracy stands at 70 per cent, infant mortality at between 25 and 30 per cent, and that 1 per cent of the population owns 71.6 per cent of the farmlands on which 55 per cent of the people depends for its livelihood. The average length of schooling "for Latin Americans who attend any school at all is 1.9 years" and "no more than 2 per cent of the population has ever attended school." This means that there is a crippling shortage of trained or professional workers —which leads to a situation where there are 3,520 people to every doctor and the average life expectancy is no more than forty-four years. "Millions of people barely subsist, while . . . oligarchs manipulate their respective countries' governments to their advantage. To them the plight of the masses is just so much sentimental hogwash."

Further complicating the issue is the almost total dependence of three-quarters of the Latin American countries on only one export item. Too often these items are the very commodities whose prices have slumped in world markets at a time when the prices of imported goods are rising. The solution is obvious to Gerassi as it was to Brazil's President Kubitschek —"Latin America must diversify its own production." This means it must industrialize. "However, it just so happens that some of our major industries are dependent on Latin America's raw materials for production and on its markets for selling our manufactured goods. Thus, it is to our industries' advantage to keep our policy so oriented and constituted as to prohibit or stall Latin America's diversification and industrialization."

It can, of course, happen equally that a republic has no real control over the one item it does export. In Central America, the "octopus" United Fruit Company owns "60 per cent of the six countries' banana exports." Were these the property of the respective governments — according to the author—"$1.5 billion in currency would circulate in Latin America" and "$708 million in hard currencies would be added to national budgets." As it is, "Latin America receives an average of $192 million yearly."

The same tragic story can be repeated in many countries: Gerassi points out that U.S. Steel pays about 20c a ton for ore extracted in Venezuela—later selling it at about $7 at embarkation point. Meanwhile the workers suffer and "Venezuelan oligarchs export about $200 million a year to Switzerland or United States banks."

Hasn't the United States poured a great deal of money into Latin America in an attempt to induce stability and reforms? Of course it has—but in Gerassi's view too much of it has gone to propping up budgets, too much straight into the pockets of those who had money; few of the benefits ever percolated down to the peasants and workers for whom it was theoretically intended. A case in point is Haiti. "Since Duvalier took over, Washington has given it $30 million in grants." What has been achieved? Nothing—except the most appalling conditions in Latin America and an annual increase of $1 million to Duvalier's private accounts abroad.

Lately, the United States has introduced the Alliance for Progress to a fanfare of its own trumpets, and, as Gerassi observes, much of its aid has been committed in a way similar to that applied when Brazil received a forty-year, $50 million loan in December, 1962. In fact, the loan was a credit; in fact, the money was to be used for U.S. imports, no cash leaving the States and Brazil's dollar shortage eventually being increased accordingly. There was no interest, but, in fact, there was a "small credit fee" which —had anyone stopped to work it out— would have been seen to total "$9,395,000—almost 20 per cent."

Gerassi concludes that the reform of the Latin American social structure that must come will be possible only through massive nationalization, enforced diversification and rigid state planning. Two roads are possible: one is nationalistic revolution; the other, foreign aid conditional upon nationalization, diversification and planning. The United States should accept the latter criteria for its aid; accept also that revolutions against the established order are inevitable and probably should be welcomed.

In other words, Gerassi denies the feasibility of compromise when compromise is not only feasible but almost certainly desirable. It is legitimate to argue that nationalization is imperative to achieve the necessary structural reform of society — and on these grounds to exonerate the regime of Argentina's Peron and Brazil's Vargas. But what must be observed is that both of these accentuated the impact of world inflation. The fruits of this whirlwind had to be digested not only by the rich (who could afford it) but also by the poor who could not. Which

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Alex Neish, formerly a British journalist, now lives in Buenos Aires, where he has recently completed a novel, Before the Undertaker Comes.

is to say that at this stage of Latin American development it was inevitable that the planned economy of these dictatorships should have been followed by governments that found they had to retrench, yielding 30 per cent of the advances in order not to lose the other 70 per cent. Accordingly, it is unfair to blame, say, Frondizi, for not fulfilling all his election promises and instead seeking a *modus vivendi* between the Right and the Left.

Very much the same political realities are responsible for Haya de la Torre's slide toward the Center in Peru — or, on the other extreme, the sudden anxiety of Venezuela's Betancourt for social reform. What really matters is achievement—for example that Frondizi pushed 250,000 redundant workers out of the bureaucratic machine at the same time that he raised industrial output and stabilized the peso. In some ways the latter was dearly bought (e.g., by acceptance of International Monetary Fund doctrines ill-suited to Latin America) but without such stability, progress is for the masses only a statistical illusion. It is this that justifies the U.S. aid for budgetary support that Gerassi attacks, even though in some cases it was a far from complete justification.

Again, it is true, as Gerassi suggests in his often questionable Baedeker to the politics of the republics, that it has been the popular dictatorships that have made the major dents in the established oligarchy. Peron and Vargas, Cardenas in Mexico and Castro in Cuba, each did this without paying excessive attention to sophisticated ideas like elections, freedom from censorship, or (in the case of the first named) not torturing your opponents. However, these regimes have tended to emphasize urbanization at the expense of the rural base, thus stimulating an often premature industrialization which, when coupled with fluctuations in world commodity prices, can too easily promote national illiquidity. They also lead to the flight of much local and foreign capital which, though wrongly concentrated, is still needed to finance development.

The principal defect of *The Great Fear* is its tendency to oversimplify in the search for a universal moral. For example, Gerassi compares Argentina's steel output with Australia's without pointing out that in the latter country steel is the 98 per cent monopoly of the kind of company he has been belaboring in Latin America. It is dangerous to rely on averages for a continent so large and so marked by contrasts and contradictions. And it is dubious how much faith can be placed in statistics for which no specific source is supplied and which are in some cases pitched much more sensationally than those normally consulted.

In a study of this size, however, these may be quibbles. What matters is Gerassi's "policy for re-conquest." Here disagreement is often inevitable.

For the United States to recognize any government (as he suggests) no matter its way of coming to power, provided it is in administrative control of the state, would only encourage dictators like Paraguay's Stroessner. Gerassi is right, however, that America should withdraw from the O.A.S. and stop trying to bludgeon it into conformity — as it significantly failed to do on the Cuban issue at Punta del Este. He is right that military aid should cease and the main effort go to relief work and educational and technical assistance. He is right to point out that to date the Alliance has been a financial fraud, using previously committed funds without increasing them substantially.

However, to suggest that any country that has undertaken a social nationalistic revolution should be able to get aid "for any purpose whatsoever" once it has proved a reformed industrial, agricultural and social structure, seems only a means of getting back to where we are. The need is not to wait for the revolutions but to get reforms started now. In this the criteria of the Alliance are unmistakably correct. The trouble is that their application has been defective, has led to a feeling of bureaucracy and — stemming from Washington's political pressuring — a suspicion that here is only a new American imperialism.

As Gerassi himself admits, his suggestions for a new policy are ideal, unrealistic and "taken as a whole . . . unrealizable." The real hope rests in a reformed Alliance. Unfortunately, at the present rate of progress — as *The Great Fear* makes all too evident — the United States may yet have to choose between *Alianza* and *Progreso*.

On the Lack of Scarcity

THE PAPER ECONOMY. By David T. Bazelon. Random House. 467 pp. $6.95.

Robert Theobald

Conventional methods of interpreting the significance of economic trends are obscuring the very major changes which are taking place in American productive and distributive realities. This fundamental proposition of David Bazelon's book is best illustrated in the following paragraph:

> *The paper system is conceived in terms of scarcity. It is founded upon that concept. Since scarcity no longer occurs naturally in this country . . . we are quickly approaching the point where the nation will have to make a fundamental decision about whether it can do without the whole baggage of historical ideas which were outgrowths of previously existing scarcities. There is probably no more profound personal issue that any of us will ever have to face than this one—can we stand prosperity? Can we give up the scarcity idea?*

Bazelon's book should be read by everybody concerned with the realities of the American economy; but it should be read with care, for it is an angry book, which scatters its shots too widely, and this dispersion often wipes out the effect of the frequent direct hits. His book is nevertheless an important contribution to a hesitantly begun debate on the changed economic and social problems, for it draws attention to the chronic underutilization of American resources in the new conditions of abundance. Since its publication, events have increased its topicality, and the urgent necessity of discussion in this area has been demonstrated by at least two significant sets of developments.

First, the fundamental underpinnings of the international trade and balance of payments system are obviously collapsing as abundance emerges, not only in America, but also in Europe. The agricultural problem, as exemplified in the "great chicken war," is the forerunner of a general-

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Robert Theobald is the author of the recently published Free Men and Free Markets *(Clarkson N. Potter), the bulk of which first appeared, under the title, "Abundance: Threat or Promise?," as a special issue of* The Nation *(May 11, 1963).*

ized problem as each country tries to dump its excess production, both agricultural and industrial, overseas and the other nations try to protect their home markets. Steel, aluminum, textiles, chemicals and many other products already suffer from global problems of excessive production as compared to effective demand.

The ever-growing seriousness of the balance of payments problem is clearly demonstrated in the figures recently released by the Administration to support the proposal for a tax on foreign securities. Nevertheless, despite past failures, bankers are still allowed to determine the proper action. These manipulators of the paper economy prefer to give up as much as $70 billion in domestic production in order to attempt to save $2 to $3 billion in foreign exchange. They oppose any intelligent action to set up an international central bank just as they have opposed other banking reforms throughout economic history.

The second development which has increased the immediate relevance of Bazelon's book is the growing demand of the civil-rights movement for more jobs *now*. Bazelon, in common with socially conscious economists such as Peter Bernstein and Leon Keyserling, has demonstrated that additional jobs will not be forthcoming without drastic change in economic and social approaches which will result in new government policies designed to use rapidly increasing productive power for the elimination of social injustice and poverty.

The recent evidence of a worsening balance of payments situation and an ever more critical unemployment problem insures that the reader of Bazelon's book will not only regard it as an indictment of today's economy, but will also look for indications of his views about suitable policy for the future. It is clear that Bazelon is correct in identifying the problem as economic malfunction, but the evidence he amasses in demanding the conviction of business as the prime offender is sometimes invalid or irrelevant. As I see it, he proves that the total economic system is running wild rather than only the large corporation.

In order to balance production and consumption, Bazelon advocates that big business be replaced by big government as the controller of the economy: in his view this would solve both existing and long-run problems by allowing the liberation of the pro-

Death in Oregon

The young trees are dry and light.
In the growing season no rain makes this land run green.
Summer holds the gray odor of dying grass.
The wind tacks dead twigs to fences.
The branch of the willow tree is light.
I lift it above the dark girl's head.
She is light and dry.
I am not burdened by her body riding my shoulders.
Often her long hair falls in my eyes.
Her black hair drowns the thin grass of this barren country.
Light trees rise on my hands and let her go by.
I hold a willow branch out of her eyes.
Her eyes hold oceans that tilt her body riding my shoulders.
When she is angry her legs whip my ribs like the thin brown kelp I cracked on the beach.
I remember the blacksnake whips of my boyhood when cruelty was the first lash of kindness.
The girl riding my shoulders under the willows has a god.
She prays her god to bless me.
She weeps often at night.
She is weightless, a benediction of sunlight, on my body.
The pale leaves of willow I lift let her dark head pass.
Her ocean eyes tilt down to the unstable earth.
Fish keep the curve of her lips.
Her head looks to this sparse earth.
She weeps at night.
She asks her god to bless me.
All is perilous.
Her god might not answer.
She might not love me tomorrow.
She may not remember the difference between loving a god and a man.
Silently our skillful heads are helped go by the lightness of the young trees in my hands.
I hold up branches out of her eyes.
I feel into my ribs a small leaning woman whose face follows the earth at my feet.
She asks her god to bless my journey.
Her hair harbors me.
I have carried her a long way.
I have drunk light, eaten air, to carry her.
How to make clear the soul I do not have — past or present, now or to be created —
is the walking I condemn myself to.
The freedom to walk the past away by measuring nothing is the journey.
I have carried her across America to this Western death.
She lives in peril.
I am careful.
I hold trees away from her small face.
She looks down to the dry earth at my next step.
She knows she is safe where she is.
She asks her god to bless me.
I think her lips can wake up earthworms, turtles and carp.
She puts small hands on my face.
Her hair reaches down to my heart.
She leans into the place where I took out my last rib.
I hear her innocent confessions.
I am a strange priest.
My frock is her hair drawn over me.
My altar is her elbow.
The host I lift is a willow.

Robert Hazel

ductive drive presently contained by "dominant production-curtailers and other pro-price saboteurs." It is doubtful, however, whether a national commitment to production ad infinitum, with the necessary corollary of ever-increasing government intervention, is the answer to either the economic or the social problems of tomorrow.

I believe that Bazelon is right when he argues that government policies must be changed to allow full utilization of all presently available productive capacity so as to abolish existing poverty. I believe that he is wrong when he goes on to argue that production should be increased for an indefinite period into the future on the grounds that this would enable us to beat the Russians. In my opinion this is a distorted approach which makes it almost impossible to direct attention to the real problems of the second half of the twentieth century.

In the long run, the problem in an abundant economy is not the economic one of maximizing production, but the social one of deciding how much should be produced and what should be done with the available production. In an automated and computerized world, where effective decision-making power is rapidly moving from man to machine, the problem is not how to beat the Russians but how mankind can live in a technological environment and still maintain dignity and humanity.

How It Really Was

PACIFIC WAR DIARY: 1942-1945. By James J. Fahey. Houghton Mifflin Co. 404 pp. $6.50.

George G. Kirstein

The light cruiser, *U.S.S. Montpelier*, was one of the luckiest ships that ever took a major part in war at sea. Three times she was hit by enormously destructive Japanese torpedoes; all failed to explode. Ships on every side of her were hit by Kamikaze (suicide) planes; she managed to escape. On one occasion she gave up her desirable mooring to a larger ship; immediately thereafter, the ship that replaced her was torpedoed. So, because she remained largely undamaged, she was available to fight; and she fought and fought and fought. She took part in the naval debacle of the Solomons, and remained essentially unscathed while her less lucky sisters lined the depths of "Ironbottom Sound." She took part in the Marianas' campaign, the reconquest of the Philippines, the invasion of Borneo and, finally, in the occupation of Japan. She fought ship-to-ship engagements, participated in dozens of bombardments of enemy-held coast, fought off numberless air attacks. From October of 1942 until the Pacific War ended, with a single three-month interval in the States for refitting tired engines, and refurbishing worn-out guns, she fought.

From her first engagement to her last, Seaman First Class James J. Fahey fought aboard her at his assigned battle station on a 40 mm. anti-aircraft turret. Seaman Fahey was as lucky as the ship he sailed in. With the exception of a few days' bout with tropical fever, he came through the conflicts unscathed. The muzzles of the cruiser's big 6-inch guns were within a few yards of

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George G. Kirstein was an officer in a U.S. Navy ship in the South Pacific during World War II.

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—LEON H. KEYSERLING

Fahey's battle station, yet his hearing remained unimpaired; shipmates died or were wounded in action or by accident, but Fahey remained uninjured. Through it all, he kept a diary which he hid in his locker. Between calls to battle stations, assignment to work details, watch standing and a multitude of other duties, Fahey recorded the ship's history and his own activties. Now a Sanitation Department truck driver for the city of Waltham, Mass., Fahey has finally published this journal with the encouragement of the eminent naval historian, Samuel Eliot Morrison, and the intelligent cooperation of Houghton Mifflin.

Seaman Fahey must have been a division officer's dream of what a sailor should be. Even to his journal he rarely voiced criticism of his superiors, his shipmates, or the Navy in general. Indeed his "gripes" are so rare that the ones he does record enjoy the emphasis of understatement. There is the inevitable executive officer who enforces regulations so strictly that the cruiser's brig is filled and a new brig has to be improvised. But Fahey never tells us what happened to this martinet—whether the sensible and popular Captain "pinned his ears back" or whether he was transferred to another ship. The reader hears of him once, and not again. Fahey seems to take as inevitable the fact that for weeks and months there was not enough for the crew of the ship to eat:

> *The food is still bad, i.e., for breakfast we were given hash, rice, half a pear and to top it off, bread and butter. Supper consisted of rice, baloney, a cookie and bread and jelly. The supply ships have failed to arrive, which means that we will go hungry for quite some time. We're hungry all of the time. Bedtime finds us starved. Waiting for morning and the next meal is agony.*

The important things to Fahey as they were to all seamen on all ships were what watch he drew, what working parties he was singled out for (usually the onerous one of loading ammunition), what movies were being shown when the ship was in harbor, the ever-present stifling heat, and the constantly recurring rain. For example, Fahey writes regarding the death of a shipmate:

> *The fellow who drowned yesterday while on recreation was well prepared to die. He went to the Midnight Mass Christmas Eve, he also went to Communion. This was the day before he drowned. His name was Henry Mistiller. It rained very hard on the 8 to midnight watch tonight.*

Fahey gives us no glimpse of the personalities of his shipmates — perhaps they didn't interest him or perhaps the events were so much more absorbing than the people that all his energies were engaged in recording them. He doesn't tell us with whom he spent his shore leave in Australia or whether his petty officers were good, bad or indifferent. After all, he was a sailor writing a diary, not a novelist. But he does describe the Pacific War with all the authority of an observant participant; the heat, the sweat, the endless nights without sleep, the unremitting threat of enemy action, the incessant hunger, the lousy and insufficient food, the heat rash, the rain, the sudden death, the boredom—all these things he tells us about better than any other author has yet done.

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Myth of the Melting Pot

BEYOND THE MELTING POT: The Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Jews, Italians, and Irish of New York City. By Nathan Glazer and Daniel Patrick Moynihan. M.I.T. Press and Harvard University. 360 pp. $5.05.

Elias S. Wilentz

"Please do not discuss Religion and Politics," read the signs put up by New York City bartenders anxious to avoid arguments that end up in fist fights. Publicly the subjects are taboo; we are all Americans in this greatest of American melting pots. Privately, we are Russian Jews, Southern Italians, Irish Catholics, Northern Negroes, rural Puerto Ricans, WASPs (white Anglo-Saxon Protestants). And in the practical world of city politics, the chiefs of both parties always arrange a balanced ticket, as in the last winning appeal for votes for Wagner (German-Irish Catholic), Screvane (Italian Catholic) and Beame (Jewish), with Dudley (Negro Protestant) for Manhattan's Borough President.

Sociologist Nathan Glazer and political analyst Daniel Patrick Moynihan plunge with the sophisticated eyes of insiders into the national, cultural, ethnic, religious and racial complexity of the city. "The point about the melting pot," they state, "is that it did not happen. At least not in New York. . . ." They see this tenacity of diverse identities as a part of the American ethos, not antagonistic to it, for they view the refusal of the immigrant groups to adopt a "standard, uniform, national type" as the reflection of a historic American concern with "values as with interests." The retention of vital separate traditions, albeit altered in a new setting, with a continuing group identity operates largely independent of economic or class concerns. Yet an Italian family that chooses to live in an overwhelmingly Italian neighborhood, such as South Brooklyn, and sends its children to a Catholic parochial school, nevertheless feels itself to be thoroughly American with full rights even to the extent that one of its sons might some day be President.

The authors fill in the historical story and tell the facts. The 1960 census showed New York City to have a population of 7,783,000 of whom 31 per cent are native white, of native parentage, 47 per cent are foreign-born white or native white of at least part

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Elias S. Wilentz, one of the proprietors of the Eighth Street Bookshop in New York's Greenwich Village, is now at work on a book about the city to be published by Random House. Mr. Wilentz himself comes of Russian Jewish background; he is married to an Irish Catholic and lives in WASP Brooklyn Heights.

foreign parentage, 8 per cent are Puerto Rican, and 14 per cent are Negro. This population is estimated as about 1/9 white Protestant, 1/7 Negro Protestant, 1/4 Jewish and 2/5 Catholic. Other estimates suggest that 1/10 are Irish, 1/10 German, 1/6 Italian and 1/20 "old stock" WASPs.

The "reform," "good government," and "do-good" organizations have traditionally been WASPs and have reached new power in an amalgam with middle-class Jews. This alliance, which also seeks to be the spokesman for Negroes and Puerto Ricans, would have been unimaginable a generation ago. It certainly played its role in the recent Breezy Point Park controversy which involves a proposal for a seashore park that would demolish a heavily middle-class Irish Catholic community of 2,500 homes.

Since the interplay of race, religion, national groups and politics is so dear a subject to the private heart of every New Yorker, each will undoubtedly argue with various historic and contemporary interpretations of Glazer and Moynihan. Yet all should agree that the authors have written a scholarly study that is exceptionally honest, incisive and happily free of clichés.

Much of any criticism of the various chapters in the book would come down to a personal reflection on the New York scene. For myself, I doubt that extensive social work programs are the Negroes' prime need, and I wonder if the chapter on Puerto Ricans was meant to read as if they were now being treated with tender loving care by New York City. The Jews and Italians were discussed, I felt, with an underlying author bias that placed highest merit on levels of material gains, political liberalism and job status for second and third generations. The Moynihan chapter on the Irish is written with wit and insight and fewer lecturing admonishments. The authors do see a kind of melting pot taking place with division along solely religious lines; this would seem to me to be a dismal prospect and a questionable one.

I also find a lack of awareness of the role of immigrant groups as the traditional cheap labor source over the last century and a half. Since World War II, the city has drawn the displaced Southern Negroes and poor Puerto Ricans for low paying jobs formerly held by Italians, Irish and Jews who have now largely moved up into the middle class or left the city to find middle-income employment. Historically, these immigrant groups have been the source of political radicalism and social change: the equal-rights movement of the Irish, the socialism of the Jews, Germans and Italians, the labor-union activity of all the immigrant poor. What voice the Negroes and Puerto Ricans will develop is yet to be seen; they have only recently constituted a large population group. They present a unique situation for New York since for the first time its lowest paid quarter of the population is also distinguished by color.

That all the immigrant groups have stuck with the Democratic Party in New York City (though not in national or state elections) is no surprise. Every immigrant New Yorker is painfully aware that he has no other party. The Republicans in the city have never shown concern with present or former "unwashed masses."

MUSIC: European Report

Benjamin Boretz

Whatever one's expectations, a brief first-hand encounter with the European musical milieu is unlikely to produce any dazzling revelations of new phenomena or to offer enough of a comprehensive understanding to justify any weighty generalization about "the scene." In the first place, modern communications really do function so efficiently — in a westerly direction, at least — that virtually everything one can observe in Europe is already known, in some form, to the American musical world. And in the second, it would obviously take far more time than most musicians could afford to fathom all the workings of the vast network of activity that comprises European music.

Nevertheless, however familiar or elusive any of these aspects may be individually, they reveal a coherence in the context of the total European musical environment that could not have been inferred from outside observation alone. My own experience in Europe this past summer provided, in this connection, a striking indication that the essential qualities of every segment of a culture's musical life ultimately derive from the work and thought of its composers. Thus, just as European composition has undergone a violent cleavage from its traditional continuity, so every other aspect of musical activity seems to have been similarly cut off from its central development, and to have become stranded in an impasse where no further development or even the maintenance of a high conventional standard seems possible.

The most general way that this compositional image is reflected is in the contrast between the variety, extent, and range on the surface of every activity I observed, and the homogeneity that was invariably revealed on close examination. For instance, the sheer number of "regular" concerts that take place all over Europe is staggering by American standards, and they all seem able to attract large audiences. But the range of programing and performance qualities represented by a whole year's worth of European orchestral concerts, recitals, operatic performances and festivals would be considered much

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too limited for a routine season of a single American orchestra; and the endless profusion only emphasizes the basic vacuity of the whole public concert business.

On the other hand, the tendency of the most interesting young performers to be composer-oriented results in a still more significant relation between performance and current compositional tendencies. Among American performers, this orientation is manifest not only in the sense that they play new music, but also in their development from its viewpoint of performances of the entire literature. Their European counterparts, however, mirror *their* composers' approach to tradition by simply ignoring any music written before Messaien or outside the Darmstadt circle. The consequent effects on the quality of their new-music performances as well as, reciprocally, on the music composed, have already been noted here; but a perhaps more serious result is that the entire historical literature is abandoned to the dead routines of conservatory performers, who generally make it seem as contemptible as it is regarded by the others. The only satisfactory performances of any kind that one can hear in Europe are, in general, those given in the opera houses such as the Vienna Staatsoper or by the orchestras such as the Vienna Philharmonic that are devoted to the faithful reproduction of standardized performances of a specific literature. The Klemperers belong only to the very oldest generation, and their sole discernible successors are the same young Americans who, in a very different manner, continue the searching and continuous revaluation of all musical conventions.

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Within the compositional realm itself, the pervasive uniformity is puzzling to anyone who is accustomed to the independence and diversity that characterize the American *avant-garde*. For the professional structure within which European composers work seems to offer a far more generous scope for divergent approaches than does the university-bound American situation. Because new music is regarded by European governments as a necessary form of cultural propaganda, an entire segment of activity has been opened for its promulgation and encouragement, primarily through the radio stations. Along with the German state opera houses, the radio provides commissions, ensembles of all descriptions, studios and equipment for electronic music, and countless broadcasts of both live and recorded concerts of contemporary works. This has a propulsive effect on other professional activities that are notably sluggish in the United States. Publication, for example, is almost automatic for any European work that is commissioned by either the radio or opera house (and few works are composed on any other basis); since each performance or broadcast, even of a recording, pays a handsome royalty, publication of even a formidable new orchestral work, unimaginable in America, is likely to be a reasonably profitable venture in Europe.

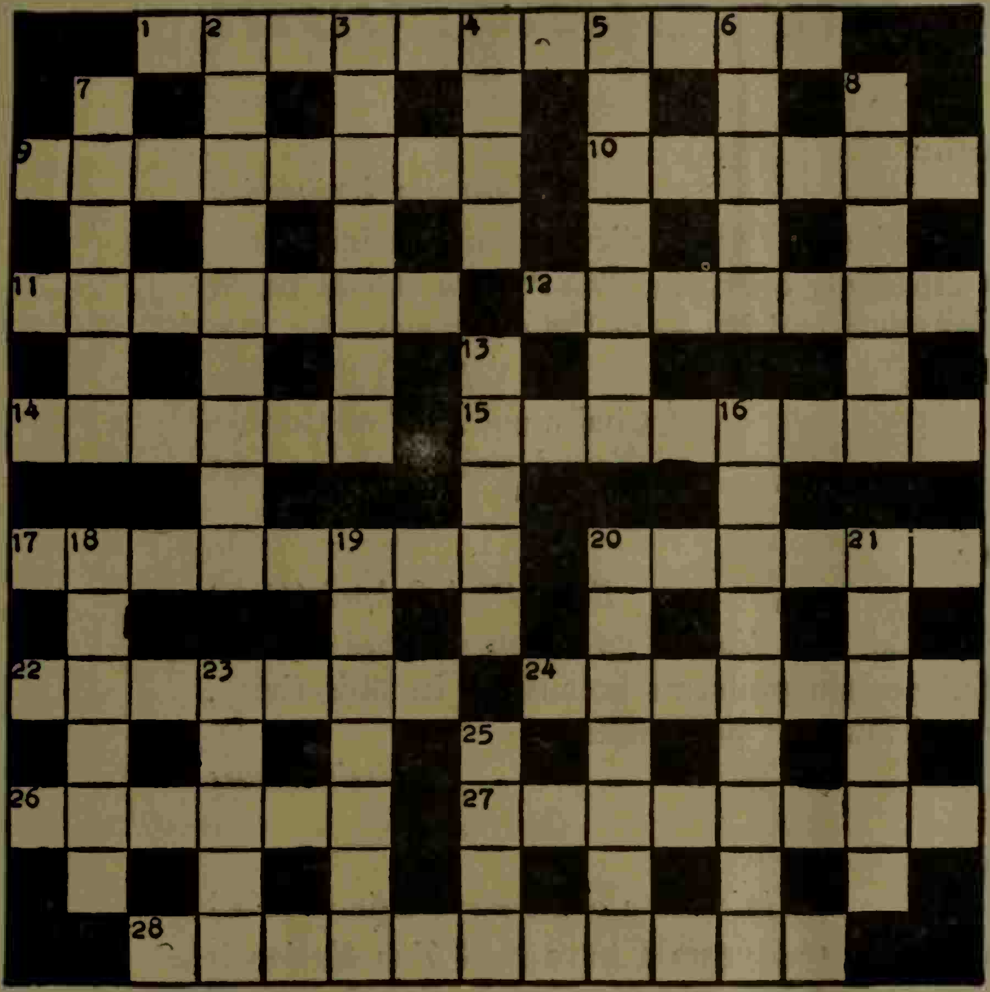
Also, the existence of a group of special ensembles, with a ready repertory of new works prepared at government expense, has provided the backbone for a whole series of ambitious new-music festivals. These, too, provide a focus for professional life, forming an almost continuous traveling center for the instant dissemination of the latest developments that ranges between Palermo and Warsaw and is on the road from April to October of each year.

But despite such manifold opportunities, I was still unable to find a single "advanced" composer working outside the Darmstadt orbit, or a single new European work on any of the festival concerts that was not either all "situation" and no composition, or a straightforward exercise in the so-called "international style." The young composers I met at the various festivals, in particular, seemed quite unaware that any alternatives to these approaches were possible, necessary, or even desirable. As a young German student at the Darmstadt Summer Course for New Music pointed out, "In America, everyone is trying to learn how to compose. Here, one knows." And the most depressing aspect of this complacency is that the general abandonment of the composer's desire and responsibility to create distinguishable musical statements has also destroyed his ability to recognize or describe the simplest discrete musical event. As a result, all professional discussion — such as the "teaching" at Darmstadt and the "theoretical" literature published in composers' magazines — is reduced to the level of primitive verbal and numerological gestures that are as powerless to communicate meaningful ideas as the "new music" itself. The implications of this for the future of European music are simply that the prevalent state of uniformity within and among compositions, ideas and activities threatens to perpetuate itself by its very nature. The inability to communicate or to receive communication, like the compositional inability to transfer the formal and perceptual discoveries of one composition onto the next, necessitates beginning from the same referenceless point each time to produce an endless undifferentiated variety that is equivalent to total redundancy.

Still, the real danger of the situation is not so much the existence or even the prevalence of Darmstadt, but rather the absence of even a single strong, imaginative figure to provide a hierarchical measure of its triviality, and to propose viable alternatives. Today, such figures and alternatives are mainly to be found in America, but the failure of our government ever to hold a festival of international importance in the United States, or to sponsor the presence at such events of our orchestras — which would be of no use anyway as long as they remain unprepared to play new American scores — has meant that the work of American composers is entirely unknown in Europe and is, in fact, hardly presumed to exist. In this way, we may already have lost the opportunity to provide Europe with the postwar musical leadership it so desperately needs; the resultant vacuum seems nearly filled with the mediocre extremes of exhibitionism and conventionality. But if there still remain a few European musicians or listeners whose musical predilections demand more exacting perceptual and formal challenges, it seems to me that we can no longer afford the dubious luxury of keeping our new music to ourselves.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1025

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Is such a dictatorial manner responsible for the population explosion? (11)
9 Certainly not a high-riding bohemian, but probably first at the bar. (4-4)
10 Weakened, but not necessarily by blackjack. (6)
11 Abrupt change from the arquebus, but not a very obvious change. (7)
12 His symphonic work was simply fantastic! (7)
14 Quiet area for play—possibly contract. (6)
15 Lot large enough for your inseparable companion? (5, 3)
17 A bird that suggests his own method of demise. (8)
20 Bed in disorder? (6)
22 Possibly noted for the air in Scotland. (7)
24 Peak in another continent, or city in this one. (7)
26 One doesn't agree to measure fineness this way. (6)
27 Whooping crane, for example? (4, 4)
28 Stiffening applied to resin, which implies rather arbitrary proceedings. (4, 7)

DOWN:

2 and 23 What retractable pens have is probably only a matter of perspective. (9, 5)
3 Eggs are over a dollar here! (7)
4 See 13 down.
5 Show regard for detail? (7)
6 Its land surface is certainly not formed from an unbroken plane.
7 Reputedly he is often searched for by those who would like to give him a hand. (6)
8 Have one's rightful place, but the forward-looking sometimes say it won't! (6)
13 and 4 Sponsors dinner, perhaps, but show-offs don't like to take them. (4, 5)
16 Go easy on the drinks? It seems to be a reasonable statement! (9)
18 Debussy's work — not necessarily the graven kind. (6)
19 And do you need a ruler to measure some of Beethoven's work?
20 Desire to drink, as a periodic thing? (7)
21 Draw out. (6)
23 See 2 down.
25 Roguish bow? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1024

ACROSS: 1 Close quarters; 10 Datum; 11 Organ stop; 12 Perforate; 13 Satin; 14 Disingenuous; 19 Denomination; 24 Behooving; 25 Take after; 26 Incan; 27 Enlightenment. DOWN: 2 Liters; 3 Symposium; 4 and 22 Quotation marks; 5 Angle; 6 Tents; 7 Rotation; 8 Adept; 9 Spanish; 15 Get a horse; 16 Neologism; 17 Edomite; 18 Unbroken; 20 Zircon; 21 Agent; 23 Swami; 24 Batch.

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Dear Sirs: For educators who believe popular opinion does not have a monopoly on truth, *The Nation* should be an inhabitant — not a fugitive — of the classroom.

Hobert W. Burns
Chairman, Area of Culture
Foundations of Education

From a Teacher

Bend High School (Ore.)

Dear Sirs: I find *The Nation* an invaluable aid for the teaching of American problems because of its objectivity, readability and low cost per student.

Darrell Hawes

From a Student

University of Pennsylvania (Phila.)

Gentlemen: In the two years I have read *The Nation* it has done more to educate me than my last two years of high school.

Elliot Werner

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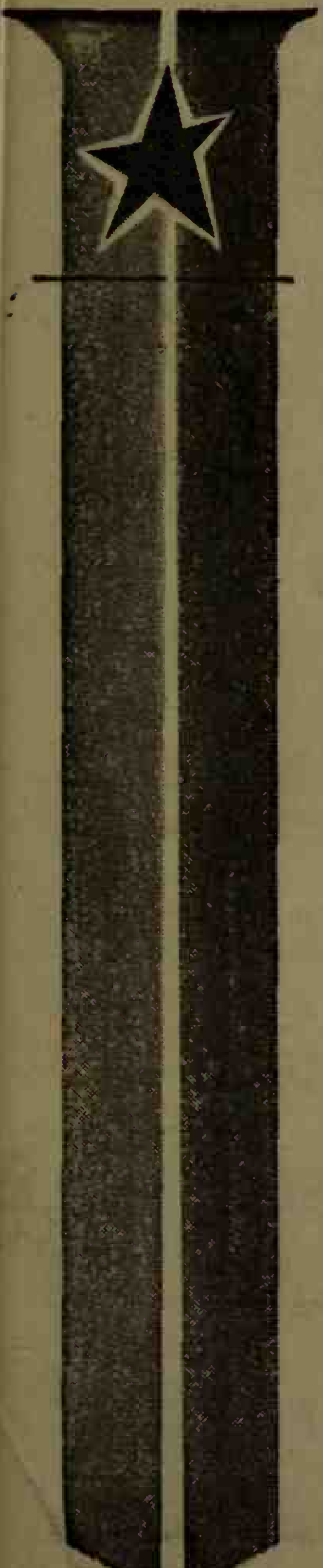

Unexamined Contradiction

American Plants Abroad

Frank Kowalski

'SNICK'

THE BATTLE-SCARRED YOUNGSTERS

Howard Zinn

PTA: Irrelevant Giant

William C. Kvaraceus

The Aesthetics of Failure (Paris)

Max Kozloff

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LETTERS

Model review

Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Hayden Carruth's review (in the June 15 issue) of Evan S. Connell, Jr.'s *Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel* seems to me a truly model review of a book that any reviewer must find next to impossible to say right things about. He says what I take to be *all* the right things; but even did I disagree with him, I think I could only admire the full commitment and thick information which comes through.

Philip Booth

Who's the demon?

Winter Park, Fla.

Dear Sirs: David Cort's assignment of the role of the arch-demon to Arthur A. Houghton, Jr. in a conspiracy to defraud the Cooper Union Museum for the benefit of the Metropolitan Museum (*The Nation*, Sept. 7, 1963) is one of the most absurd canards I have read in a long time. As the former president of the Cooper Union over a period of twenty-two years, I am only too well aware of the problem of supporting the Museum vis-à-vis meeting the overriding demands of the flourishing undergraduate programs, the library and the adult forums. The charter of the Cooper Union, of which your writer seems to be quite ill informed, provided only for tuition-free instruction in technology and in art, a reading room and an associate group that might carry on a lecture program. The Museum for the Arts of Decoration, organized by the granddaughters of Peter Cooper some forty years after the Cooper Union opened its doors, is outside of the basic framework of this charter. . . .

There were many times during my long administration when the problem of what to do about the museum arose. We tried for years to stimulate interest in the community for its support, but to no avail. . . .

The implication that "Edwin S. Burdell was shuffled off to a technical university in Ankara" is a shabby inference. I anticipated my retirement by several years in order to accept the thrilling challenge of the Turkish Government, the UN and the U.S. State Department to help the Turks establish a regional center of learning in the Middle East modeled after American technological universities. . . .

Skipping over other errors, innuendoes and name calling, to the close of your article, a glaring erroneous statement is made that the Cooper Union is given certain funds annually by the City of New York and hence liable to be held to account in court. Like all other private colleges, it enjoys tax exemption. Beyond that, it has never received a dollar from the city, state or federal government.

Finally, it seems to me unfortunate that an internal matter of institutional policy has been handled in your journal, not in terms of accurate and objective news reporting, but in the style of the yellow journalism of the turn of the century. I would expect something better from *The Nation.*

Edwin S. Burdell
Dean, Rollins College

Warren, Conn.

Dear Sirs: My hands are bruised and numb from the loud applause I have given to David Cort's article in the Sept. 7 issue. But that is something that I always do when I read an article by him because he is one of the people who have not been changed by racket and conformity and still can think.

Arthur Upham Pope
The Survey of Persian Art

Voice of The Nation

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I have appreciated your magazine this past year and generally found myself agreeing with your articles. Nevertheless, I am tired of your pose of being alone against injustice and stupidity. It may be good for the ego to believe that you are the only St. George . . . but it is unrealistic.

Typical of this attitude was the opening sentence of your August 24 editorial, "Where Democracy Ends": "The United States, as every reader of the press is assured almost every day, is an almost perfect democracy. . . ." Both the press in this city and in my home town (in up-state New York, which is hardly a hotbed of liberals) have been busy pointing up the faults of this country. Every magazine, even the more conservative, has contained articles on how our democracy is not perfect. . . . Your reading of the press must be restricted to the far Right—but then, they don't believe in democracy anyway, so they wouldn't be advocating it. . . .

Please discontinue this stance of Lone Crusader.

Dorothy E. Wynne

New York City

Dear Sirs: You defended the teacher's right to strike in your editorial ("Society's Scapegoat") in the Sept. 21 issue.

As a teacher—thank you very much. Your magazine has been the lone voice to defend a basic right for the most basic of professions. *Robert Little*

THE
NATION

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The Nation, Oct. 5, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 10

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

Back copies

New York City

Dear Sirs: I should be glad to give the following copies of *The Nation* to anyone who would care to have them. I will pay the postage if they are to go outside the country: Almost all the copies from 1960 through 1963 (to date). *Lucille Cohen*
210 East 26 St.

DEC

EDITORIALS

The Quick and the Dead

Quintuplets were born in Aberdeen, S.D., and the nation rejoiced at a phenomenon which occurs only once in 54 million births. Gifts poured in from all parts of the country; the children, if they live, will probably become wards of the state; Aberdeen will become as famous as Callender, Ontario. At about the same time, four little girls of viable age were slain in a dynamite explosion set off by segregationists in a Negro church in Birmingham, Ala. Subsequently, two Negro boys were killed in the streets. Five children were born, six died. Be it said to the credit of the country (God knows it needs moral credit these days) that the horror of the Birmingham killings was featured by the news media almost as prominently as the happy event in Aberdeen. The President himself deplored the bombings. A more eloquent declaration came from a freshman member of Congress, Charles Longstreet Weltner of Georgia. It is worth quoting in full:

> Mr. Speaker, there was a time when silence amidst denunciations of others was a positive virtue, but in face of the events on Sunday few can remain silent.
>
> Those responsible for the deed in Birmingham chose a Sabbath morning as the time, a house of God as the place, and the worshippers within as the victims. I do not know what twisted and tortured mind fashioned this deed, but I know why it happened. It happened because those chosen to lead have failed to lead. Those whose task it is to speak have stood mute, and in so doing we have permitted the voice of the South to preach defiance and disorder and stood by leaving the field to reckless and violent men. For all our hand-wringing and head-shaking we will never put down violence until we can raise a higher standard. Though honest men may differ as to means, can we not affirm as a great goal of this Republic the concept of equality of opportunity? Mr. Speaker, we need not so much new paragraphs on books of the law as new precepts in the hearts of men. We need to raise and to follow this standard, as old as Christianity and as simple as truth: "Let right be done."

The Southern racists will have their chance to do that, and so will the Northern racists, who have not yet taken to bombing churches. But the time is short. In Birmingham there have been more than twenty-two bombings of Negro churches, residences and places of business—and not a single arrest has been made. How long are the Negroes expected to turn the other cheek? The South may or may not listen to voices such as that of Congressman Weltner; those who need his prayer most are the least likely to heed it. If there is no miracle, if exhortation no longer avails, then one of two developments must take place. Either the Negroes will arm to protect their homes, their families and their communities, as indeed some Negroes have done; or, as Howard Zinn most earnestly urges elsewhere in this issue (p. 193), the federal government must use whatever force is necessary, including the occupation of Birmingham and, if that does not suffice, the entire State of Alabama. In fact, the federal government once did just that.

With Our Tongues Hanging Out

Nothing better illustrates the intellectual demoralization wrought by the cold war in American Government circles than the deals for foodstuffs our Canadian neighbors have been making with Communist-bloc countries. On the eve of the President's Conference on Export Expansion, Canada concluded her latest transaction—this one with the Soviet Union, involving 239 million bushels of wheat valued at more than $500 million. It brings total Canadian sales of cereals, skim milk, etc., to Communist customers to nearly a billion dollars for the past year. This billion just about balances Canada's trade deficit with the United States, and incidentally brings out the full idiocy of American trade policy vis-à-vis the Communist bloc, which is a bloc no longer. While the President is exhorting American businessmen to make exports a "priority issue," Canadian businessmen are doing just that.

Two hundred and thirty-nine million bushels is a lot of wheat, but it is only a fraction of the U.S. wheat surplus, which now stands at 1.2 billion bushels. Since the Soviets and the Chinese Reds have been in the market for wheat (and may be still), why doesn't Uncle Sam unload some of his stocks instead of paying millions for storage and losing part of the wheat to the rat population? It isn't for lack of will on the part of the traders: they "have their tongues hanging out," a government official is quoted as saying by Joe Western in the Sept. 18 *Wall Street Journal*. But, Mr. Western adds, "any feelers by Mr. Khrushchev to buy [wheat] just now undoubtedly would touch off a furor in and out of government. Critics of the test-ban treaty would probably seize on it as confirming their fear that the Administration made secret deals to get the Kremlin to sign the test-ban pact. Ultra-conservatives would be moved to election-year charges that the Democratic Party is soft on communism."

All except the wheat-belt conservatives, of course—their tongues are likewise hanging out. This is the sole note of sanity in what is otherwise political psychopathology in its purest form. Khrushchev isn't begging for wheat, he is buying it.

There is, however, one angle from which the inhibition on trade with the Communist ex-bloc makes sense. If, from the purest of motives, we desire to help our allies while declining to injure our enemies, then present policies make sense. For Japan and Canada, and more lately France, are moving in to supply the market in Cuba that once was ours: just as Canada and Australia are supplying the wheat requirements of China and Russia. This helps our allies but does not harm our "enemies," since they get from others what we refuse to sell. It is difficult to imagine a purer, loftier or sillier idealism than this. Khrushchev has said that we are no paper tiger, but in this case we are playing toothless dog in the manger, and that is a game too futile to be endured long by Americans parched and panting for markets.

Who Shall Watch the Watchman?

A seasoned observer of the American political scene recently asked: "Do the regulatory agencies protect the public interest, or have the foxes been set to guard the chickens?" Senators Paul H. Douglas and Ernest Gruening would certainly answer the first part of the question in the negative, particularly insofar as the actions of the Federal Maritime Commission and the Maritime Administration are concerned. Mr. Douglas (*Congressional Record*, July 15) noted that the balance-of-payments deficit for the first quarter of 1963 amounted to $700 million, corresponding to an annual rate of $2.8 billion (subsequently it has risen to about $4 billion). He noted further that the U.S. trade balance on steel has declined by almost $800 million since 1955, our imports having doubled and our exports having fallen to one-quarter. In part, this is the result of discriminatory maritime freight rates, a field which is under Executive jurisdiction. While he is conferring with business executives on how to increase U.S. exports, the President might well look into this bizarre situation.

He will find that it costs $33.35 to ship a ton of iron or steel pipe from a U.S. West Coast port to Japan, but only $18 in the reverse direction. The corresponding figures for angles, beams and girders are $31.10, westbound, and $15.50, eastbound. Eastbound between U.S. North Atlantic ports and West Germany the freight on pipes is $51.25 per ton, westbound on the same route, $18.75. In the case of twenty-six commodities other than steel which the Department of Commerce has designated as having "substantial export potential," outbound rates are approximately 34 per cent higher than inbound. There are also differentials in the other direction, examples being automobile shipments between West Germany and the U.S. and electrical goods between Japan and the U.S.; evidently a good deal of international conniving is going on, of which the American public knows next to nothing.

But the public is paying the freight, and not just figuratively. Maritime freight rates are set by international shipping conferences dominated by foreign flag lines, some of which are U.S.-controlled but prefer to pay their crews the lower wages permitted by the countries of registry. The Maritime Subsidy Board, which is under the Maritime Administration, which is under the Department of Commerce, has adopted as a general principle that subsidized lines should "comply with established applicable conference rates in any trade in which the subsidized lines engage." This applies whether or not the line is a member of the conference. Departures from this practice may be sanctioned, but the Maritime Subsidy Board will require the line to justify its noncompliance. Nonconformity would appear to invoke the risk of non-subsidy.

Backing Senator Douglas, Senator Gruening not only found "negligence, indifference to the public interest, and shameful performance" in this particular situation, but also argued that the whole question of regulatory agencies "is one of the most vital issues which confront the American people." To which Senator Douglas added: "I think there is a general tendency for the regulatory agencies . . . to become regulated and controlled by the very interests they were set up to regulate and control, because the institutions whose rates and services they control have great economic interests involved." If the New Frontier is doing anything about that, the results are scarcely visible with the unaided eye.

We Don't Need It at All

No one actually believes that the military draft adds to the national security. To the great majority of draftees, it is no more than a nuisance to be gotten over with. Not one of the military services has any real need for it. Congress doesn't like it, since it makes Congressmen unpopular when they try to defend it to letter-writing constituents. Its only function is to keep reminding people that the cold war is on and that at any moment we may have to spring to arms in the manner of Teddy Roosevelt or Mad Anthony Wayne.

The exemption of married men will probably not result in a tidal wave of marriages among the young; most of them have too much sense to get married for such a negative and sordid reason. But what of those whose minds work differently? There are already too many ill-considered marriages among the very young and badly educated—precisely those least qualified to make their way in an increasingly cybernetic world. Among the privileged, likewise, there are the reckless and irresponsible. To these groups, and others like them, the new regulations offer an additional incentive to marry in haste and divorce at leisure (after a pregnancy or two). At the same time, a significant number of men who would merely be inconvenienced by induction will escape service entirely, for no reason except that they were married.

For the President, it was one of those "something-has-to-be-done" situations. The manpower pool was growing too large for any conceivable use, even in a Third World War, which would be fought with rockets, not infantrymen. For several years, about 1,700,000 young men have been classified 1-A, of whom the Pentagon calls up 6,000 to 7,000 per month to supplement volunteers. As the babies of the World War II marriage explosion began to reach nineteen, the draft authorities knew that the pool was bound to overflow. When the impending problem was brought to the attention of the President, he dealt with it, not as a problem, but as a situation, i.e., something to be gotten out of in a smooth political fashion. This he accomplished by taking 340,000 married men out of the pool. If he desires to do the nation a real service, and not merely to side-step a nuisance, he will let some more steam out of the cold war and then throw his influence toward abolishing the draft altogether.

Reconversion and Automation

As the consensus that has supported the cold war begins to show signs of disintegration, some of the real problems of the society are starting to win recognition in Congress. Rep. William F. Ryan's bill (H. R. 8429), calling for the establishment of a Federal Commission on Automation, is one such sign. Under the Ryan proposal, the Commission would make findings on the economic, political and social effects of automation on employment, education, leisure time, politics, social relations, economic structures and foreign affairs; the findings would be reported to the President and to Congress. The merit of the proposal is that it is based on the assumption that automation is not merely another phase of the industrial revolution, but poses issues of far-reaching import and effect.

Still another refreshing example of the tendency to focus on critical problems is Senator George McGovern's proposal to create an Economic Conversion Commission to facilitate the shift from a military to a civilian economy. The special merit of this proposal is that it is offered in connection with a specific proposal. Senator McGovern has announced that he intends to advocate a $5 billion cut in the arms budget, which sum he would like to see diverted to any of a number of suggested civilian projects (construction of hospitals, classrooms, laboratories, libraries, the protection of rivers, lakes and harbors from pollution, etc.). A few years ago such a proposal would have been inconceivable; today it is merely impractical in the sense that it is somewhat premature. But favorable comment on it by Senators Clark, Humphrey, Randolph, Young and others, suggests that it may not be as premature as one imagines.

It is not alone the changed world outlook that has made the issue of arms reduction discussible; a more cogent consideration, perhaps, is the growing realization that the present level, and character, of arms spending is, as Senator McGovern points out, "not an unmixed blessing . . . as a stimulus to the economy." On the contrary, it has distorted the economy by allocating a high percentage of trained manpower, research and technology to weapons production at the expense of other industry. "Building weapons," as Senator McGovern told his colleagues, "is a seriously limited device for building the economy—partly because it cannot be counted upon as a permanent system and partly because a military item leads to no further production: it is an end in itself." It would be a miracle if either of these sensible proposals were to be approved by the Congress, but it is encouraging to note that two such critically important issues as reconversion and automation have begun to intrude on a Congress preoccupied with less urgent matters.

Irish Winds of Change . . . . . . Carey McWilliams

Dublin

Winds of change at long last are undermining the wall of partition in Ireland and the ancient animosities to which it is a monument.

Even Britain — the architect of partition—is no longer keen about it. Partition was more than a divide-and-conquer tactic. The six Northern counties (Ulster), it was thought, were needed to "guard the northern approaches," but with missiles and jet planes, the need no longer exists. Moreover, British fears of Irish treachery, based on Ireland's plotting with the Germans in World War I, have vanished; the status of neutrality was scrupulously observed during World War II. Originally, also, partition provided a back-yard farm that supplied food at prices which the British controlled, but today the mutual economic dependence of Britain and Ireland could not be greater: each country is high on the other's list of best customers. At the same time, the North (Ulster) has become an enormous financial burden to Britain. The cost is in the neighborhood of 150 million pounds annually; 25 million pounds for farm subsidies alone, and these may well increase.

Today, forty-three years after partition, significant economic progress has been made in the South, while Ulster's economy is in the doldrums. Linen and shipbuilding, basic Belfast industries, are in decline. Since 1951, the unemployment rate has never fallen below 6 per cent and net emigration has averaged 9,000 a year. By contrast, the South's economy is expanding; emigration has been checked and the Irish are no longer "a vanishing race" (in 1962, for the first time, a population increase was recorded). Late marriages are still the rule but the age-of-marriage is falling. (To encourage early marriages, the press devotes an inordinate amount of space to marriage news; brides and bridegrooms are Heroes of the Republic.) Emigrants are beginning to return, often with acquired skills and fresh perspectives. Tourism is booming. Prosperous European countries — Italy in particular — are purchasing ever larger quantities of beef in Dublin and more Ulster cattle in turn are being purchased by Dublin buyers. Beginning in 1956, Ireland has pressed an industrial growth program (in the pattern of Puerto Rico's Operation Bootstrap) that has induced 160 foreign firms to establish plants employing 22,000 workers. New industries are offered outright cash grants up to two-thirds of the cost of fixed assets, including, if you please, the cost of training workers. Profits by new firms from exports are exempt from income and corporation tax, and free transfer of funds is permitted.

Labor is relatively cheap and

available where it is needed; no new housing is required (fortunately no Irish urban area has grown beyond its optimum size). Ireland now has a fine infra-structure of roads, schools, municipal housing, harbors, airports and good bus and rail facilities. Government ownership of all transport, including air lines, and power installations, facilitates economic planning and fosters a mixed economy; in Ulster, by contrast, laissez faire reigns supreme. More important, foreign concerns manufacturing in Ireland are afforded a virtually unrestricted, duty-free, access to Britain's 52 million consumers.

Naturally the more progressive business elements in Ulster are beginning to be attracted by the idea of a 32-county — all Ireland — market. Naturally, also, German, American, Dutch and even South African firms are being attracted in increasing numbers. Should Britain join the Common Market, the Irish would have to go in too and should this happen, partition would be meaningless.

North and South, the die-hards are dying. The terrorism of bombs and border raids and boycotts has been replaced by an informal armistice and a new mood of conciliation is apparent, notably in the South. The 1916 and post-1916 generations were obsessed by politics; the new generation is preoccupied with economics. "The flood-tide of our national movement," writes Michel McInerney in the Irish *Times*, "ebbed as its aims were realized." The extremism which for 300 years has bedeviled Protestant-Catholic relations is gradually being replaced by more moderate, matter-of-fact attitudes. The late Pope John XXIII is said to have exerted a most benign influence on the Irish Church, particularly among the younger clergy.

Pride in Ireland's role in the United Nations has undercut the shrill nationalism of an earlier period. Radio and television are rapidly undermining North-South — and local — idiosyncrasies. A decline of 11.7 per cent in the number of Irish-speakers took place in the period 1936-1946; today Gaelic is falling off even as a second language. Censorship is abating. This summer the Bolshoi Ballet was accorded an enthusiastic reception in Dublin. Ten years ago, I was reliably informed, there would have been protest demonstrations. This is not to say that Catholic-Protestant "incidents" do not occur in the South, but the atmosphere has undergone a marked change. Protestant fear of Catholic persecution in Ireland proper is today clearly without foundation. By contrast, the Catholic minority in the North (450,000 out of 1,250,000) is subject to real economic and political discrimination; through a variety of devices Catholics have been denied fair representation at every level of government.

Economic and social change has in turn made possible a sensible approach to the problem of partition. For tact and shrewdness it would be difficult to improve on Prime Minister Sean Lemass' remarkable "hands of friendship" speech in Tralee on July 29. Reflecting the new mood of conciliation, Mr. Lemass carefully refrained from stirring up ancient animosities and fears. Within an all-Ireland constitution, the Six Counties could continue to exercise all the powers they acquired in 1921, "for so long as it is desired to have them." He acknowledged that the government and Parliament of the Six Counties exist with the support of the majority of the area, "artificial though that area is." And he expressed a willingness to negotiate whatever safeguards, "in reason," the North feels it might need in a reunited Ireland.

While not wildly acclaimed, the speech made an impression in the North. But once again the response was the same: the Six Counties are and must remain an integral part of Britain. Even so, the Young Unionists of the North are finding it increasingly hard to deny the reality, stressed by Mr. Lemass, that the Six Counties are part of Ireland. No one expects formal, *de jure* unification soon; but social and economic change will make partition increasingly anachronistic. Even today, North and South have a unified transportation system, the same language, the same currency and essentially the same judicial and administrative systems. The North's attitude, also, is less rigid than it appears to be. Devotion to partition varies in relation to class and social position; it increases as one goes up the scale. The Unionists have been able to stay in power since 1921 simply by stressing partition as the one great eternal issue. But one-party dominance has fostered a neglect of real social and economic issues which now begins to provoke audible mutterings of protest. Vested interests such as a higher scale of social services, farm subsidies and one-party political sinecures — the twelve seats which the North has in Parliament are all safe Tory preserves — are today the principal props of partition.

But vested interests aside, unification would clearly be an economic boon to both Irelands. The new industries which the South has attracted are mostly branches of foreign companies which could be closed with no great loss or inconvenience to the parent companies. Most of them are third-class industries, making trinkets, bikini swim suits, peat briquettes, etc., or are branch assembly plants. They are modest employers, with something like 120 workers each. And they have brought new problems. Some seventeen German factories have been established, including an unsightly crane factory in Killarney. Germans are buying good farm lands and off-shore islands (for summer estates) at a rapid clip. Already "incidents" have occurred. This August extra police were called out in County Mayo following the arrival of the first German family to holiday in Inniscoya, a three-acre island off-shore purchased by a German syndicate. Anti-German signs and slogans are painted on the walls in Newport. Irish trainees sent to Germany by a German firm with a plant in Ennis returned indignant at the treatment accorded them. Much of the wealth created in Ireland is foreign-owned and much of it flows out of the country. Patrick Lynch, chairman of the board of Aer Lingus, in a brilliant paper (*Studies*, Summer, 1963), warns that the next seven years will be critical for Ireland; it must expand or stagnate. Stagnation, of a chronic variety, has long been visible in the North. Therefore, since both areas must expand economically, unification would be a boon to both.

In the meantime, one can only hope that the South's expansion will be carefully planned. There are indications that it may be proceeding too fast — and in the wrong direction. Levels of income may not be as high as elsewhere, but Ireland enjoys a refreshing freedom from many modern social evils. By American standards, there is hardly any crime; with a population (1961) of 2,814,703, murders average about two a year. Growth is needed, but of a variety that will protect the social values that make Ireland the pleasant society it is today, and unification would facilitate a more sensible, cautious expansion.

Not so long ago Northern Ireland's leading Catholic and Protestant churchmen participated in a meeting sponsored by the Irish Association for Cultural, Economic and Social Relations (founded in 1938 to promote better North-South relations). The mere fact that a meeting of this kind could be held is an omen of things to come. If in time Irish Protestants and Catholics, who have stared at one another "like China dogs" since Cromwell's day, can be induced to cooperate, there is hope for mankind; for it will mark the end of one of the most embittered, ancient and senseless feuds on record.

The Battle-Scarred Youngsters . . . Howard Zinn

Having just spent a little time in Greenwood, Miss., I felt a certain air of unreality about the March on Washington. The grandiose speeches, the array of movie stars, the big names dropped and bounced several times, the sheer impress of numbers—all added up, technically, to an occasion that one describes as "thrilling." And it must have been so to participants and to the millions who watched on television. Still, while swept up in the spirit myself, I wondered if, to the Negro citizen of Greenwood, Itta Bena and Ruleville; of Albany, Americus and Dawson; of Selma, Gadsden and Birmingham; of Danville and other places, it may not have seemed the most Gargantuan and best organized of irrelevancies.

There was one relevant moment in the day's events at Washington: that was when the youngest speaker on the platform, John Lewis, chairman of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, lashed out in anger, not only at the Dixiecrats, but at the Kennedy Administration, which had been successful up to that moment in directing the indignation of 200,000 people at everyone but itself.

The depth of Lewis' feeling and the direction of his attack may have baffled Northern liberals, mollified recently by the Administration's new Civil Rights Bill, by its bold words and by the President's endorsement of the great March. But John Lewis knew, because the young SNCC workers in his organization are on the front lines of the conflict, that while the President and the Attorney General speak loud in Washington, their voices are scarcely whispers in the towns and the hamlets of the Black Belt.

Greenwood, Miss., just before the March, revealed in its own quiet way how the Deep South remains essentially untouched by resonant speeches in the national capital.

Surrounded by cotton plantations, Greenwood overlooks the Delta from a vantage point in west-central Mississippi. It is the headquarters for the Voter Registration Project, in which all the major civil-rights organizations cooperate, and whose working force is supplied mainly by the youngsters of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC — affectionately called Snick). It is the seat of Leflore County, where Negroes are 65 per cent of the population and half the Negro families have an income less than $27 a week. Almost no Negroes vote, and attempts of the past year to register Negroes have been met with torch, shotgun and a dozen varieties of official brutality, intimidation and subterfuge.

The Snick "office" in Greenwood is like a front company headquarters during wartime. As I came in one evening last August, having driven from Memphis, I was greeted by Annelle Ponder, whose younger sister I taught at Spelman College in Atlanta, and whose path has crossed mine several times in the last few hectic years. The Ponder girls are all tall, black-skinned and beautiful. Annelle has been in Greenwood this past year handling the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's part of the voter registration project. She is quiet and courageous. She has been beaten by police in Winona, Miss. When friends went to the jail one day, they found her sitting there, her face swollen and marked, barely able to speak. She looked up at them, and just managed to whisper one word: "Freedom."

With Annelle at headquarters were a bunch of the Snick kids. One of them came forward to shake hands and we recognized each other — it was Stokely Carmichael, a tall, slender philosophy student at Howard University, born in the West Indies and reared in the sit-in movement. We had met in Albany, Ga., during the first outburst of trouble there in December, 1961.

What was on for the evening? A mass meeting at one of the Negro churches. And then a party at the home of one of the girls.

They showed my wife and me around the building: on the first floor, a big jumbled room for meetings, with a long table in the center — this was the dining room, too, for whatever voter registration workers were around when mealtime came — and a small kitchen to the side, where Mrs. Johnson cooked the meals. Upstairs were cubicles serving as offices, and a large area with two iron cots in a corner, for travelers in the movement. Cartons of books were on the floor; they had been donated by a Northern college, and were soon to go on new pine bookshelves.

At the church meeting, middle-aged Negroes who had lived forty

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and fifty years in the Delta without shaking a white person's hand came up to shake hands and say hello. Greenwood has this past year been going through that tense, hopeful process begun recently in many communities of the Deep South — the first contact on an equal basis with white people; an awakening to the possibility of genuine brotherhood. These first white friends have been college students from New England, or ministers from the Middle West, or just interested people passing through — rather than local whites. But it is a start. And among the Snick youngsters manning battle posts in the Black Belt have been young white Southerners: Bob Zellner from Alabama, Sandra Hayden from Texas. It is a beginning, and credit belongs mostly to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee for blasting open in various parts of the Deep South the first pockets of equal interracial contact.

For Southern whites, watching at the edge of these pockets, it is a painful but inexorable educational process. The first reactions to the sight of Negroes and whites in friendly contact are outrage, fury, often violence. But repetition of the vision dulls the reflex and there begins, not acceptance yet, but at least hesitancy.

Perhaps Greenwood police this past year have begun to move into the second stage. When a police car stopped my wife and me as we were driving away from the Snick party, they seemed at least a little accustomed to the idea. They flashed their lights again and again into our faces and into the car, and cast looks at the house where the lights were on and the noise of the party could still be heard. They spent some time examining identification papers and then (unlike a previous similar experience in Atlanta, where my companion was a Negro and we were arrested) muttered for us to move on.

The next afternoon, a race against time began among the Snick workers in the Greenwood office. Thirteen youngsters were in Parchman state prison farm, and had been there for two months. Forty-five other Negroes — men and women of all ages — had been on the county prison farm, also for two months. All of them had been arrested in June on charges of "breach of the peace." After much legal delay, release was at hand. A young lawyer, representing the National Council of Churches, had come to Greenwood with bond money for these fifty-eight people. But it turned out that information supplied him by local officials, and transcribed on the bonds, was full of errors, and the county attorney would not accept the bonds. If the transaction could not be completed by that Friday afternoon, the prisoners would have to spend another weekend in jail.

The proper information was quickly compiled, and all available typewriters and people who could type were assembled in the Voter Registration Project office. The new data were typed in. The papers were taken to the sheriff. Just before dusk on Friday the fifty-eight emerged.

The headquarters that night had the eerie quality of a field hospital after a battle. Youngsters out of jail — sixteen and seventeen years old — were sprawled here and there. Two of them lay on the narrow cots upstairs while a few of the Snick girls dabbed their eyes with boric acid solutions; some dietary deficiency in jail had affected their eyes. One boy nursed an infected hand. Another boy's foot was swollen; he had started to lose feeling in it while in "the hot box" at Parchman, and had stamped on it desperately again and again to restore circulation. Medical attention was refused them in prison. The cold newspaper reports of the past few years about people arrested in various parts of the Deep South for demonstrating have never conveyed the reality of a Black Belt jail.

Three Snick youngsters, with a tape recorder on the broken-down table near us, told about their arrest, and about life at Parchman. The first was Willie Rogers:

> . . . it was twenty minutes to one when the chief came out of his car and across the street in front of the courthouse. It was June 25th — Tuesday. The chief said, I'm askin' you-all to move on. We said that we were up there to get our folks registered. So he said, I'm askin' you-all to move on, you're crowdin' the sidewalk — the sidewalk was clear. We walked up to the courthouse steps so as not to block the sidewalk. He said, I'm askin' you to leave now. We said we came to get them registered and soon as they registered we would leave. So he started placing us under arrest — one by one. . . .
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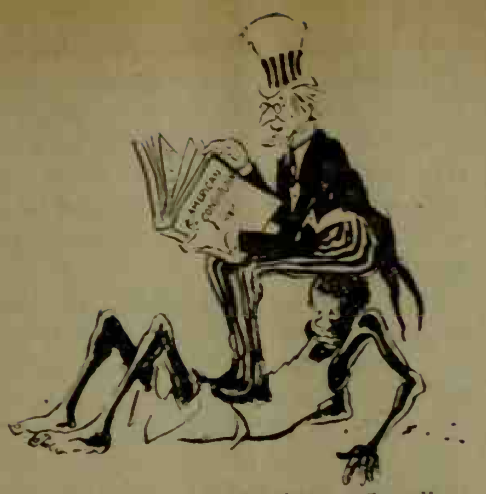
> We stayed in jail about two hours before trial came off, and the judge sentenced us to four months and $200 fine for refusing to move on, and about an hour later they came and took us to the penal farm, which we stayed out on the penal farm about a week and worked. . . . Tuesday, without us knowin', they had sentenced us to Mississippi State Penitentiary, Parchman, Mississippi. . . . Two boys named John Hanley and Arthur Jackson and I — he put us in the hot box. We stayed in the hot box two nights. It's about five foot nine inches square, which they call it the hot box. Long as they don't turn the heat on — with three in there — you can make it. There's no openings for light or air — there was a little crack under the door, but you couldn't see your hand before your face less you get down on your knees. When they got ready to feed you they hand the tray through a little door which they close — and then you can't eat unless you get down on your knees by the light comin' in the door — then you can see how to eat. And they had a little round hole in the floor which was a commode — about as big around as a six-pound bucket top. After we stayed in there those two nights, the sergeant started pickin' at me: "You're the lyingest nigger in Greenwood, aren't you?" I told him no, I didn't lie, which I had, because I didn't tell him nothing about the movement in Greenwood. . . . The last night he decided to take our T-shirts and things — so we decided not to wear no underwear. So he decided to open all the windows and turn on the fans, and the beds that we were sleepin' on, they didn't have no tick or nothing, just metal, and had round holes in it. So last night I didn't sleep — I stayed up all night and all day today and he came in right after lunch and MacArthur Cotton and I, we weren't saying anything, and the guards came around and handcuffed us to the bar. . . . I'm seventeen.

> . . . My name is Jesse James Glover. I live in Itta Bena, Mississippi. I was arrested at the courthouse in Greenwood — charged for likewise, not movin' on. Some of the older people with us, they moved on. But we didn't think it expedient to move, because the courthouse is a public place. So we stayed. . . . We had a trial next morning. We didn't have a lawyer. . . . We stayed at the county farm four days. We dug ditches in the white part of town. We decided among ourselves we

weren't going to work or eat any more because we were afraid of being shot from a car passing the road or by one of the guards, because we were all working with Snick. We didn't eat for two days, neither worked, then they came to take us to Parchman. There was about 25-30 policemen outside with guns and blackjacks and things standing around the bus when we came out — we all put our hands behind our heads and they searched us all, put us on the bus. So we left. . . . We stayed there a week and then I took sick. He didn't let me see a doctor. That's the man in charge. They call him "sergeant." We ate twice a day. At night they put the fan on and it was cold. We were sleepin' on a steel bunk with forty-four holes in it. . . . A week later I was put in a place called the hot box. I stayed in this hot box two days and a half. I was put in because Freddie Harris and Lawrence Guyot and I was whisperin' to each other. Another week I was put in the hot box again. I stayed there four days. About half a week later he said some lice had gotten in the place, so he cut all our hair and gave us some blue ointment and put fourteen of us in a cell — two beds for fourteen of us. We stayed there all night. About another week, I got put into this hot box again — he said we were talkin'. He put nine of us in this box — it's about six by six. Nine of us — we couldn't lie down. . . . Three or four more days they began to take our T-shirts and cut our food in half — so we gave our shorts back because we said what good are shorts without T-shirts. So they put us back in the cell, without our shorts, and turned of the fan again. We were naked. It was real cold. . . . The next day he put thirteen of us in the hole, this six by six hole. We were making it okay about 30 minutes with the fan off — breathing in this oxygen, lettin' out this carbon dioxide — and the air was evaporating on top of the building, and it got so hot the water was falling off the top of the building all around the sides like it was raining. One boy was taken sick in the box. They took the sick boy out — they didn't take him to a doctor — they put him in a cell for that morning. He let us out of the hot box that morning, back in the cell. We told everyone to keep quiet because we didn't want to get in the hot box again — it might cause a death in the hot box. So we all was quiet for a long time. Then a few fellows were talking to each other. He came down and told Lawrence Guyot, I'm going to put these niggers up to this damn bar if I hear any of this racket — so they hung MacArthur Cotton, Arthur Jackson, and Willie Rogers on the bars — MacArthur was singin' some Freedom songs. . . . Altogether, I was thirteen days in the hot box. . . . How did I get in the movement? I was at a mass meeting in Itta Bena. I'd been walkin' and canvassin' on my own. Bob Moses asked me, did I want to work with Snick. I told him yes. So from then on I been working. Monday I'm startin' school, but in the evening in Itta Bena I'm going to get young people to work with me canvassing — teach the old people how to fill out the forms — try to get my town moving.



Manchester Guardian

"Well what do you know, it does say something about Race, Color or Creed."

. . . My name is Fred Harris. He came around and said, you gonna move? you gonna move? And he frightened the old people. And when we didn't move he arrested us. . . . I stayed in the hole four days. In all I spent 160 hours in the hole — the hot box that is. He told me next time he found paper on the floor in my cell he would hang me up by my arms and my legs. And about a week after that I asked to see the doctor, and he told me, yes, when I die. I'm seventeen. I'll be starting school Monday. I got involved with the movement back in 1960, when Snick came up. I was fourteen then. Sam Block was talking to me about the movement. I told him, yes, I'd be glad to help, and I started from there on. . . . At first my mother didn't want me to be in it. Then she realized it would be best for her and for me If I were in the movement, so she told me I could go ahead and work in the movement. . . .

While the returned prisoners took turns lying on the bunks, Snick workers were being delivered to different parts of the Negro section of Greenwood to announce a mass meeting that night to welcome the prisoners back home. You find, roughly, three kinds of Snick workers in a place like Greenwood: two or three regular staff members, who make $10 or $20 a week — in those weeks when there is money; ten to fifteen students from various parts of the country who have left school temporarily to work with Snick, and who subsist on $5 or $10 perhaps every other week; indeterminate numbers of young people from the town and the surrounding countryside, who volunteer their time, risk their lives and their liberty, and get an occasional meal at headquarters.

I sat in on the staff meeting next morning, held in the large main room. In one corner was a boiler, in another a rubbish can. On the walls were a map of the City of Greenwood, newspaper clippings on civil rights, photos of Pete Seeger when he was in Greenwood, photos of Jim Forman (executive secretary of Snick). Scattered around were two typewriters, some broken chairs, books and newspapers and a big pot for Kool-aid.

But if poverty showed in the material possessions at Snick headquarters, the human resources were something else. Chairing the meeting was Bob Moses, the quiet fighter in charge of the Voter Registration Project, a veteran by now of Mississippi violence and nonviolence. Here was Sam Block, silent, thin, dark, his home deep in the Delta, who did the early reconnaissance for Snick in the area and almost lost his life for it. Here was Willie Peacock, also from Mississippi, another Snick veteran. Annelle Ponder was here, representing SCLC (Martin Luther King's group); Martha Prescod, a slender college student from the North; Stokely Carmichael, the fiery young man from Howard; Jean Wheeler, a smiling coed, also from Howard. Here too was a former star student of mine at Spelman College — her home a little town in South Carolina — now just graduated from Yale Law School: Marian Wright. With her was another graduate from Yale, a young white fellow named Oscar Chase. (Chase recently wrote a valuable legal paper which shows how the federal government, by bold, imaginative use of the injunction, could fulfill its responsibility to protect the constitutional rights of Negroes in the Deep South.) In the room also was another of the increasing number of white college students in this essentially Negro-led movement — a California sociology major named Mike Miller, who has done impressive research on civil-rights matters. And five of the youngsters just out of Parchman jail were present.

That afternoon we drove in two cars to Itta Bena, a feudal cotton village outside Greenwood, where Negroes came off the land to meet in a dilapidated little church, welcome back the Parchman prisoners, and sing freedom songs with an overpowering spirit. One of the returned prisoners was Mother Perkins, fragile and small, seventy-five years old, who had just spent, like the rest, two months on the county prison farm for wanting to register.

Cars filled with white men rumbled by along the road that passed by the church door, but the meeting and the singing went on. Anyone who felt the urge got up and spoke. An old man rose on his cane and said: "All these years, going along behind my plow, I thought some day things would change. But I never dreamed I'd see it now."

Bob Moses told them that Negroes — and whites — were without jobs in all the big cities of the nation, that they could not run away any more from the Delta to Chicago and Detroit, that they must stay and wrench from the State of Mississippi what they deserved as human beings. Marian Wright told them a fable about an eagle that for a long time was told it was a chicken and believed it. Stokely Carmichael reminded them that while the Lord might be on their side, they would have to secure their rights by their own intense efforts. Meanwhile, the automobiles kept passing on the road outside.

The crushing conclusion that comes out of Greenwood, Miss. — and Selma, Ala., and Danville, Va., and Americus, Ga. — is that the federal government is but a shadow in the hard-rock places of the Deep South. Standing at the foot of the Lincoln Memorial, John Lewis turned his wrath, not at the easy target, the Dixiecrats, but against the Administration. "It is the *federal government* that indicted nine of our people in Albany." The Democratic Party, Lewis made clear, cannot be treated as a savior as long as it lives with Eastland, nor can the Republicans, harboring Goldwater. "What political leader can stand up and say his party is the party of freedom?" And then, the most dangerous question one can ask in a country boasting of its two-party system: "Where is *our* party?"

To many, the March had been presented as a gigantic lobby for the Administration's Civil Rights Bill, but Lewis pointed quickly, unerringly, to the weaknesses in the bill. Furthermore, by sponsoring a new civil-rights bill, the Administration had skillfully turned attention to Congress, and deflected the erratic spotlight of the civil-rights movement from possibly focusing on inadequacies of the Executive.

The straight, crass fact at which John Lewis was aiming is this: the national government, *without any new legislation*, has the power to protect Negro voters and demonstrators from policemen's clubs, hoses and jails — and it has not used that power.

Despite the welcome new words of concern by the Kennedy Administration, despite several dozen suits filed by the Justice Department in voting cases, the Negro in the Deep South still stands alone and unprotected as he tries to eat in a bus terminal, register to vote, or hand out a leaflet on a street corner. The right to vote, and freedom of expression, are not in themselves solutions to the fundamental problem, which is a rearranging of economic and political power in the South. But they are prerequisites to that rearrangement.

There is a constitutional rock to which the Executive branch can tie its lines and then smash, with all the power at its command, every Wallace, every Barnett, every Chief Pritchett, every Commander Lingo, every Bull Connor, who ever begins to lift a billy club at an American citizen exercising his constitutional rights. That is the Supreme Court's statement in the Debs case of 1895: "The entire strength of the nation may be used to enforce in any part of the land the full and free exercise of all national powers and the security of all rights entrusted by the Constitution to its care."

But to act on that dictum calls for certain traits which the Administration has thus far not shown: imaginativeness in the use of the courts; boldness in the exercise of Executive power; the courage to set new precedents in federal relations; the willingness to by-pass Congress on an issue about which Congress spoke its mind in 1866 — when it passed the Fourteenth Amendment.

Above all, it means changing to the offensive. Up to now the Administration has simply *reacted* to every racial crisis. Southern officials have thrown thousands of people into jail, and then put the burden on the civil-rights movement to get them out. The national government needs to *act*, and then put the burden on Southern segregationists to revoke the action; let *them* wrestle with courts, raise money for trial, plead for toleration.

The "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Supreme Court's statement in the Debs case, the declaration of Section 242 of the U.S. penal code that any official who deprives a person of his constitutional rights has committed a federal crime: these are the already-existing legal bases for Executive action. That action requires, first, stationing all over the South hundreds of federal agents (replacing the F.B.I., which is incompetent in the field of civil rights) to protect the constitutional rights of Negroes. These agents would have the specific assignment, and the authority granted by the President, to jail any local official who violates the Constitution.

At the same time, the President must begin filling—as he has failed to do so far — the federal judgeships of the Deep South with persons committed to the principle of equality, regardless of the wishes of the region's Senators. Among the outworn political institutions of this nation is that of "Senatorial courtesy," which requires Kennedy to consult Eastland in the appointment of a federal judge in Mississippi, Talmadge and Russell in Georgia. The shattering of precedent can start here. Then, a combination of quick-acting federal agents and determined judges can begin to rivet into the mind of the Deep South, *and into the mind of the nation*, not that Negroes are equal (that will take time), but that if they are not treated equally the consequences will be swift and harsh.

When ten CORE and SNCC people, white and Negro, walked into Alabama to try to establish what Bill Moore, at the cost of his life, had failed to establish — the right to walk safely on a public highway — a cordon of federal marshals should have surrounded them. And when Alabama Safety Director Al Lingo showed up with his electric prod poles and guns, he should have been taken immediately into federal custody.

The burden of legal proof needs to be borne by the segregationists, and this has not yet been done. Any good lawyer knows that the advantage is in the hands of the man who moves first, that delay and bureaucracy and legal complications all work against those who are trying to *undo* an action. Yet the civil-rights movement, which cannot help it, and the Justice Department, which can, have been on the defensive.

The needed initiative is not likely to come from a government whose dedication to racial equality is as circumspect as that of the Kennedy brothers. It took a series of explosive crises throughout the nation to force from them words of moral concern that became part of the Constitution a hundred years ago. It took something close to a revolution to bring forth a moderate civil-rights bill, which will be further moderated by Congress, and by segregationist federal judges, and by a cautious Justice Department.

Basic changes are needed in the social structure of the nation before meaningful racial equality can be established. But in the Deep South, a prerequisite for such changes is the establishment of the right to vote, to organize, to speak, write and assemble freely and without fear of violence. That requires a radical new use of initiative and power by the national government. And because the Administration — and inherently, any administration — lacks the internal motivation for such a seizure of initiative, it will have to be prodded by the increased use of nonviolent direct action.

Right now, those who see this most clearly, feel it most intensely, and are best prepared to move on it, are the young people in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

AMERICAN PLANTS ABROAD . . Frank Kowalski

American business is investing billions of dollars in industries abroad and moving its plants to foreign lands. Is this good or bad for the overall welfare of the United States? No one really knows, and that ignorance is itself alarming when coupled with a record $4 billion deficit in our international payments, with 4½ million people unemployed and a tax cut being proposed as a stimulus to industry.

The headlines are certainly disturbing: "U.S. INVESTMENT DOLLARS POURING ABROAD"; "SINGER MOVES ITS PLANT AND EQUIPMENT TO GERMANY"; "SMITH-CORONA MOVES TO A NEW EUROPEAN PLANT."

During the years 1957 to 1960, production volume of American firms manufacturing overseas increased from $18.3 billion to $24 billion. General Motors and Ford now control 40 per cent of the British automobile industry and 30 per cent of the automobile industry of West Germany. Chrysler has recently gained control of 63 per cent of Simca, a major French automobile manufacturer. In 1951, General Motors manufactured 200,000 GM cars and trucks in its overseas plants. In 1960, this production went up to 800,000 vehicles. American manufacturers now control the major output in Europe of tractors, telephone and telegraph equipment, farm machinery, ball bearings, sewing machines, electronics and photographic materials and equipment. It is reported that in five years, 3,500 American industries have moved abroad; more than 50 per cent have chosen Western Europe.

It is safe to say that, given favorable conditions for export, most American manufacturers would rather make products here and sell them abroad. There is always an element of financial and political risk to operations in foreign countries. For one thing, foreign operations are subject to the whims of the government and the unpredictable emotions of the local populace. There is always expensive duplication of machines and equipment, and personnel is reluctant to accept prolonged foreign assignments. These operations often generate legal problems and they are always difficult to control.

The decision to manufacture abroad is often made because the company's markets are being threatened by foreign governmental restrictions or by competitive products. Governmental restrictions are generally imposed to conserve American dollars or to initiate or protect home industries. These restrictions are often accompanied by such profitable incentives that it makes good business sense for the American company to move its plant abroad.

I think, however, that it is false to hold, as some have tried to do, that American industries move abroad only because of the threat to their foreign markets. A number of our companies have moved overseas, not because they were losing their markets, or were even threatened by such loss, but because their studies showed that they would make greater profits by moving closer to their foreign customers. Not a few plants emigrated because they could manufacture their products so cheaply abroad that it paid them to close their plants in the United States and import their foreign-made products into the American market.

A new bigness is playing an important role in the recent accelerated movement of American dollars and industries to Europe. The new 170 million Common Market population offers a tremendous potential to business. Many of the European companies have neither the know-how nor the capital to exploit this huge development. There is a frantic search for dollars in the United

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States, and some of the European companies are willing to grant majority holdings to American corporations. In such negotiations our industries are not motivated by threatened markets but by the anticipation of greater profits. Libby, McNeill & Libby is taking over a canning operation in France because of the failure of French enterprise to meet the challenge of bigness. It is significant, however, that Libby, with extensive outlets in Europe and America, has promised the French Government to export 85 per cent of what it processes in France. One wonders how this agreement will affect Secretary Freeman's efforts to sell more American farm products in Europe.

The consequences of these moves overseas are not easily ascertainable.

On the one hand a good case can be made for the thesis that American plants in foreign countries stimulate the economy at home and increase our exports. Advocates of this position point out that since World War II our exports of finished manufactured products have almost doubled from a 1946-50 average of $6.5 billion per year to $11.4 billion in 1960. It is important to recall, however, that manufacturing in American plants abroad rose from $18.3 billion in 1957 to $24 billion by 1960. Who can say how much of that $24 billion market could have been filled by the same American companies manufacturing these same products in the United States? The question deserves the most careful examination by the most expert economic detectives.

All these actions and interactions are consequences of a vast lumbering world economy. No one really designed this economy. It grew like Topsy and continues to grow, taking on various shapes, expanding here and contracting there, functioning more like a living organism than a machine. It reflects the strengths and weaknesses of human endeavors throughout the world, reacts sharply to change and works under forced drafts from a variety of national economies. Our own economy is an integral part of this vast world structure—a very important organic part that contributes a great vitality to the larger organism and grows healthy or sick as part of that organism. We are, simultaneously, leaders in the development of a more satisfying human environment and slaves of a system that can crush the affluence we are trying to build.

Within this world environment the U.S. today is faced with a serious deficit in its balance of international payments. Reports based on records of the second quarter of this year indicate that the deficit in our international accounts for 1963 may rise to $4.2 billion. This is higher than the record $3.9 billion deficit for 1960—and we are in this shape after a two and a half year effort by the Administration to reduce our dollar drain.

Many factors contribute to this mounting deficit. A huge "export of capital" has been pouring dollars out of the country for years. American bank loans to industries abroad continue to expand and sales of foreign securities in the United States are soaring. Another major drain on the dollar is the responsibility the U.S. Government has assumed for defense and foreign aid throughout the world. These costs have been running at an annual rate of $2 billion for net military assistance and $1 billion for united foreign aid. The only bright spot in our international accounts is the favorable balance we have maintained in our overall trade. But here, too, there are clouds, for while exports are growing, so are imports.

For the purpose of this discussion it is important that we take a closer look at our total merchandise trade. In recent years merchandise exports have risen from $19.5 billion in 1960 to $20.5 billion in 1962. In the same period, however, imports have increased from $14.7 billion to $16.2 billion. Our surplus in these three years has fluctuated from $4.8 billion to $5.4 billion down to $4.3 billion, and it is predicted that it will decline to $4 billion in 1963. This is not a healthy situation. What is most disturbing is that there is serious doubt that we shall be able to expand our exports into markets already saturated by competitive products now being manufactured by American plants in foreign lands. Equally important is the question whether we shall be able to compete in the U.S. against the impact of these same American-financed products.

This situation is alarming because it is generally agreed that unless we are able to improve our balance of trade, the drain on the dollar will continue, with outflow of gold a dangerous probability. It could be that the unrestricted flight of American dollars and plants out of the country is working not only against the best interests of the people, but actually against the best interests of American big and small business.

What is especially frightening is that, while our own economy has remained sluggish, private American capital investments in foreign ventures have remained high at $3.8 billion for 1960, $4.2 billion for 1961 and $3.3 billion for 1962. (The heavy drop in investments for 1962 was the result of the skillful management of short-term interest rates by the Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve System.) Direct investments of American dollars in plant and equipment overseas have continued unabated at $1.6 billion a year. In the meantime, long-term portfolio investments of American dollars have expanded from $850 million in 1960 to $1.2 billion in 1962. Faced with increasing concern here and abroad over the nation's inability to balance its international books, the President in August took the precedent-breaking action of recommending to Congress the so-called "interest equalization tax"—a sales tax on portfolio transactions — which will make it more costly to borrow dollars in the U.S. This drastic legislation produced a violent foreign reaction, upsetting the market in Japan and causing a small government crisis in Canada. As a result, we made special concessions to Canada and promised to reconsider if the Japanese economy should be seriously affected. It is obvious that we have to do something about the heavy drain of dollars that we are experiencing, but few here or abroad agree on the remedies.

While the economics of the huge transfer of dollars and plants has received considerable attention, we are just beginning to see the political and social impact of these massive movements. Along with the blessings of rapid business expansions, new jobs and more money have come social dislocations and political grumblings. For the laissez-faire American business operations do not always mesh comfortably into the semi-socialistic economies of Latin America or Europe.

When General Motors (France) a year ago suddenly laid off 685 workmen at its Frigidaire plant in a suburb of Paris, it brought an avalanche of criticism upon itself and American operations in general. The French have a comprehensive national economic plan which enjoys general support from the people, the unions and the business community. Right or wrong, the French have credited their economic plan for their prosperity.

The layoff of 685 workers obviously did not affect the French economy, but French industry operates closely with the authorities. A French company would have consulted and negotiated with the officials concerned before closing its doors to its workers. General Motors, according to reports, executed the layoff in a matter of hours and with no outside consultations. The French newspapers were incensed at the "irresponsible" action of this American company and the Minister of Industries lodged an angry protest with General Motors. The grumblings went on for many days throughout France and tempers were further agitated when Remington Rand laid off 1,200 workers at its plant near Lyons.

In a different way, the Libby canning project has collided with important socio-political forces in France. In this case the French Government, after repeated efforts to get French interests to organize a modern canning industry, finally gave up and invited Libby to take over. The reaction from French farm organizations, Socialists, Communists and left-wing Gaullists was violent. The government had spent more than $160 million in developing the Bas-Rhone-Languedoc area and these French groups saw the Libby company reaping a harvest sown with French francs. As viewed by these French groups, the American company was not only an economic competitor, but was undermining fundamental French aspirations to establish a nationalized canning enterprise or a state-supported cooperative.

Today, American investments in France may be only an irritant to its economic planners, but tomorrow if a Labour government were installed in England, a socialistic British economy might have to come to serious grips with laissez-faire American operations in that country, and it can be expected that in the not-too-distant future American companies will have to operate their plants in conformity with an even more encompassing Common Market economic structure. Already European economists foresee an automobile crisis in Europe because of expansive American automobile production on that continent. We may witness American companies, which resent the slightest governmental controls in the U.S., manufacturing in Europe under national or Common Market economic plans.

Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing (Scotch Tape) Plant, Paris.

How these international-oriented American companies meet these situations in the future will have important implications in the U. S. The actions of these companies can never be wholly independent of the interests of the American people. I am sure there will be vehement denials, but in a way some of our giant American-international businesses are already working against the declared interests of the U.S.

Wise or unwise, it is the policy of the U.S., for example, to isolate Red China from the world community. In accordance with this national policy we have prohibited American exports to the China mainland, and have urged our allies to limit their trade with Peking—at least we have asked them to curtail shipments of strategic materials and equipment. Not all our allies have chosen to enforce this embargo. Last year French trade with Red China amounted to $43 million. In September a French trade mission was scheduled to visit Peking with the objective of expanding this trade, specifically by selling chemicals and industrial equipment. No one questions the right of France to trade with whomever it pleases, but it is more than a probability that a large part of these export items will be made in American plants with American dollars. And it would not be difficult to find American plants in other foreign countries manufacturing for export to China or other Communist countries.

We must know more about what happens to the U.S. when our large corporations take on international responsibilities and obligations. What are the consequences of these huge transfers of dollars and outright movements of plants? What is the impact of these international activities on our jobs, our economy, our international relations, our national objectives? We would hope that this vital information might be developed through public debate and discussion. One could expect the major political parties to seek out answers to these questions and take public positions on the basic issues. But in the political climate today it is doubtful that either political party would delve very deeply into such controversial questions. Our governmental agencies are so compartmentalized that they are incapable of making a conceptual examination of the situation. And big business and the investors can scarcely be expected to give an objective appraisal of their own actions. Under the circumstances, one can only hope that such organizations as the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, National Association of Manufacturers, the labor unions, and our great research foundations will take a critical look at this unprecedented flight of dollars and plants out of the U.S.

PTA: the Irrelevant Giant . . William C. Kvaraceus

The National Congress of Parents and Teachers, 12,107,507 strong at latest count, is the largest volunteer organization in the United States—with overseas branches in Puerto Rico, Guam and on other military bases in both hemispheres. It is also by far the largest and most important of the several conglomerate bodies that represent the thousands of local Parent-Teacher Associations throughout the country.

As a social institution, the P.T.A. has come to embody all the matriarchal clichés of the omniscient mother. But as a social force, it is moribund. From the inside, the P.T.A. describes itself as "non-commercial, non-sectarian and non-partisan"; from the outside, it appears also to be non-virile and non-viable.

Following the birth of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers as the National Congress of Mothers in 1897, fathers were invited to join and the name of the association was changed (twice) to accommodate their initiation into the P.T.A. rites. However, the fathers have never been able to overcome the handicap of their Johnny-come-lately status. The National Congress of Parents and Teachers, in reality, is still the National Congress of Mothers.

Today one-third of the membership of the congress is reported to be male. This imbalance is also reflected in the annual election returns for the office of the presidency of the local unit—of the 47,000 locals, only 15,000 are led by men. The female domination is most visible at the state and national assemblies. In the past, these meetings have been so saturated with females that one P.T.A. member was moved to boast proudly that two state delegations "composed entirely of men" participated in the 1962 sessions and that "50 per cent of the delegates from at least two other states were also men."

Looking more closely into the power structure of the congress at state and national levels, it becomes obvious how conclusively the organization has sustained its original female-ridden status. Among the ten vice presidents only one—Dr. Martin Essex, second vice president—is a male. The national chairmen of the twenty-five standing committees—the brain trust of the National Congress, covering such areas as Audio-Visual and Spiritual Education, Citizenship, Cooperation with Colleges, Cultural Arts, Health, Juvenile Protection, Preschool Service, Rural Services, Recreation, Safety, etc., etc. — add up to eighteen females and seven males. Similarly, at the state leadership level (including the District of Columbia and the European Congress of American Parents and Teachers), one finds nine males as against forty-three females.

It is true that the mothers dominate P.T.A. activity at all levels; it is equally true that the structure would collapse without them. Even if the women wanted to pass the ball to the males, they would be hard put to find one on the playing field. The question is, "How do you interest and activate the fathers?"

Men will not be attracted until the "tea-party, recipe-exchanging, do-gooder" stereotypes are erased from the organizations. True, the National Congress must be given credit for its role over the years in the development of kindergartens, school libraries, safety patrols, hot-lunch programs and certain mental-health practices. But so long as the P.T.A.s are perceived exclusively in these stereotypes, male boycott of the local units will continue.

Yet the opportunity has never been better for inducing male participation, first, because there has been a marked increase in the number and quality of men teachers in the schools, especially at the elementary levels; second, because the post-sputnik concern for improving the schools has developed a universal conviction that education is no longer the exclusive concern of mothers, that our very survival depends upon the quality of the educative process. If the National Congress could elicit, at every level of its organization, the active interest and support of prestigious and realistic males in the tradition of the Conants, Reuthers, Salks, Bernsteins, Stevensons, Larsens, Kings—to name a few of the contemporary Charlemagnes—it would not be difficult to get more fathers to follow.

The P.T.A., like all other volunteer organizations, operates on the principle of defending common interests—in this instance, the promotion of the welfare of children and youth via an improved and informed parenthood. Motherhood is the integrating force of the P.T.A.; the totem is the student-offspring. Adults in the community whose young are not yet in school, or are through school, do not join, nor is any effort made to enroll them. And, unfortunately, the frequent turnover in membership due to the constant movement of pupils from grade to grade and school to school prevents the nurturing of any close or deep relationship between the hyphenated parent and teacher.

It is significant that the P.T.A. flourishes mainly at the elementary-school level. It is weakest in high schools and almost nonexistent in higher-education circles, in spite of the national P.T.A.'s attempts in that direction. Motherhood, the P.T.A. and the elementary-school child form a natural triad. Lacking strong father participation and leadership, it is doubtful whether the organization's program could or should operate beyond the primary and middle grades.

Organizationally, the P.T.A. is a bureaucratic beehive. The local, or congress unit, is joined by parent or teacher. A city, county or area group of congress units makes up a Council of Parent-Teacher Associations. A district or region represents a geographical division of the state, and is set up for convenience in administering state congress affairs. The (state) Congress of Parents and Teachers bears a branch relationship to the National Congress (headquarters in Chicago). Any ambitious mother can find plenty of study groups, committees and offices to be joined or filled in this organizational multiplication.

Even though many P.T.A. objectives may not be achieved, there is no question but that at every level it does represent a highly func-

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tional social institution for women. It provides opportunity for the college-trained, career-frustrated mother to get away from the routines of kitchen, bedroom and bath and to invest at least a part of her energies in intellectual and educational activities. Whatever the P.T.A. accomplishes, as a by-product it will always provide a good outlet for the bored housewife.

All regular meetings within local units project the same musty aura. There is very little that distinguishes one P.T.A. program from another, whether you are attending a meeting in Boston, Buffalo or Berkeley. The typical P.T.A. meeting tends to waver uncertainly between entertainment and sugar-coated learning. There is always a heavy dependency on the speaker from a nearby college or university. A wide discrepancy exists between the program-in-action and the goals espoused. Briefly, P.T.A. purposes are:

1. *To promote welfare of children and youth.*
2. *To raise standards of home life.*
3. *To secure adequate laws for care and protection.*
4. *To develop united effort between educators and the public.*

These are laudable goals, but they are too broad and too abstract to be useful to the local unit. They must be applied in terms of specific local needs. The overemphasis on raising funds to purchase projectors, French horns, or furniture for the teachers' room, has given way to the raising of funds for student scholarships. Both represent serious effort to translate general objectives into concrete action. But they could also be carried out by any other organization. In reviewing its program, every local unit should ask itself: "What is the unique and special function that can be performed only by us?"

P.T.A. platforms for local action have always supported the sacred and opposed sin. Citizenship, mental health, safety, visual aids, school libraries have all received the unanimous support of the organization: lurid comic books, cigarette ads, sex in movies and TV have been targets for massed attack. Major controversial issues that might splinter the association have been deftly side-stepped. Recently, however, the P.T.A. hierarchy has proposed a resolution favoring federal aid to education. California and Texas, the twin P.T.A. giants, have rejected this stand. Some of the locals have abstained from voting, taking refuge in the thesis that the association should not become embroiled nor act as a lobby group. But most state associations appear more ready to endorse this controversial measure. The P.T.A. at every level may yet be forced to take a stand on this and other razor-sharp issues (aims and purposes of American public schools, censorship of reading materials, use of psychological measures in pupil assessment, family-life education, etc.) if reports of Birch Society infiltration of the P.T.A. units and school boards are true. Today an uncommitted P.T.A. runs the risk of becoming an educational irrelevancy. To prevent that, it can select a positive line for action, and speak out boldly and knowingly to become a determining influence in the improvement of public education. This will take guts and the ladies may not have the stomach for it.

Just how powerful is the National Congress? More than twelve million members who can be called up each month for noble purposes in more than 47,000 locals do represent a tremendous reservoir of human energy. But this power is still to be harnessed and directed with full thrust to the betterment of school, home and community. The National Society for the Study of Education in its 1962 *Yearbook*, "Social Forces Influencing American Education," dealt with the National Congress in a single paragraph as a middle-class organization having "upper-middle-class leadership and a middle-class membership." The fact is that the P.T.A. has never really tried to attract the economically and culturally deprived parent who stands most in need of school and congress aid. For the ambitious lower-class parent, P.T.A. membership stands as proof of an improving social status. Here is where P.T.A. effort could really pay off.

The National Congress represents the giant alliance among P.T.A. organizations, but it does not enjoy a monopoly. Major splinters include the United Parents Association of New York City and the Home and School Association, with strongholds in Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia. Parents and teachers connected with Catholic schools affiliate under the wing of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Defections of local units from the National Congress are rare; when it happens, the reasons usually center on the local-autonomy issue and the sending of annual tribute and tax to organizers and central office officials. The current Spokane rebellion of the P.T.G. (Parent-Teacher Group) is typical in this regard. It is unlikely that the Goliath National Congress will be felled by such slingshot action. But the congress may be shaken up enough to bestir itself to make a realistic reassessment of its objectives, activities and organizational patterns.

After airing some of my views on the P.T.A. in a speech on the West Coast and more recently in a national newspaper, the editor of the Wheeling *News Register*, in a fatherly editorial comment, suggested that I turn my P.T.A. membership card in right now. Well, I still believe that the objectives of the P.T.A. are important and that the organization can become a powerful vehicle for understanding and improving home, school and community. With more male leadership and followership, it might even become an agent for social change and reconstruction.

So I shall continue to pay my annual P.T.A. pence with the five cents deductible for the national office. There is so little to lose and so much that might be gained. And if I ever have a son, I would want him to grow up believing that he could become the president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

The Aesthetics of Failure

Max Kozloff

Paris, like New York, is gorged with art. For years this fact has not changed, nor is it likely to. But what has altered remarkably, plunging down in the esteem of most onlookers, is the once unequaled achievement of French Art. It is not merely that the tradition of Gallic painting continues to evoke a bourgeois and hedonistic ideal of life which no longer bears on the realities of postwar experience. Much the same can be said of prewar French art. The more its past is penetrated, however, the more one encounters a dialectical tug in the work of the great members of the School of Paris, an opposition between such classical polarities as concept and execution, knowledge and impulse, nature and abstraction. We value in their work an overmastering sense of these antitheses resolved, and of the resistances they offered the creative act, manfully surmounted. Now, all that remains in the French capital of modern art's heroic period are fragments of the great argument, breaking themselves down into ever smaller gobbets of sensation, or vaguer generalizations. A vital and elastic thread of ambition has been snapped.

Precisely how this has come about continues to be a mystery, but there are conditions which define themselves as symptoms, if not causes, of the malaise. After a year in Paris, what impresses me most is a cleavage of morals between the French and American worlds of art. And the distance between them grows ever wider and more tragic. With us, faith in the work of art as a vehicle of self-expression, and expectation that it clarify some moment of historical consciousness, are axiomatic. Our responsiveness to art has ethical implications. Although we indulge our freedom to interpret them as perversely as we wish, artistic choices appear to us as do right and wrong actions, and therefore affect many more areas of our life than the merely sensory. In France, on the contrary, everything one sees and reads indicates that the French consider paintings and sculptures as mere things, decorative adjuncts to life, more or less well crafted. Dealing in this realm of objects, the artist has no choice but to attempt giving direct pleasure. Morality never enters the discussion. Put so bluntly, this contrast risks self-caricature, yet I have found nothing that explains better my observation that French art and criticism is locked up in a circular process of redevelopment, foreign to its own tradition, which it dehydrates, and to the dynamic of the *avant-garde*, with which it is utterly out of step.

Much of this has to do with the way the creative process is conceived of in France. As if there had been some mass amnesia, the French have erased all memory of moral tension in the creation of the work of art. It is beyond their imagination, for instance, that there might be elements of doubt or insecurity in a painting, or even a critic's perception of it. In France, an awareness of problems still unsolved never enters into the dialogue between artist and spectator. Not merely has a sensitivity to the explorative diminished, but hopefulness as to what art can accomplish, a feeling for the largeness of its scope, has shrunken pitifully.

The poverty of artistic input has brought trivial pictorial results. A picture is on a level of experience, whether it be by Brianchon, Mathieu, or Yves Klein (to go from the old guard to the progressive), not much different from that of a good meal. The satisfaction it may provide is as immediate and transitory, but probably less intense. At its worst, this hedonism results in a manufactured and impersonal product, characterized, say, in the infinite series of slightly varied pictures by Fautrier and Vasarely. Revealingly, France is the inventor of painting *en serie*, in which the aim is not so much to work through a variety of related problems, as to furnish an agreeable though montonous pavane of the same trade-marked configurations. The elimination of individual volition, the retreat from unpredictable breakthroughs or snags of a mind in free pursuit of its own potentialities, are the negative results of an art whose creative aim is to achieve a kind of visual Muzak. It is symptomatic of even advanced Paris art that its most interesting practitioner, Jean Tinguely, offers biting criticism of the scene simply by making its cynicism more overt. His "painting machines" — mechanical contraptions mimicking the act of painting with fitted brushes or crayons — jibe at all that is mechanistic in French aesthetics; they are also an illustration of it. There is no gloomier spectacle than the frivolous celebration of delight that decorates the walls of the Paris galleries, and its genial evocation in the French art magazines, radical or retrogressive. It is the height of pessimism.

Weirdly, an attitude such as this, if only it were more knowing and voluntary, might well justify itself in the early 1960s. In New York, where major pictorial problems arrive earliest and remain critical longest, art is menaced by a sophisticated impotence, an insatiable quest for the new, and a failure of nerve: cause enough for despair. An American environment which seriously considers canvases that magnify an ad for Campbell Soup seems lacking in the ingenuousness necessary for the creation of high art. Compared, certainly, to those of Andy Warhol, the premises of a "*tachiste*" canvas on the Avenue Matignon are exceedingly innocent. But a French painter is ignorant of any obligation other than to make an object that will sell, and become an acceptable article of decoration. American art cannot yet compete with this simple, but terrific, decadence. Juxtaposed with France, our basic optimism and youthfulness of spirit (which has pushed us into unimaginable complexities) reasserts itself.

It was perhaps inevitable that under de Gaulle's France materialism should have lost all the humility that was a necessary ingredient for the prewar "School of Paris." When it was in its great, uncontested stage, French painting constantly examined itself; now that it is menaced and bettered from many sides, the Paris art world no longer feels it can afford internal criticism. More relevant to

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Max Kozloff returns to his post as art critic of The Nation *after a leave of absence spent studying and writing in Paris.*

this defensiveness has been the carrying to an extreme of a tradition which always depended on the nicest balance of opposing impulses. An appeal to the senses that had been tempered by a certain intellectual austerity has now been denatured into pictorial pampering, a sort of animal ingratiation.

Leaving aside the unspeakable corruption of the market and the press, overlooking for a moment the simple lack of visual training among writers, one is still unprepared for the absence of negative points of view in postwar French criticism. Yet, given the terms of their limited gratification, self-disparagement would be rude, or worse (since the French are not stupid), pointless. As a result, there now turns a vicious circle — meaningless praise following meaningless art which fosters meaningless praise again — all in an atmosphere of smiling bad faith. Add to this, categorical habits of mind which equate critical engagement with partisanship, remember also the lack of any healthy sense of crisis, and the pathology of French art life focuses more sharply. Cocteau, defining the decorative as anything not felt, could almost have been speaking about the directions of current art in Paris. They give every sign of continuing for an unpredictable time, and without anyone's raising his voice to say that they are the politics of apathy, the aesthetics of failure.

Complicity With Spengler

MAN AND TECHNICS. By Oswald Spengler. Translated by Charles Francis Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. 104 pp. $3.50.

THE HOUR OF DECISION. By Oswald Spengler. Translated by Charles Francis Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. 230 pp. $5.

Martin Peretz

One of the most curiously persistent intellectual controversies of the age is that involving the work of Oswald Spengler. True, the academic empiricists long ago relegated him to the ranks of the magnificently deluded, yet the specter of Spenglerianism recurs, as does a bad dream, to haunt our consciousness and conscience as well.

Somehow, and almost against our will, he continues to talk to us, to matter, suggesting even at times the gropings of an inner voice. But it is surely not without reason that there is no university history course in which Spengler is considered, save as a symptom. For symptom he is; and, as symptoms tend to be, this one too has been obscured by misunderstandings of both deliberate intent and subliminal fear. It is therefore all to the good that his publishers have kept the monumental *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* in print (though still squeamishly rendered as *The Decline of the West*), and have now reissued, after thirty years, his two last finished works.

Stuart Hughes, a Spengler scholar and himself a distinguished intellectual historian of the modern epoch, has argued the disreputability of these latter books. Certainly, they lack the vast, if perverted erudition of the *magnum opus*, and they are without the rigor of form which even one as wild as Spengler imposed on his *Decline*. And here are displayed, in almost quintessential perfection, the doctrine of inevitability and the mood of despair. I do not know that Spengler would merit a full-scale rehabilitation, though historians of eccentric or catholic temperament may still continue to find his poetry-*cum*-history suggestive. It is more to the point, I think, that what lays justifiable claim to our attention is his prophecy.

Not, of course, that its details have been borne out with any especial precision. And *The Hour of Decision*, at least for Germany to which it was addressed as manifesto, has long since passed. But Spengler's relevance impels itself precisely because, on some counts, the immediate past is witness and testimony to the general validity of his predictions and, more significantly, because on others—our explicit rejections notwithstanding—we have with him sought to give an ugly destiny "a helping hand."

Alas, the bankruptcy of classic liberalism is now all too apparent. Our assumptions about progress and national self-determination, for example—so tenaciously clung to in the face of massive evidence of their illusive character — now stand unmasked. The fruits of what Spengler so portentously called "the colored world-revolution" are more mixed, more bitter in fact, than we might, in the flush of military victories, ever have anticipated. Regardless of whatever he might have cherished from the Western past, it is certain that the traditional and particularistic values of European culture—the idea of the dignity of the individual personality and the commitment to political democracy — these are not easily susceptible to exportation and are hardly made safe by proclamations of provincial legislatures.

Indeed, Spengler knew with an agonized clarity that is now only dawning on our statesmen that the class war and the race war would soon and inevitably be one, shattering our sense of security and challenging, perhaps irretrievably, our hold on the future. For the movement eastward and southward of ideas and institutions

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Martin Peretz teaches government at Harvard. He is writing a study of modern theories of peace and war.

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Current Titles of Interest to 'Nation' Readers

THEY'D RATHER BE RIGHT: Youth and the Conservative Movement. Edward Cain. Macmillan. $5.95.

As his title suggests, Mr. Cain examines the conservative section of our young college population. The appeal of such disparate figures as Buckley, Viereck and Ayn Rand is analyzed and attention is paid to the magazines and other channels which support them. The book suggests that the conservative appeal, though hardly a tidal wave, is not negligible; Mr. Cain teaches at the State University of New York; his study evolved from an article he contributed to *The Nation.*

THE MANAGED ECONOMY. Michael D. Reagan. Oxford. $6.

A carefully formulated reversal of the old saw that government controls have almost emasculated private incentive and free enterprise. Mr. Reagan, a frequent contributor to *The Nation*, contends that the concentration of economic ownership and influence vested in large corporations is responsible for making antiques of values traditionally associated with economic life in a competitive society. More important, almost every action taken by big business today has a public, political effect and sets a pattern for American economic life in this country, but the majority, which is vitally affected, plays no part in such decisions. The ghost of laissez faire, which continues to haunt much of the discussion on the subject, is also invalid because big business itself would be the first to cry foul play if it were encouraged as anything but a principle to be admired and safely ignored. "While small businesses are still permitted to die of natural causes, if a giant enterprise were threatened with collapse, government would step in to revive it, for the economy depends on the giants." Mr. Reagan concludes with some suggestions as to ways in which this continuing merger of private and public sectors can work to the advantage of the country as a whole rather than to that of a limited oligarchy.

THE SENATE ESTABLISHMENT. Senator Joseph S. Clark and other Senators. Hill & Wang. $3.50. Paper $1.50.

Senator Clark's address on the floor of the Senate in February has been cited as the most carefully documented exposé of the system used by a small group of Southern and conservative Northern Senators to control the Senate and its committees since Robert M. La Follette, Sr., raised his voice against the establishment fifty years ago. The text contains this speech as well as the ensuing debate which provoked statements from Senators Douglas, Proxmire, Mansfield and Javits.

THE ABOLITIONISTS: A Collection of Their Writings. Louis Ruchames. Putnam. $5.

Familiar figures such as Garrison and Phillips are included in this collection, but Mr. Ruchames has also anthologized some of the less celebrated members of the movement, including several Negro abolitionists. Most of the material has been selected from the 1830s and '40s, but there is a disturbingly contemporary echo behind these impassioned petitions for social justice. A group of quotations from this collection was reprinted as an editorial in *The Nation* of Sept. 7, 1963.

SOCIAL ASTONISHMENTS. David Cort. Macmillan. $4.95.

As readers of *The Nation* are aware, Mr. Cort ranges freely through almost every institution in the country, from supermarkets to San Quentin. The present collection chronicles his vivid responses to the American Kennel Club, the Kennedys, crossword puzzles, do-it-yourself sex instruction, J. Paul Getty, Bell telephones and many other aspects of America's lunar landscape. A number of the pieces first appeared in *The Nation.*

NELSON ALGREN'S OWN BOOK OF LONESOME MONSTERS. Nelson Algren. Bernard Geis Associates. $4.95.

Nelson Algren has brought together a collection of his own preferences in recent short fiction. Fifteen writers are represented, among them Jean Kerchkoff, Joseph Heller, Terry Southern, Chandler Brossard and Saul Bellow. *Among the Dangs*, the short novel by George P. Elliott, is included and Mr. Algren, whose essays often appear in *The Nation*, contributes an introduction and a story of his own.

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that had evolved through centuries and been buttressed by highly developed technics was intended, once imperialism was in decline, as a congenial approximation of the Western historical position, as an act almost of sharing. It was, then, entirely in keeping with Spengler's stubborn belief in unique historical developments—albeit within the frame of iron laws—that he should have perceived new evolutions and new constellations of value and power, which our solipsistic notions of universal history were unable to project.

In final analysis, though, Spengler's is not the insight of variety. We are, all of us, he contends, at the dawn once more of an age of caesars and of petty mountebanks; and we are all faced with the threat of war. If, however, it was a lapse of his vaunting imagination to have seen power measured in terms of resources such as coal, he did see the ultimate uses of power as the ultimate expression of the Faustian predicament. It is, as regards this matter of technics, of peace as well as of war, that we have become and are, *mutatis mutandis*, Spengler's allies and accomplices. The struggle of the machine against nature, the absolute of engineering, is the universally embraced *Zeitgeist*. The immense toll in the essential human quality of man, which Spengler foretold and thus welcomed, emerges as indisputable. It is this newer universal history, crude and without sentiment, driven as by scorpions, which obliterates distinctions and may be the first and final inevitability.

Perhaps not—but only if we recognize our complicity in the crimes against ourselves. Which is to say that we must stop quibbling with Spengler's facts. Spengler did not know the difference between fact and truth, and by arguing the detail we too miss the point. For the facts in outline are correct, or sufficiently correct: we are what they are about. Toward the very end of the eleventh hour, then, only a massive repudiation of the facts in behalf of older and inner truths can steer us away from Spengler's capitulation. And if what separates truth from fact eludes our grasp, then perhaps we are damned at that.

Heaping scorn on him, reviling him as a Hitlerian in order to avoid his fate, does not do the trick. In any case what one scholar said of Hegel is equally true of him: on the day of Hitler's ascent to power Spengler so to speak died, and not at all because his books were banned. Spengler—like Nietzsche for a time—no longer seemed to threaten us because, despite his profound conflict with the Nazis, we could now conveniently view the Third Reich as his vision incarnate. Having proudly distinguished between the civilized and the barbarous, we could no longer see beyond his acceptance of "the destined end" into the severely critical rub of Spengler's thought, gnawingly critical of us as well as of them.

LETTER from SAIGON

On the surface and at a first glance, the capital of Vietnam is an intriguing and enchanting city, resembling in many ways a French provincial town at the turn of the century. With its mixture of Asiatic and European influences, Saigon once perhaps had even true splendor; but today the luxury hotels and other establishments, all showing Mediterranean influence, with tiled floors, high-domed ceilings and impressive pillars, are sadly down at heel. While the waiters are still clad in uniforms, their gold braid is now frayed, their trousers are worn and baggy and the formerly impeccable whiteness has turned a soiled oyster gray.

Because of the danger of grenades and bombs, the out-door cafés have been pulled inside, leaving the sidewalks bleak and empty. The hotels, public buildings and former French mansions, which caused guide books to refer to Saigon as the Paris of the Orient, are confined to about five streets and a few residential blocks. The rest of Saigon is Chinatown. All along the banks and tributaries of the Saigon River miserable shanties abound — dirty, disreputable shacks and sampans—with uncountable hundreds of people, many of them refugees from the North, herded together in unbelievable filth. In spite of an elaborate sewage system, quite rare in

The author of this letter is an American civil employee of a U.S. agency in Saigon. Therefore anything published over his name would have to be officially cleared and, since such clearance is at present virtually impossible, he has asked that his identity be withheld.

LIBERATION

"What counted most at the Lincoln Memorial was not the speeches, eloquent as they were, but the pledge of a quarter million Americans, black and white, to carry the civil rights revolution into the streets. Our task now is to fulfill this pledge through nonviolent uprisings in hundreds of cities . . ."

Bayard Rustin in the
October *Liberation*

The editors of *Liberation* are Bayard Rustin, A. J. Muste, Dave Dellinger and Sidney Lens, men whose names recur time and again whenever struggles for civil rights, peace and economic justice are reported. *Liberation's* editors and contributors are leaders in many of the organizations of protest, yet *Liberation* remains independent. *Liberation* is radical, fully committed to the revolutionary challenge of nonviolent direct action.

Articles in the most recent issues have included "The Quaker View of Sex," excerpts from the controversial study by the British Quakers, with comments by Paul Goodman and Gene Hoffman; "The Negroes of Birmingham," first-hand reports by Dave Dellinger and Barbara Deming; "Peace Strategy," with contributions by A. J. Muste, Homer Jack, C. V. Parkinson, Robert Pickus and others; "Seeds of Liberation: The March," by Kay Boyle and John Lewis. Among forthcoming material are excerpts from Nat Hentoff's biography of A. J. Muste, *Peace Agitator*, which will later be published by Macmillan.

I am aware of no more important magazine in America than *Liberation*. It is important because it is radical in the denotative sense of the term. *Liberation* tries — and often succeeds — to get at the roots of our most basic problems. It is the most stimulating and least comforting magazine I know.

NAT HENTOFF

The nonviolent revolution in this country must have a journal which can be relied upon for sympathetic coverage and perceptive analysis. *Liberation* is that journal and as such is indispensable reading for all of us. **JAMES BALDWIN**

Other regular contributors to *Liberation* include Edmund Wilson, James Baldwin, Karl Shapiro, Erich Fromm, Linus Pauling, Kenneth Boulding, Theodore Roszak and Staughton Lynd.

If you enclose payment with your order, you will receive a free copy of Albert Camus' classic study *Neither Victims Nor Executioners*, a *Liberation* reprint paperback.

New subscribers may also obtain, at the special price of $1, *Drawing the Line* (Random House), which Paul Goodman has stated contains some of his best work and parts of which originally appeared in *Liberation*.

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the Far East, no other city anywhere appears equally dirty. When a fire breaks out, a frequent occurrence, thousands become homeless in minutes.

In addition to the old French section, now occupied largely by Americans and a few of the *nouveau riche* Vietnamese, a number of new residential suburbs have sprung up, occupied mostly by the higher-up Vietnamese civil servants, politicians and members of the professions. These structures are ultra-modern, rather extreme in design; they are put together with incredible speed and are so jerry-built that structural changes can be made in them as easily as an American housewife changes furniture around. A four-room apartment in one of these buildings rents, unfurnished, to Americans for a minimum of $200 a month, plus $50 for an air conditioner, plus $50 for a tiny hot-water heater, plus a flat rate of about $60 for electricity, even though city power is shut off three days a week.

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A typical French villa, appropriated when the French fled, rents for approximately $400 a month, plus utilities. But a number of fine French houses stand empty because their absentee owners would have to pay such a high tax that they prefer to leave the houses unoccupied. The old French hotels are now under Vietnamese Government ownership and, were it not for the presence of U.S. military personnel and other government employees, would most likely be completely empty.

Three totally different price structures exist side by side: one for Americans, one for French and one for Vietnamese. An American who first sent his maid, then a Frenchman and finally went himself to purchase a pair of shoelaces found that they cost the equivalent of 1c for his maid, about 5c for the Frenchman and 15c for himself. An average meal at a French-type restaurant is around $2, but in a more elaborate place a full-course dinner can easily run as high as $10.

Domestic workers, maids, cooks, et al., earn around $20 a month and trained white-collar workers from $50 to $70 a month. Apartments occupied by Vietnamese are at least as pleasant as those occupied by Americans, yet rent for only $15 to $20 a month!

Americans in Saigon are reminded daily, if not hourly, that they are guests here and most of them are not only fully aware of this but are happy to behave as guests. That the Vietnamese should treat the Americans as befits a good host is never even vaguely implied, and no trace of gratitude is ever shown to the Americans who are spending about $1,500,000 a day.

What does emerge is a mysterious old Chinese legal tradition, differing as night and day from our homegrown ideas of justice. Here is a typical example: An off-duty serviceman takes a taxi to town. Halfway there, his cab is hit broadside by a big Vietnamese army truck. The American authorities haggle for days and finally manage to settle the incident by paying for a new cab and a new truck. After all, if the American had not taken the cab and passed that particular corner at that time, the army truck could not have hit it; so without the American, neither the cab nor the truck would have collided.

Driving a car in Paris is chaotic, in Tokyo it's hazardous, but in Saigon it's plain suicidal. Bicycles, tricycles, motor bikes and scooters, taxis, horses and other animals all crowd together in the streets. Modern traffic signals, manually operated by policemen, are placed at major intersections, but they are hidden from view as if designed to be ignored. Vietnamese drivers rarely stay in traffic lanes and habitually pass on the right, cutting in front to make a left turn. The intricate system of one-way streets is changed daily; the arrows are mobile and the police move them without apparent coordination. One seldom takes the same route two days running between home and office. Only one highway leads out of the city; it is a four-lane, multimillion-dollar U.S. job, and ends abruptly in the nearby countryside. All other city exits are completely road-blocked.

In almost every other country where we have established ourselves, we have built bases, posts or installations; but in Vietnam, since we are supposedly here for but a short time and in an advisory capacity, we have not wanted to put up real bases or posts. As a result, the Saigon PX and commissary are in one part of town, the dispensary in another, the military movie house some place else. Officers and men are housed all over town in whatever mansion, warehouse, garage or unused hotel was available, usually at exceedingly high rent.

The only area where the law applies equally to local residents and foreigners is in the application of Mme. Nhu's austerity and morality regulations. What it boils down to is that almost everything is immoral and therefore illegal. Americans may pay high prices for cheap drinks in miserable little local bars, but dancing is not allowed and even the music is heavily censored. A few lucky ones managed to bring their families along; they live in rather plush villas with two or three servants and are able to entertain almost lavishly at home. Morale among the rest of the troops is perhaps the lowest of any such American group ever stationed abroad.

The turnover in personnel is considerable and there is no continuity of work or society. Many of the troops are assigned on a thirty to ninety days' temporary duty basis. Just about when they have mastered the regulations covering their jobs they are on their way home and new temporary replacements start the same routine.

Some men find themselves here on

a two-year tour of duty and resent it. Everyone is complaining and at loose ends; perhaps underneath all the griping everyone is a little afraid. Although we are in Vietnam merely as advisers, we nevertheless have a steady incidence of casualties. Sometimes it's difficult to reconcile our neutrality with our record of dead and wounded.

On the brighter side, there is one country club in Saigon, started years ago by the French. A good many Americans belong to it and at least the swimming pool is quite enjoyable. Once upon a time it must have been a marvelous club and traces of lovely landscaping are still in evidence. The plant has two main buildings, one near the pool and one next to the tennis courts, but this does not indicate their use by swimmers or tennis players: the majority of Americans prefer one building, while the other is used by the French and Vietnamese. There is an impressive, musty library with French books and magazines, usually quite empty, and the dining room is as large as a big banquet hall. Since dancing is prohibited, dining there becomes a gloomy and depressing affair.

Saigon can be recommended for a three-day stopover on a world cruise, just long enough to see the monuments, the zoo, the museum, to taste a few strange meals and to admire the native women's costume: black silk, now mostly nylon, pyjama pants worn under a long Chinese sheath dress slashed on both sides from waist to ankle; and a short, Chinese-cut pyjama top. Most women wear a conical straw hat tied under the chin with a silk ribbon.

Vietnamese women have an extraordinarily beautiful and graceful bearing. But even here Western influence is encroaching, and on a Saturday afternoon in the downtown areas and in the parks many of the younger women can be seen wiggling about in very short, skintight, sleeveless Western cottons. Oddly enough, they still wear native dress to work, where Western clothes would probably be more comfortable.

Local conditions at present resemble Nazi Germany more than life in a sector of the democratic free world. If more than ten guests are invited to a party, police permission must be obtained. The foreign currency and import-export regulations, as well as the favored exceptions, are fantastic. In spite of officially declared austerity, the palace is being rebuilt at this moment at a cost of many millions.

A limited number of American automobiles can legally be imported. The insurance premiums on these cars are paid in dollars against possible claims in dollars. Between the dock and the local warehouse all movable parts are frequently stolen and eventually the insurance company pays in dollars for the missing parts. The government takes these payments and refunds the car agency in local currency, but does not grant conversion for replacement of hub caps, car radios, lighters, etc.

There is much talk about budding new industries. As of this moment all that can be found is some plastics industry and an auto-battery factory, protected by an import ban. The cost of a standard, locally manufactured 6-volt battery is $43. It is not surprising that almost nobody in Saigon drives with lights on at night!

Local handcraft consists of rattan and basket work, by and large inferior in design, quality of workmanship and selection to that of the Philippines, Formosa and Japan, and the prices are not favorable either. Fine silver work and egg-shell lacquerware, perhaps the most beautiful in the Orient, is made here, but it is extremely expensive. A pottery school at Bien Hoa and some local plants produce interesting work, but again the prices are relatively high.

Everything in Vietnam is confusing to a non-native and our multiplicity of services, agencies and objectives add to the confusion. We have dozens of units, services, agencies and representatives, all fighting among themselves for some sort of dominance.

Each little outfit has an entirely different idea of how long we are to remain in Saigon. Some go in for large-scale, helter-skelter, short-term planning; anything that can produce results in sixty days is approved, while anything that takes longer gets shelved. Other departments let the present needs go by the board and concentrate on planning for the years to come.

Many of our administrators and their harassed staffs, fighting an inter-agency paper war among themselves, hope that much of the confusion about our aims and policies will end once Ambassador Lodge takes full command of the American mission in Vietnam.

MUSIC: European Report II

Benjamin Boretz

After having been so pessimistic about European music in my last column, it seems only fair to devote some space to a more enlivening aspect of the situation. But I hasten to add that the only really original and imaginative (as distinct from just professionally competent) ideas I encountered in connection with any musical event in Europe were not in the musical domain proper, but in the realm of operatic staging and scenic design, specifically in some of the productions created by Wolfgang and Wieland Wagner for this summer's Wagner repertory at Bayreuth.

I was prepared to find the musical standards there also quite high, since I had heard remarkable orchestral ensemble and vocal-instrumental coordination on recent Bayreuth recordings. On the strength of these, I hopefully engaged myself to spend eight days immersed in the soggy Bavarian *gemüt* that prevails in the *Stadt* Bayreuth itself, but the performances I heard were disappointingly variable, at no time even approaching the tight discipline of either the German or Italian companies of the Vienna Staatsoper, and occasionally even sagging within reach of the wobblier moments at our own treasurable but wobble-prone Metropolitan.

The qualities of the stage direction, however, derived from the extraordinary awareness displayed by both of Wagner's grandsons of the functional relationship between events and ap-

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pearances on stage and those in the scores. In particular, their approaches were always guided by the realization that the pace of the musical and dramatic action must be carefully coordinated with stage movement to bring out the complementary properties of all dimensions as a formal totality. Wagner was, of course, not only quite in earnest, but deeply resourceful in devising the correlated analogical structures that make up the different domains of his *Gesamtkunstwerk* — which, it clearly appeared at Bayreuth, had specific meaning to him as a set of formal problems requiring rational and empirically valid solutions, rather than solely as a suggestive or propagandistic slogan. In short, the Wagners direct Wagner as if they believed that he knew what he was doing, and the results are far beyond anything dreamed of by the usual directors who imagine that the only way to prevent the "slow" pace from putting everybody to sleep, and the ludicrous mythology from embarrassing them, is to provide diversion with a great deal of rapid movement and naturalistic stage business that only serve to caricature and actually exaggerate the slowness and the incongruity.

Thus, Wolfgang's production of *Das Rheingold* paralleled the very special harmonic imagery and rhythm of the work with changing patterns of figures on stage (mostly in various representations of a basic sword shape), and a palpably structural rhythm of color change using degrees of monochrome, as well as consistently identified color elements, to build a formal statement. The suspended, ring-shaped saucer on, under and around which the action took place, was not only obviously appropriate symbologically, but also changed shape, from a smooth, full circle to segmented parts, in a rather broad image of the overall musical design. The rest of the *Ring*, however, was on a considerably lower level, as the gravity tended to become stasis and the naturalistic "relief" too veristic.

The most interesting productions were the *Meistersinger* and *Tristan* directed by Wieland, who approaches the operas' structure without the literal mirror symmetries of Wolfgang, and poses instead precarious contrapuntal balances between elements that are astonishing when they succeed; the third-act collapse of Tristan, with the sudden coincidence of orchestral tremolo, Tristan's body trembling and bent, and the wavering shape of the vocal line was an unforgettable indication of the kind of total impact that musical-dramatic form can achieve.

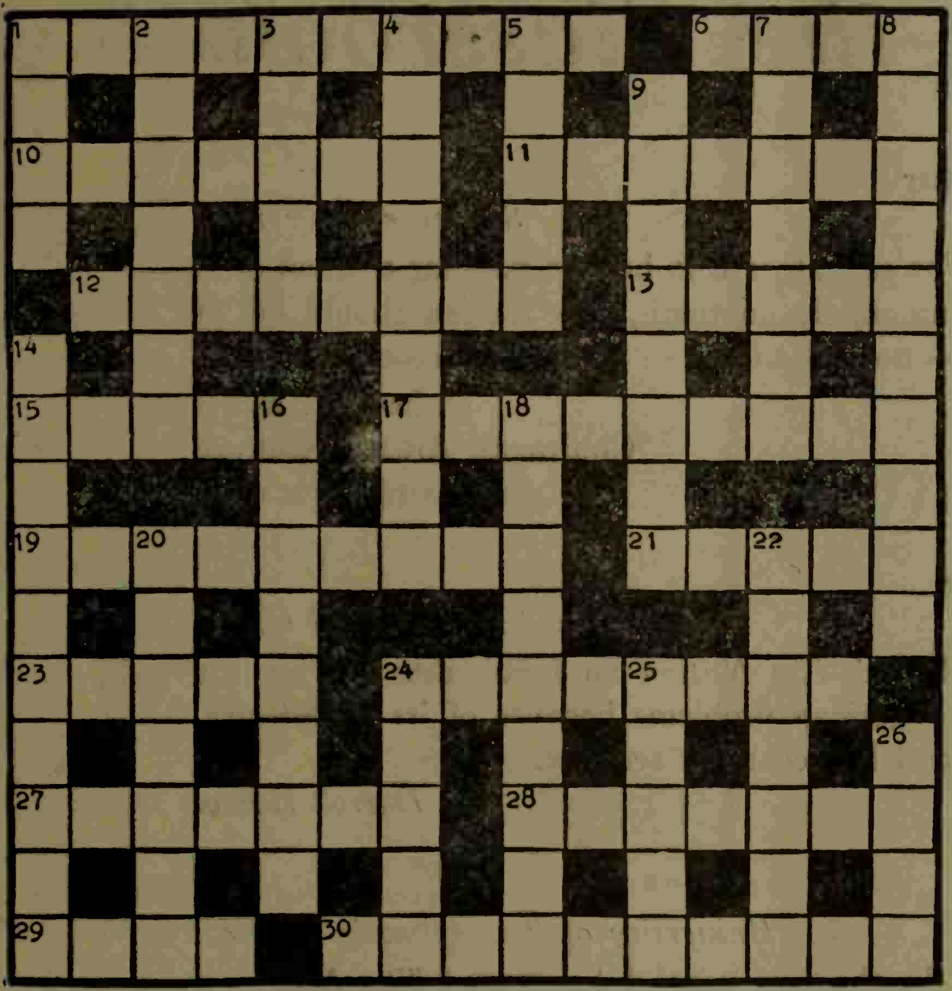
On the other hand, there is a certain unmistakable tendency toward chic and pretension in Wieland's work; *Tristan's* single "abstract" fin-shape set was a hint of this, although it did serve as a unifying shape for first-act sail, second-act tower, third-act rock and general yin-yang symbol. But the *Meistersinger* production came dangerously close to preciosity, despite its daring inspiration of turning Wagner's quite unfunny comedy into a spoof of itself where it is least supposed to be comic. It was a delightful idea, nearly brought off; in fact, it was defeated only by the unself-critical moments like the overdone caricature of the *Meistersinger* procession and, in fact, by the imbalance created by the director's spoofs being better than Wagner's own. The one incomprehensible *gaffe* was the decision to throw away the most inspired stroke of staging built into the whole opera—the suddenly quiet aftermath of the contrapuntal imbroglio at the end of Act II. Here, keeping the whole crowd on the stage for near-sighted low-comedy byplay with the night watchman, was incongruous with the orchestral emptiness. But these flaws still did not diminish the invention exhibited in the Dürer colors and tableaux, and the Breughel crowd configurations, however lightly they may have glossed the deeper structural issues of the opera.

Perhaps, it is simply a further symptom of the general European musical condition that the conductors involved either ignored or actually opposed the efforts of the Wagners to maintain a lively and intelligent approach to a tradition that by its very nature is prone to sanctimonious moribundity.

But a highly encouraging indication that the Wagners' insight into Wagner's work is genuine is the rumor that the Bayreuth repertory is about to be expanded by the works of other composers—not those which would be acceptable to musical "traditionalists" on the basis of their literal imitations of Wagner, but Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, Berg's *Lulu* and Schoenberg's *Moses and Aron*, works which continue the essential Wagner tradition by exploring and posing serious hypotheses regarding the problems of music drama to which the self-demanding efforts of Wagner's own life work were directed.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1026

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 How to make folding money in the theater? (6, 4)
6 See 24 across
10 Say, did you get cleared out of it?
11 Obtained from phials of opium, or phials of similar medicine? (7)
12 Makes its errors in another way, obviously! (8)
13 Not having met its match? (5)
15 and 21 across Leave-taking at dances seems to call for seafood, according to some. (6, 4)
17 Opposed to *ad libitum*? (9)
19 How to get riled up, on something that Poe carried out to the letter. (9)
21 See 15 across
23 Gout's not likely to be accepted with such enthusiasm. (5)
24 and 6 That gangster who lives nearby, or at least in the vicinity? (12)
27 Making a fuss over, or just causing trouble with the band? (7)
28 Breaking up the beverage cartel? (7)
29 One sees through them right in the review, perhaps. (4)
30 A rather impressive circle, though he gets none out of it. (10)

DOWN:

1 Is one dead by comparison? (4)
2 Cut in on an affected fervor in utterance? (7)
3 Little beyond all others? (5)
4 Analysis of the folk-dance? (5-4)
5 How some prefer their sugar plums? (5)
7 Most of you know what her pansies were for. (7)
8 Current charger? (Spoiled by father's rod, it seems.) (5, 5)
9 He certainly rakes in the money! (8)
14 Does one get out of saying "Thank you" for one's food? (10)
16 Is El Greco no Michelangelo? (You'll see such things are only a matter of money!) (8)
18 With this game, lamb suffers! (9)
20 Put back the remainder with your deposit, possibly. (7)
22 Does it give one a feeling the motion is losing this? (7)
24 A little such music of Mozart? (5)
25 He a thinker? Not one leaving an impression of waste! (5)
26 Molding opinion in the form of a mild expression? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1025

ACROSS: 1 Overbearing; 9 Downbeat; 10 Sapped; 11 Brusque; 12 Berlioz; 14 Shrink; 15 Alter ego; 17 Ringneck; 20 Litter; 22 Bagpipe; 24 Astoria; 26 Denier; 27 Rara avis; 28 Star chamber. DOWN: 2 and 23 Vanishing point; 3 Roebuck; 5 Respect; 6 Nepal; 7 Fourth; 8 Belong; 13 and 4 Back seats; 16 Rationale; 18 Images; 19 Emperor; 20 Lustrum; 21 Elicit; 25 Arch.

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In the Classroom

From an Educator

Syracuse University

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Darrell Hawes

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Elliot Werner

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LETTERS

Glossolalia

Stony Brook, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: It is refreshing to read an article about a most unconventional phenomenon (Donovan Bess's "Speaking in Tongues," *The Nation*, Sept. 28) which gives a balanced and sober presentation with minimal irony. . . .

There is, however, one point the author might have noted: Critics such as Doctors Horton and Come who claim that glossolalia can lead to violent and homicidal effects offer not a shred of substantiating evidence. Come had to dig back to a seventeenth-century description of an Anabaptist meeting to document his charge. . . .

Whatever glossolalia may be, it does not seem to be hurting or killing anyone. The only people who appear threatened by it are the organizational theologians and those individuals who dislike any intense and spontaneous human behavior. Meanwhile the rest of us should remain cautious and charitable in our judgments.

Michael Parenti
Dept. of Political Science
State University of New York

Charlottesville, Va.

Dear Sirs: With reference to Donovan Bess's "Speaking in Tongues," it may be remarked that the current epidemic of glossolalia in upper-class, "respectable" churches has much in common with "Moral Re-Armament". . . .

Both "High-Church Pentecostalism" and Moral Re-Armament involve a Fundamentalistic, literalistic acceptance of the Bible, the Spirit of God, "inspiration," etc.—a viewpoint which . . . implies an authoritarian personality of the type which is quite congenial to ultra-conservatism. . . .

However, because the form of mystical experience it offers is so much more Dionysian, glossolalia has a much greater potential than M.R.A. for dissolving the authoritarian complex which originally produced it. By providing for a release of repressed emotional energies which at the same time is guilt-free because of its religious sanction, it produces an at least partial and temporary relaxation, of those inner, emotional tensions and conflicts that prompt authoritarian personalities to project their own hates and lusts on convenient or socially acceptable scapegoats. . . .

T. Peter Park

Southern exuberance

East Lansing, Mich.

Dear Sirs: A colleague and I were en route from New Orleans back to Michigan in my car which . . . has no radio. Hence, we did not know that four young Negro girls attending Sunday school had been killed in a bomb blast that very morning in Birmingham. . . . However, we became aware that something was taking place when we got as far as neighboring Bessemer. From then on, until we were north of Birmingham, there was a certain festive air and white kids, always kids, and mostly boys, in evidence everywhere carrying Confederate flags. The streets were full of cars filled with such kids, the scrawny and tough-looking kids that seem so common in the hot and humid South. . . .

My friend commented that there must be some big game going on in the vicinity and I saw no reason to disagree. . . . The whole feeling we sensed was one of exuberance and pleasant excitement. Yet, of course, what was really being prepared for was a night of terror brought about by a cowardly act of inhumanity. . . .

Robin A. Drews
Dept. of Social Science
Michigan State University

Fair play for Krebiozen

Great Neck, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: The opinions in your editorial "Krebiozen — The End of the Road" [Sept. 28], are startling in their presumptions. Your sweeping fiat to bar the drug to new cases is amazing, since millions of lives may be adversely affected. To you it was enough that the FDA said Krebiozen is creatin. . . . Why the medical oligarchy has displayed such maniacal opposition to Krebiozen, admittedly non-toxic, is a fit subject for your excellent Fred Cook to look into. . . . Dr. Ivy has said that he has repeatedly requested an impartial clinical evaluation and that this was always ignored or denied on one pretext or another by organized medicine. . . .

Samuel Pivar

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on the Krebiozen controversy ends with the remark that "The FDA has the power to bar dispensation to new cases [of cancer] and there—if at all possible—the matter should be allowed to rest." That the matter should be allowed to rest seems a rather absurd idea in light of the possibility—granted it's remote—that the drug may have some tangible chemical value. Nowhere have you expressed the belief that the drug actually is worthless. What frightens me more is that you're so ready to let the entire matter drop simply because of restrictions on its distribution. Your attitude, if I interpret it correctly, is, "Well, it might or might not be any good, but with all that confusion and red tape . . . what the hell."

Robert Burg

THE
NATION

Saturday, October 12, 1963
Volume 197, No. 11

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The Nation, Oct. 12, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 11

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

Right Way to the Moon

In a *volte-face* as sensible as it is sensational, President Kennedy proposed on September 20 at the United Nations General Assembly that the United States and the Soviet Union should undertake a joint flight to the moon. He reversed not only himself but Dr. Robert R. Gilruth, director of the Manned Space Center, who, only a few days earlier, had dismissed the idea in what *The New York Times* termed an "offhand and astonishingly quick manner." This does not quite do justice to Dr. Gilruth's views, which were based on the observation that he "trembled at the thought of the integration problems" of mating a Soviet capsule to an American rocket, or vice versa.

Gilruth's logic is impeccable, but his premise is wrong. He has set up a technological straw man. What must now be worked out is a practical organizational setup and *modus operandi*. *The Nation*, which was advocating cooperation in space before Mr. Kennedy assumed the Presidency, has some thoughts to offer on the subject. To begin with, the journey to the moon is so closely tied up with military rocketry that first steps towards disarmament are a prerequisite. Assuming that disarmament begins to take effect, the Soviets would continue to pursue their preparations for a manned lunar landing, and we likewise. But there would be a crucial difference: what has been a glorified drag-race would be transformed into an international project carried on by scientists and engineers responsible not only to commissars and industrialists, Communist or capitalist (and are they so different, actually?), but to all mankind. At Soviet lunar research sites expert American advisers would be stationed with full access to all information and operations; similar liaison would be maintained by Russians at Canaveral and Houston. There would be discord and quarrels, as there are within both camps now (but suppressed by larger considerations). A final technological court of appeals would decide on the only possible basis — what is most likely to work?

The effects would be revolutionary. The ones that can be discerned at this stage are, first, that unmanned exploratory flights would yield more reliable information at a fraction of the present cost to both parties, at the same time reducing the risk to the astronauts which — this cannot be too strongly emphasized — will remain formidable. The same reasoning applies to the rendezvous experiments — and experiments is all they are. Second, the cold-war heat would be off. Despite all internal dissension, the joint project would be carried on at a prudent pace, likewise reducing costs and enhancing the astronauts' chances of coming back alive. Third, and of greatest moment, since successes and failures would be the result of joint endeavor, whether a Russian or an American crew first set foot on the moon would be a secondary consideration. Neither nation could score a nationalistic triumph.

The President spoke of "the scientists and astronauts of our two countries — indeed of all the world. . . ." The qualification is vital. Only the U.S. and the USSR have the resources to attempt the moon venture. Hence, these two must play the leading roles; but, to fulfill what may be its predestined historical role, the enterprise must be truly international. Practical rocketry was developed by the Germans in World War II. They would have to be represented, as would the British and the French, the Japanese and the Chinese — among 700 million people, will not some astronautical engineers emerge? The launch dates could best be decided by a committee of the world's leading scientists, regardless of nation or color.

Thus the astronauts would represent not only their own countries but the United Nations, which in this endeavor could be truly united. If there were significant technical differences between the American and Soviet systems, whichever was judged to have the better chance would be sent up first. If it failed and the astronauts perished, the loss and grief would be the world's, not merely America's or the Soviet's. If it succeeded, the triumph would be that of united humanity. How primitive and anachronistic nationalistic vanities already appear in the vistas which the President's proposal has opened!

The New Look at Cuba

The hopes inspired by the Kennedy Administration's new look at the moon race can, however, be shattered overnight by a renewal of military hostilities in any sector where capitalist and Communist interests clash. Cuba, in particular, is the place to watch. It offers an obvious opportunity for the Cuban exiles and the ever-ready and semi-autonomous CIA. There is no need for Mr. Kennedy to prompt them; he has only to avert his eyes. In fact a relatively efficient joint operation, altogether different from the muddle of 1960, is already being formed. Senator Goldwater referred to it with pious reticence in a TV program on September 19. Less restrained, all the New York dailies have reported that Cuban exiles under Manuel Artime, the leader of the Bay of Pigs debacle, have resumed training for another try. Artime, backed as before by what *Newsweek* calls "former Batista underlings," has cemented an alliance with Luis Somoza, former Nicaraguan dictator and still the country's army chief. Nicaragua is the jumping-off place for air and sea sorties which, it is hoped, will soften up Fidelismo for internal insurrection.

Late in April, after the twenty-one American prisoners Castro was holding had been released, Ted Lewis reported in the New York *Daily News* that the Administration was prepared "to give quiet support to any organized exile moves to supply and hopefully revitalize the underground movement inside the Communist police state." By June a concerted step-up in operations was evident. More recently (September 3) Lewis reported: " . . . it is no secret that both in Nicaragua and Costa Rica there are thousands of Cuban exiles, many of them veterans of the Bay of Pigs fiasco, in training again. Others are stationed in bases in Venezuela, rearming for another strike at the homeland. All this costs money, and the CIA is one government agency that can spend it in a big way without a Congressional audit." Recent raids, including strikes by twin-engine bombers with jet fighter escort, show careful military planning and direction. Other phases of the "new look" include the smuggling of agents into Cuba and stepped-up sabotage. Not without reason, Castro's military is jittery. Even assuming that Operation Pinprick, or whatever its code name may be, is not aimed at actual invasion, still it would seem the height of folly for Washington to sponsor a clumsily disguised effort of this sort to subvert the Castro regime. Why does the President permit an apparent fixation with an island in the Caribbean to endanger his bold proposal for a joint United States and Soviet lunar probe?

How To Be Conservative

When President Kennedy addressed the nation over radio and TV on September 18 to plead for his $11 billion tax cut bill, the Republicans asked for equal time and got it. And they chose the right man: Rep. Thomas B. Curtis of Missouri, senior Republican member on the Joint Economic Committee and a member of the House Ways and Means Committee. Curtis is an honest, logical conservative of the Robert A. Taft school, frankly committed to the "Puritan ethic" and fearing only God and inflation. Rational conservative opinion, which we need for ballast in our politics, is undercut by (1) me-too Republicans who, by any fair test, really belong in the Democratic party; (2) Birchites, Goldwaterites, Bensonites, Dixiecrats, et al., who call themselves conservatives because the word has a good sound and enables them to play on the frustrations and angers of embittered voters. As one listened to the Curtis rebuttal, the difference between genuine conservatism and the counterfeit variety became as clear as day.

As Curtis said, everyone is for cutting taxes. Everyone is for reducing spending too — except when his own ox is gored. The possible options are by now so mixed up in political contention that it is hard for the ordinary citizen to follow the debate. Tax cuts with tax reform would have been socially and economically defensible, but politically they were poisonous. Senator McGovern's proposal for tax cuts with specific budget cuts, mainly on the arms side, with a shift to social needs, has likewise gone down to defeat. Tax cuts with an arbitrarily imposed limitation on budget increases is obviously a Republican tactic to embarrass the Democrats; the Democrats, for their part, would like to receive credit for tax cuts without incurring the odium of cutting the budget anywhere.

Of course, neither the Democrats nor the Republicans, as a party, are candid about their motives; they can't afford to be. Representative Curtis made this charge against the President as well. Mr. Kennedy boasted that the *wholesale* price index has not gone up, but Mr. Curtis pointed out that most of us buy at retail and that items like insurance, medical care and hospital service have risen radically.

Another Kennedy evasion is his promise to maintain "an even tighter control over expenditures." Representative Curtis asked us to look at the Kennedy record and decide how much reliance could be placed on this pious hope. Mr. Kennedy has been spending around $6 billion more each year that he has been in office. In fiscal 1961, which was partly under President Eisenhower, he spent $81 billion; in fiscal 1962, $87 billion; 1963, $93.6 billion. For the current fiscal year, the President promises to spend no more than $98.8 billion. "We insist on deeds, not words," Mr. Curtis says.

What deeds? Where is the cutting to be done which will allay the fears of honest conservatives (and a good many liberals as well)? There is nothing rhetorical about these questions; last month the cost of living index went up 0.5 per cent — a rate of 6 per cent a year. Mr. Curtis himself has given the answer, although he did not pin it down in his September 21 address. These are armament budgets; the bulk of the spending is for the military machine, the largest and most wasteful in the history of nations. Mr. Curtis has alluded to this profligacy on occasion, and he voted against the arms budget. This is what he should emphasize in what remains of the debate. Otherwise, the $106 billion budget which he fears in the next fiscal year will become a reality, and inflation will further diminish the buying power of the dollar.

The House in Wonderland

Is Congress obsolete? With only four bills signed into law by the President since January (and none of them of earth-shaking significance), the question is being asked with greater frequency and mounting insistence. And it should be, for the House — if not the Senate — continues to stage demonstrations of ineptness so acute as to suggest it may well have outlived its usefulness. On September 17, the "debate" of the day concerned H. R. 8200 — a bill to establish a system of fallout shelters throughout the nation. Since the collapse of the great shelter mania of 1961, little had been heard on the subject, but thanks in large part to an inattentive press, the shelter enthusiasts have regrouped and are again on the march.

The circumstance that the bill emerged from the Armed Services Committee chaired by Rep. Carl Vinson was enough to guarantee its passage. But Mr. Vinson was not taking any chances. With the assistance of Rep. F. Edward Hébert — a faithful cohort — he refused to grant time to those who had misgivings about the wisdom of a shelter program at this time and about the efficacy of shelters generally. Instead, the "debate" was carefully limited to two groups: Democrats who favor fallout shelters and, as is their wont, expect the government to foot the bill; and Republicans who favor fallout shelters but, as is their wont, would like to see the home-town fallout shelter company get the business. As the "debate" dragged on, nuclear war began to be discussed as though it were some not-too-serious natural disaster. For example, Rep. S. M. Matsunaga (D. Hawaii) compared nuclear war to "volcanic eruptions, typhoons, and tidal waves." Others compounded their ignorance of the facts of nuclear war by their adherence to the doctrine that fallout shelters are "part of our total nuclear deterrent."

Yet on May 24, 1961, President Kennedy had declared: " . . . it [civil defense] cannot deter a nuclear attack. We will deter an enemy from making a nuclear attack only if our retaliatory power is so strong and so invulnerable that he knows he would be destroyed by our response. If we have that strength, civil defense is not needed to deter an attack. If we should ever lack it, civil defense would not be an adequate substitute." A small ray of reason emerged at the end of the "debate" when Rep. William Fitts Ryan (D., N. Y.) and Rep. George Brown (D., Calif.) managed to steal two minutes each to inform the House that fallout shelters were a specious investment and might cause more harm than good. Rep. H. R. Gross (R., Ia.) summed up the futile afternoon's debate with the statement: "This is the world of make-believe."

Pawns of the President

Of the difficult assignments that fall to patriots these days, none is more hazardous than being tapped by the President to provide public-relations cover in those acute situations, foreign and domestic, for which the Administration has no immediate policy or program. To be asked to serve as the President's representative is more than an honor; within limitations, it is an obligation that few Americans would feel they could decline even if they had little relish for the particular assignment. Indeed, some of them serve when the risk of their being used as sacrificial victims for bankrupt policies is clear and present. High on the list of this gallant breed of heroes is Henry Cabot Lodge, a prominent Republican with diplomatic experience, drafted to undertake in South Vietnam a mission strewn with pitfalls and booby traps. Not merely must Mr. Lodge attempt to win concessions from President Diem and the intransigent Nhus, but he must also bridge over the various divisions that have arisen among feuding American agencies and within the CIA. Aware as he must be of the difficulties inherent in his assignment, it must have crossed Mr. Lodge's mind that, should disaster finally overtake American policy in South Vietnam, his presence there provides the Administration with political reinsurance.

Other representatives who enlist our sympathy are Mr. McNamara and General Taylor, two of the busiest men in Washington, who have been hustled overseas once again to provide the Administration with an image of efficiency and competence. Their presence in Saigon also lends moral support to Mr. Lodge who, in news photographs with them, looked as though he were in sore need of it. And then, of course, one thinks of Mr. Kenneth C. Royal and former Army Coach Earl C. Blaik, who were posted to Birmingham to bring peace and order to that troubled city, only to be greeted with another bombing timed to coincide with the opening of negotiations between the white and Negro communities. Upon sending these loyal men on their hazardous mission, the President reassuringly announced that the residents of Birmingham were, he was sure, quite capable of handling their own affairs — with a little guidance and coaching from his representatives. But when Messrs. Blaik and Royal arrived, they were greeted at the airport by an all-white delegation that told them, and the world, that the trouble in Birmingham is the work of "outside" agitators and interlopers; spokesmen for the Negro community referred to them as pawns.

And, from the recent past, one recalls the harsh strictures of Dr. Milton Eisenhower on his experience as a representative of the President in negotiating the medical-supplies-and-hostages exchange with the Cubans. It is perhaps safe to assume, also, that Gen. Lucius Clay will have a few tart and cogent paragraphs in his memoirs about the perils of "representing" our image-conscious President. Some special form of recognition should be provided for these selfless individuals who have responded to calls to win time and provide interim headlines of hope and good cheer, while the Administration continues to deal with basic problems as if they were social mishaps which the magic of public relations could correct. Lacking some such medal or scroll of honor, it may not be long before our distinguished citizens begin to shake and quiver when told that the President is on the phone.

The Lion Tamers

Once again voices have been raised in Congress calling for "a thoroughgoing probe" of the CIA. The basic criticism is the same: intelligence and cloak-and-dagger activities should not be combined in the same agency. The point has been clinched in South Vietnam where this basic weakness has divided the agency into warring factions. Not only have CIA "dissidents" leaked reports to newsmen of the internal feuding, but a pro-Nhu faction in the agency is said to be responsible for stories which appeared in the pro-Diem *Vietnam Times* that the CIA was planning a coup (designed, of course, to make a coup unlikely). Congressional critics of the CIA roar like lions after each new debacle occurs—the U-2 situation, the Bay of Pigs—but unfortunately the roars soon subside. Congressmen, like other mortals, have a weakness for cloak-and-dagger fiction and, in executive session, invariably succumb to the tall tales of the CIA lion tamers. It will happen again.

CUBA: Salvation through Sugar...

James O'Connor

Pre-revolutionary Cuba's favorite slogan was *"sin azucar no hay país"* —a free translation is "sugar equals survival." This bare equation was held as an article of faith by Cuba's ex-rulers and time and again thwarted plans for agricultural diversification. When Fidel Castro assumed power in 1959, the slogan came under sharp attack: Sugar went hand in hand with economic stagnation; sugar meant monoculture and economic dependence on the United States; sugar was condemned for guilt by association with the island's old governing classes. These themes have figured in the political speeches of Cuba's new leaders, in key revolutionary legislation, and in countless newspaper and magazine articles appearing during the past four years, and have helped to create what can only be described as an anti-sugar mentality on the part of planners and workers alike. Inevitably, the National Agrarian Reform Institute (INRA) — Cuba's most powerful state body during the first two years or so of the revolution—has slighted sugar cultivation in favor of other food and industrial crops.

In August, in a speech to the national convention of Cuba's small private farmers, Castro disclosed that the revolutionary government had made a fresh appraisal of the role of sugar in the island's economic future. Deploring the neglect of sugar in the past, he dramatically announced that "sugar and cattle will be the foundation of our economic development" during the next decade. Production target: eight million tons of sugar annually as soon as possible (output barely reached 3.9 million tons this year).

Few major criticisms can be leveled at INRA's recent cattle policy. Since 1960, when the rate of slaughter was at an all-time high, it has quietly restored Cuba's herds to pre-revolutionary levels (at the price, it should be added, of sharply reduced beef rations), simply by prohibiting private sales of beef.

The reappraisal of Cuba's sugar policy, however, has come none too soon. The cane cooperatives, formed in 1960 and transformed into state farms in the fall of 1962, had neglected to weed and plant the fields; and the private growers, who still produce 60 per cent of the crop, had failed to obtain needed credits, supplies and harvest workers. The climax of the government's anti-sugar economics came in 1961, when Castro himself ordered Cuba's entire corp harvested (up to one-fifth of the island's cane land is ordinarily held in reserve; sugar is a perennial) and many fields destroyed to make way for other food and industrial crops. It was this policy which Minister of Industries Che Guevara, in an interview a few days after Castro's speech, called one of the revolution's two "fundamental" economic errors (the other was the over-ambitious and uncoordinated industrialization program).

The "error" of 1961 reduced available sugar land under cultivation by about 15 per cent and lowered average yields by roughly 5 per cent (because reserve lands yield substantially more cane per harvested acre). Since production itself was off about 42 per cent from 54.3 million metric tons of cane in 1961 to 31.4 million tons this year, nearly one-half of the decline can be attributed solely to 1961 harvest policy. The droughts of 1961 and 1962—rainfall in 1960 was half again as much as in 1962 —probably reduced the harvest by another one-quarter. The remaining one-quarter of the decrease was due to what visiting journalists like to label "rural disorganization."

New plantings will bring the amount of land under sugar back to 1961 levels by 1965, and heavy fall plantings now in progress will push up yields. Besides, Cuba has been blessed with adequate rains this year and prospects for 1964 are encouraging. For these reasons — in the absence of *any* improvement in the organization of sugar production — next year's harvest should reach 4.3 or 4.4 million tons. Production should climb above the 5.5 million-ton mark by 1965.

There is every reason to believe, moreover, that next year's harvest will be more efficiently organized than harvests in the past. The government's new sugar policy has been in the wind for a number of months, and the newspapers, union and factory assemblies, and INRA directives have been placing a new and unfamiliar emphasis on the sugar industry. A campaign aimed at double and triple weeding of the cane fields was in full swing during the summer; this will bring up yields and ease the shortage of harvest workers (cane cutters prefer to work in high-yield fields where they can earn higher daily wages). Elsewhere plans have been made to guarantee the private growers and state cane farms harvest labor by rationalizing the wage payments system and improving the volunteer labor program. What is more, hundreds of mechanical cane cutters and 1500 loaders will be on hand to speed up deliveries to the mills.

Sugar is also receiving more attention on the level of national planning: Cuba's leading paper, *Hoy*, recently published a scheme for programing the harvest. The paper has also taken the initiative by encouraging mills and farms to exchange technical delegations. Appearing in a recent number of *Cuba Socialista*, the monthly theoretical organ of the new party, a first-rate study by two Soviet technicians laid down a basis for economizing sugar labor by analyzing labor needs for various crops during different seasons of the year. And a movement is afoot to consolidate the agricultural and industrial operations of the sugar industry under one administrative head (at present the Ministry of Industries runs the mills and INRA administers the state

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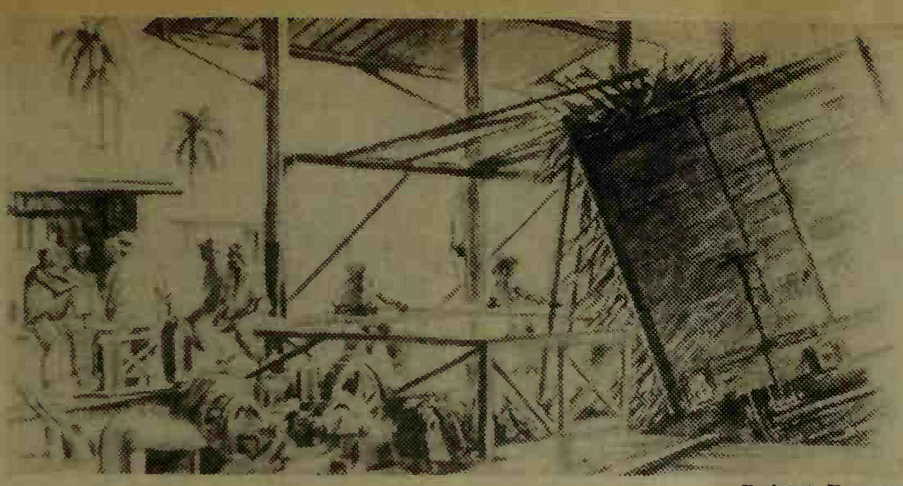
James O'Connor, an American economist, spent August in Cuba; it was his third trip since the Castro regime came to power. He is presently completing a book on the political economy of Cuba.



Robert Benney

cane farms). With patience, hard work and a bit of luck, then, 1965 production should exceed the minimum of 5.5 million tons by from 10 to 20 per cent.

A target of eight million tons, however, is quite another thing. Cuba has never produced that much sugar and without dramatic improvements in land and labor productivity it never will. In the first place, at least one-quarter of the cane would have to be mechanically harvested — there are simply not enough workers to bring in a harvest of that size by hand, especially since at least one-third of the old harvest force is engaged full-time in other sectors of state agriculture. To increase land productivity, probably 20 per cent of the island's cane land would have to be irrigated, a mountain of fertilizer would be needed, and farmers and workers would have to learn new cultivation techniques, which in Cuba have always been backward. Improvements in land and labor productivity must go hand in hand — mechanizing the harvest does not pay unless yields are high.

On paper, with the resources Cuba has at its disposal, eight million tons of sugar is not an unrealistic target. In practice, it will tax the skills and imaginations of everyone connected with the industry. More irrigation canals will have to be dug and more pumping equipment purchased abroad. Inappropriate varieties of cane will have to be weeded out of the fields and experiments with fertilizer will have to be intensified. To overcome bottlenecks in the fields, transport system and mills, the entire harvest will have to be efficiently programed with the application of input-output methods of the type common to large enterprises in both this country and the Soviet Union.

Perhaps most important, tens of thousands of sugar workers and growers must discard old habits of work and acquaint themselves with the rudiments of scientific agriculture. As one Cuban sugar expert put it: "If the farmers won't weed their fields regularly, all the machines and fertilizers in the world won't do us any good." As in other branches of the Cuban economy, the fundamental problem is not a shortage of planners and technicians; it is rather the fact that the majority of workers and farmers resist new ways of doing things—not, as some casual visitors to Cuba have written, because they oppose the regime, but because they have been conditioned all their lives to approach their work in a given way.

If Cuba is unable to revive the industry by not diverting sufficient material, technical and human resources from other sectors of the economy, her economic future will be bleak indeed. Scanty harvests have already cut deeply into the island's exports, weakening Cuba's ability to import vital consumer and capital goods. Total sales abroad fell about 17 per cent from 1961 to 1962 and a comparable decline is in the cards this year. Meanwhile, imports will have risen by nearly 20 per cent by the end of 1963. For this reason, it is unlikely that 1962's foreign trade deficit of more than $250 million—which amounted to roughly 10 per cent of gross national product—will be much lower this year.

At the same time the U.S. embargo, drought, technical backwardness and general disorganization have obstructed expansion and diversification plans for Cuba's other agriculture. Sporadic food shortages materialized in Havana late in 1960 and deliveries fell more or less steadily until the winter of 1962-1963. The expropriation of Cuba's wholesalers, and, later on, branches of retail trade, and the almost continuous process of reorganization of state-run farms, threw the island's distribution system into disorder and aggravated shortages. More seriously, private farmers, who still produce most of the island's food crops, retained larger shares of their produce for home consumption and local sales; they did not find INRA's buying prices to their liking and, because of the general shortage of manufactured goods, there was little for them to buy.

It is in this immediate context—a sharp decline in sugar production, large deficits in the foreign trade balance (which limit the island's capacity to import consumer, as well as capital, goods), and resistance by private farmers to INRA sales—that Cuba's new sugar policy must be viewed. To guarantee increased food supplies to the cities, Cuban planners must put more consumer goods at the disposal of private farmers. A large proportion of these consumer goods must be imported. And without an expansion of sugar exports, Cuba can no longer afford to purchase abroad very much except essentials.

It is true that INRA has begun to attack the food problem with other weapons. Prices of a wide range of commodities have been raised this year and methods of collection have been improved. The heavy-handed treatment dealt out to the private farmers in late 1961 and 1962 has been replaced by a more or less rational use of economic incentives and political persuasion. For these reasons, INRA purchases (and consumer sales) of basic foods have doubled during the past few months and in some cases have tripled in comparison with the summer of 1962. The fact remains, however, that Cuba must have more consumer goods to trade for farm commodities. The alternative solution—the expropriation of the private farms—is ruled out for two reasons: A shortage of competent personnel limits the expansion of the state sector in agriculture, and the worker-peasant alliance, which Castro has with some success attempted to forge, would be placed in danger.

Aside from the immediate problems of consumer goods and food scarcities, there is a larger sense in which it is important to expand sugar exports and enlarge the island's capacity to import. As Guevara recently confessed, Cuba's industrialization program has lacked direction and overall rationality. Of the more than forty new plants now in various stages of completion, few are in themselves ill-conceived or badly planned. Each can satisfy one or more of the standard economic tests—every one of them will produce an import substitute, utilize available local raw materials, and so on.

Taken as a whole, however, Cuba's investment policy has lacked a theme, a general direction, an underlying rationality. Cuban planners have hesitated to place too much emphasis on heavy industry—the island's market, after all, comes to just over seven million people. At the same time, few will defend an attempt to replace all of the thousands of consumer items that Cuba now imports. Even Cubans who are willing to continue along past lines have had to face the question: How can we afford needed raw material and machinery imports?

The answer which seems inescapable is—sugar. It becomes increasingly clear to most Cubans that any and all industrialization programs presuppose a higher level of imports and, therefore, exports. Cuban planners are now aware that large-scale capital investments in sugar are essential for any real improvement in the island's major

(*Continued on page* 228)

Detroit Makes Your Choice

FASHION or SAFETY . . . . Ralph Nader

Auto manufacturers, with a corporate brutality unsurpassed since the railroads in post-Civil War days, have been steadily rejecting a life-saving technology that could reduce our annual highway death toll from 40,000 a year to 12,000 or less. For more than ten years, many scientists and lawmakers have been pointing the way to this technology, which involves no more than the redesigning of cars in accordance with principles as old as Archimedes. Their struggle so far has been almost entirely in vain.

I say "*almost* entirely" because grudgingly, slowly, the auto industry has given way on some points. Safety belts, newly designed steering wheels, padded dashboards have become, if not standard equipment, at least available as extras. A few manufacturers have discarded the deadly, sharp fins and pointed radiator ornaments — lethal weapons even on a slow-moving vehicle — that were so popular only a few years ago. But by and large the industry continues to reject safety for speed, power, decor; and, under the leadership of General Motors, the "big three" of Detroit—GM, Ford and Chrysler—have forged what amounts to a united front against any outside interference with their designs.

In a speech before the National Safety Congress, John F. Gordon, president of GM, ridiculed "amateur engineers" who were trying to take over responsibilities that belong to "competent engineers in the industry." But it has been through engineers and medical scientists at Cornell, Harvard, California, Minnesota and other universities, and through research carried out by the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, that the relationship has been uncovered between auto designs and our annual 40,000 fatalities and four million injuries on the highways. Pop-open doors, cardboard-like roof structures, uprootable seats, flying cushions, jutting metal dashboards, bone-crushing knobs, chisel-like rear-view mirrors and, above all, dangerous shafts and steering wheels are a few of the more than a hundred design deficiencies that Mr. Gordon's "competent" engineers seem to have overlooked.

Item: A team of optometrists, on funds provided by the American Optometric Foundation, is producing a series of studies on some fifty late-model cars. Dr. Merrill J. Allen, the project's director, offers this comment: "Not a single car provides a suitable visual environment for daytime driving." Serious obstructions to visibility include dashboard and panel reflections, windshield distortions, hood and chrome reflections, corner posts and sunshades. "It almost appears," Allen stated, "that automobile manufacturers believe that vision has nothing to do with driving."

Item: Henry Wakeland, New York automobile consultant, has collected photographs showing children and elderly women killed when their hearts or lungs were pierced by the fins of automobiles moving as slowly as four miles per hour.

Item: Public Service Research, Inc., of Stamford, Conn., analyzed the accident experience of several large commercial fleets under a U.S. Public Health Service grant. The findings showed that some car makes are more accident-prone than others—a clear indication that safety is a function of the car as well as of the driver. Similarly, a Cornell group established substantial variations in the strength of door latches among various makes, but all were below minimum adequate safety regulations. *Both the Public Service Research and Cornell Studies were supported by public funds, yet the findings of neither have been made available to the consumer.*

Item: Dr. Horace Campbell, an expert on the effects of collisions on car passengers, insists that the instrument panels and dashboards of GM cars are the most dangerous in the industry. Further, the Chevrolet Corvair's steering box, from which ascends the steering shaft, is mounted *forward* of the front axle and so gets the first blow in any head-on collision. (GM is an exponent of the policy that any safety component on its cars, such as crash padding, should be offered as an "extra"—i.e., if you want it, you pay extra for it.)

The list could be lengthened al-

Ralph Nader, an attorney, has long been interested in safety problems relating to the automobile (see "The Safe Car You Can't Buy," The Nation, *April 11, 1959).*

most indefinitely. And what this list contributes to are a couple of appalling statistics: (1) half of all the cars now on the road will be involved, at some time or another, in an injury-producing crash; (2) an American's chance of escaping injury in a vehicular crash during the whole of his lifetime is no better than fifty-fifty.

This is not to say that manufacturers are uniformly culpable. American Motors has publicly condemned the glamorizing of horsepower and speed. It pioneered in the adoption, in moderate-priced cars, of independent braking systems for front and rear wheels, so that if either system fails, the remaining one can bring the car to a halt. Studebaker's president, Sherwood Egbert, has registered vigorous dissent from the proposition that safety advances should wait for public demand. Studebaker's Lark and Avanti are free of many sharp edges and projections, both inside and outside. Ford has made some significant advances since 1956, and probably has the sincerest injury-prevention program operating in the industry.

The auto industry is perfectly aware of the mounting tide of criticism leveled against its product. It is equally aware of the remedies — practical and effective — that have been offered. Why does it respond so little? One thing is certain: *in terms of immediate production costs, safety can be purchased for pennies*. Liberty Mutual's experience in constructing "survival" cars is instructive in this respect. The company took four stock 1960 Chevrolets, removed the gingerbread, gewgaws and unsafe features and replaced them with dozens of safety improvements that *added no more than $10 to the cost of production*. Among these improvements were collapsible steering assemblies, automatic fire-protection systems, roll bars to strengthen roofs and in-the-line safety-brake devices. *Every one of these safety features has been known to Detroit for years.*

It isn't production costs that makes Detroit so safety-unconscious; it is the fear that its *policy of obsolescence* will become obsolescent. Safety engineering sponsors constant values which conflict with automobile "fashions" that alone justify yearly model change-overs. The industry is built on calculated, non-functional obsolescence — the appeal of the new color, the new gimmick, the new silhouette, the added horsepower or wheelbase or wheel track. What else is it that makes the '64 model different from the '63? The emphasis that Detroit places on style over safety is clearly revealed in its payrolls: the chief automobile stylist and his associates get much more money, much more authority, and enjoy much greater prestige, than the largely ignored safety engineers. But once a sensible, sturdy, safe car is produced, "fashion" to a large extent flies out of the window, and no justification remains for the annual style change-over.

And there's a second reason why the auto makers don't want to listen to outsiders: they fear that once they do so, they will be inviting government regulation. In this respect, the auto industry today enjoys an immunity shared by no other transportation industry. Trains, airplanes and ships must all meet federal safety specifications. The only control the auto makers have to worry about are the *minutiae* of state standards: laws requiring windshield wipers and directional signals, for example.

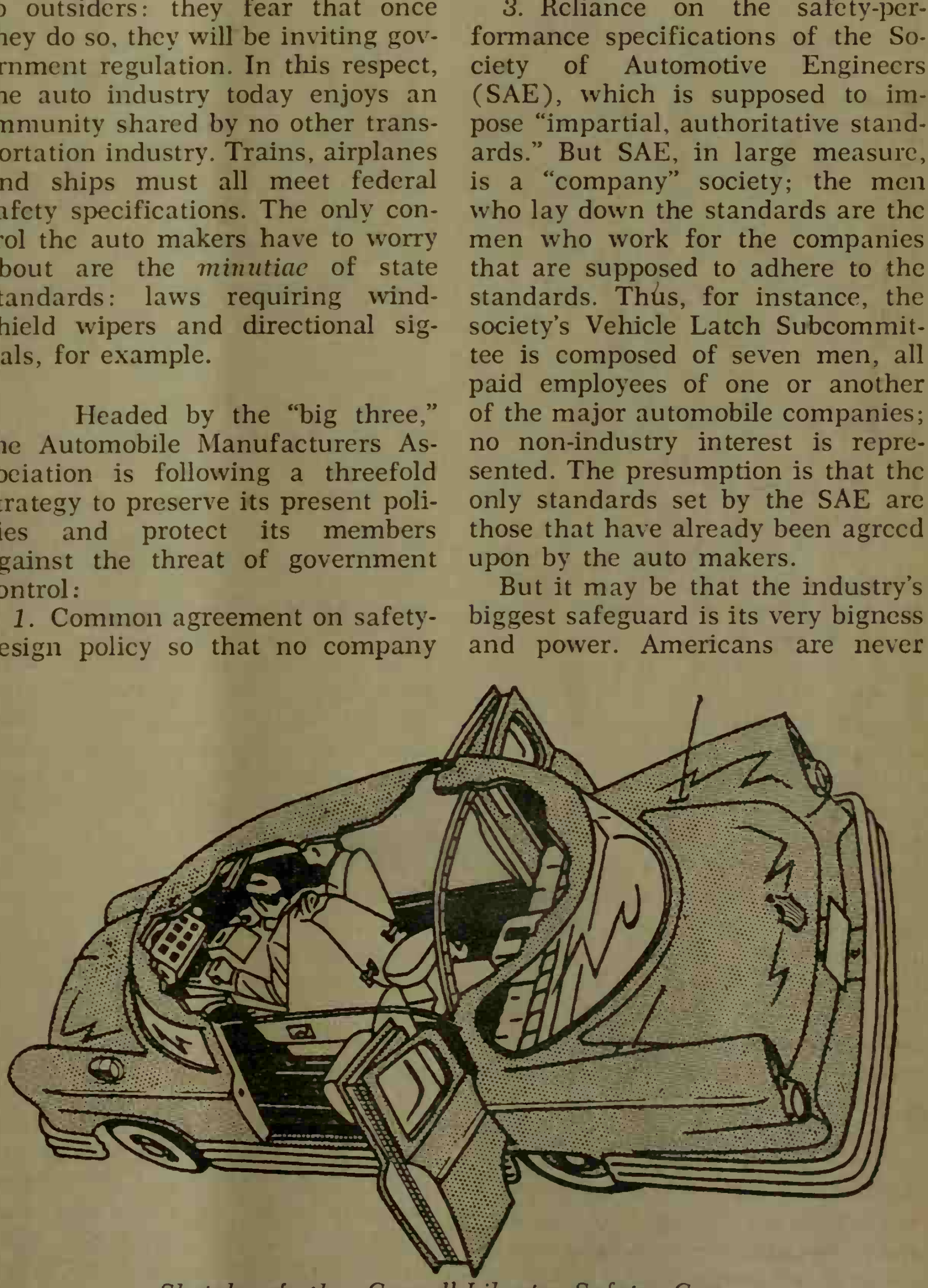
Headed by the "big three," the Automobile Manufacturers Association is following a threefold strategy to preserve its present policies and protect its members against the threat of government control:

1. Common agreement on safety-design policy so that no company can offer the public substantially more than its competitors in the way of safety improvements. (The "big three," in particular General Motors, fought for years against the use of seat belts before succumbing to public pressure.)

2. Generous contributions to, and support of, traffic-safety groups which emphasize *driver responsibility* exclusively. Here, the manufacturers find themselves in a common front with such organizations as the Automobile Safety Council, the National Safety Council and the Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators. Pushing the driver-responsibility theme diverts attention from the automobile and gives the manufacturers a "responsible" public image.

3. Reliance on the safety-performance specifications of the Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE), which is supposed to impose "impartial, authoritative standards." But SAE, in large measure, is a "company" society; the men who lay down the standards are the men who work for the companies that are supposed to adhere to the standards. Thus, for instance, the society's Vehicle Latch Subcommittee is composed of seven men, all paid employees of one or another of the major automobile companies; no non-industry interest is represented. The presumption is that the only standards set by the SAE are those that have already been agreed upon by the auto makers.

But it may be that the industry's biggest safeguard is its very bigness and power. Americans are never



Sketch of the Cornell-Liberty Safety Car.

permitted to forget that one in every six workers in the country owes his job directly or indirectly to Detroit. Currently the industry has been touted as "holding up the national economy," with sales rushing toward a record. Such arguments in the hands of a lobbyist are very powerful indeed. Did it just happen that Congress stripped the Armed Forces Epidemiological Board of authority to finance crash-injury research on the ground that this work was civilian in nature? In 1956, Congressman Kenneth A. Roberts' Subcommittee on Health and Safety held dramatic hearings on car-safety problems; why did its findings go unheeded? Why was its work in this field cut short?

Domestic air fatalities rarely exceed 1,200 annually, compared to the automobiles' 40,000. Yet the federal government spends tens of millions or more on air safety—and just about $5 million on automobile research.

Recently, Professor J. Douglas Brown of Princeton University asked his engineering colleagues:

> *If engineers can design space ships to go to the moon, why can't they design a safer automobile? Who is to be the bridge between science and human fulfillment, the professional engineer or the Madison Avenue pollster?*

The lessons of the past in such fields as meat and drugs teach that the decisive pressures come from an aroused public. But the public, to be aroused, must be *informed.* Slaughter on the highways has been a perennial phenomenon for nearly half a century—and still an industry is permitted to produce, unhindered, vehicles full of accidents and tragedies waiting to happen.

WOLVES and CONGRESSMEN

. . . . David Cort

The natural predators such as wolves, weasels, hawks and owls have been badly misunderstood by thinking of them in terms of human predators, such as hunters, generals, gunmen, loan sharks, exterminators, robber barons, and even United States Congressmen. The natural predators just want to eat, and no more hate their food than a Congressman hates a porterhouse steak. The human predators function on more abstract, and therefore more insatiable and ruthless, principles. Nevertheless, it is not suggested that the system of bounties we now pay for the killing of predators be extended to cover Congressmen. The natural laws that justify the other predators may also operate to save our legislators.

We will return to the Congressional attitude toward predators. The immediate interest is in a new and magnificent study of the predator and its prey, specifically the wolf and the moose on Isle Royale National Park in Lake Superior. For the first time the animals were fully observed, and photographed, during the hunt, the kill and the postprandial nap. This was possible only in winter when the animals could be clearly seen from a light ski-plane and easily tracked across the snow, and the victim could be examined soon afterward.

Quite by chance, a classic situation had developed on Isle Royale, a protected park, first under Michigan law and since 1940 as a national park. Moose had crossed on the winter ice around 1912, as the last woodland caribous were leaving. In a breeding spree, they had multiplied by 1929 to about 3,000 animals, exhausting the available browse, and then entered a decadence of famine and disease, their numbers dwindling to a few hundred. In the last stages of this great death, in 1949, a few wolves arrived, also by way of the ice. Congressmen would suppose that this would have tolled the last knell of the moose.

Exactly the contrary. Today the moose are at an optimum population of about 600, producing about 225 calves a year. The wolves now number exactly twenty-two, and are evidently breeding. The larger wolf pack of seventeen animals kills once every three or four days, or about one hundred moose a year. (It is no myth that wolves hunt in packs.) Accidents, disease, old age, drowning and the other pack of five wolves account for the rest of the surplus. The wolf-moose community is in working equilibrium, and the moose seem to be in equilibrium with the food supply of American yew, aspen, birch, balsam, mountain ash, dogwood, lilies and other water plants.

A Purdue biologist, L. David Mech, began this study in 1958. He was joined by others, including Durward L. Allen, who has published reports in the March-April, 1963, *Audubon Magazine,* and the February, 1963, *National Geographic.* The most important discoveries came by examination of the moose carcasses, sixty-eight in all. Of these, twenty were in their first year. Not one was between the ages of one and six years. Most of the adult kills were in the nine-to-ten-year group. Some of the adult kills had lumpy jaw, a bone infection; some had bone-marrow depletion of fat; some had encysted lungs. The superior moose could defy the wolves, it was estimated, to the age of twenty.

The wolves' hunting methods, or predatory theory, seemed remarkably devoid of human fanaticism or "blood lust," contrary to the human legend as to the wolf psyche. In the snow, they trot single-file in one track; when they scent a moose, they seem to discuss the matter, then spread out and circle it. The moose sometimes outruns them in the deep snow, and after a mile or so they give up. Or a vigorous moose will stand and charge them, whereupon they take council and soon go on their way. In this way, they may try out a dozen animals before they find one that is suitable for their attentions.

Each wolf ate forty pounds about every three days. An 800-pound moose (big bulls weigh up to 1,600 pounds) sufficed the pack for three or four days. It is obvious that these were satisfied wolves, and that a famished wolf would probably be somewhat less civilized.

Nevertheless, it was clear that a healthy moose was more than a match for the whole wolf pack. We see that the predators made themselves experts on the health

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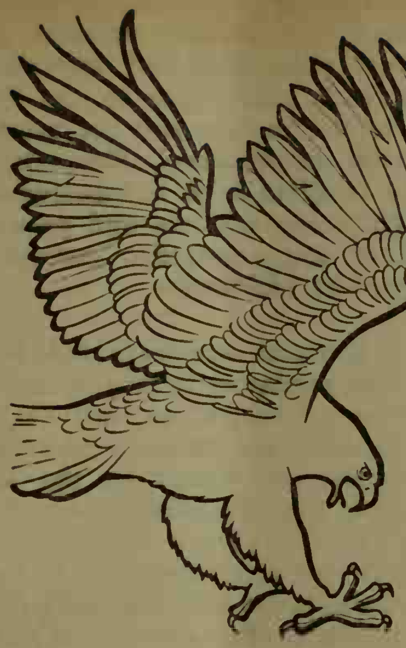
David Cort is a frequent contributor; his newest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*

and morale of all 600 moose by giving them, so to speak, physical examinations. Possibly the wolves also diagnosed the prey's condition by smelling its droppings. Had they been in government pay, they would have notified the National Park Service that that moose was sick and ought to be destroyed. Unequipped to do the first, they were in a position to accomplish the second. Their killing of calves may be interpreted as a criticism of the parents, somewhat like the jailing of a juvenile delinquent, though more drastic.

The Isle Royale story has only a scientific relevance, since the gray or timber wolf is extinct in the forty-eight states, except for a few packs in northern Minnesota, and a few individuals in Michigan and Wisconsin. The red wolf, a smaller species that hunts the same prey as the coyote, survives in the area around Arkansas. Alaska still has a very large, nearly black, wolf. A bounty-war on the Alaskan wolf led directly to the decadence and decimation of the vast herds of woodland caribous by disease. When wolves kept the Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep to the higher slopes, the sheep prospered; without the wolves, the bighorns have gone into a decline.

Biologists have long been agreed on the value of predators. Between spring and late summer, the animal population is multiplied, by breeding, five to ten times. Their total survival would destroy the food supply. The hazards of life normally reduce them to about the same numbers as those of the preceding spring. This especially refers to rabbits, mice, ducks, quails, frogs and, of course, insects; but it is a generally universal law. The predators take the less efficient individuals, and thus benefit the prey species. When the prey population sinks to a certain low, it has been observed, the predators can catch no more, for these survivors are the best and smartest of the species and can find ample cover in the habitat.

The predators are not as quick to respond to population challenges as the prey species. Eagles have only two young a year, hawks two to four, cougars two, lynxes, three, badgers two, wolverines two, fishers three, weasels and minks about six, bears one or two, foxes and all the wolves about five. When a famine situation occurs, the predators stop breeding until the prey rebounds. If Congressmen at this point decree that the predator must be exterminated, it is likely to become extinct—as the timber or gray wolf has become in most of the United States. The fact is that predators are far more liable to extinction than are the animals on which they prey.



Man has already destroyed off the face of the earth the Japanese wolf, the antarctic wolf (Falkland Islands), Barbary lion, Cape lion, Atlas bear, Florida and Newfoundland wolf, Eastern cougar, and sixteen sub-species of grizzly bear. In this country, at least eight varieties of predators are in serious danger of becoming extinct.

And now we introduce into the natural world a new character, a low-grade man raising low-grade animals on low-grade herbage, in the eleven Western states and also Texas. The basis of the whole ecology is the vegetation: everything depends on that. If the game animals overpopulate the habitat and overconsume the vegetation, everything goes. The dry, short-grass plains of the West cannot support great herds of grazing sheep and cattle, but a hit-and-run rancher can make a quick profit by defying the natural law. His herds will have a high percentage of sick animals.

The natural law orders the predators to move in and correct the ruinous situation. Those that remained—the coyotes, red wolves, eagles—obeyed God's command and moved in, but of course could not do the job. But even these feeble efforts to keep the herds healthy raised the hackles of the sheepmen and cattlemen. They objected to any scientific study of the losses to predators, such as we have seen on Isle Royale National Park. They preferred to invent such a moonbeam statistic as that predators cost the sheep rancher $1 a year per breeding ewe. Multiply by number of ewes, and you have a fine round figure for propaganda uses. If three steers out of a herd of 300 were lost in any way, this was charged to predators at the rate of one per cent, and we have another manipulable figure. This fanciful bill is hung around the neck of the coyote, which would be terrified of any healthy steer.

It should be noted that the younger, better educated and more competent breed of ranchers do not use or need such alibis for their troubles. For example, the ranchers in northwest Colorado actually protect the coyote and bar the government poisoners and trappers from their range. The coyote, they seem to understand, functions largely as a garbage-disposal system. But to understand this requires some intelligence and magnanimity, not given to the old breed of rancher.

Man is himself the official and legal predator on man-owned herds and does not want any competitive predators. The trouble is that he is an indiscriminate and unsympathetic predator. As we have seen, the wolves on Isle Royale knew more about the physical condition of every moose on the island than any human being could possibly have known. They were highly selective in their predation and actually benefited the herd. In short, they knew what they were doing, as man does not.

However, these marginal ranchers raising marginal animals on marginal land have an astonishing influence on Congress, and especially on Western Senators. Their propaganda too is marginal, if not outright lies, and it reaches the high command of government. In 1962, an Assistant Secretary of the Interior wrote Senator Maurine B. Neuberger (D., Ore.) that the American Society of Mammalogists "supported the work of the Bureau," i.e., predator control. But this society has repeatedly urged the U.S. Biological Survey to restrict its use of poison and to cease and desist from misleading propaganda against predators.

Coyote "control" had in fact been reduced, since the sheep in the eleven Western states have decreased since 1942 from 22 million to half that.

In 1956, federal funds for predator and rodent control were down to $969,500. In 1957, an increase of $40,000 was asked for. Suddenly sixteen Western Congressmen descended on the House Appropriations Committee asking for much more money for the control of predators on sheep. The increase was raised to $290,000, though the director of the Fish and Wildlife Service said that he did not know what he could do with the money. The comedy continued in the Senate. Former Senator Malone of Nevada, evidently speaking for sheepmen, read a long statement claiming that what was good for sheepmen was good for cattlemen and all agriculture everywhere. The director was again "doubtful" that the extra money could be used, but his eager subordinates, on reflection, produced a report that "The Fish and Wildlife Service can very effectively use an increase of $1,000,000 for the control of predatory animals and injurious rodents." The result was an appropriation of $1,751,000; since then it has climbed to $2,506,000 which, with cooperative contributions, amounts to $6,206,000, and as of 1962, 675 government hunters and trappers.

In money terms, this is not much today; in terms of mistaken killing and damage to the ecology, it is stupid and may be disastrous. What is evident, and has often been reported, is a conspiracy between the Western sheepmen and the Congress, with accessories in the Bureau of the Budget and the appropriations committees. The whole record is filled with half-perjuries, outright misquotations and perversions of the knowledge currently accepted by biologists.

Bounties are paid for carcasses of predators by states, counties and townships, as well as by the national government, and the bounty system is not on the decrease; it has spread from twenty-seven to thirty-three states since 1950. Of the thirty-three species of mammals, birds and reptiles bountied in 1960, the leaders are the fox, coyote and bobcat; red-fox bounties amount to an estimated $1,000,000 in the United States and Canada. In one place or another bounties are paid for seals, crows, magpies, bluejays, blackbirds, all hawks and owls, ground squirrels, woodchucks, raccoons, badgers, weasels, cougars and the magnificent golden eagle.

The last-named has been put on the protected list by the present Administration, yet it is in the worst trouble of all. In all North America, there are probably about 5,000 breeding pairs of golden eagles, a bird with a 7½-foot wingspread and weighing from seven to thirteen pounds. They can lift half their weight, or from four to six pounds; that is, they could not lift a live and kicking lamb. Yet this is the charge against them.

A classic situation of disaster has developed, the opposite of that on Isle Royale National Park. One can observe the situation from the train window while passing through the Big Bend area of western Texas. During the winter, which is lambing time, the rainfall is at nearly zero. Consequently one sees something resembling a herd of sheep, but they are small, scrawny animals, obviously subject to disease and likely to produce a plurality of stillborn lambs. These last would be the natural food of the golden eagle, which does not object to carrion.

And so the marginal sheepmen use light, two-seater planes and 12-gauge shotguns to massacre all the golden eagles they can find. On these terms, no eagle, once sighted, ever escapes. One such pilot claims to have killed a thousand eagles in a year; another probably killed thirty-eight in a day; the annual total in the Big Bend area is perhaps close to 2,000. And these are wintering birds from all the mountain areas of North America, from New England and northern New York State, the Appalachians and the Rockies, funneling into the death-trap in the miserable barrens of West Texas.

In the tight, land-poor community, it is nearly impossible for the government wardens to catch the lawbreakers, and probably impossible to convict them in the local courts. Meanwhile, our population of 10,000 golden eagles progressively fail to return to their summer homes, having died to satisfy the peculiar virility of perhaps a hundred men in West Texas.

For people who have visited the area say the Texas war on eagles is glandular. The ranchers' predecessors could blame their troubles on Indians and Mexicans and wolves and mountain lions; these poor devils, having nothing to fight except the golden eagle, are still blazing away in a fantasy Alamo.

Top-Secret Mania

. . Leonard A. Stevens

Several months ago, a Minneapolis scientist applied in Washington for a patent on an earth-orbiting telescope that might help test one of the Einstein theories. The United States Patent Office responded by notifying the Minnesotan that his telescope had just been classified a U. S. military secret by a group of Defense officials who had reviewed his plans. The news startled the scientist: he had recently returned from Stockholm where a large international conference, including eight Russian scientists, had heard him explain the device. And months before that he had described it in a scientific paper which was now being published in a widely circulated journal.

Nevertheless, the telescope remained a "military secret" for the next five months and no U. S. citizen, including the inventor, could speak of it without risking a $10,000 fine or two years in prison. Meanwhile, foreign scientists, in-

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cluding the Russians, were free to do what they wanted with the idea.

This scientist's plans had been temporarily snatched from him by the strange and unmanageable government information restrictions which lie, like the bulk of an iceberg, below the surface of such comparatively minor flare-ups as the recent to-do about "news management." The scientist had encountered the most notorious area of these restrictions, the Department of Defense's Security Classification System, which for years has been dropping secrecy curtains on more information per day than could be condensed and crowded into all of the nation's news columns and magazine pages. The system's most serious damage is not inflicted upon the press, whose members probably could, if they would, fight back effectively, but upon science and scientists. Indeed, if the press were effectively pursuing the secrecy problem, it would thoroughly investigate the restrictions being imposed upon the free flow of scientific information.

Behind the restrictions lie the authority and classification procedures set forth in Executive Order 10501, dated Nov. 5, 1953. The order was issued and applied by President Eisenhower and is now retained with minor changes by the Kennedy Administration. Security Classification as defined in 10501 has been described by a Congressional committee as a "catch-all system permitting scores of Government agencies and more than a million Government employees to stamp permanent security designations on all kinds of documents. . . ."

But 10501 is most notorious because of its omissions. While the directive threatens severe penalties to those who fail to use secrecy for the abstract purposes of national security, it says nothing about punishing those who misuse secrecy to cover up errors, waste, inefficiency and more serious offenses. The order offers no effective way for a person to appeal the application of secrecy when he feels it is wrong. And 10501, while dealing primarily with the mechanics of *how* to apply secrecy, neglects a more significant question: "*Why* should it be applied?"

The Executive Order provides that "vital" information can be designated "Confidential," "Secret" or "Top Secret"; the classification is usually imposed by a military officer or authorized civilian using a rubber stamp. To see a classified document, a person must be "cleared" for its level of secrecy. A clearance, especially for Top Secret, may require months of extensive investigation by the FBI. And then a clearance isn't good indefinitely; the military doesn't seem to consider trustworthiness a lasting trait. If a man leaves his defense work, his clearance soon expires; should he return to a classified assignment, another investigation is required.

The rigid application of security-clearance rules often produces ludicrous results. In a West Coast aerospace industry, a young engineer recently designed a valve for a rocket, and was therefore surprised one day to find his plans withheld from him. They had been stamped Secret and he had only a confidential clearance. The best part of a week was wasted while a rush effort was made to elevate the engineer to a Secret clearance so that he could again work with his own ideas.

"Confidential" men must not be found in areas designated as Secret or Top Secret. If a "Secret" man is told to work alongside a "Confidential" man, the mind of the man with the higher clearance must click like a computer, rejecting Secret material from his vocal cords and releasing only Confidential and unclassified matter. These problems of clearance often produce a caste system in which "Secret" men travel only with "Secret" men, and so on.

Superimposed upon the complexities of security clearance is another condition that must be observed before a person can legally have access to a classified subject. The military calls it "need-to-know." The term's definition is fuzzy, but in general it seems to say that a person, even though he's thoroughly cleared at the correct level of secrecy, must prove that he needs to know any classified information which he might wish to see outside his own immediate area of work. Of all the facets of security clearance, this is often the most irritating to scientists working on defense projects. It makes suspect one of the most important traits of all great scientists, *curiosity*, and the very idea of need-to-know is illogical to a researcher who, above all else, has learned that he should scrupulously explore every possible avenue of information when seeking the answer to a scientific problem. If he attempts to do so in classified work, he finds himself in the ridiculous position of first having to explain to the military administrators of secrecy how he knows that the fact he doesn't know is one that he needs to know.

The amount of information affected by these security-classification procedures is a mystery. A Pentagon survey in the mid-'50s produced a rough estimate to the effect that the classified U.S. documents locked in file drawers and safes around the globe would twice stuff the Pentagon from roof to foundation. Nearly all these amassed secrets were created during and after World War II, with the postwar annual rate of production showing a distinct rise. Currently, the military keeps no measure of the rate at which it generates classified material.

This missing information reflects 10501's avoidance of the whole matter of *why* material is classified. The reason for secrecy receives almost no central direction from the Department of Defense, nor does the parallel question of who shall apply it. The result is that thousands of widely scattered Army, Navy and Air Force officers (the Pentagon doesn't know exactly how many) are frequently forced to decide for themselves which military matters are vital enough in the defense of the United States to be classified. On a visit to the Pentagon several months ago, I was unable to find a single man, committee or office solely responsible for assessing the values or dangers of secrecy. Likewise, I was unable to learn of any policies guiding the mass of military officers who wield classification stamps around the globe. The lack of direction means that classification is an ill-defined, second- or third-ranking responsibility that few people want. At a large and important military laboratory that I visited in Washington, D.C., the officer in charge of classification was handling the job on a fill-in basis while completing the few remaining months of his enlistment as a fighter pilot.

Although such people acquire only vague notions of why something *should* be secret, they are well aware of the consequences if they allow free access to information that someone else later decides was a vital secret. One memorandum brought to my attention warned that the penalties ". . . range from heavy fines to 'shall be punished by death or imprisonment for any term of years or for life.'" When in doubt, prudent classifying officers will wield their stamps—unnecessary secrecy is not a punishable offense. And this understandable caution is a major reason why scientific subjects are especially susceptible to secrecy. To a non-scientific mind, science is filled with mysteries that may harbor potential military developments, so down goes the stamp.

To make matters worse, scientists have found that once their work is stamped Secret, with or without a valid reason, declassification is almost impossible. Before a Secret fact can be set free, one must know why it was originally classified. But the reason, if ever one existed, has often been obscured by the passage of time and/or the disappearance of the officer who did the stamping.

The prolonged and careless imposition of secrecy upon our science and technology has been the subject of warnings in recent years from our most eminent scientists. In recent months, Drs. J. Robert Oppenheimer and James Van Allen have both expressed concern about information restrictions. In 1959, the eighteen living American winners of the Nobel Prize in Science were asked by the late Senator Thomas C. Henning, Jr., to comment on secrecy; all but two indicated their dislike and distaste for it. Harvard's Dr. Percy W. Bridgman (1946 winner in physics, who has refused to work under government contracts because of their restrictions) stated:

> *Every scientist with whom I am acquainted regards any restrictions of secrecy imposed on him with regard to the communication of scientific results with utmost distaste. Complete freedom is the essence of true science. It is unthinkable that a scientist would recognize any limitations in the technical means that he would adopt to solve his problem.*

Dr. Edward Teller, who continually works in classified areas, has written:

> *Secrecy has become a relatively unimportant weapon in our military arsenal. Increasing openness, on the other hand, could be a great source of strength in our battle for the minds and hearts of people on both sides of the Iron Curtain.*

Secrecy has made some of our best-known educational institutions reluctant to accept undercover research projects sponsored by the government. Since the late 1940s, Harvard has rejected all such work (with one minor exception during the Korean conflict). In schools that do accept the contracts, government-sponsored "secret campuses" have not always been compatible with traditional academic freedom. Such trouble erupted at Johns Hopkins University a couple of years ago, when the Maryland institution and its clandestine Operations Research Office suddenly ended twelve years of Army service in what *The New York Times* reported as an atmosphere of mutual recriminations over "freedom of research, breaches of security and withholding of funds."

Secrecy forces scientific studies into uncoordinated compartments where one project cannot benefit from the work done on another; overt research is cut off from the findings of classified studies, and undercover scientists, who are often forbidden even to mention the subject of their work, lack freedom to explore pertinent overt information. One result is wasteful duplication and frustration.

A few years ago, as a case in point, Dr. Philip M. Morse of M.I.T. published a scientific paper on what is called the "waiting-line" theory, which might be applied usefully to speeding up aircraft landings at a busy airport. But after publication, Dr. Morse found himself in an embarrassing predicament: a Dr. Bernard Koopman of Columbia University had reached much the same conclusions in a secret wartime project. Consulting Dr. Koopman, Dr. Morse found that the research was still considered a military secret and that its declassification would be complicated because the paper contained references to other secret research.

Then, too, "Secret" scientists must do their work without benefit of the widespread criticism which plays a vital role in normal research. Ordinarily, a scientist who has completed a study is expected to publish a paper in a journal where it will be seen and judged by his peers. The pressure to publish motivates scientists to work with care and integrity; it is missing in undercover research, where the main critics are military officers who usually lack scientific judgment. Our Nobel scientists and other eminent men have warned that this lack of valid critical pressure continually reduces the effectiveness of costly, publicly supported, secret research.

Of course, the nation's "Secret" scientists, with their unlimited funds and facilities, do produce a great many significant scientific results—which are immediately put under wraps. Ordinarily, students develop and carry on a body of learning, but in this situation they are prevented from doing so. In physics, for example, government-paid scientists, working in secret in a large New York university, developed an entirely new area of knowledge related to sound propagation. The scientists have told me of their concern about the work's future. Until recently only one graduate student had been permitted to enter the field; he was a military officer who held the proper clearance and "need-to-know" for viewing the subject.

The prevalence of such problems as are spawned by secrecy can hardly serve to attract the best scientists to federally supported research.

The curtailing of scientific and technical information has prevented public discussion of some of the most momentous and crucial issues ever to confront the nation. Last year our prolonged series of nuclear tests was begun on April 25, with hardly any serious debate in the press or in Congress. Editorially, *The New York Times* reluctantly accepted the Administration's decision in the name of national security, while conceding that ". . . Nobody who is not privy to the secret scientific and military considerations that went into the decision can gainsay it." A letter to the *Times* took issue with the editors for their concession to secrecy. Carl Barus, an electrical engineer of Swarthmore, Pa., wrote: "It is sophistry to suggest that 'secret scientific and military considerations' determine a unique course of action necessary for our preservation. It amounts to saying that Big Brother knows best."

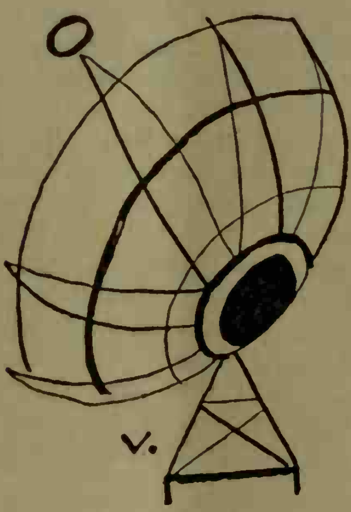
Many issues touching on science and technology normally offer grist for Congressional debate (for instance, our secret satellites, which led British journalists to charge that we hadn't learned the lesson of the U-2). But our Senators and Representatives seem stricken dumb by memoranda from the Pentagon, the Atomic Energy Commission and the White House, which explain that only the Administration's secret inner councils are privy to enough of the facts for proper consideration and debate.

Scientists who could understand and perhaps interpret complicated facts for laymen can hardly do so if secrecy prevents them from obtaining or publicizing the information. The nuclear fallout question is a prime example of how Americans, atomic experts included, can become thoroughly confused by the senseless administration of secrecy. Senator Stuart Symington has stated that secrecy in government stockpile-purchasing has cost the U.S. taxpayer hundreds of millions of dollars. Secrecy has fogged the subject of nuclear inspection and other issues closely tied to the development of a United States disarmament policy. In the Senate on March 7, Hubert Humphrey stated that secrecy prevented him from revealing a document showing "that the industrial leaders of 365 of the largest corporations of this country have demonstrated that we could enter into a disarmament agreement without any serious domestic economic impact."

There is, moreover, one overriding fact about hiding scientific information: *it doesn't work.* Science can't be kept secret, as Dr. Warren Weaver of the Sloan-Kettering Institute explained:

> *We forget that science results not from a conversation between two human beings, but from a conversation between a human being and Nature. And the interesting thing is that you can't shut Nature up. Nature talks to the Russians. Nature talks to everybody. It talks perfectly freely to them. And we know perfectly well by this time that the Russians are very smart. . . .*

When Russia surprised us with an atomic explosion in 1949, spies like Klaus Fuchs were blamed for "stealing" our secret. But it wasn't our secret in the first place; two Germans discovered nuclear fission prior to World War II. It entered few minds that Russian scientists, all on their own, could adapt that discovery to the building of the new weapon. Spies may have helped, but we now know that espionage alone could not have accounted for the Russian achievement.



The self-deception of secret science was frequently considered in extensive hearings held in the late 1950s by California's Congressman, John E. Moss. As Chairman of the House Special Subcommittee on Government Information, Moss and his colleagues heard many U.S. leaders in science and technology challenge the concept that says "secrecy is security." Scientific secrecy cannot produce security, they said. Science, if it can possibly bring us security, is likely to do so through the superiority that comes from healthy scientific progress, the very thing that secrecy endangers.

When the classification of nuclear information was carefully studied at the AEC in recent years, secrecy, it was found, could be drastically reduced. The commission formed a group of six scientists who now make security classification a major interest, and their considered approach to the problem reveals that information restriction can be reduced to a minimum number of areas related to weapons' applications. At the AEC classification office, emphasis is now placed on *what not to make secret.*

The U.S. Department of Defense has taken some steps in recent years to cope with the secrecy problem, but they can hardly be called effective. It has not been unusual for U.S. scientists to find the Russians freely printing and distributing technical data that we continue to hide. An incisive study of classification was conducted in 1956 by a Defense committee headed by Charles A. Coolidge, who concluded that the military establishment was so overloaded with secrets that nobody respected even the most important ones—an obvious fact in Washington, where the Pentagon is noted for "leaking" undercover facts.

The Coolidge committee report led to the forming of a new declassification office under Admiral John Hoskins. Five years later, the Admiral's program was completed and introduced. Mainly, it established a twelve-year time schedule for the automatic declassification of most undercover material. To most scientists, this long restrictive period hardly improved matters.

Moreover, all the recent fuss about declassification scarcely touches upon the central problem of federal secrecy: on what grounds do we classify in the first place? A valid study of this subject would undoubtedly lead to a major revision of Executive Order 10501. It would probably establish penalties for the misuse of secrecy, as well as for failure to use it when the situation warrants.

Once more the Department of Defense is studying secrecy. An eleven-man board of review was recently formed to consider the uses and misuses of security classification. The department has also established a new Scientific and Technical Information Program with a well-known information scientist, Walter M. Carlson, as director. If these people can take an objective nonmilitary look at secrecy, they are likely to rediscover that it is not at all a source of security. To the contrary, it is a serious drag upon a country that can still find its greatest strength as an open society.

How Sincere Is Art?

LITERATURE AND SINCERITY. By Henri Peyre. Yale University Press. 362 pp. $6.75.

Vivian Mercier

Henri Peyre has certainly written a pioneering book, for — incredible as it seems — he has not found a single book in English on sincerity to list in his bibliography. Yet the word seems to crop up whenever and wherever literature is discussed. The college freshman, in particular, seems to have only two standards by which to measure literature: "Is it true-to-life?" and "Is the author sincere?" A conscientious undergraduate teacher spends a good deal of his time beseeching the student to define these terms rigorously; the next stage, for me at any rate, consists mainly of questioning their validity as criteria. Truth-to-life is a late-nineteenth-century version of the Classical doctrine of art as imitation, while the demand for sincerity is a legacy from the Romantic period and ultimately from Rousseau. As long as the student feels that what he is reading is true-to-life — that is, compatible with his own experience — he does not worry whether the author believes in what he is writing. Sooner or later, however, the student becomes aware of emotional attitudes and, probably, value judgments in the work; if he doesn't share these, and sometimes even if he does, he raises the issue of sincerity.

This preoccupation with sincerity is by no means confined to literature. In my generation, those of us who cared for jazz were deeply concerned about sincerity. Louis Armstrong must "really" feel all the emotions that his blue notes suggested to us or we would write him off as "commercial." How we were supposed to penetrate Armstrong's psyche never gave us pause. I remember how shocked I was, the first time I saw one of my favorite performers in a New York night club, to observe that he kept looking at his watch while on the stand. At once he ceased to be an artist for me and became a hired hack. No doubt "real jazz" still existed in the jam sessions where musicians were alleged to play purely for their own satisfaction, but how could I gain admittance to one of those? Slowly it dawned on me that the old records which had inspired my love of jazz in the first place were produced in paid recording sessions and sold by commercial companies.

To some extent I replaced the notion of sincerity with that of "authenticity," which has become such a fetish with the more high-brow fanciers of folk music today. In my day authenticity was apt to mean washboard percussion, out-of-tune pianos and the "dirtiest" possible wind-instrument tone. The trouble with this criterion is that it imprisons both performer and listener within a tradition, permitting absolutely no innovation; it offers no guide to those who espouse third-stream music, for example, and they soon find themselves falling back on that indefinable and non-measurable element, sincerity.

In the visual arts, once representation — for which truth-to-life will always be some sort of criterion — is abandoned in favor of abstraction, especially abstract expressionism, the traditionalists begin accusing the painter of playing a joke on the public; his supporters are then almost forced to defend him by insisting that he is sincere. True, Picasso has repudiated sincerity, as Peyre reminds us, but the argument still goes on about most other *avant-garde* painters and sculptors.

Sincerity, then, is a burning issue in the other arts, and the existentialists have made it so once more in literature. Paradoxically, they have done this by in theory eliminating the problem: since for them it is a man's acts which count, not his emotional attitudes or his value judgments, reports of the latter two can be eliminated from literature altogether. All well and good, but the writing of a book is itself an act; perhaps this means that all books are sincere? At any rate, existentialism should have eliminated the dangerous confusion between ethics and aesthetics which underlies the whole question of sincerity in literature. Sincerity is an ethical quality; therefore, in my view, the sincerity or insincerity of an author cannot be a valid criterion for the aesthetic worth of his work. As Picasso has said, "Most artists are sincere anyway and most art is bad. . . . " Nevertheless, Alain Robbe-Grillet has come along after the existentialists to confuse the issue hopelessly once more by insisting, if I understand him correctly, that descriptions of *things* in novels are sincere — or at least authentic — whereas character analyses of *people* are not. Sincerity is thus still a live issue for the New Novelists in France.

Merely by provoking such speculation, Professor Peyre has done a useful job, but now I have a disappointment to record: considering both subject and author, I had expected this to be a more readable and important book than it turns out to be. Perhaps the primary weakness lies in Professor Peyre's refusal to take a firm stand on whether there is a logical confusion in all discussions of literary sincerity. He often amuses himself at the expense of the muddle-headed apostles of sincerity, yet he seems to conclude that they have some truth on their side. In his final paragraph he straddles the fence: literature "is an art, but one which should never become divorced from life or be refined over in critical disquisitions. . . . It has a content, and that content should be ambitiously audacious, rich, and *lived by writers with intensity*. . . ." The words that I have italicized seem to me to beg the whole question. Did Shakespeare live the content of his plays, with or without intensity? Did he live his everyday life as intensely as Marlowe or Sidney or thousands more of his contemporaries? I don't believe it, and I have sufficient respect for Peyre's intelligence to assume that he doesn't believe it either.

The confusion about sincerity, of course, need in no way invalidate the book. Even if it is totally irrelevant to aesthetics, the fact remains that a great number of writers, especially since 1800, have been deeply concerned with their own sincerity, whatever they meant by that term. A literary critic or historian has a perfect right to establish the different meanings given to "sincerity" and to describe the varied effects that its pursuit has had upon authors. But the

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Vivian Mercier is the author of The Irish Comic Tradition *(Oxford).*

almost purely chronological arrangement that Peyre has adopted seems to me to have seriously weakened his presentation. The fatal temptation for the literary historian, especially one as erudite as Professor Peyre, is inclusiveness. In French, at least, he has read everything that is even remotely relevant to his topic, and he cannot resist giving us the fruits of his reading. To my mind, fifty pages of historical survey, sketching the broad outlines of the subject from Roman times — when virtually nobody cared about sincerity — to the present day, would have been ample. The remainder of the book could then have dealt with the various definitions of sincerity, some of which are adhered to in most eras, while others find favor only at one specific period. The table of contents of Peyre's last chapter contains at least some of the vital subject headings:

> Sincerity through the avoidance of ornaments and of effects, the distrust of style. . . .
>
> Sincerity as spontaneity, as the deliberate obliteration of what was acquired through education. . . .
>
> Sincerity as a refusal of logic and consistency. . . .
>
> Sincerity conceived as the need to have lived one's work, as identification between the man and the artist. . . .

Nobody could quarrel with this analysis, as far as it goes, though the second and third headings do tend to merge, but there are to my mind at least two definitions absent. The first is "Sincerity as irony." I find it fantastic that someone who knows English literature as well as Peyre does should write a whole book on sincerity without once mentioning Swift. There is no writer more utterly sincere — ethically speaking, of course — than Swift at his most ironic. We can be sure that Peyre is too intelligent to fall into the trap described by I. A. Richards as "the conclusion that irony, for example — where the feeling really present is often the exact contrary to that overtly professed — is as insincere as simple readers often suppose it must be." Why, then, this oversight?

Akin to irony-as-sincerity is the sincerity inherent in satirical exposure of another's insincerity — or one's own. Such is the sincerity of Molière's *Tartuffe*, which Peyre naturally does not overlook when his chronological method brings him to the seventeenth century. Elsewhere he is not so alert: while remarking on the dubious sin-

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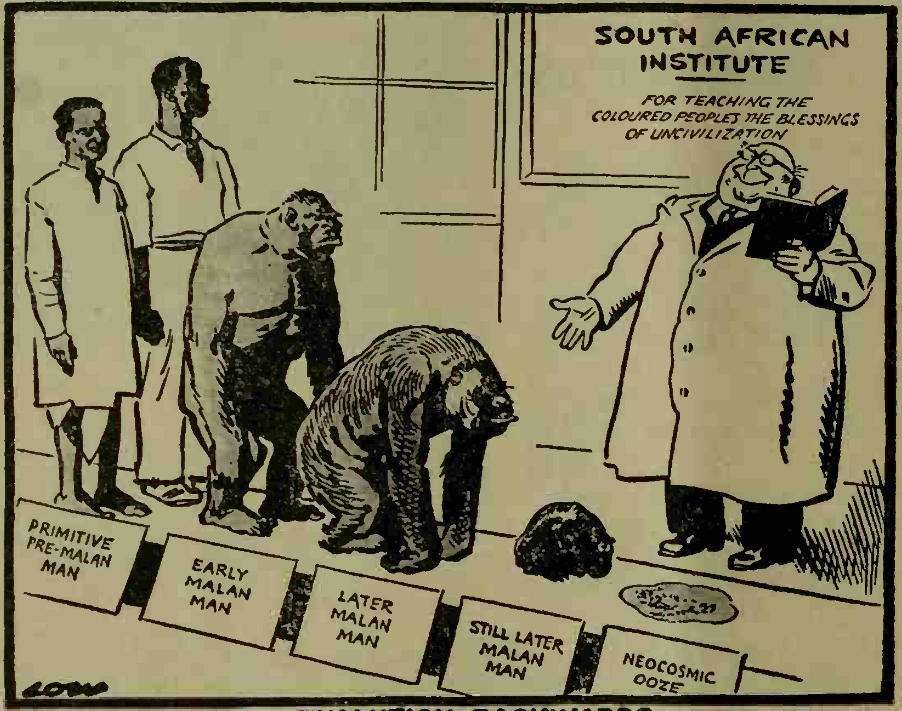
David Low: 1891-1963

For several years, beginning in 1948, The Nation *was the official publication in the United States for the political cartoons of David Low. As a memorial to Low's insight into the intractable problems of this century, we reprint here one that appeared in the issue of November 18, 1950.*—EDITORS.



EVOLUTION BACKWARDS

London Daily Herald

cerity of Jules Renard's *Journal*, he ignores the hilarious exposure of a pseudo-literary sponger — doubtless in part a self-portrait — in Renard's novel *L'Ecornifleur*.

A further objection to Peyre's scheme is that it allows no space for close textual analysis. The best pages in English on literary sincerity — Peyre must have missed them — are surely those in I. A. Richards' *Practical Criticism* from which I have already given a quotation. These were directly prompted by close analysis of thirteen carefully selected poems which Richards set before his students without indication of author or date, as well as by his study of the students' written analyses of the poems. With the help of Confucius, Richards tries to produce a definition of sincerity which will cover both ethics and aesthetics. Obviously, I don't think he succeeds, but the effort is a noble one.

One final criticism: Peyre never meets, head-on, the challenge of Freud — in fact, he mentions the man only twice. The possibility that all our conscious statements are rationalizations and that our true motives can remain forever hidden in our unconscious gives a whole new dimension to discussions of sincerity. Can anyone who, like myself or Professor Peyre, has never been psychoanalyzed be sincere in any meaningful sense? As a direct result of Freud's impact, the surrealists undertook the pursuit of sincerity by other means: since their conscious minds were suspect, they would express only their unconscious. This program may have resulted in some of the most insincere writing ever perpetrated — but how to prove it?

The Happy Time

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER: Critic of the Seven Arts. By Arnold T. Schwab. Stanford University Press. 384 pp. $8.25.

Harold Clurman

Unless they be specialists in American arts and letters, very few people under fifty have read or even heard of James Gibbons Huneker. Yet when Huneker died in 1921 at the age of sixty-eight, George Jean Nathan, like Mencken a "disciple," composed a eulogy which spoke of Huneker as "the greatest of American critics, our foremost cultural figure."

Allowing for the exaggeration customary on such occasions, it is still a fact that by 1907 Huneker had become the music, drama and art critic of the New York *Sun* (as well as other journals), that he had written pioneer pieces on what was then ultra-modern music, on still controversial or virtually unknown European dramatists, on "outlandish" novelists, painters and poets. These, together with two biographies, some short stories, a novel and an autobiography, finally came to a total of twenty volumes. Today only *Ivory, Apes and Peacocks*, originally published in 1915, has been reprinted.

If a capsule summation of Huneker's contribution were sufficient, we might call him as others have done, "Europe's artistic ambassador to the United States," except that it might be more accurate to say that Huneker, born in Philadelphia, was America's self-appointed envoy to Europe. As Arnold Schwab's new and only full-scale biography of Huneker puts it, "His ingratiating personality and style captivated so many readers for so long that he was able to acquaint more Americans with European literature [and other arts] than any other critic of his time." To this we might append lines from a review by Edmund Wilson which describes Huneker's letters as "floral bombs . . . close packed rockets of fireworks." More significantly, Wilson concludes, "If the sparks faded . . . and left no fixed stars in the firmament, it was not that the fiery beauty had left no colors in our hearts."

Huneker's work evokes an era as well as a personality. Schwab's biography—modest, straightforward, intelligent, detailed—documents that era delightfully and truthfully. We Americans, who are prone to blot out each day in expectation of the next, thereby suffer a failure of pleasure, knowledge and wisdom. We even fail to live fully in the present because we so rarely take pains to preserve our past. Schwab's biography of Huneker is valuable as a reminder of a happy time in the development of our cultural life.

It was a happy time because it was a time of confident rebellion. The bright morning of American literature darkened after 1860. The Gilded Age (1870-1900) was on the whole an age of artistic mediocrity. The purest and most powerful voices were for the greater part either silenced or unattended. Authority in artistic circles was constricted by the tenets of a silly Puritanism. (*Huckleberry Finn* was welcomed as a kid's book.) The public most steadily appealed to was an audience of proper ladies. Beneath the surface lurked the never wholly absent dissidents who upheld the nobler tradition, men who were to bring fresh blood and sinew to it. "In America," Huneker wrote in 1906, "the eradication of the Puritan microbe will be no easy task, taught as we are in our arid schools and universities that the entire man ends at his collar bone."

So Huneker, whose first book appeared in 1899, dared in 1905 to say of George Moore's *Memoirs of My Dead Life* that it is "a shocking book and its present reviewer delights in the statement"; and of Whitman that he was "a gay old pagan who never called a sin a sin when it was a pleasure." In 1908, Huneker espoused the cause of the "ashcan" (American realist) school of painters as well as of Arthur Davies, who was a mystic. Huneker extolled or aroused interest in Nietzsche, Huysmans, Strindberg, Maurice Barrès, Rémy de Gourmont, Edvard Munch, Conrad, Cézanne, Wedekind and Henry James at a time when these men were either scorned or ignored in American journalism. Who beside Huneker could speak or had even heard (except in the "underground") of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, Rimbaud and Laforgue? Who among us in 1915 would have taken notice of Arnold Schoenberg? Though Huneker disliked and feared him, he harbored the suspicion "that in time I might be persuaded to like this music, to embrace, after abhorring it." In any case he could foresee that the "old tonal order had changed forever . . ." that "the tyranny of the diatonic and chromatic scales . . . were of the past."

Huneker had an enormous appetite for all of the arts. Some of his long lists of exotic artists sound like items of a menu. He was both gourmand and gourmet. He swallowed and digested all. But he was not without discrimination and for all his voracious enthusiasm possessed considerable critical insight. He had an infectious exuberance. When he spoke of an unfamiliar artist he made you want to run and look, absorb the new sound and sight of him. The very titles of Huneker's books are glamorous: *Melomaniacs, Egoists, Iconoclasts, Visionaries, The Pathos of Distance, Unicorns, Bedouins.*

There was a Bacchic fervor about him. His frequent references to the joyous and unremitting consumption of Pilsner, his indulgence in a certain snobbery of the bottle, never become offensive because they are not signs of laxity or despair but the celebration of adventure in life and in the arts. He visited many cities—at home and abroad—and savored them as he might a delicious brew, a lovely poem, an exciting symphony. The subtitle to one of his volumes is "A Book of a Thousand and One Moments." Those moments were all the more glorious because he felt himself the herald of a better time and a gayer world than the one into which he had been born.

Without any thesis, social or political, with hardly any determined aesthetic doctrine ("convictions are prisons," he repeated after Nietzsche), Huneker had a sense of mission. It was to bring the glad tidings of colorful and brave human expression to those who still dwelled in the darkness of convention and timid taste. Because he knew himself to be "special" and in the forefront of a doughty group of "anarchs," whose destructiveness was life-enhancing, his work always had about it a triumphantly festive air. Everything becomes indifferent where anything goes, and immediate fanfare turns originality to routine—which is our situation today.

Huneker wrote only one extended

One Way

Oh hell, there once again hunger
Gets up in the middle of a meal and without
A word departs. I go after: what
Would I be without her?
It is
Night, I am
As old as pain and I have
No other story.
We do not keep to the telegraph lines.
"Is there a map for this?" I call
After. "Is there even
A name for this? I spend my
Life asking, is there even a name
For you?"
And what a starved path,
Licking stones; often
I am sure one side has eaten the other.
And with what bitterness I remember
I had not yet had my fill
Of dissatisfaction. My mouth
Works like a heart. More and more
I get like shadows; I find out
How they hate.
And then she is gone.

No astonishment anywhere. The owls
Are digesting in silence.
I will not look up again to learn again
That despair has no star.
Don't ask me why, I
Lift my feet in their dice boxes.
I believe I continue
As she would have done, I believe.
Don't ask me
Why: this time it is not I
Waking the birds. Somewhere
The light begins to come to itself.
As I walk, the horizon
Climbs down from its tree and moves toward me
With offerings. There
At the table which she has set with
The old plates, she is waiting, and to us
The day returns like a friend
Bringing others.

W. S. Merwin

study—it was on Chopin. For the rest, apart from his fiction and autobiography, his work is made up of brief occasional articles, essays in exhilaration. He had a large, lively vocabulary peppered with exotic coinage: "puissant," "parvitude," "psychologue," "improvisator," "cyclus." He would call a poet "The Buffoon of the New Eternities," and write awkward and nearly meaningless phrases like "cosmogonies jostle evil farceurs." Often in his haste he praised the right people for the wrong reasons, and many of his judgments require the correction of more poised study.

Yet these are the vices of his virtue: that without lacking seriousness he reveled in art, that he was a hedonist of the intellectual life, that he had and imparted fun. So much of our criticism today is academically solemn, severe or sour, while the glossy critics are glib, frivolous, irresponsible, fashionable or just publicity punks. Huneker's laughing ecstasies bespeak the muscle, flesh and blood—the *love*—that was in him. We knew at once when we read Huneker that what attracted him was important.

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Flogging Congress

THE DEADLOCK OF DEMOCRACY: Four-Party Politics in America. By James MacGregor Burns. Prentice-Hall. 388 pp. $5.95.

Malcolm Moos

The real albatross that deadlocks American government, in Mr. Burns's judgment, is the Madisonian system of checks and balances, a doctrine deliberately contrived to prevent majority tyranny exercised through powerful executive leadership. This is the burden of his superbly written story.

The story begins with Madison's journey to Philadelphia in 1787 where he became the chief spear carrier for the key element of the federal Constitution, the system of checks and balances. It is an institutional arrangement, writes Burns, that has given us a four-party alignment. In a word, today's four parties which frustrate this happy Republic — the Roosevelt-Truman-Stevenson-Kennedy Presidential Democrats; the Willkie-Dewey-Eisenhower-Rockefeller Presidential Republicans; the John Garner-Howard Smith-Harry Byrd-John McClellan Congressional Democrats; the Allen Treadway-Robert Taft-Charles Halleck Congressional Republicans — are all the direct lineal descendants of the Madisonian model.

In both instances the Presidential wings are the more progressive and internationally minded, the Congressional contingents more conservative and isolationist. Thus Madison's handiwork, reincarnated in today's four-party system, "has provided flexibility, accessibility, and representativeness, at the expense of leadership, vigor, speed, and effective and comprehensive national action."

In contrast, the plan developed by Jefferson clearly promotes pursuit of the national purpose, because this system organizes power, not at the circumference but at the center, through a national party led by the President. The Madisonian model fragments power, "forces leaders to govern by coalition and compromise," while the Jeffersonian system enables Presidents to exercise vigorous topside control and govern far more effectively over the increasingly complex facts of our national economic and social life.

Essentially what Mr. Burns hopes to bring about is a new and drastic reign of truth in American politics—a rule where both parties can satisfy the intellectual's longing for logical, uncompromising purity and the people can regain control of their politics.

Mr. Burns is an activist, and decisively so. He has turned a few handsprings in politics himself as a delegate to national conventions and as a Democratic Congressional candidate who polled 45 per cent of the vote in a strongly Republican district, and these experiences help make his book crackle. He believes the nation is stalled on dead center, he wants a reformist New Frontier program written boldly across the face of the statute books, and he has a lengthy list of measures he believes will do the trick. It is a familiar catalogue including: a four-year term for House members (coincident with repeal of the two-term Presidential limit); abolishment of the seniority system; stronger national party organization; and more broadly based party financing (through dues-paying membership).

Almost two-thirds of his book is devoted to the historical evolution of the four-party system. Here Mr. Burns is the master of his materials. The paternity of the party system is handled with originality and a lively pen, and the large lines of party development are traced in a brilliant analysis.

It is only when we come to examine his list for a survival kit that some will have doubts as to whether Mr. Burns is always on firm, dry ground.

In overview, the most debatable of Mr. Burns's arguments is his assumption of diluted Presidential power — the belief that under present conditions the President simply cannot give firm leadership. A more accurate appraisal, even if overstated, is Senator Hubert Humphrey's humorous but carefully aimed blow in a speech to the Senate in January of 1961: "There is no greater force in human affairs than reason,

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Malcolm Moos took a leave of absence in 1957 from Johns Hopkins, where he was professor of political science, to become a consultant to the White House and later a special assistant to President Eisenhower. He is the author and coauthor of many books dealing with the problems and practices of local and national government.

logic, and truth, backed up by the President of the United States." In a strictly serious vein, Sidney Hyman, an astute, long-time observer of the Presidency, puts it even more bluntly: "We may be witnessing such a profound division of Congressional and Presidential power that in the future any Presidential incumbent, no matter how strong or weak he is, can prevail in a test of wills."

Only last spring, in another judgment closely related to the matter of Presidential influence, Senator McCarthy complained that "a single Presidential press conference gets more coverage than a whole week of what happens on the floor." And this occurred, he reports, when the Senate had at least a half-dozen critical issues on deck that needed public debate and didn't get it: foreign aid, medicare, reapportionment, aid to education, church and state, and the reasons for the failure at the Bay of Pigs. In an age when terms like missile nurseries and atlas consoles have crept into our vocabulary, no amount of brilliant brain-storming in the Executive branch can make the country safe and the world safe without the opportunity for the voice of dissent to be heard. Who can deny that when debate moves out of sight a good deal of high principle, without which the nation cannot be decently governed, is lost? Surely strengthening and lengthening the long arm of the Executive even more would seem to have one logical corollary: further shrinkage of debate and the prestige of the legislative branch.

The truth is that never in our history has the potential power of the Presidency been as great. That Mr. Kennedy has hoarded his popularity, held it in reserve for some future crisis, and refused to commit the full measure of his influence for legislation he feels not overwhelmingly popular or crucially important, is not to say that he cannot lead firmly if he chooses.

If some of the apportionment atrocities were banished, Mr. Kennedy might have an easier time of it, of course. But *Baker v. Carr,* which deals with the problems of equitable legislative apportionment, will soon work many changes in this direction, and one almost certain consequence of the decision and the subsequent court orders based upon it, is that it will bring to Congress legislators from both parties who have more than a nodding acquaintance with the great urban problems of our times.

At times, Mr. Burns seems overly intent on flogging Congress. It is not always the Congress that drags its feet. Arthur Schlesinger, Sr., tells us that the statute books under conservative President Taft "actually recorded greater victories for progressivism than had been won in the seven years of his predecessor, the first Roosevelt." And even the much-maligned 80th Congress, in the judgment of Herbert Agar, "helped save the world by the foreign policy it hammered out in collaboration with the Administration."

If we further weaken the criticism function of Congress through far greater enhancement of Presidential power, we do so at our peril. In his study of profiles in courage centering on legislators who bucked popular opinion in favor of expressing their own judgments on the critical issues of the hour, Mr. Kennedy made a significant discovery. These men appear especially during moments of greatest national stress. And it is precisely at such times, when public opinion may be less than fully informed, that the problem and peril are the greatest.

For this judgment, full marks for Mr. Kennedy as a political scientist!

FILMS

Robert Hatch

New York's first film festival, held last month at Lincoln Center, was a brilliant and not very bold success. Most of the pictures had already won their blue ribbons at European festivals, most of them are certain to be seen in the next few months on the art theatre circuit. The critics were, in fact, enjoined not to review the entries, lest notices take the edge off subsequent commercial openings; and the daily press therefore devoted itself to reviewing the audience (it laughed, it gasped, it squirmed). That is not a rewarding pursuit under the best of circumstances, and seemed to me peculiarly futile for an assemblage that was cumbersomely large, awed by its surroundings and, for that reason, perhaps, noticeably slow on the uptake.

However, I am grateful to the festival for showing me two pictures — *Love in the Suburbs* from Hungary and *An Autumn Afternoon* from Japan—which I suspect will not be distributed here. Neither one is a great movie, certainly neither breaks ground artistically or in subject matter. They are modest domestic dramas, deeply immersed in their own societies (which is one reason why an importer might hesitate to sponsor them), and they fascinated me in the way that Swedes and Italians, Poles, Turks and Hottentots have been fascinated for three generations by American run-of-the-mill, Susie loves the football captain, neighborhood features. It has long been an adage that, thanks to Hollywood, most foreigners know, or think they know, more about the domestic habits of the Americans than they do about those of inhabitants in the town beyond the next hill; it was a treat to receive some snapshots in exchange.

I can now report that the managerial class in Hungary—plant directors, engineers and their wives—are well-supplied with durable goods and acutely aware of the caste significance of dining-room suites (two-toned veneer), television sets, indirect lighting, glass partitions and domestic labor-saving devices. These products rather crowd their lives and are the more oppressive because designed in the assertive bad taste of the Sears, Roebuck luxury line (all American mail-order houses offer basic household equipment at "good," "better" and "de luxe" prices, and of these the cheapest is almost invariably the best looking).

When a Hungarian hostess invites a visiting lady into her kitchen, she dons a plastic apron, surely the most repellent garment ever invented by modern technology; a Hungarian housewife sets the table with a fanciness of gesture that suggests the Pond's ads have penetrated the Budapest mass magazines. Exchanges between the sexes appear to be sulkily erotic, drinking is heavy but shamefaced, conversation is banal (I overlooked the ludicrously inept subtitles and watched the faces) and husbands bring their work home with them, to the understandable dissatisfaction of their wives. In short, if one may hazard a guess from a single picture, Hungary today appears to be modeling itself on middle-class, small-city America of about 1938. That's a melancholy goal for a revolutionary society.

Across the world, life in Japan seems much brighter, and that despite the fact that the subject matter of *An Autumn Afternoon* is as least as bleak as that of the Hungarian entry. Japan is much more crowded than Hungary, but its people have style, and style gives an illusion of space (also of leisure, affluence and wit). I didn't need this picture to know that Japan is being Westernized, but I did learn from it that not all the Brooks Brothers suits, Scotch whisky and utility infielders that the Japanese imitative genius can supply will make Tokyo one whit less an Oriental city. The forms are different, the eye-level is different (except in factory offices there are still no chairs in Japanese life) and the regard for social proprieties is different. Change is of course in the air; I imagine that one of the most striking aspects of this picture to a Japanese audience is the gradations of behavior between the generation that was adult before the war and the one that has grown up since. The young couples do not display toward each other the elegant formality of their parents, though their manners would still make almost any Americans of similar age and background look like uneasy boors. But though the forms will be bent, I doubt that they will break: the Japanese are a sufficiently violent people (they too drink heavily, but with no slightest sense of shame) and they live in severe proximity to one another. The bows, the toasts, the small deferences, the carefully observed ceremonies, the studied courtesy, even the removal of shoes at every threshold — these not only give life a shape, they make it possible.

That is the sort of thing — quite aside from the dramas themselves, which, as requested, I shall not discuss — that you can get from local films of modest pretensions. You cannot get it from the great internationalists — the new wavers or absurdists — because they work in an *avant-garde* esperanto that is the native manner in chic circles from Calcutta to Seattle. I'd like to attend a festival at which every film was originally made for the neighborhood theatres in its home country — it is the way to see how the world looks.

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CUBA

(*Continued from page 214*)

crop and any significant expansion of exports. The island must direct its overall investment policy in favor of chemicals (for fertilizers and cattle feed), electrical power (bagasse, a sugar by-product, historically has been used for fuel in the sugar mills; the tendency at present is to utilize the material for paper and paper products and other manufactured goods), machinery repair, pumping equipment, and other items needed to bring up the production of sugar.

This line of reasoning has raised doubts in the minds of many Cubans and foreigners alike. They have noted that Cuba's new sugar policy coincided with Castro's visit to the Soviet Union earlier this year. They are aware that it was mainly Eastern European nationalism which thwarted Stalin's attempt to transform Russia's neighbors into raw material and mineral suppliers for Soviet industry. One Cuban administrator put the question this way: Is Cuba victimizing itself in the long run merely to escape a short-run dilemma?

It is much too early to advance a final answer. Any verdict on the new sugar policy must, however, take notice of a number of considerations.

First, it is not to the Soviet Union's advantage to confine Cuba to the role of sugar supplier for the Socialist camp. Present Soviet sugar stocks run well in excess of five million tons and, besides, the USSR itself is the world's largest sugar producer. It is to Cuba's advantage to expand her hard-currency sugar sales by underselling other suppliers, even if this involves leaving the International Sugar Agreement, which at present places a ceiling on the island's "free market" sales.

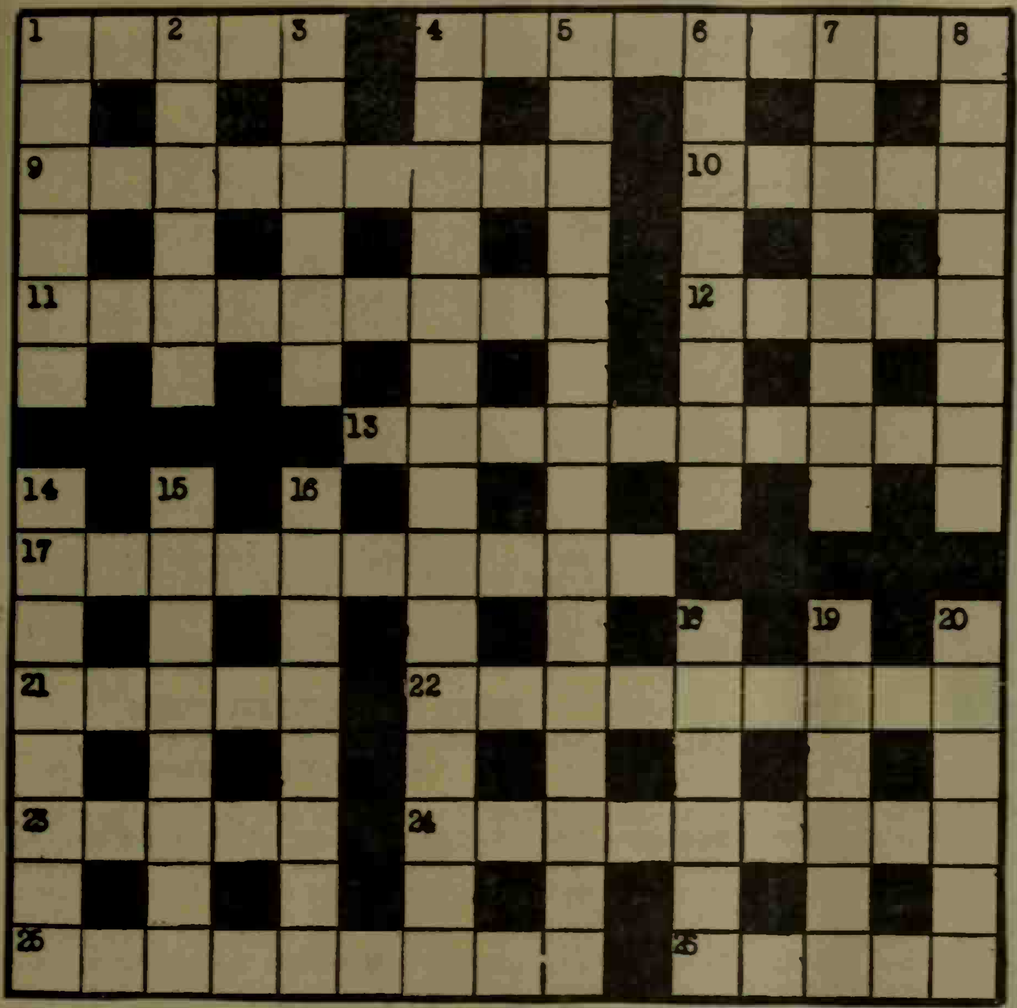
Second, to the degree to which Cuba does barter her sugar with the Socialist countries, she will be sealed off from fluctuations in the world market. The rhythm of development in other branches of the island's economy will not be interrupted—as has been the case time and again in the past—by a decline in sugar prices and, hence, the value of exports, except in the very broad sense that a future expansion of deliveries from the USSR apparently depends on Cuban success in rationalizing the industry.

Third, Cuba's soils will not yield eight million tons of sugar until far-reaching technical improvements are introduced in her mills and fields. These new techniques—cultivation practices, rational use of fertilizers, insecticides and irrigation methods and equipment, mechanical harvesting and deliveries to the mill—can and will be spread into other branches of the island's agriculture. Far from handicapping the revolution's diversification program—which continues to make slow headway—close attention to sugar can be put to good use elsewhere in the rural economy. This is true even on the rarified level of overall planning; programing the sugar harvest necessarily means—since the planting and harvesting seasons of sugar and many other crops overlap — programing other harvests as well. Sooner or later, scientific agriculture must be systematically introduced in Cuba; it may very well be correct to begin in the sugar fields, which stretch from one end of the island to the other, and in which tens of thousands of workers and peasants labor.

Cuba's new sugar policy will give some needed direction to her current investment policy; it will also create opportunities for new manufacturing investments and employment, not merely by enlarging the island's capacity to import, but by directly opening up new possibilities in the field of sugar by-products and ancillary industries. Sugar has almost as many commercially exploitable chemical properties as coal, and the practical applications of sugar chemistry lag far behind the theoretical possibilities, particularly in the field of plastics. It is in this respect that Cuba's new sugar policy may be ultimately vindicated.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1027

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Evidently one of the girls gamed, and made it the hard way. (5)
4 If one of the Black Watch were, would he be 4 down? (6, 3)
9 Deal in advance with wood and everything. (9)
10 One is likely to need pull nowadays, though one might still make his mark. (5)
11 Gin and tonic and nothing more? The mixture is unknown! (9)
12 Incomprehensible language? (5)
13 One might look to see a lady get it in a rather excited manner. (10)
17 Walker didn't get very far with them. (10)
21 To picture this subject, just forget the true make-up of it. (5)
22 Where Burns lost his 23? (9)
23 One revolution of the earth? You may not want it to stop. (5)
24 Neatness, I find, you can get without understanding. (9)
25 The quality of some fabrics should go up and down very sharply. (9)
26 Odor that suggests copper? (5)

DOWN:

1 Where some women keep their hands in, as a matter of course? (6)
2 Type of current guide. (6)
3 Flag officer? (6)
4 Performing *con fuoco* is not recommended for one's security. (7, 4, 4)
5 Not necessarily prodigies, they probably become well-versed in early life. (15)
6 Manage the course like Henry of Portugal? (8)
7 Would such people stay out of trouble only if they had cold feet? (8)
8 One is supposed to do this in when checking out. (Their charges are relatively fixed for some time.) (8)
14 One of these is supposed to help, in time—but not in side. (8)
15 Model to get at, inside the church. (8)
16 Outraced the principal, perhaps. (8)
18 Tilts at biased ideas? (6)
19 Where married folk might look for understanding, if patient? (6)
20 Does it have the appearance of a verb inflection? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1026

ACROSS: 1 Double bill; 10 Declare; 11 Morphia; 12 Mistakes; 13 Unlit; 15 and 21 Conger eels; 17 Obbligato; 19 Purloined; 23 Gusto; 24 and 6 Neighborhood; 27 Adoring; 28 Tearing; 29 Eyes; 30 Stonehenge. DOWN: 1 Dodo; 2 Unction; 3 Least; 4 Breakdown; 5 Lumps; 7 Ophelia; 8 Draft horse; 9 Croupier; 14 Scapegrace; 16 Economic; 18 Badminton; 20 Restore; 22 Emotion; 24 Night; 25 Heath; 26 Ogee.

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THE NATION

October 19, 1963 . . 35c

DENNING

A MINORITY REPORT

Olga Stringfellow

CLASS, COLOR AND PREJUDICE

Bruno Bettelheim

The New Frontier and Europe

MOMENT FOR CHOICE

Fred Warner Neal

The Twenty-Fifth Child

Richard Haitch

LETTERS

Thirst to bet

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Quack Medicine" (Sept. 21) sensibly notes the parallel between addiction to alcoholism and addiction to gambling. Curiously, however, you do not pursue the parallel to its logical conclusion. . . . The destructive effect on some people of both drinking and gambling has produced attempts to forbid them to all people. . . . Prohibition of gambling is open to precisely the same objections as prohibition of alcohol, and attempts to enforce it will ultimately suffer the same fate as the 18th Amendment. *Robert Claiborne*

Right to preference

Rockville Center, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Loren Miller's fine article "Prosperity through Equality" (Sept. 21) presented a cogent appeal to self-interest in support of the reparations that the American Negro community deserves. As is usual with most militant statements on the civil-rights crisis, it is lacking in only one important feature: a full sense of historical perspective. . . .

On May 15, 1864, a report was made to the Secretary of War, who, as civilian chief of what had become an army of liberation and occupation, was perplexed and vexed by the economic, social and administrative problems existing in the areas where emancipation had become a reality. The conclusion of the American Freedmen's Inquiry Commission makes apt reading for today:

> For a time we need a freedman's bureau, but not because these people are Negroes, only because they are men who have been, for generations, despoiled of their rights. . . .
>
> We must teach our people that these things must be done, not because it is to our advantage but, to quote somebody or other, because it is *right.*

Howard N. Meyer

Trash and bungling

Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Sirs: I have just read Fred Cook's "The Ordeal of Captain Kauffman" (Sept. 14). At once I wonder where the Air Force's evidence *is* and whether there is more to sustain this conviction. The few particles of evidence by the coached government witness are among the trashiest I have ever seen. The investigative and interrogatory techniques of the OSI are not only shameful and deplorable, but equally unforgivable for all the bungling.

Doug Crouch
Criminal District Attorney
Tarrant County, Texas

Cool and persuasive

Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Lord Taylor's paper on medicare ["America's Medical Future," *The Nation*, Sept. 28], is the best I've read. Dispassionate, with no apparent ax to grind, compassionate and aware of the needs of doctors and society and not prejudiced toward either — I found it cool and persuasive. . . .

David G. Covell, M.D.

A little naive?

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I am amazed at the singular short-sightedness of Frank Kowalski's article, "American Plants Abroad" (*The Nation*, Oct. 5). I thought he was about to propose higher tariffs and credit control.

Does Mr. Kowalski realize that a "favorable" balance of trade must be financed by somebody? Granted we are over-financing our own surplus, but has he considered that our balance-of-payments woes may be largely due to the payments mechanisms themselves? Isn't his distinction between "laissez-faire" American operations and the "socialistic" European system a little naive? Are you people really infuriated at the possibility that some goods going to Red China originated in American-owned foreign plants?

Mr. Kowalski *does* spend a paragraph or two flaying big business, but if that's the only reason you printed his article I'm very disappointed.

Charles R. Morris

After the test ban

Penrhyndeudraeth, Wales

Dear Sirs: Adlai Stevenson, on behalf of the United States Government, justified the blockade of Cuba which launched the Cuban crisis by declaring in the United Nations a new doctrine. He said that it was not necessary to have an open declaration of war. The mere presence of "aggressive weapons" was a sufficient act of hostility to justify measures such as were taken by the United States. . . .

After the test-ban treaty, a major issue to be settled is the matter of the spread of these very weapons, the mere presence of which constitutes, according to Mr. Stevenson, an act of aggression. The Soviet Union has refused to allow its weapons of nuclear or nuclear-rocket character to come into the possession of China or other Communist states.

The United States is now giving nuclear warheads to Canada, negotiating with France with a view to giving her a nuclear device, flirting with West Germany along these same lines, establishing new nuclear rocket bases in Turkey, placing nuclear submarines in Japan and urging India to accept rockets in the course of her massive arming.

I agree with Mr. Stevenson that the justification for his government's reck-

(*Continued on page 241*)

THE NATION

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The Nation, Oct. 19, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 12

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Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

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The Issue for 1964

Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* accompanied the President on the latter's "nonpolitical" tour and made some incisive observations. The background of the tour (despite its political asepsis) is that in 1960, Mr. Kennedy carried only Minnesota and Nevada among the ten Western states he visited. Even on a nonpolitical tour a President cannot wipe from his mind the realities of politics, and it is no aspersion on Mr. Kennedy that he tried to say that which would make the people happy and get him some votes in 1964. What issue would that be?—in the West, conservation, naturally. So conservation, especially water supply, is what the President stressed at the outset. But it seemed oddly unconvincing, even to the President himself. Wicker says that at Duluth, for instance, he "bumbled and digressed" through a statement of his Administration's domestic program, while the Grand Forks speech, the reporters agreed, was even worse. The people came out in force, but force was what the President lacked.

At Billings, finally, he caught his stride, but on another theme. It was, in Wicker's words, a sure-fire item: the limited nuclear test-ban treaty. When he mentioned it the crowd began to cheer and whistle, and the ovation grew when the President suggested it was a start toward preventing the death of perhaps 300 million people in a nuclear war. A more or less parallel reaction emerged at Great Falls, and Hanford. What was really extraordinary was that the test-ban treaty evoked the loudest applause in rock-ribbed Salt Lake City. On the Tabernacle platform, with the other Mormon apostles, sat Ezra Taft Benson, whose son Reed runs the John Birch Society in Utah. When the President defended his foreign policy, which to the John Birchers is appeasement or worse, the crowd gave him a roaring ovation. Wicker's conclusion is that if there is an overwhelming right-wing sweep in those parts, the crowd didn't seem to be aware of it.

When one ponders it a little, why shouldn't peace be a popular issue, more popular even than conservation? The generality of voters may not be Einsteins, but they are not idiots either. They are aware that water will do them no good if it is filled with radioactive isotopes. They don't want their children to die, and they don't want to die themselves, in a war that would be the culminating insanity of a million years of human and semi-human existence. They are putting first things first.

The Nation suggested editorially (May 11, 1963) that it would be a good thing for the country if Senator Goldwater were nominated by the Republicans. Others, including James Reston of *The New York Times*, have since come to the same conclusion. Senator Goldwater certainly is not for war (who is?) but he is equivocal in his desire for peace. He is bellicose in a quiet way, and he appeals to a section of the electorate that has learned nothing from the splitting of the atom. The President should have learned from his trip through the West that a continuation of steps toward peace would make for a meaningful election in 1964, and one that he would be sure to win.

Show Biz in Washington

Senator John McClellan's Permanent Investigations Subcommittee is as much of a fixture as the Statue of Liberty. Unlike the statue, however, it is wired for sound and television, and never has the sound been louder, the lights brighter, than for Joe Valachi, succinctly characterized by *Time* as "an aging (60), two-bit punk—once a thief, a dope pusher, a willing killer for syndicate chiefs, now turned stool pigeon." Valachi's defection has certainly paid off, both for him and for the subcommittee. They have achieved a sort of community of interest, based on the subcommittee's craving for publicity and Valachi's need to please his new employers. It is hard to say who is doing whom the greater service. Such intimacy has rarely been witnessed in a Congressional hearing room. Most of the Senators, including the chairman, address Valachi by his first name, and if the hearings continue much longer he may be doing the same for them. It is a far cry from, for instance, the hearings conducted by the House Committee on Un-American Activities into the trip to Cuba by some American college students who may, indeed, be neo-Trotskyites or whatnot, but who have not learned that the way to get on in the world is to live a life of crime and then inform on your accomplices.

These goings-on in the Senate cast considerable light on the Washington scene. For the members of the subcommittee it is a welcome change from the tiresome testimony of the TFX investigation, which developed millions of words of technical data and will not produce the kind of anti-McNamara report Senator McClellan would like to see. Then there is the unfinished Billie Sol Estes investigation. For the Congress as a whole, a big gangster investigation is welcome publicity. Maybe the legislators aren't doing much legislating on the knotty problems of racism and civil rights, but an investigation vying with old gangster movies tends to take people's minds off Birmingham —or so they hope.

Attorney General Robert Kennedy may share in this belief. He also has a more positive motive. He has been urging Senator McClellan to line up with the Justice Department's proposals to broaden the legal limits of wire tapping. Of course illegal tapping, by both private and official agencies, goes on all the time in some states, but the Attorney General would like to see it done federally, and in a more decorous way. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, he is particularly eager to tap freely in "a wide category of security cases without applying for a court order." The *Times* is not renowned for gentleness with security risks but such a bill, it feels, "would put very formidable powers in the hands of the U.S. Attorney General—and such powers could be abused. It might seem very well to some people to break up Cosa Nostra, the Black Hand or whatever it may be called, but in their approbation of criminal hunting they might be overlooking a decisive step in the direction of the national police state."

As a straight show the circus is fine, but the Valachi circus is a bad show, in the wrong arena, and capable of harmful side effects that may well offset its obvious entertainment value. Legislation of the kind the Attorney General proposes would constitute a serious threat to basic civil liberties. Nor has it ever been demonstrated that the failure to break up organized crime is due to the absence of such legislation. Quite the contrary, the needed legal tools are available; what has been lacking is the will to act.

Colonel Van and General Harkins

Not without reason, Defense Secretary McNamara is regarded as the most capable member of the Cabinet, and no doubt the President was well advised to send him to South Vietnam to survey the situation there with General Maxwell Taylor. But the two emissaries labored under a considerable handicap in their mission, and they may have neglected some pertinent data which they could have got stateside in the newspapers and on TV.

The handicap was General Harkins, commander of the 14,000 (or is it 16,000?) U.S. military mission, perhaps not the greatest soldier the Army has produced in recent years, but certainly the greatest optimist. There could not be a wider difference between the picture American correspondents have portrayed on the Vietnamese battlefields and General Harkins' reiterated contention that we were winning the war. According to *Time* (October 4), Harkins was always at the side of McNamara and Taylor. "What were the official visitors learning?," *Time* asks. "Skeptics suggested that junior officers would hardly furnish them with anything but a rosy view so long as the boss—General Harkins—was hovering within earshot."

On the other hand, here is Lt. Col. John Paul Van, not a junior officer but one of field grade, with plenty of field experience in the Vietnamese war. Colonel Van was the senior American officer in the crucial Mekong Delta before he resigned from the infantry in April, after narrowly escaping court-martial because of his views. This despite the fact that he had previously been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Purple Heart, and been recommended for the Legion of Merit while he was in Vietnam. Bravery is expected of a soldier, but in Van's case it was combined with ability—he was given the highest efficiency rating by his superior. On the record, he would appear to be qualified to tell what was happening. Late in September, he told it to Thomas P. Ronan of *The New York Times* and to Roy Neil on the Huntley-Brinkley Show.

The two accounts jibe and what they add up to is that the Americans fighting in Vietnam are sacrificing their lives not for their country, but for the Ngo cabal. The Ngo government does not want its soldiers to fight and sustain casualties, and it does not want to see the war go too well. For if the Vietcong were indeed suffering defeat, American aid might slacken, and that $1,500,000 a day pouring into the country keeps Diem on the Presidential throne and his family in power. What if the war were won? The Buddhist rebellion is a harbinger of what would happen. The people would rise against the Ngos, and this time they could not be put down by the special troops financed by the CIA, nor by any force the Ngos could muster.

One reason the peasants hate the Ngos is because their families and friends suffer casualties in the artillery and air bombardments the Vietnamese army prefers to dirty hand-to-hand fighting. Says Van: " . . . since the enemy is so hard to identify anyhow—since it is a war which requires the utmost discrimination and the most discriminate weapon other than a knife is . . . a rifle in the hands of a qualified infantryman, we are . . . killing a lot of innocent people." The Vietnamese field commanders stay in their command posts. The Americans "walk into these hamlets and see the dead women and children and the wounded children. . . . And they realize—the Americans do—that this isn't helping the war effort."

It might, however, help the American cause in general if Secretary McNamara, General Taylor and the President pondered what Colonel Van has to say.

Muckraker, 1963 Style

The term "muckraking" was popularized by Teddy Roosevelt to designate the social criticism that he found obnoxious. It was supposed to have gone out with Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens and *Everybody's Magazine*. Lately, however, the phoenix has risen; once more the muckraker is at work, disturbing vested interests and befouling the beautiful images that public-relations artists have created. The neo-muckraker, however, is more apt to be a muckrakeress. Typically, she is young in spirit but chronologically in her middle years, like Rachel Carson, whose bestseller has made a lot of people think twice before applying pesticides indiscriminately. Or Jessica Mitford who, like Miss Carson, was a highly successful writer before she took to muckraking the $2-billion-a-year funeral industry.

Naturally, in such cases the aggrieved industry tries to defend itself. The result is to convert public suspicion into certainty. The undertakers in particular have had this unfortunate experience, both on TV and in print. On TV, one defender of expensive funeral arrangements argued that if you feel guilty about the way you treated your late mother, for instance, the best therapy (for yourself) is to give her a lavish funeral. This will also make the undertaker feel better.

Mitchell Gordon of *The Wall Street Journal* interviewed funeral directors and got their reactions to Miss Mitford's contention that many American funerals are vulgar, tasteless, expensive displays, and that the remedy is to arrange beforehand for a simple, decent burial (or cremation) through a nonprofit memorial society. The results, in any other field, could only be termed hilarious. Some undertakers have suggested that criticism of Cadillac-style funerals is a Communist plot. Others say that it is only fitting that status should be exemplified in death as in life. "People are just buying more," says an eminent San Francisco mortician. "Normal starting prices for funerals in this area are pretty much unchanged from the $500 or so we were getting ten years ago. But standards of dying, like standards of living, are higher. In lots of places not only air-conditioned mortuaries but air-conditioned limousines are demanded."

Soon the corpses will demand air-conditioned hearses. All this costs money, of course, and takes a bit of selling. Gordon tells of a four-day "merchandising symposium" for funeral directors which wound up with a talk titled: "As Ye Price, So Shall Ye Reap," a beautiful religious sentiment which the clergy will appreciate. The clergy are, in fact, something of a problem to the morticians who, Gordon asserts, almost invariably try to keep them out of the casket selection room, lest they interfere with "trading up." The good will of the clergy is sought by various devices, mostly psychological, but an interesting gimmick is an "earth dispenser" which is distributed to build clerical "good will." Instead of dirtying his hands sprinkling earth on the coffin as he says, "Dust unto dust," the compliant clergyman uses the dispenser and thinks of the funeral director who furnished him with this indispensable tool.

The Sovereign Remedy

Nuisance-makers take a more tranquil view of their handiwork if it occurs far from their homes. In the pre-test-ban period, this country and Britain were inclined to minimize the fallout that fell on the peoples of the Pacific. France now would like to shift its tests from the Sahara to the Pacific where the protests, it was hoped, would be fewer and milder. New Zealand and Australia are of course indignant. But protests seldom bring nuisance-makers to their senses. The remedy has always been to compel them to confine their activities to their own back yards. For example, this country finds itself having to conduct nuclear tests underground, on its own territory, and so from Nevada come reports that underground tests are now thought to involve serious health hazards. Peril is seen in "ventings" which permit radioactive debris to break to the surface. Latest data suggest that some children in Utah and nearby states may have drunk dangerously contaminated milk. It is also beginning to be suggested that radioative debris thrown into the air above Nevada might be wafted across the border into Canada. This sounds as though some government agencies, and quite a number of residents of the affected states, were now anxious to halt underground tests. And now that we have decided to test supersonic missiles in Utah and New Mexico, an extensive "educational" campaign had to be launched to convince residents that the tests are safe. Doubtless the enthusiasm of these hardy Western types for such testing will abate now that tests are to take place over *their* heads.

Class, Color and Prejudice . . .

Bruno Bettelheim

The tragedies, big and small, which occur daily on the streets of our big cities; the deep emotions roused by the murder of children attending Sunday school; our concern that such things must not be permitted to happen; all this and much more tend to make us see in them a unique American problem. Worse, we now accept as a racial problem what in my opinion is a problem of modern industrial society, neither uniquely American, nor confined to the relations between white and Negro. To use an example from an area where there is presently much controversy: all over the world, wherever and as far back as an organized school system existed, the children of the poor, and of the less privileged classes, had only inadequate access to good education, could gain it only against heavy odds, and because of this, their occupational opportunities were severely limited. This is true even where in theory education is equally accessible to all. It was and is true even in all those countries where all children are of the same skin color.

Perhaps the great "American Dilemma," viewed at a distance, permits seeing more clearly what are the essentials of the conflict, and what the accidentals of time, place and skin color. To me, a Jewish boy who grew up in the intensely anti-Semitic Vienna of Lueger—which incidentally formed Hitler's anti-Semitism too—the American dilemma does not seem peculiarly American at all, but merely a local variation of a universal problem. Having once experienced discrimination and persecution as bad as any Negro's, and this from persons whose skin was like mine, I feel that differences in color fail to explain problems which often are ascribed to them.

These thoughts came to my mind when recently reading a sensitive story of a Jewish boy's encounter with the Negro problem in Brooklyn, a story that found wide attention and evoked some controversy. I refer to Norman Podhoretz's article, "My Negro Problem—and Ours," which appeared in the February issue of *Commentary*, and the exchange of letters in the following issues of that magazine. He describes his experiences as he grew up in an environment where Jews and Negroes lived in close proximity, but where soon a deep gap separated them, a gap which he feels had to do with the difference

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in racial background. This I find hard to accept, because I can match practically every incident of his story with one out of my childhood; and this goes, I venture to guess, for many Jewish boys of my generation. In Vienna there was a "Carl" with whom I walked to school every day, who was my friend, and who nevertheless suddenly hit me one day, announcing that we were quits from now on because my people had killed Jesus. There were the boys who extorted money: who beat us if we handed it over because we were dirty cowards, and who beat us if we didn't, because we were miserly Jews. During the years of the First World War came the added charges that we were draft dodgers or black marketeers. And all this without the presence of any color difference or—as far as I was concerned—any racial difference (though the gentiles insisted we belonged to a different race).

Nobody considered any of this the consequence of a Viennese, German or Central European dilemma. It was the natural fate of the Jew. Or so it seemed to me in the earlier days of my childhood. Therefore it was quite an eye opener for me when I entered the Gymnasium and the picture changed. No longer were the Jews singled out. The frequent name calling and verbal threats, the occasional attacks and small extortions, all these happened to gentile students, too, though less often and less violently so. They too had become targets of the hostility of former friends, boys who were now continuing their education in the free public schools. Though only yesterday they had been friends, they were now strangers or open foes. It was always open season for war on us Gymnasium students, Jew or gentile, as far as the public-school boys were concerned.

In the public schools, too, the bond of common aspirations and class position made itself felt. Now that it was one class against the other, the few Jewish boys in the public school made common cause with the vast majority of their gentile classmates against all Gymnasium boys. And with us it was the same. Jew and gentile closed ranks against public-school boys. And this though the war between Jew and gentile continued inside the Gymnasium.

Again, as we outgrew childhood and became adolescents, the picture changed. Our antagonists had left school by then and become apprentices in shops and factories, while we continued our studies. The gulf widened. Except for gang fights or for rare individual acts of violence, we were now too separated by an icy hostility on their part, and a thinly veiled anxiety on ours—yes, and guilt because we were the more fortunate ones—for even verbal invectives. *They* felt they had never had a chance, and that *we* had deprived them.

Now our two worlds—the world of those who pursued their higher education, and of those who were already workers — had nothing in common, not even our fighting each other. But within the world of the Gymnasium, the old fight between Jews and gentiles continued. Given the social amenities binding those who aspired to become upper-middle class, there was no longer open violence, not to mention extortion. These were replaced by social ostracism of a more subtle nature.

This taught me then, at an early age, that what in previous generations had been the persecution of the Jews and still looked like it, had essentially become a special aspect of the universal warfare between rich and poor; even between those who were actually poor at the moment but aspired to better their social and economic positions, and those others who accepted that it was hopeless to try to better their lot. Later, in Hitler's concentration camps, I made similar observations. There, too, behind the "racial" warfare one could clearly detect the class structure that underlay and overlapped the group hostilities. The violence of the lower-class S.S. guards vented itself much more formidably against upper-class persons, Jewish or not. By comparison, the lower-class Jew had an easier time of it if he knew how to appeal to the common lower-class background he shared with the S.S. Even in the concentration camps, and until the extermination policy began, class alignment often won out over racial policies in the eyes of the German guards. Interestingly enough, the concentration camp's own "class" system erased old class lines and instituted its own distinctions between the haves as against the have-nots (the prisoner foreman against the ordinary prisoner, for example). So, despite their sympathies with their fellow Jews, when the chips were down the Jewish prisoner aristocracy more often than not sided with the gentile prisoner aristocracy against Jewish and gentile ordinary prisoners.

One further parallel: from childhood on I had heard stories of the rich gentile man who could have sexual fun only with the poor Jewish girl, a fairy tale recently retold in the play *Two for the Seesaw.* And of the rich Jewish boy who found his sex pleasures only with the poor gentile servant girl. I also heard much about the guilt suffered by the gentleman for seducing the poor girl, and how he was hated, or feared to be hated, by the girl's family. In fact, precious few poor girls were seduced, and none to speak of were raped by the gentleman class. They did not need to be. The more usual course of events was that the poor girl, both because of her psychological and economic needs, seduced the rich young gentleman and enjoyed herself considerably in the process. Nor did her relatives hate the so-called seducer, but tried to gain some advantage for themselves. All this was mainly a class phenomenon, and existed in a wholly white society. It had nothing to do with race, because there were no racial differences. There was no Central European dilemma.

An entire mythology has been woven around the supposed guilt of the white man and the innocence of the Negro. Only last week a Negro cab driver in Chicago told me reassuringly that not all Negroes hate all white men; that white men, like me, only think it because of our guilt at having abused poor Negro girls. (I did not quite dare tell him that I never had any close relations to a Negro female, nor any sexual relations with one, because I feared he would have taken it to mean that I deliberately shun them, which I do not. It has come to pass that whatever a white man does is wrong: if he has intimate relations with Negroes, he takes advantage of them; if he abstains, it only proves his white arrogance.) When I assured him, however, that I had never seduced a Negro girl and therefore did not feel guilty, he told me that this made no difference. I felt guilty and I feared Negro hatred because my ancestors had enslaved Negroes and abused Negro females. Such small considerations as that my ancestors lived in East European ghettos at the time of Negro slavery were not allowed to interfere with the myth.

Having fought the doctrine of guilt by association when McCarthy used it against liberals, it is amazing to witness the readiness with which the same liberals accept his doctrine when it states that all white men are guilty because white people actually took advantage of Negroes long before they were born. These liberals seem to feel that McCarthy was right, after all, and that there is such a thing as guilt by association. Not even McCarthy hoped to establish guilt by association with the deeds of one's great-grandfather.

Yet there is a guilt, both in my native Vienna and in Chicago where I live. It is the guilt of the man who is not his brother's keeper, of the man who lives in comfort when others live in squalor. It is a guilt if he is sensitive, and a fear whether he is sensitive or not; it is also the origin of the hatred in those who hate him because he has it better. Only it has nothing to do with the "peculiar institution" which is a matter of the past, or with an "American Dilemma." It has to do with the plain fact that the rich live in comfort, and the poor do not.

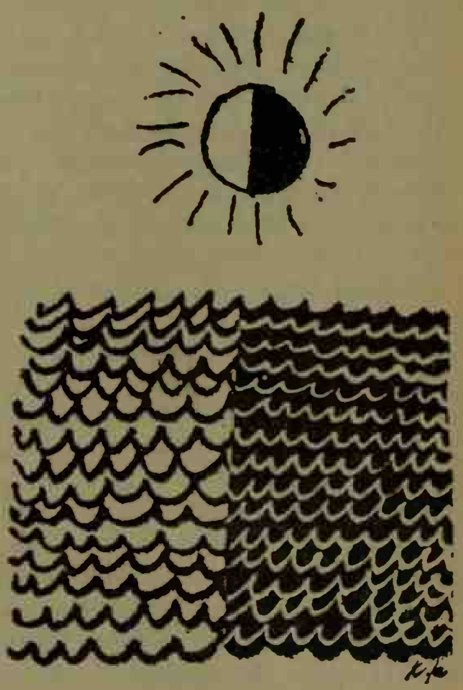
The attitudes of white and Negro to each other are largely conditioned by the fact that the vast majority of whites are considerably better off than the vast majority of Negroes. If we were all aware of the findings on personality attitudes among the poor, we would recognize that what makes us uneasy in our relations to the Negro is exactly what makes us uneasy in our relations to the poor, and has precious little to do with skin color. When a nearly all-white population was studied, the investigating psychiatrists found that, by and large, the poor (whites) are "suspicious . . . prone to depression, show lack of trust in others," exactly the attitudes most whites feel when confronted by chance meeting with an anonymous group of Negroes. They are exactly the attitudes I encountered in a poor district of Vienna when I, a middle-class person, was confronted with a basically distrustful, if not outright hostile, group of anonymous workers.

The class basis of color prejudice is further indicated by a fact that is sometimes mistakenly viewed as negating it: namely, that lower-class whites are often more prejudiced than upper-middle-class persons. This again has to do with class position. A group insecure in its social position is most afraid and resentful of the group just below, particularly when the lower group is trying to advance itself. Similarly, every class is most jealous of the group just above it, although on a rational basis the classes way ahead would seem to be much more logical targets. So each class is most jealous of the class just above, and most afraid of and angry at the class just below—despite the fact that on a rational level these are the groups with whom they should make common cause. To compound matters, this is not only a social phenomenon. As Freud pointed out, there are also deep psychological causes for the violent hostility existing between groups that are separated by only small differences, while these feelings become much more moderate as social distance between groups increases.

If we are serious about the Negro problem, we will have to free ourselves of the myth that this is basically a classless society, or that the upper classes and the poor can live together peaceably. In the United States, the existence of color differences permitted this myth to persist, because what are conflicts between classes could be ascribed to differences in skin color.

The confusion about the American white-Negro relations comes from an unwillingness to separate a class problem from a race problem, if there is one. We are going to have to face the fact that in present-day America, a much larger percentage of the Negro group is lower class than their total number warrants, though a white lower class is by no means absent. How much all this is a class problem is reflected in the fact that there is no seduction of middle-class Negro girls by middle-class white boys, but quite an incidence of seduction of middle-class white girls by middle-class or even lower-class Negro boys. This parallels the phenomenon described earlier, of my native Austria. The heiress or the count's daughter who ran off with the chauffeur or the groom provides an easy parallel, and for the same psychological reasons. They have precious little to do with race, but a great deal to do with class position, and with what one class believes in regard to the sexual freedom or prowess of the other. D. H. Lawrence, leaving nothing to chance, made Clifford Chatterley impotent, in a wheel chair, whence his wife fled to the lower classes for erotic fulfillment.

If James Baldwin concluded his recent statement on the race problem with the threat, "the fire next time," this too has a familiar ring. The class-conscious white workers of Vienna, and their Marxist leaders, threatened the white upper classes with destruction in nearly the same words and with the same accusations: because they had robbed the lower class of its human dignity, did not recognize its members as individuals, viewed them as faceless.



All this suggests it is high time we began to bring clarity into our complex white-Negro relations by recognizing what belongs to class conflict as such, irrespective of history or skin color. This is not to deny that the color difference has indeed greatly complicated matters by now. Intolerance has always been due to anxiety and frustration, and served as an outlet for hostility. But intolerance of a specific minority can never be viewed in isolation but must always be analyzed within its societal context. Minorities have been used for the displacement of internal conflicts (the pull of unacceptable instinctual desires, for example) if their position in society makes it "logical" to displace such tendencies (sex libertinism, dirtiness, laziness) onto them.

Moreover, it would seem that when several minority groups are available and they differ in physical characteristics, such as skin color, the minority showing greater physical difference is used for projecting anxieties associated with dirt and sex desires. The minority whose physical characteristics are more similar to those of the majority tend then to become a symbol for anxieties concerning overpowering control. In Germany, the whole list of stereotypes was applied to the Jews, which in the United States was divided between Jews and Negroes. In German anti-Semitic propaganda, Jewish dirtiness and sexual immorality were greatly emphasized. (If I discuss these things all too sketchily here, it is because to say more would only repeat what others and I have discussed extensively elsewhere — for example, in *Dynamics of Prejudice* and *The Informed Heart.*)

Thus the problem arises neither because of poverty alone, nor because of the deep psychological roots of intolerance alone. As Podhoretz says, he was poor, too, like the Negroes who beat him up. And not even all Negroes are born into or remain in the lower strata. What counts just as much is how deprived one *feels,* and how much one *feels* one can alter the conditions of one's life. Neither the individual's life history alone nor social conditions alone account for race hatred. Unfortunately, in the case of the Negro, the actual social realities of this moment militate against a hopeful outlook. He is born with a fence around him, and he *feels* the fence even more impregnable than it actually is.

Which again accounts for the extremity of Baldwin's position, and for the appeal of the Black Muslim slogans to those who rage at a vista without hope. The degree of the Negro's hopelessness has its counterpart in the degree of his violence. Podhoretz is correct. He fears the Negro in the dark whose predominant feeling is hate and despair. "If I have nothing to lose, here goes nothing." What the true situation really is becomes immediately apparent if we ask ourselves: Would Podhoretz or would I tremble if we met James Baldwin on a dark street? Certainly not; we would be delighted to meet him because, despite the color difference, he is one of us.

To be freed of the class issue, or to accept as class issue what is class issue, might at least permit lower-class whites and Negroes, and middle-class whites and Negroes, to live quite successfully together. As long as radical class differentiations exist, it is to expect the millenium to believe that lower-class Negroes will not hate middle-class or upwardly mobile whites, or that middle-class whites will not fear lower-class Negroes and whites.

Expecting the millenium in this world has always led to avoidance of doing in the here and now what can be done to relieve a social ill. The existence of the color line has permitted both white and Negro Americans to overlook the class problem by pointing to the color problem. Being afraid of the Negro robber and rapist has permitted all too many white people to forget about the white robber and rapist. Above all, it obscures the fact that precious few well-to-do people rob or rape. And it has permitted the Negro to blame on the color line hardships that grow out of the contradictions in our social and economic system.

All this is said not to belittle the seriousness of the Negro problem for both whites and Negroes. But, to blame all our difficulties on color is to take skin color much too seriously, and of such an over-evaluation of color (or "racial") differences I do not wish to be guilty.

The New Frontier and Europe

MOMENT FOR CHOICE . . . . . Fred Warner Neal

The major problem of United States foreign policy has long been a cold-war *immobilisme* that arose in the Truman administrations. Some few statesmen have perceived—however dimly—the need for change, but have been inhibited from action by a public rigidity which, if it were not itself created by administration policies, was molded by them. Only intelligent and courageous Presidential leadership can break such an impasse. With the exception of a brief attempt by President Eisenhower after Dulles, that leadership, up until now, has not materialized.

One does not have to endorse all President Kennedy's positions to recognize that he seems now to have taken some steps toward breaking out of the strait jacket, and to applaud him for it. But the task is an incredibly difficult one and no brief essay on his part will suffice. The central question, therefore, is whether the changed mood implied by New Frontier foreign policy is ephemeral, or whether it reflects new basic thinking and thus may presage new policy.

The evidence is ambiguous. The most important indication that more than a passing mood may be involved is the President's American University speech of last June. There, he went to the heart of the matter by calling for a re-examination of American attitudes toward the Soviet Union. That such a statement was long overdue does not detract from the fact that it was probably the best and most realistic statement on foreign policy made by an American President since the end of World War II.

Another clue to Presidential thinking may be Mr. Kennedy's inadequately reported statement at an

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August press conference that there is no real defense against a thermonuclear attack. It was the first time that the American public had been exposed to such reality from on high, and it, too, was long overdue.

Finally, there is the test-ban treaty. The President has resolutely pursued it and realistically labeled it a first, tiny step that could lead to something more fundamental. Moreover, he did not reject out of hand the Soviet proposal for a follow-up nonaggression pact between the NATO and the Warsaw Pact countries, but has explored alternatives of a similar nature that may be more palatable to us and still acceptable to Moscow.

The test-ban treaty, however, illustrates the ambiguity of the evidence, as well as the size of the problem the President faces if he is now really determined to tackle foreign policy from a new position. As Norman Cousins pointed out in a letter to *The New York Times*, Administration testimony in favor of the treaty went "far beyond the requirements of reasonable assurance into provocation and even cynical argumentation," filling the air "with all sorts of statistics on the ease with which vast numbers of Russians can be killed."

As the President has said, the test-ban treaty is only a necessary first step toward removing the danger of nuclear war, and it may well be that, given Capitol Hill paranoia, the kind of testimony the Administration presented to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and incidentally to the public at large, was necessary to insure ratification. On the other hand, this approach to the first step only makes later steps more difficult. It also raises questions about the extent and kind of new foreign-policy thinking now preoccupying the White House.

The ambiguity is not confined to the test-ban treaty. Sources close to him insist that the American University speech represents Mr. Kennedy's "real thinking." But almost immediately thereafter we were subjected to the spectacle of the President's triumphal march through West Berlin and to the emotional outburst in which he nearly out-Adenauered Adenauer.

It is altogether likely that these two quite conflicting positions were sincerely stated, and that the President was not aware of the conflict between them. If so, it would indicate that such new thinking as is going on is thus far limited and uncertain.

It is of course true that relations with our allies pose almost as many difficulties for a new approach to foreign policy as do public opinion and the Congress. Until now, relations with our European allies — and especially with West Germany—have been an important factor in maintaining the cold war. These relations are now in flux because of the disarray of the European alliance, and the Administration, whatever its international goals, is forced to review them. The danger is that the new evaluation will proceed, not in company with the Administration's presumed new mood, but on the old cold-war basis. Thus it could continue to block what the President presumably wants to achieve—a *détente* with the Kremlin.

Some Presidential advisers are doubtless greatly tempted to see the test ban as a sign of Soviet weakness and to exploit it—along with Moscow's dispute with Peking—by obtaining further Russian concessions while we "stand firm" in old positions. This is not new thinking at all. If there is to be any really new foreign-policy thinking in the Administration, it must involve not only a reconsideration of our attitudes toward the USSR but also of our policy toward NATO and Germany. The three are intimately related.

The validity of NATO is founded on the assumption that there is danger of Soviet military aggression against Western Europe. This is the *idée fixe* that has determined American policy and led the country into the fiascoes of the European Defense Community, the alienation of France and the "multilateral" nuclear deterrent schemes. It has blocked any solution to the German problem by giving West Germany a virtual veto over our initiative. Unless it is overcome and abandoned, here and now, it promises to block progress toward a real *détente* with the Soviet Union.

The fact is that NATO has always been largely a paper organization. That it could ever have provided any defense against Soviet attacks rested on the baseless assumption that a war in Europe could be "limited," that is, less than thermonuclear. But even in that unlikely case, NATO forces have never been strong enough to oppose a concerted Soviet attack. One sometimes wonders why those who espouse the NATO idea think the Russians have stayed their hand. It is sometimes said that they have been deterred by American thermonuclear capacity, but that has nothing to do with NATO; and, in any event, its own credibility is wearing thin. On this score, the main difference between General de Gaulle and our other allies is that he gave voice to his thoughts.

Today, the situation is worse than ever. With France out of NATO for all practical purposes, and the likelihood of a further diminution of Britain's already insignificant role, it is not too much to say that the organization is virtually falling apart.

Faced with this situation, there are military planners in Washington who seek to reconstitute NATO in the form of a Washington-Bonn axis. If NATO had any real military significance, this might make sense, because it would only formalize the long-evident fact that NATO amounts to little more than U.S. forces in Europe backed by the increasing military strength of West Germany.

It is because of West Germany's crucial NATO role, in terms of both forces and geography, that U.S. policy has been so beholden to Bonn. This would be bad enough in itself, but the more serious aspect of it is that it impels us to policies which interfere with the very thing that presumably we want — the *détente* with Moscow.

There can be no *détente*, nor any political security or stability, until there is general acceptance of existing boundaries in Central Europe. Today these boundaries are challenged, not by the Soviet Union, but by the West Germans and the Americans, who refuse to accept East Germany and its Oder-Neisse frontier. It is this refusal, essentially, that blocks any solution to the Berlin problem. For—repeated official and newspaper statements to the contrary notwithstanding—the Russians have *not* demanded withdrawal of U.S. and allied troops from West Berlin. They have demanded recognition of East Germany and its borders.

West Germany's reluctance to back away from this conflict of interest is understandable, Bonn being committed to a demand for all of Germany plus (at least) those former parts of the Reich now in Poland. This is a hopeless and disruptive—and therefore a senseless—position. It is also a German position about a German matter. Why does the United States persist in it?

The answer is that we dare not recognize East Germany, or even discuss the matter with the Russians, because we are afraid that if we do West Germany will jeopardize NATO—either by pulling out or by making a deal with the Russians on their own. We feel we cannot take this risk because without West Germany there would be no NATO. And we must maintain NATO because it is necessary to protect Western Europe from Soviet military aggression. So we get right back where we started from.

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It should be added that a settlement in Europe based on some of these considerations would not necessarily mean the end of Western European military collaboration, or even a U.S. military withdrawal from the Continent. NATO as an organization—whatever its military value—*could* go on in much its present form, with or without the Germans and with or without the United States. The Western European nations today are well able to provide their own conventional forces. On the other hand, even without a formal international military organization, European national defenses could be supplemented by U.S. troops if the governments in question desired them; and the troops might be based in this country if the new air-lift test is successful.

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Berlin's New Outlook

. . . Leslie R. Colitt

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In the course of his remarks Bahr proposed the establishment of a West German agency which would handle "all questions of practical interest arising between both parts of Germany." He indicated that one of the means of lessening dissatisfaction in East Germany—a prerequisite, he felt, to reunification, since a discontented population only strengthens the regime—would be a rise in the East German standard of living. The press secretary closed with words that had never been heard in public from a West Berliner:

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Western passivity can only partially be explained by the interests which the allies have in allowing the Soviets themselves to neutralize anti-Soviet sentiments in West Berlin. More important is the question of Berlin's future. For one thing, the prospects of increased trade and contacts which President Kennedy held out as a result of a *détente* in Soviet-Western relations, could make Berlin most convenient for East and West as a place in which regional trade blocs (Comecon, EEC, etc.) could negotiate. The Soviets have sounded out these prospects in West Berlin and feel they are good.

Understandably, the question asked by informed West Berliners is where East Berlin and the Wall enter the picture.

Responsible persons in the State Department's Berlin mission have indicated that the United States would insist on East Berlin's also becoming the site of such organizations, whatever their nature. The Soviets, on their part, would have no reason to renew their flirt with a "Free City of West Berlin" plan as long as American guarantees for West Berlin remain. It is also believed likely that the Wall would become more porous (West Berliners being allowed to enter East Berlin) when the "tasks for Berlin" proposals reach the stage of serious discussion. Here again the West must respect the East's vital interests (following strategy of peace ground rules) which, for the foreseeable future, include barring East Germans from West Berlin and the Federal Republic. Conversely, the East would have to accept the continued presence of allied troops in West Berlin.

There is no doubt that the well-advanced discussion of a future mediatory role for Berlin causes misgivings in official West Berlin.

Berlin Senator Hans Günther Hoppe, prominent member of the Free Democratic Party, the coalition partner of the Social Democratic Party (SPD) in West Berlin, told me that the national task of reunification would be forgotten if Berlin's only function were to be the seat of international organizations. SPD Deputy Mayor Heinrich Albertz also spoke of the danger of an internationalized Berlin. Berlin, he declared, would then become a separate state.

"Of course, we were always in favor of having secondary UN agencies in this city, but in all of Berlin and not just West Berlin. First, conditions must prevail in East Berlin and East Germany resembling those in Poland and Hungary before there can be any mediatory role for Berlin."

Behind the fears expressed here lies the knowledge that Washington and London have long since abandoned any link between East-West security arrangements in Europe and the reunification of Germany. The Anglo-American views on reunification, as one perceives them here, strongly resemble the new unification theory that views Berlin as the German microcosm which, by example of its East-West functions, would almost imperceptibly extract poison from the atmosphere and draw divided Germany together.

The governing Christian Democratic Union in Bonn is plagued by the thought that evolutionary changes in Berlin's position could loosen the close legal and governmental ties which bind West Berlin to the Federal Republic. The CDU feels that these apprehensions are not unfounded, because the Western forces in Berlin have, since 1949, repeatedly sought to emphasize Four-Power responsibility for Berlin by rejecting Bonn's claim that West Berlin is no different from any of the West German *Länder* (states).

SPD chancellor candidate for the 1965 Bundestag elections, Willy Brandt, has placed himself squarely behind Kennedy's strategy-of-peace concept, with all the risks and unknown quantities it contains when applied to Germany. Brandt feels confident that his *Deutschlandpolitik*, with its Washington backing, will be approved by the German electorate. His successor designate as mayor of West Berlin, Deputy Mayor Albertz, told me:

> *The German people must provide answers to questions which are coming to them rather late. The situation now is not as clear-cut as it was during the 1948-49 blockade or following the Khrushchev ultimatum of 1958 when a friend-foe relationship existed. The strategy of peace is more difficult to explain to the population. We are skeptical of certain features, but are entirely dependent upon new developments as the previous inflexibility brought us nothing.*
>
> *It is the task of the SPD to prepare the electorate for the new issues ahead. In doing so, it will be easier to convince the Berliners than the West Germans of the necessity to face these issues.*

It probably will be, as rank-and-file West Berliners have scarcely reacted to the rapid course of events, except to ask what it will bring them. Since 1945, they have become pragmatists and yearn, perhaps more than any other people today, for some bit of normality in their environment.

The Twenty-Fifth Child . . . . Richard Haitch

In Detroit a mother of four children has quit her job as a store clerk so that she can qualify for public aid, and the store owner is bitterly telling a reporter what he thinks of federally sponsored aid to such dependent families:

"Wouldn't anybody quit a job if he could make more sitting at home, sipping beer? Here I work day and night so that I can pay taxes—just so she can live in the lap of luxury like those other lazy loafers."

The employer doesn't know it, but the mother has been leaving her children during working hours with an ill grandmother, who is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The children's father deserted some

Richard Haitch is a New York Times *copy editor who has made an extensive study of social problems involving children in the United States.*

years before. Emotionally deprived and with only minimal parental supervision, one of the children, a teen-age girl, is in trouble with the law. The mother feels her place is at home.

The Detroit *News* uncovered many cases like this in an investigation of child welfare. It also found wide public dissatisfaction with the program to aid such families. One critic referred to the assistance as "Christmas for the chiselers."

Such judgments are by no means isolated. Across the country, in a variety of angry tones, a crescendo of criticism has been building for several years against the federal program known as Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), sometimes called simply ADC. So insistent have the charges become that last August the federal government completed a huge hunt for "free-loaders" and other ineligibles in the AFDC programs of each state.

The results, based on detailed samplings, showed that 5.4 per cent of all families getting AFDC in the nation were ineligible. Not all cases of ineligibility involved intent to defraud. Critics nevertheless harp on that 5.4 per cent and largely ignore the 94.6 per cent in need who meet all of the legal tests for assistance.

Many welfare leaders are finding such attacks increasingly ironic; for far from providing "luxury" for all comers, AFDC is hardly doing enough. Its allowances to families are a bare cut above starvation, and in a majority of states do not meet the official minimum living expenses computed by the states themselves. Moreover, under conflicting rules of eligibility in the country, families in need do not always receive aid. In some states the inflexible application of eligibility rules in the face of honest need is encouraging the violations that are popularly referred to as "chiseling."

In the case of the mother of four in Detroit, welfare specialists estimated that the family needed $246 a month as a minimum income to survive. But Michigan, like most states, works out careful budgets and then sets maximums on how far it will go toward meeting them. Michigan's AFDC ceiling for a family of five is $180 a month. To supplement this allowance, the mother had to return to work two days a week. Her monthly earnings were $68.80, of which $20.16 went for work expenses. By the end of the month the family still had a deficit of unmet needs of $17.36.

Luxury on AFDC?

"Anyone who makes the rounds, as social workers do, cannot fail to notice the extreme poverty among AFDC cases," says Zelma J. Felten, director of field services of the Child Welfare League of America. Raymond L. Hilliard, director of Chicago's (Cook County) Department of Public Aid, draws this picture:

> *The ADC family lives in megalopolis, tightly cordoned off in subcultural enclaves of slum areas, renewal areas, high-rise public housing projects, in addition to myopic community prejudice. Communication with the culture that must sustain them is at a minimum. Without help of their fellow citizens in the outer-ring neighborhoods and distant suburbias, they become prey of all negative forces of the city.*

AFDC was not especially controversial when it was enacted by Congress in 1935 as part of the original Social Security program. Its purpose was to prevent the break-up of families with children after the death, desertion or incapacitation of a parent, generally the father. An impoverished mother, instead of being forced to send her children to an institution, would receive the aid necessary to care for them at home. In 1961, the program was expanded to include families in which the father lives at home but is unemployed.

Today the program serves 2,995,000 children in 978,000 families. The totals are rising as the birth rate soars in the United States. One in every twenty-five children in the nation is on the AFDC rolls. The latest detailed study by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare shows that only 8 per cent of the cases involve children whose fathers have died. In 67 per cent of the cases the children lack support because the parents are divorced, separated or unmarried, or because the father has deserted.

The typical family receiving AFDC is made up of four persons, with most of the children under thirteen years of age. Roughly 70 per cent of the families live in cities, and 51 per cent occupy housing that public authorities consider crowded (more than one person per room). Most AFDC mothers are about thirty-five, have had only an elementary school education and are unable to work, either because they must care for their children or are disabled. Only 14 per cent of the mothers have jobs, and only 5 per cent of these work full time.

Under a matching formula, the federal government reimburses the states for part of the cost of aiding AFDC families. In most states this reimbursement covers the major share. As of the end of last year, the U.S. paid $796,862,000, or 57.5 per cent, of all AFDC costs in the nation. States spent $448,887,000, or 32.4 per cent. Local governments —counties and cities—chipped in $140,315,000, or 10.1 per cent.

For the family in catastrophic financial trouble, AFDC poses two formidable hurdles: eligibility and—once having qualified —survival on the allotted grant.

Merely being poor and in need does not necessarily qualify a family for assistance. States have ruled entire families ineligible for AFDC because the mother has had illicit sexual relations or because she is physically able to work, even if no work is available.

Suppose you are a mother with several small children. Your husband has just died or has walked out on you, and you are without funds. Overnight you are in trouble and need help badly. Can you qualify for AFDC until new, long-range plans of income can be worked out?

If you live in the District of Columbia, you and your family will get no aid if you are healthy enough to work and arrangements can be made for the care of your children. Even if you are untrained and have never worked, you are expected to go out, somehow find a job and make do. In California or New York, on the other hand, the odds are you would qualify for assistance.

The rules vary, often widely and wildly, across the country. Texas gives no aid to children beyond the age of sixteen; only an exceptionally bright child would be able to finish high school by then. Sixteen states declare families ineligible if the mother is maintaining a "non-legal marital relationship," but in North Carolina this rule applies only to mothers with illegitimate children. Some states give aid to homes in which there is an unemployed father; others will give nothing if there is an able-bodied "man in the house."

The District of Columbia's man-in-the-house rule is interpreted so strictly, a spokesman for the Washington Association of Social Workers told the House District Appropriations Subcommittee, that mothers on AFDC are "suspected" if a man helps them carry surplus food home or takes their children to the zoo.

Each state also sets its own standard of how much money a family on AFDC needs to survive. Once again the standards fluctuate across the nation, with provision only for essentials and in some states no allowances even for school supplies or carfare.

Last spring the Community Council of Greater New York estimated that a New York family of four needs an annual income of $5,325, or $443.75 a month, "to purchase the goods and services needed to maintain an adequate but modest standard of living."

According to latest figures released by the federal government, the monthly minimum AFDC budget for a family of four—for food, clothing, rent, utilities and other essentials—ranges from $124.50 in Arkansas to $295 in Alaska. In between, Maryland estimates that the same family needs $150.90; California, $208.70; New York, $226.85; Missouri, $188.95.

A good many of the budgets are based on outdated cost-of-living estimates. Even so, logic suggests that AFDC grants should at least match these official estimates. Yet in practice they usually don't. Twenty-nine states set maximums on the amounts they will pay, and only rarely do these sums meet all of the budgeted needs of AFDC families. A few other states use the survival budget as a working figure, then slash the grant by a flat percentage.

In some states the AFDC grant shrinks for each child as the family increases. In Delaware, for instance, the first child rates a maximum of $75 a month; the second, third and fourth children, only $12 apiece; the fifth, sixth and seventh, $10; the eighth, $9 a month. Welfare workers sometimes ask whether the appetites of the children are expected to shrink accordingly.

One may wonder how some families can exist on average AFDC grants. Over the country they range from $8.97 a month — about 30c a day — per person in Mississippi to $50.01 — $1.66 a day — for each recipient in Minnesota. For the average family the monthly range is $35.52 in Mississippi to $206.47 in Illinois.

At a conference of citizens in Des Moines a mother of two teenage sons told what it is like to rear a family on a relatively handsome AFDC grant of $151 a month. She pays $40 a month rent for four rooms—"with no hot water or bathtub." That leaves $3.70 a day for all other needs for the entire family during the month—36 per cent shy of the family's survival budget. To help plug the gap, the mother works part-time in a school cafeteria. She hopes some day to become a practical nurse and increase her earnings enough to get off AFDC—if she can ever afford the training. Meanwhile her sons "are just like any other teen-agers," but there is never a cent for such things as Boy Scout dues or Christmas and birthday gifts.

If this is relative well-being on AFDC, how does the family in which the mother cannot work close the gap between grant and needs? Local governments may supplement the state outlays. In Minnesota and New York such supplements by counties or cities amount to 26 per cent of the total AFDC grant. But in twenty-three other states local governments don't contribute a dime in extra aid. For

nearly half the families on AFDC the gap is never closed.

In all, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare reports, cases of unmet need exist in thirty-eight states. At least 46 per cent of all AFDC families face this problem, the department says. Need not met by any source of income averages $40 a month for upward of 409,000 families, and $50 or more for 112,000.

Still the myth persists, even in responsible legislative circles, that AFDC largely provides a life of indolent pleasure. A few months ago nineteen mothers and nine children, all on AFDC, turned up at the State Capitol in Iowa to protest a proposed slash in their welfare funds and to let the legislators see "we're not all frizzy-haired with cigarettes hanging from our mouths," as one mother put it.

"These ladies here seem to be pretty nice," a legislator commented cautiously to the Des Moines *Register*. "But just because you meet a few, you can't judge them all. There are too dang many abuses in ADC."

Welfare leaders concede that AFDC, being a human endeavor, is a target for cheats. But a survey of recipients in forty-three states, completed last May for the American Public Welfare Association by the Institute for Research in Social Science, University of North Carolina, found that in only 4 per cent of the cases is the AFDC grant "not being used primarily for the benefit of the children." In 1961, a study in Chicago put the figure in that city at only 3 per cent.

"A vast majority of families," the national survey reported, "can be considered as living in extreme poverty, with income of less than $2,000 a year."

When welfare leaders and critics speak of "abuses," they are not always referring to the same thing. The welfare supporters mean fraud in obtaining and using funds. The critics often mean illegitimate children on the AFDC rolls.

Actually 80 per cent of all AFDC children are legitimate, and the program's illegitimacy trend reflects a sharp rise in such births in the United States among all economic groups. But the charge is frequently heard that AFDC "encourages" illegitimacy. Some states have attempted to bar all families with illegitimate children from aid. When three years ago Louisiana arbitrarily lopped 23,000 such needy children from the AFDC rolls, the U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare ruled the action invalid.

Another "abuse" that critics sometimes complain about is the granting of aid to families in which the father is at home but unemployed. Such help, authorized by Congress, is viewed as encouraging laziness.

Last May, the Board of Supervisors in Alameda County, California, became incensed after the state had extended aid-to-needy-children benefits to families with an unemployed father in the home. "When are people going to wake up?" an outraged supervisor demanded.

The board unanimously agreed that any Alameda father who accepted such aid must henceforth work for the county—clear creeks, patch roads, build parks—and so "earn" his stipend. Such tactics have a seemingly "honest" ring. But welfare leaders point to growing technological unemployment in the country and say that unless communities help retrain displaced workers for other full-time work, punitive decrees like Alameda's will only prolong their stay on AFDC.

The critics are unabashed. "What about the District of Columbia?" they say. An investigation there last year disclosed 57 per cent ineligibles on the AFDC rolls in a sampling of 236 cases. The findings touched off the nation-wide eligibility hunt just completed by the government.

There is no denying the unusually high proportion of illegal AFDC recipients in the nation's capital; there is no denying either that the eligibility requirements there — at the insistence of Congressmen who control the District's budget—are among the most stringent in the country. Among the prime examples of fraud uncovered were cases like this: A mother and six children were getting $191 a month from AFDC. She had reported that the man living with her was a brother-in-law. Actually he was her husband, and he had a job paying $65 a week.

One may ask: Can a family of eight live adequately in a high-rent city on $65 a week? There is no provision for a negative reply in Washington. "We have no welfare program for employable people," notes Donald D. Brewer, acting director of public welfare.

In Illinois, even though a father is fully employed, if his total earnings are deemed inadequate to sustain his family at minimum standards of health and decency, he is entitled to a grant.

If there is a "mess" in AFDC today, as some unimaginative opponents like to state it, it is because we are paying for years of grudging, contemptuous treatment of our poor. Most Americans have never fully accepted the idea that the poverty-stricken should be supported by public funds, says New York City Welfare Commissioner James R. Dumpson, because they never look at the "barriers and hindrances" that create poverty.

Instead of sympathetic guidance and training to help them overcome their barriers, we have offered families in trouble meager public allotments, have viewed their acceptance of these alms with open suspicion—even to conducting night raids as a check on their honesty—and all the while have demanded of them a puritan thrift, morality and patriotism that many prosperous citizens might envy.

"Failure of the general public to identify with dependent persons is the major problem in administering the ADC program in Cook County," says Public Aid Director Hilliard. "The general public fails to see these families as images of themselves and in particular does not recognize that these families are not equipped to handle the complexities of urban life."

A teen-ager in Detroit described the resulting ground swell of defeatism that sometimes breaks over AFDC families. She told Jo Ann Hardee, a Detroit *News* reporter:

"We're poor. Nobody cares about us. The teachers don't care; the police don't care; my friends don't care. And I don't care much either."

Only recently have there been any realistic indications that somebody does care. Last year the federal government moved to curb the growing need for AFDC. In a series of sweeping amendments, Congress authorized an increase from 50 to 75 per cent in matching funds for state rehabilitation services to AFDC families. The new emphasis is on educating, training and counseling recipients so that they can achieve a steady, self-sustaining income. At the same time more social workers are to be recruited to ease the impossibly high case loads that exist nearly everywhere in the country.

So far forty-four states have submitted welfare rehabilitation plans to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in order to qualify for the higher federal grants, and U. S. officials speak optimistically of stemming the AFDC rolls in the next ten years. But the new spirit has still to touch fully the back areas of America. The big stumbling block is money, and lawmakers and plain citizens in counties, cities, towns and villages have yet to learn that there is no economy in a Scroogian welfare program that perpetuates the problems it purports to cure.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

less blockade of Cuba outlaws such appearance of these weapons in new countries, and renders those already in existence sufficient acts of hostility as to constitute a threat of war. . . . The antinuclear movement has always contended that nuclear weapons are themselves an imminent threat to the peace of the nations and a hostile act. They are instruments of total annihilation which depend on hair-trigger control and on warning systems measured in moments. In technological terms such weapons completely transform the nature of relationships between nation states. Such weapons do not permit formal declaration of hostilities or elaborate consideration of alternative policies.

I hold that all those who condemned their spread to Cuba must now prove the sincerity and consistency of their declared position.

Bertrand Russell

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Her Majesty's Bestseller

LORD DENNING'S REPORT. Her Majesty's Stationery Office. (Distributed in the United States by the British Book Centre.) 114 pp. $2.

Olga Stringfellow

London

On any normal night of the week, Kingsway W.C.2 is deserted by eight and dead by twelve. But not on the night of Wednesday, September the 25th.

Lamplight glowed on a cinema poster of a larger-than-life Latin lovely in a smaller-than-life "something loose" and below, the line formed to the right.

But the queue hadn't come to the movies. The midnight matinee was at Her Majesty's Stationery Office next door and the public was there to learn more about Britain's own "dolce vita." The Denning Report had finally been published.

Sharp at 12:30 A.M., the doors were opened. Half an hour later, 4,000 copies had been sold, two cash registers had broken under the strain and a couple of overenthusiastic reporters had been led away by the Law. Twelve hours on, another 100,000 had been snapped up and the presses were still rolling. [An initial 2,000 copies of the Report arrived in New York five hours later and were sold out immediately.]

Why H.M.S.O. should have chosen such an hour to launch a White Paper—however great the anticipated demand—is still a mystery. But it is part of the three-ring-circus atmosphere which has surrounded the whole business of the Denning Report from start to finish. Ever since the Profumo Affair broke, we have been surfeited with press and television coverage of all concerned. We grew blasé about the pictures of pimps and prostitutes dressed in anything from silk pajamas to a kitchen chair. But we were really shaken when we began to be deluged with Denning. Denning walking with his wife, Denning gardening, Denning pushing a swing, Denning on the up-train.

Anything less in character with that aloof and publicity-shy body of men who make up the Supreme Court would be difficult to imagine. If the aim was to arouse interest in the content of the projected Report, there is no doubt at all that it succeeded. People who never saw a White Paper in their lives before, were down there in that queue on Wednesday morning.

The papers next day gave up almost half their news space to condensed versions of the Report and editorial comment on it. First reactions differed sharply.

The Times felt that, lacking sworn evidence, Lord Denning could have been a little less free with his "utterly unfoundeds." *The Guardian* felt that this was not a form of inquiry calculated to "command immediate public confidence." Both fervently hoped that at least this could be regarded as the end of the affair and that Britain's leaders could get back to leading Britain.

The *Daily Express* called it "dynamite," the *Daily Herald*, "discreet," The *Daily Mirror*, "brilliantly lucid." David Frost, of the anti-Establishment TV show, *That Was the Week That Was*, called it: "All in all, a truly original work." The public by and large called it "whitewash" — and the self-styled *cognoscenti* called it something very rude indeed.

Meanwhile, H.M.S.O. had pronounced it "The biggest bestseller since the Beveridge Report on Social Insurance." And at twice the price of a paperback *Lady Chatterley*, it was selling at twice the pace and actually making a profit for the astonished publishers.

But viewed dispassionately, this welter of unproven data about headless men and sinless ministers can add up only to meaningless farce. No matter who had conducted it, there could be little real value in a one-man inquisition for which none of the evidence was taken on oath and against the findings of which there was no appeal. By its very nature, it could properly vindicate no one.

There is no doubt that Lord Denning has striven hard to do his duty as he saw it. Indeed, his thoroughness on some counts has been quite surprising. The exact dimensions of a cabinet minister's private parts are something new in vital statistics. But it is irritating to come on such trivial inaccuracies as: ". . . on November 7th, 1962, Ward followed up his activities during the Cuban crisis by reporting them to Mr. Harold Wilson, M.P., the Leader of the Opposition." In November, 1962, the Leader of the Opposition was still Mr. Hugh Gaitskell.

The Report runs for 114 pages and sells at 7s6d. It could have been shorter and cheaper—and again less irritating—without the gratuitous comments which are almost as numerous as the grammatical errors. We are told at length what a decent chap Lord Astor is: how much he has done for hospitals, how he has been all over the world for refugees, and all the rest. We are told that Valerie Hobson's support of her husband "over their difficult days" was "one of the most redeeming features" of the events Lord Denning had to describe. We are even told to be kind to Miss Keeler.

But we have our own views on Miss Keeler, thanks very much. And who asked Lord Denning to "describe" Valerie Hobson? And even if Lord Astor had gone right into orbit on behalf of the refugees, a report that sets out to be a serious investigation of security is not the right place to start patting him on the back for it.

Consciously or not, Lord Denning has obviously written his account with one eye to public reaction and that bestseller tag. A glance at the subtitles is proof enough of that: "The 'Darling' Letter"; "He's a Liar"; "The 'Appalling Allegation'"; "The Man in the Mask"; "The Man Without a Head"; etc., etc.

But if these titles smack more of the Yellow Press than the White Paper, the actual paragraphs they head have a decided tang of Blue Pencil. Those who rushed to buy were on the whole vaguely disappointed but largely unsurprised. England, true to tradition, had expected—and Lord Denning, true to prediction, had obliged. In the parlance, he had "done a Nelson." And popular reaction can be summed up in the phrase made famous by Miss Mandy "I'll-go-down-in-history-as-another-Lady-Hamilton" Rice-Davies: "Well, he would, wouldn't he?"

The sick-humored team that plans a musical based on Stephen Ward's last

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scrawled "Thanks for everything" should grab an option on the Denning script; they won't be able to write anything better themselves.

All the perfumes of Araby must have been mixed in with this particularly potent whitewash. And if the iron hasn't yet entered into Mr. Macmillan's soul, the irony can't have escaped him. He it was who called—against considerable opposition—for the Report. And he it was who appointed Lord Denning to prepare it.

Now, he is presented with an almost pristine Christine, ministers so clean and sweet that even their best friends wouldn't know them—and Mr. Macmillan himself the only tattle-tale gray in the whole boiling.

Even Miss Keeler's "lovely huggy bear" Ivanov emerges with only a tinge of tarnish. It seems there was in fact only one little romp on the carpet—unpremeditated and unrepeated—and that the party-loving gent had not, after all, been sharing the lady's services with Mr. Profumo.

Indeed, Lord Denning commands us not to judge Miss Keeler too harshly. She was young. She'd been led astray. She couldn't really be blamed for demanding £5,000 "or else." And anyway, she was apparently only doing it for her Mum.

One laughs that one may not weep. It is not Lord Denning's readers who need reminding that we are all fallible. And he seems to have his values mixed in more ways than one. He apparently finds Mr. Profumo's lie to the Commons a more disgraceful thing than his action in issuing writs for libel and his readiness to commit perjury to sustain his claims, at whatever cost in damaged reputation or financial loss to innocent people. But the first is the action of a fool, and the second the action of a knave.

Nor are his comments on a newspaper photograph of Miss Keeler in "the slightest of swimming garbs" likely to inspire much confidence in his knowledge of present-day social habits. "Most people" seeing it, he claims, would "readily infer" her "avocation." But if people were to infer the same thing of every girl who posed for a picture in a bikini—and act on the assumption—they could end up in real trouble.

He doesn't hesitate to censure Mr. Macmillan and his colleagues for taking the word of a liar. But he himself had no difficulty in believing that the politicians and prostitutes, perverts and pimps among his witnesses were in private "much more frank than they would otherwise have been." The ministers who questioned Mr. Profumo surely had more right than Lord Denning to believe their questions would be answered frankly. And they could hardly have foreseen that a man in Mr. Profumo's position would be fool enough to lie, since the outcome would be only too grimly predictable.

Lord Denning suggests they may not have asked the right questions, but there is nothing in his own report to suggest that Lord Denning showed any greater perception.

The ministers felt that if Mr. Profumo had not *in fact* committed adultery with Miss Keeler, he was not a security risk and had no motive, therefore, for—as it was rumored—helping her to disappear. But, says Lord Denning, "The real point may be, *not* whether Mr. Profumo had *in fact* committed adultery, but whether his conduct (proved or admitted) was such as to lead ordinary people *reasonably to believe* that he had."

If Mr. Profumo had been on trial, that might be a valid argument. But kangaroo courts at Cabinet level are something we can surely do without. And Lord Denning needs reminding that the kind of thing that leads ordinary people "reasonably to believe" is what brought about this whole inquiry in the first place.

Taken all in all, it has accomplished nothing. It can reassure none save those who never doubted, and to preach to the converted is a waste of public time and money. But at least the hefty flaws in this type of inquiry have been made glaring. With any luck, we shall not see its like again.

All Men Are Jews

IDIOTS FIRST. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 212 pp. $4.50.

Milton R. Stern

In his novels, Bernard Malamud generally separates the bizarre (*The Natural*) from "Jewishness" (*The Assistant*, S. Levin of *A New Life*). But in the short stories of *The Magic Barrel*, and now his new collection, *Idiots First*, fantasy and mythic *yiddishkeit* combine to make Malamud the Marc Chagall of contemporary fiction.

In the muted varicolors of his language there is the Chagall-like landscape of frozen, dreaming motion, a dimension of glue ("Still Life") through which the characters can barely move. It is a world of frustration ("The Death of Me") in which the inexplicable human character feebly, if ever, controls its fate, effects its desires. Malamud's compelling force as one of our major talents comes from his ability to evoke the sense of helplessness, anonymity and dislocation that besets the modern psyche. It is precisely in this sense that he identifies his Jews as modern everyman.

Nine of the twelve stories, reprinted from various periodicals, have Jews as their major characters, although in the Rome stories, the nature of Arthur Fidelman's Jewishness is problematical at best. "The Jewbird" and the title story hold the essence of Malamud's Jewish materials. In "Idiot's First," a dying father, frantically trying to provide for his thirty-nine-year-old idiot son, gains a last-minute triumph over the angel of death—a train ticket taker named Ginzburg. It's Ginzburg's business, as he says, to "create conditions. To make happen what happens. I ain't in the anthropomorphic business." He holds men to the "cosmic universal law, goddamit, the one I got to follow myself." It's the father's business to humanize conditions just a little, to wring from law and cosmos and death a few "small favors." "All men are Jews," Malamud has said, "although few men know it."

The Jewbird, a scraggy old blackbird named Schwartz, fleeing the "anti-semeets," flaps his herring-redolent way into the apartment of Harry Cohen, modern young frozen-foods salesman. Increasingly hostile to the equivocal manner and croaking mournfulness of the bird's scholarly and anachronistic presence, Cohen eventually kills Schwartz. All of Malamud's characters suffer outrage in a Ginzburg-governed world. If all men are Jews, the ironic twist is that the "anti-semeets" are named Ginzburg and Cohen. In sum, the monopoly on pain is a broadly human and perennial matter, rather than an ethnic or sociological specialty. In their reprentative roles, Malamud's suffering protagonists are necessarily combinations of *schlemiel* and saint.

However, it's just here that the danger lies for Malamud. As long as he

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controls the combination, he is superb. But when the control slips, as in the Arthur Fidelman stories, the protagonist becomes merely *schlemiel, shlimozzle* and slob, which is not Malamud's intention. It is as though the personal compassion—the "Jewishness"—that motivates his work misleads Malamud into believing that a universal and abstract sense of compassion will always redeem his characters. Sometimes, as in "Naked Nude," this is an unearned certitude: we want to join in kicking Fidelman. Given Malamud's thematic disposition of his materials, the one thing he cannot afford is a protagonist who arouses more disgust than pity, a character ("anti-hero" or no) who is a jerk only, deserving no better than he gets.

When he is on top of his material ("The Cost of Living," or "The German Refugee") he is still champ in his unique province. When he leaves it, as in "A Choice of Profession," he writes a story that any one of a score of practitioners of the form could write at least as well. If Malamud is sentenced, as I think he is, to inhabit the province almost exclusively, *Idiots First* raises a question crucial to the career of this most engrossing talent. Will his work be repetitions of snapshots from that realm, or will he be able to deepen its mines, extend its borders? Meanwhile, the bread currently in export from Malamud's country keeps us guessing, mingling as it does a few grains of chaff with the good, strong, black, sour rye.

After Many Deaths

(from the Italian of Alfredo de Palchi)

1
From an earth elsewhere
my granddad is back, the great absence,
who was my father's stand-in
and lived an anarchist's life
all those years grappling with grain sacks
for a weekly stint
of oil and rice —
                                        the lame
giants of his toes
wadded with cotton to save them hurt
would break through the shoe holes.

Later, incased in his cancer
he'd smash his knuckles
against the doors
at the presence
whose slow tongue
devoured him
to the rasped eyeballs.

2
        (His skull scrubbed by the grit
        of the earth grins at the cancer-
        conjured floor sprinkled
        with camphor)

. . . that smell still bites
my nostrils.
Through his kitchen garden left
to quick-grass, through
my haggard mind
he's home
after many deaths —
                                                  but wherever home is
things have changed and hold
their breath; but of this
strong man
I remember his armpits
bitter with tobacco
and how hard he hugged me
in a never ransomed
safety . . .

Sonia Raiziss

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

The new season begins where the last one left off—with more British plays and productions. Ever since *A Man For All Seasons* attained smash hit proportions plus Drama Critics' prize prestige, Broadway managers who take show business seriously (as something designed for profit) have made the importation of British theatrical fare—plays, directors, entertainers and actors—our major theatrical accomplishment. We have become a colony again.

This proves not only how much the British stage has developed since the mid-fifties, but how much we have deteriorated. Not all the young English playwrights are "great," nor are all the English actors and directors "geniuses," but it is a fact that in volume of honorable effort, in social relevance, in ambition and quality, the British theatre today markedly excels our own. Whatever our opinion of the individual value of John Osborne, Harold Pinter, Arnold Wesker, John Arden, Robert Bolt, Peter Shaffer, Shelagh Delaney, Brendan Behan, they are impressive as a group. Their collective works say something about the world in which they live that is worth our interested attention.

Along with the new playwrights, the English since 1956 have seen the rise of new organizations which propose to keep abreast of the times. Beside Joan Littlewood's Workshop (where Brendan Behan and Shelagh Delaney were "born") there are the Royal Court Theatre (where squawks of revolt were first heard), the Royal Shakespeare Company, operating importantly at the Aldwych Theatre, the Mermaid which sponsors Brecht and several of the satiric goons. And soon to be established is England's first National Theatre which will attempt to synthesize the interests of Laurence Olivier with those of Kenneth Tynan. Several other promising groups are being organized outside the capital.

Notable too is the fact that when especially talented young actors appear — Peter O'Toole for instance — they are not forever lost to the stage even after they have achieved fame and fortune in films.

This sharp access of vitality is not an isolated or accidental phenomenon. Something is happening in England! I put this vaguely because the British themselves are not sure exactly what it is. Are they in some unforeseen manner becoming a new nation, or are they collapsing? One thing is certain: there is less complacency or apathy in England than elsewhere in the West.

Some are sure that England is going "Socialist": it will soon vote Labour. Will this effect a real change—and what sort of change? Will decorum break down or will discipline become firmer? The "beatnik" influence is far more telling in England than with us. Puritanism is giving way to a certain freedom which creates both a bewildered laxity and an awful reappraisal of first principles. Class distinctions are dissolving materially while they remain noumenously more rigid. The intellectual is far less frequently characterized by ease of manner and grace of speech than by a certain grim earnestness. Crime and misdemeanor are increasing and becoming more efficient. There is less hypocrisy, which does not necessarily improve morals. Satire becomes fun rather than a threat. There is a great deal of political dispute. There is much talk of "commitment" (to the "Left") as well as a quiet resistance to it. Every question is open and a subject of controversy. There is perhaps a lessening of patience and more dogged despair than we hear about. The essence seems to be: is Britain going down in order or rising in chaos?

There is no point to the criticism frequently heard among us that something of this sort was going on in America during the late twenties and the thirties and that such tensions were also dramatized in our plays then. That Osborne and Wesker betray a superficial resemblance to Odets (or Pinter to Beckett) is not truly pertinent to the present state of the theatre either in England or America. What concerns us now is that the English stage is much more representative of life in Britain than the stage here is of our life. Are we to assume that nothing is going on among us, that we have declined to stagnation? Or is it only the economic organization of our theatre that is at fault?

The recently arrived plays here are not new to me nor to those readers who have followed my past reports on them from London. While by present Broadway standards they are undeniably superior, I do not have the high regard for them that the daily reviewers—justifiably in a way—have expressed.

Anouilh's *The Rehearsal* (Royale) comes to us by way of London with a largely English cast in a production more or less identical to the one I saw there two seasons ago. It is one of Anouilh's most adept variations on the theme of innocence corrupted by the vanity and the viciousness of worldly circumstance. The play is expert in craftsmanship, its writing clever, and it has a certain wit—the kind of wit that cuts no ice. It traces a pattern that suggests "depth" but which is merely facile. It is a sentimentally sad, "high-society" romance given a sophisticated gloss by a fine spray of Parisian acid. It is an example of *le faux bon*—the phony good—and none of Anouilh's theatrical legerdemain can convince me that what he has given us here possesses more than the flourish of his gamesmanship.

The performance likewise is fluent, polished and generally unaffecting. The ladies are attractive and wear their clothes well. Coral Browne always approaches true stature but has never been urged to the point of achieving it. Alan Badel who plays the self-destructive "villain" identified by the password, "I like to break things," strikes me as too soft and lachrymose for his role. But no fault should be found with any of the actors; they are playing characters who exist for display only.

John Osborne's *Luther* (St. James) is far more serious in the sense that Osborne has written a play about himself. If you imagine you are seeing a play about Luther (whose exact words are amply quoted) the Luther who was a great man, a great writer, a leader who changed Europe as well as the Church, a Luther who could also be referred to by the ungodly Anatole France as "that fat German monk full of beer and theology," you are mistaken. The play is almost entirely its author's self-castigating confession. It might have been subtitled "The Anatomy of the Angry Young Man."

In it Osborne tells us that he rather dislikes himself, that he suffers some peculiar distemper (ascribed to costiveness), that he had difficulty with his parents and hates authority. He asserts independence of his father (and by extension, of all "father figures") with the outcry, "I don't have to give you! I *am*." He feels he belongs to "a world that's dying." "The Last Judgment isn't to come. It is here now." He suffers a terrible sense of

POWERS

J. F. Powers says **Confusions** is "full of fun, some of it described too explicitly for adults."

KAZIN

Alfred Kazin says the author of **Confusions** is "a rich talented comic novelist of prodigious wit."

FRYE

Northrop Frye says **Confusions** is "written with a fine crackling sardonic wit...he writes about confusions without ever becoming confused himself."

LUDWIG

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sin so that he must be admonished, "God isn't angry with you. It's you are angry with Him" and "You lavish too much attention on your own pain."

"There are three ways out of despair," says Luther (Osborne): "One is faith in Christ, the second is to become enraged by the world and make its nose bleed for it, and the third is the love of a woman!" In the end he turns against the peasants who try to convert the religious uprising to a social one. For this the true believers revile him. He is not a revolutionary, he is told, only a rebel. He is finally certain of nothing. The ultimate judgment arrived at is "that man hates himself . . . he could only love others" —to my way of thinking, a psychological contradiction, in fact, an impossibility.

The play is ambivalent; its virtue and vice reside in a humility that is akin to arrogance. It is very well written, combining surface grossness with inner violence in a spate of splendid rhetoric. Its real social significance is that it describes so many of the young British today who are in the same state of confused but talented ferment as Osborne himself. Their "constipation" has provoked a movement—the consequences of which may be considered either noisome or purifying or both.

The production, directed by Tony Richardson, is of simple and solid workmanship. The cast—mostly British—speaks well and makes all its points neatly. Albert Finney is one of the two best young actors in England today. (The other is O'Toole.) Finney has an honest vigor, a true forthrightness and, in other parts, considerable humor and invention. The role of Luther calls for enormous physical stamina, a ringing voice, incisive diction and great breath, an eloquent indignation, histrionic courage and command—all attributes with which the actor is generously endowed.

Of Arnold Wesker's provocative *Chips with Everything* (Plymouth), a play that provides a different sort of insight into the British scene, and of S. Hurok, whose importations enliven Broadway in another fashion, I shall speak in a later piece.

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ART

Max Kozloff

Pale puddles of atmosphere, chromatic incense: these are the alternating states of matter, by turns fluid or gaseous, depicted in Turner's water colors. For him, the visible world was always in a condition verging on material dissolution, and his sable brush, as it kisses the humid page, seems to be the only instrument that can *hold on* to the fading scene of our earthly life.

The emotionally grandiose, yet physically small-scaled, spectacle of Turner's enchantment, above all with light, is on view at the Washington National Gallery until October 13. It documents the sweep of a career—the most consequential in all of nineteenth-century English art—that ends in 1845, at a point of *letting go*, and the final dimming of perception in a series of furred blots. Because of its imminent abstraction, this moment in Turner is especially exciting today. And yet, as much as anything that had occupied him before, it denies exactly that flatness of the picture plane which is one of the major theses of modern art. Turner's contemporaneity is problematical.

At the beginning of his production one has to penetrate space by stepping over or around some foreground obstacle, as in the manner of eighteenth-century stage sets; then, eventually, the path inward encounters less and less resistance. One finds oneself buoyant, breast-stroking, as it were, through open reaches, funneling into vertiginous distances. All volumes tend to recede to the margins, appearing there as porous clouds, while the center suctions the eye along the channels of this rainbow-colored vacancy to a point of luminous ache and trackless infinitude. We constantly see *through,* rather than look at, these vistas, marines and mountainscapes.

To effect an illusion of vast space in water color, as in any other medium, atmospheric perspective is required. But since his only source of light is the whiteness of his paper, the aquarellist approaches transparence, gaining greater recessiveness and light intensity as he thins his paint. So, Turner's values are immensely high keyed, and the strength of his palette deteriorated. Any sharp contrast or tangible spot, moreover, tends to destroy the illusory vastness by emerging out of the aerial envelope. But Turner was equally bent on avoiding mere nebulosity, as the repeated foreground poof of a dark spot, and his separated sheets of wash, no matter how obscurely attenuated, testifies. If the spectator is never too much aware of the huge loss of energy, it is because of the optical proportionateness, the exquisite nicety, with which the nuances are distributed. Firmly associating a diaphanous veil with a dazzling haze, Turner successfully negotiates from a position of weakness.

But this solution to a technical problem could not have failed to exercise an influence upon his expressive aims. A marriage between the sheer mechanics of the water-color process, as he conceived of them, and the panoramic scope of the British view-painting tradition, from which he derived, led to his fugitive vision of the world. In a sense, too, these little paintings are metaphors of the fragility of water color itself, as a medium. That is why the totally conventionalized schemes of the picturesque and sublime, illustrated by his colleagues, evoked in him a poetry of evanescence, while still retaining their identity. In many of his sketches, as distinct from finished, worked up water colors, his intention was not to elicit a mood, but to note an effect. Yet even the modesty of such studies is charged with a vague grandeur that establishes a modern union between the old eighteenth-century polarities of observation and construction.

Not that Turner was ever a faithful documentarian. Though he was inordinately fond of experiment, none of his astonishing range of techniques was called into being by a specific subject, but rather by his self-regulating imagination. The exhibition discloses the ultimate triumph of that imagination, quiescent in the earliest architectural descriptions, rhetorical in the Alpine views, and finally maturing in the *songeries* of his two trips to Venice, and the stay at Petworth. Of all the great early nineteenth-century masters, Turner was the least touched by the naturalistic fidelity to appearances which haunted the period. On the contrary, it should be said of him that he pursued the preciousness of sensation itself, as opposed to the description of things.

Today we tend to give that destination in art the term, symbolism. Far from anticipating the Impressionists, as even the exhibition catalogue mistakes him to do, Turner prophesied the *fin de siècle* cult of responsiveness to the inner intuition of the senses. Such, at least, I take to be the lesson of the sublimated conflict in the water colors, of the urgency to fix perceptions which by their very nature are beyond sensory grasp. Turner, of course, never put to systematic use the abstract potentialities of his medium, for his own consciousness of the direction he had taken was far more retarded than what he had actually accomplished. In that gap, so acutely expressed by a late water color, *Whale Aground*, in which thought substitutes for appearance, and movement for object, he generated a double image, remarkably poignant to the eye of the twentieth century.

"Color field" painting in America, to call it by the name that most sensibly distinguishes it from Abstract Expressionism, is blazoned forth rapturously this month in the memorial exhibition of Morris Louis, at the Guggenheim Museum. Great scrims of subtly differentiated, transparent, but overpoweringly saturated hues are the major ingredients of this style, best known to the public through the work of Mark Rothko. Morris Louis was almost ten years younger than Rothko, and matured somewhat later, between 1954 and 1960, the period chronicled by this show.

For all their radiance, Rothko's works always retain some energy, and conceal, or rather only imply, an impact that the spectator himself must eventually discover. Louis, on the other hand, explodes the palette, and instantly electrifies the speechless senses. As one critic, Robert Rosenblum, put it, the beholder of Louis' paintings "has to blink away their undiluted beauty before setting the mind to work."

In point of fact, though, he was speaking of the artist's last canvases, in which colors are separated at full strength out of the spectrum. The works in the present show, very dilute indeed, make it seem as if Louis had a synthetic before an analytic phase in his career. Here the painter's own activity of mind is emphasized, for simple primary colors and their complements continually intermingle by means of successively absorbed uneven overlaps, thus producing ever more undefinable and exotic secondaries. I discovered myself following the life cycle of, it might have been an outer prong of orange or blue, as it became increasingly more transgressed, broken down, and hence, fascinatingly nameless. Somewhere toward the center of these controlled trajectories, into ever more muffled conflagrations of color, the eye path loses itself. Here, then, appear the tenets of Louis' art: to transpose the acid dyes of the perimeter into the somber, resonant drifts of the interior, to decrease the early strength of body color in order to make more evocative a final coloristic weakness, and, lastly, to hold the seduced faculties of the observer in a contemplative poise before the spectacle of a languid pictorial change. All this particularly applies to the "Floral" series of 1959-60, the work which I judge to be at the zenith of his career.

A few years earlier, however, Louis's effects were more unitary, resolved generally into one hue which was a kind of container for tremulous variations—a basic chrome yellow, for instance, shading off into orange and lemon. Dyed into unprimed canvas, like Rothko's, these powerful acrylic resin colors blot into an ineffable softness, relieved only by the dried rims of the pigment areas. Each canvas is a recollection of vagrant liquidity. But Rothko's depths always seem to grow darker, while, in Louis,

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the bare canvas acts as a kind of dull shield for space, and seem to force color right off the surface into which, in fact, the paint is absorbed. Add to this the presence of warms that "jump," but which are degraded by cool overlays, and one has a very equivocal flatness indeed. Still more important, if Rothko's planes have a cloudy density, indicating the work of a brush, however silky, Louis "lets" the color on by spilling and tilting, and his chromatic tissue, therefore, has an impersonal weightlessness. The incidents caught by and within his chance patterns, such as the various screenlike shifts of dregs of the eaten-up pigment (which look like gentle deposits of ash) have a certain pathos. But essentially one perceives the artist as outside his work, manipulating at a distance, and the visual experience is intriguing, as it is in Pollock, but now at a deliciously slower, dreamlike pace, by its flirtation with chaos—and by its partial surrender of will.

There is overweaning romanticism in all this, not in the least mitigated, but rather enhanced, by the mechanistic creative process. Yet it would be difficult to overlook Louis' extraordinary affinity with *Art Nouveau.* I find it natural to interpret his great florid arabesques, his swaying forms of growth, the veiled irridescence of areas substantial as chiffon, as a nostalgia, conscious or not, for the erotic style of the 1890s. Even the profiles of his shapes in 1958, precious despite their enormous scale, resemble Tiffany ware. At their most comprehensive, the Louis works of that year are capable of bathing the spectator in a sensation not dissimilar to a warm shower. But his instincts, highly wrought emotionally, were in the end decorative and conceptual.

After giving us a few supreme paintings, in which there is an intimation of paint miraculously turning itself into a reverie of movement and space, Louis contracted his spills into vertical bands or ribbons. Even though bullied by gross expanses of bare canvas, they are still terribly attractive icons. It is only that their apprehension of the world has been reduced, and their dazzle is merely optical. Apparently Louis had to withdraw before materializing a dialogue between spirit and substance in this vision. But compared even to his withdrawal, the success of much abstract art today looks wan and shallow.

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2. Title of publication: THE NATION.

3. Frequency of issue: published weekly except July and August when bi-weekly.

4. Location of known office of publication (Street, city, county, state, zip code): 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers (Not printers): 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor:

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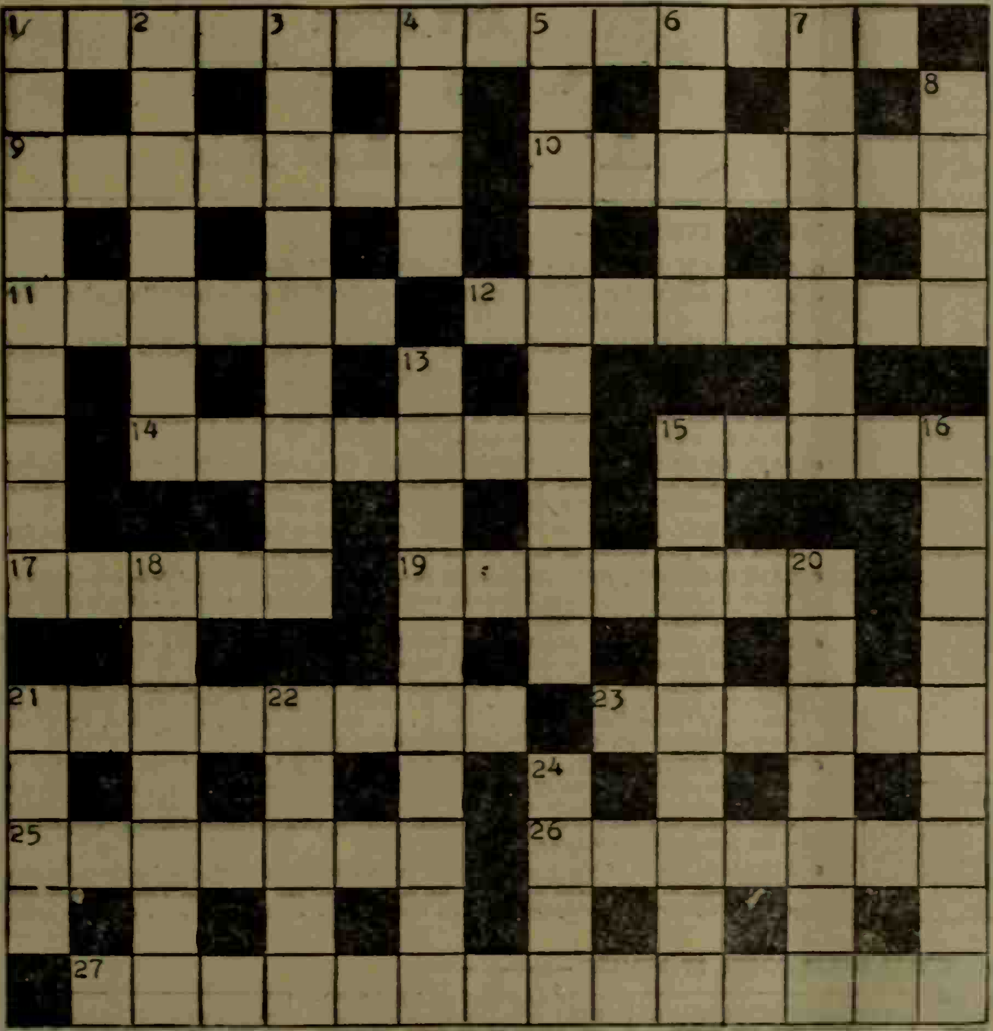
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Acting like Touchstone? (7, 3, 4)
9 Part of it is popular, but uses a form of 18. (7)
10 Longfellow was concerned with the possible hanging of one. (It was quite alarming!) (7)
11 One should be diplomatic, but the union is disturbed about the number inside. (6)
14 In such an environment, is it any wonder that you hear the sound of a cry-baby? (7)
15 Do people who count find them soporific? (5)
17 They should offer openings in the Revolution, generally speaking.
19 Is spotted fruit wrapped in one of cloth? (7)
21 Two identical varieties of seafood packed in jelly? (4-4)
23 Slightly more than a brush with the law! (6)
25 No do-gooder, certainly. (3, 4)
26 Let out again, in more than one way. (7)
27 1 down, possibly, or granting each a new position. (9, 5)

DOWN:

1 Certainly not mountain music, though it should be easy to understand. (5, 4)
2 Albion's rare breed. (7)
3 Resuiting the foreign sort are reputedly dangerous. (9)
4 The material part of anything is the material part, obviously. (4)
5 One certainly couldn't send night letters via this. (10)
6 Judge, perhaps — one of the better sort? (5)
7 Twist, or weave—one needs power to do it. (7)
8 Color, applied incorrectly to a sort of polish? (4)
13 Is one slap-happy? (4-6)
15 and 21 down Ingredient that enters in pairs, if properly mixed. (9, 4)
16 How one acquires a position, rather than just a job? (9)
18 Detective movie announcement?
20 and 12 across Marley was obviously not quick. (4, 2, 1, 4-4)
22 What we might be doing with tobacco and wine — at least most of us seem to be. (5)
24 For the initial letter of a boat? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1027

ACROSS: 1 Madge; 4 Piping hot; 9 Forestall; 10 Voter; 11 Incognito; 12 Greek; 13 Agitatedly; 17 Treadmills; 21 Topic; 22 Highlands; 23 Heart; 24 Insensate; 25 Sheerness; 26 Scent. DOWN: 1 Muffin; 2 Direct; 3 Ensign; 4 Playing with fire; 5 Paleontologists; 6 Navigate; 7 Hotheads; 8 Turnkeys; 14 Stitches; 15 Template; 16 Educator; 18 Slants; 19 Inmate; 20 Aspect.

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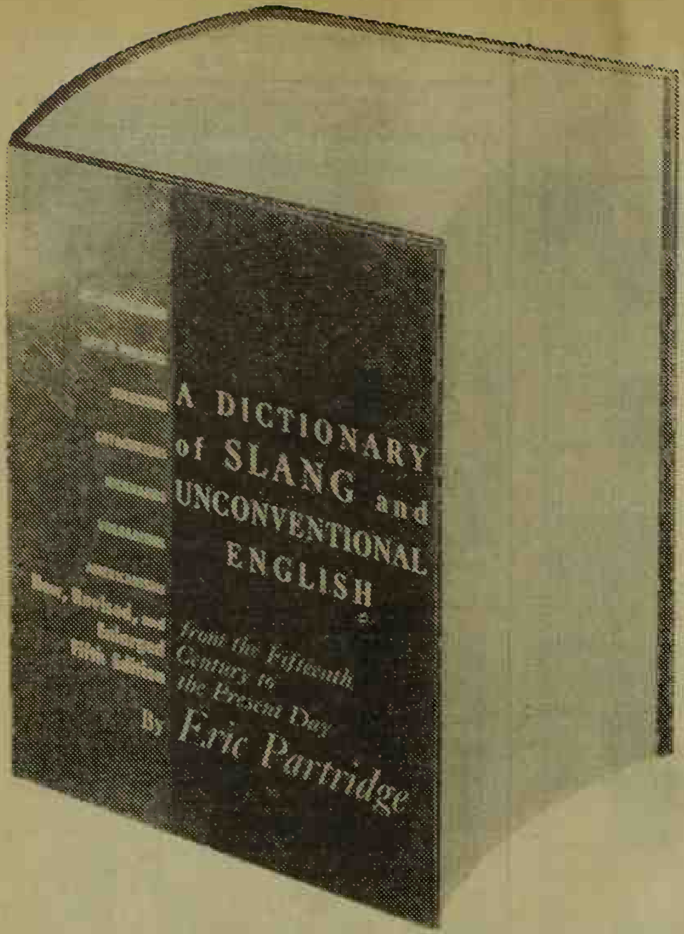
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Frank Kermode on T. S. Eliot

THE NATION

October 26, 1963 . . 35c

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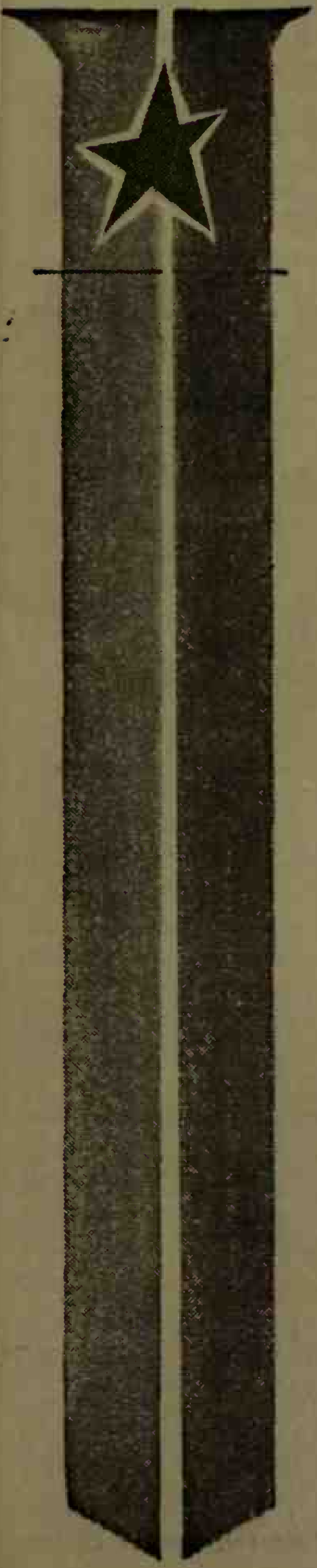

Trading Stamps

Welcome Hoax

Desmond Smith

Anatomy of a Coup

THE FALL OF JUAN BOSCH

Norman Gall

A Ruptured Peace Movement

J. B. Priestley

THE TWO GOLDWATERS

Stanley Meisler

LETTERS

General Motors overseas

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his article, "American Plants Abroad" (*The Nation*, Oct. 5) former Rep. Frank Kowalski mentions ". . . the laissez-faire American business operations do not always mesh comfortably into the semi-socialistic economies of Latin America or Europe" and by way of illustration cites a layoff of workmen by General Motors (France) in 1962. Mr. Kowalski states that, "A French company would have consulted and negotiated with the officials concerned before closing its doors to its workers. General Motors, according to reports, executed the layoff in a matter of hours and with no outside consultations."

The purpose of this letter is to correct the misunderstanding created by the reports to which Mr. Kowalski refers. According to French regulations, no group layoff can take place in industry without prior notification to employee representatives and to appropriate governmental authorities. Consequently, it would have been impossible under French law for the layoff to have taken place ". . . in a matter of hours and with no outside consultations" — as alleged in the article. Official notice of the proposed layoff was given by General Motors (France) management to the authorities over two months in advance and to employee representatives over one month in advance. Furthermore, even if the legal requirement had not existed, the management of General Motors (France) would never have acted in the precipitate and arbitrary manner charged, jeopardizing its long-standing reputation as a good employer and corporate citizen in the community. . . .

Earl C. Daum,
General Manager
General Motors Overseas Operations

Volunteers needed

Dear Sirs: I am seeking volunteers for a study of persons who have become active in efforts to achieve disarmament and enduring peace as the result of a particular experience or series of experiences within the past few years. Since there probably are many such persons among your readers, I am taking this means of locating them.

To qualify for participation, the person should be able to identify and describe the experience, the resulting changes in his attitudes and activities, and should have some idea as to what might have caused the changes.

Participants are interviewed or asked to fill out a questionnaire about the nature of the episode and the changes in themselves. Confidentiality will be maintained. Results will be communicated to those who take part.

Those who qualify and are interested in participating are requested to write me at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore 5, Md.

Jerome D. Frank, M.D.
Professor of Psychiatry

Berkeley and Birmingham

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Is the "Athens of the West," Berkeley, California, becoming the "Birmingham of the West"? What was reported in the *San Francisco Chronicle* was kept out of the Berkeley *Gazette*, namely, that the "steering committee" of the group that tried to stop the Rumford Housing Act was "composed of prominent businessmen from Berkeley whose identity is secret." . . .

In Berkeley, the white power structure of downtown merchants, whose pictures appear every day in the *Gazette*, cutting some sort of ribbon or opening up some sort of sale, remain silent on the activities of their fellow members; they may have the legal right but they certainly do not have the moral right. In my opinion, there is a complete moral breakdown by the leading citizens of our community. . . . One looks for some expression of concern; one finds none. Some place, somewhere in this "Athens of the West," there must be a Socrates.

George Kauffman

Rackets and rights

New York City

Dear Sirs: Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy is pursuing a course ominous to civil libertarians in the present publicity sessions of the Senate investigations subcommittee into rackets. . . . Mr. Kennedy cited an "urgent" need for a new federal wire-tap law, to open up telephone lines, and immunity status for new informers, to undercut the Fifth Amendment. Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy begged for an "unequivocal" wire-tap law "to beat back New York area narcotics overlords."

Though sympathy should be expressed for civil liberties, no sympathy need be expressed for the Mafia. For does Robert F. Kennedy naively believe he can knock out drug rackets through police repression? He sadly fails to comprehend the motive force behind the sale of illegal drugs. A far cheaper and more effective solution is to take the steps to eliminate the conditions which enable a black market in drugs to flourish, to establish a medically directed program for the control of addiction, as discussed by Alfred R. Lindesmith in his article "Addiction: Beginnings of Wisdom" (*The Nation*, Jan. 19, 1963).

Meanwhile the full brunt of the new laws would undoubtedly fall on those working for peace, integration and civil liberties.

J. Skelton Williams Jr.
Lecturer, Queens College

THE
NATION

Saturday, October 26, 1963
Volume 197, No. 13

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The Nation, Oct. 26, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 13

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

On Target

One reason that the rulers of so many countries live in fear of revolution is that they are afraid to tackle the big problems. Thus conditions gradually become intolerable for the people at the bottom of the heap, and after a while for those farther up. Then the intellectuals become disaffected, and a revolutionary situation develops. This can happen even while the economy as a whole is prosperous; it depends on how it maintains its prosperity. The method the United States has resorted to — arms manufacture and the exploration of space — is perilous in the extreme. For that reason alone Harold Wilson's speech at the Labour Party's convention is worth reading and rereading. The American press paid scant attention to it; one would have thought that Wilson was going to be the next Prime Minister of San Marino.

Wilson said that it is time for a new politics. The old politics, practiced by old-line politicians and even to a large extent by New Frontiersmen, no longer works because we are living in a new world, and what we are witnessing now is only the beginning. We can expect more changes in industry in the next fifteen years than there have been in the past 250. Two hundred and fifty years — that takes us back to 1713! What, then, will 1980 be like?

There is no way of stopping the scientific-industrial revolution and Wilson faced the fact when he told his audience, "We have no room for Luddites in the Labour Party." Computers, now making calculations in a millionth of a second, will be solving more complex problems in a trillionth of a second; machine tools will all but reproduce themselves; a flood of consumer goods produced with little human labor will inundate the market. The Labour Party, of course, stands for right-wing socialism, but that is the minimum for Britain's problems today. "If there had never been a case for socialism," Wilson said, "automation would have created it." He called for a marriage of science and socialism to *accelerate* technological and social progress — a strange contrast with the United States, where the Republican Party seems likely to nominate a candidate who would, as the saying goes, like to repeal the twentieth century. Train more scientists, Wilson said, instead of worrying about those who emigrate to the United States and blaming the United States for offering them better laboratories and salaries. Then see that those scientists are *creatively* employed, not locked up in armament plants. No one would welcome socially useful employment more than the scientists. For every Edward Teller there must be ten who are unhappy with things as they are and who would like to live in, and leave to their children, a world that looks to the future with hope, not with foreboding bordering on despair.

It is no secret that C. P. Snow, J. Bronowski, P. M. S. Blackett and others have been trying for two decades to get the Labour Party to say what Wilson has now said. It is not that they are pressing technocracy on us; competence as a scientist does not qualify anyone for politics, although, like these three, there are scientists who have something to say on the larger issues that have baffled the traditional type of politician. What Wilson's speech does mean — and not only for Britain — is that society must recognize the scientific-industrial revolution in its entirety and make it serve mankind.

Ticket for the GOP

Only yesterday Richard M. Nixon was as good as buried politically. In his dying moments he even cursed the newspaper men to their faces, blaming them for his defeat in the California gubernatorial election. He avowed he was through, and many a voter felt America was the better for it. Yet here he is, live again and whole, solicited for help by the ailing Rockefeller and, as he says, at the eye of the hurricane. And, we may be sure, looking around him for whatever the hurricane may blow his way.

Goldwater may change his ideas, or at least what he says publicly, as the Republican candidacy drifts within his reach, but Dick is much the same as when we last saw him. He really never had any ideas to speak of; in this he resembled General Eisenhower. But there was a striking difference between the two men. Eisenhower had integrity and good will, and for these qualities one could respect him. In Nixon, whatever admirable qualities there may be (such as being a good family man and kind to dogs) are overlaid by a thick, dirty crust of opportunism. He seems constantly to be sniffing for some issue whose espousal can cost him nothing, but which may get him support from people so stupid or so prejudiced that they can't or won't think.

Examples abound in Mr. Nixon's October 12 *Saturday Evening Post* article, but since they are all much the same, one will suffice. He announces that only the mobilization of an aroused and informed American public opinion will prevent the sellout (by Kennedy) of the right of 97 million enslaved people in Eastern Europe to be free. "Our goal must be a free Cuba, a free Eastern Europe, a free Russia, a free China. And every policy must be directed to reach that goal *through peaceful means*." (Italics added.)

The Nation has plumped for Goldwater as the Republican nominee. Since Goldwater is rather a trimmer, a fit running mate for him would be Nixon, who stands foursquare on the old hogwash, solidified under his feet. Such a ticket—Goldwater for President, Nixon for Vice President—would lose, but the campaign would be more educational than if the Republicans nominated two of their more electable prospects.

Handwriting on the Wall

In the last eighteen months, six elected Latin American governments have been overthrown by the military. Except for Argentina, they were not among the most important — although no Latin American government can be considered unimportant. But trouble is brewing in Venezuela and Brazil; and they are not only big, but American investments there are big. It has frequently been pointed out that the United States no longer lands Marines to collect debts for U.S. corporations, but in an even more acute situation it may be difficult for us to continue to go straight. It is widely reported in Washington that if something akin to Castroism takes over Venezuela the Marines will land. And then what? Suppose Brazil follows? Except that it hasn't got as big an army, Brazil is as much of a man-trap as China. Are we going to occupy all of Latin America, in the name of democracy, if the Alliance for Progress should disintegrate?

Why do these misfortunes overtake us so regularly? The Kennedy Administration, it is true, inherited a situation in which the mass of Latin Americans are illiterate, destitute and overly prolific. Largely, also, they depend for their living, such as it is, on one-crop economies subject to the vicissitudes of the world market, and are ruled by feudal and military oligarchies. Yet, with all these handicaps, it seems strange that such considerable sums of money poured into these countries have not ameliorated conditions appreciably, and that some well-intentioned regimes have been so easily overthrown by whatever tin-horn colonel happened to be in the saddle.

It is less strange than it seems. Latin American governments are overthrown by conspirators armed with American tanks, guns, ships and planes; and as often as not the conspirators have had advanced military training in American service schools. Senator Gruening called attention to this outrage on both the American taxpayers and the Latin American peoples in a speech reported in the *Congressional Record* of October 1. With a number of other Senators, Mr. Gruening has proposed an amendment to the foreign-aid bill to abolish *all* military aid to Latin American countries. In this speech Mr. Gruening points out once more that such "aid" had not added and will never add to the security of Latin America from invasion or infiltration by communism, which under these conditions grows from within. It merely serves, he shows, as an instrument for the overthrow of democratic institutions by the military, who loathe democracy and are glad to serve the small wealthy classes of their countries.

Nor are these revolutions always displeasing to the Latin American specialists who serve our government. Under John Foster Dulles, they set an example for ambitious Latin American militarists when they instigated the successful uprising against Arbenz, which was prepared and consummated under the direction of the CIA and U.S. Ambassador John Peurifoy. There are people in Washington who have only two things on their minds: communism and the protection of American investments. To them, the military faction in a country menaced by popular discontent is the lesser evil. They may not regard it as an evil at all. Dictatorship of the Right seems to them better than anything which smacks of the Left, and the more so if the latter is clearly in the interest of the people of the country concerned.

The Alliance for Progress may prove unworkable under any circumstances. But its chances for success are not enhanced by the fact that entrenched factions in the Washington bureaucracy are not in sympathy with its objectives.

Managing the News

No one expects a newspaper or magazine office to be an abode of sweetness and light. It is something of a novelty, however, when the home-office staff of a national magazine sets out to do a hatchet job on its brethren covering a civil war in a country 10,000 miles away, under conditions of extreme difficulty and danger that have rarely been duplicated. This distinction belongs to *Time*, whose two correspondents in South Vietnam, Charles Mohr and Merton Perry, resigned in protest against an article critical of the American corps of correspondents, who were alleged to be painting the situation in colors darker than warranted by the facts. This would be something of a feat in itself, but the people in the New York office apparently wanted a more "constructive" attitude toward the war, less reflection on the Ngo ruling family, and not as much wordage on Buddhist monks burning themselves to death in protest.

More is involved, however, than an intramural clash in the *Time* organization. Not long ago there was considerable ado in the U.S. press about governmental attempts to manage the news. The focus of the indignation was Arthur Sylvester, the press officer of the Defense Department, and the occasion was the confrontation over the Soviet missiles in Cuba. Vietnam has proved that some sectors of the press are not averse to doing a bit of managing themselves. There are several techniques. The most familiar is to send out big-name journalists on Cook's tours to survey the situation and present it according to their lights, which are well known in advance. Thus, when the New York *Herald Tribune* dispatched Marguerite Higgins to South Vietnam, it was a sure bet that what emerged from her typewriter would please the Ngos, General Harkins and the everything's-gonna-be-all-right people in the Defense Department, the State Department, the CIA and civilian warriors outside the government. Miss Higgins covered pages and pages of the *Trib* with what amounted to an apologia for Ngo Dinh Diem. This made a good many people in other editorial offices uneasy. Even *The New York Times* which, with Homer Bigart on the scene and now David Halberstam, has furnished its readers and the American public with the unvarnished facts on Vietnam, started to worry and kept asking Halberstam what it was all about. Halberstam, who was under something of a strain even before the Ngo special police beat him up, cabled back that if there were any more questions about "that woman's copy . . . I resign, repeat, resign."

In its October 11 issue *Time* reviews the controversy. The correspondents, it finds, are "somewhat on the young side, energetic, ambitious, convivial, in love with their work." But this "tightly knit" group tends to be "severely critical of practically everything" — which could be, of course, because there was practically nothing that any conscientious reporter could be happy about. What they reported about the course of the war "was seriously questioned in Washington" — although what they wrote about the deterioration of the Diem government was, regrettably, true. So now Washington, which a while ago was culpably manipulating the news, is invoked by *Time* to suggest that the fellows in South Vietnam, between harassments, wire tappings, lying handouts and beatings, are the ones who are misleading the American public! This is a form of management of the news which, if a little more subtle than the Sylvester type, is hardly less detestable from the standpoint of honest journalism.

Triumph for Franco

Blinded by the TV images of Valachi and Mme. Nhu, a bemused American public is hardly aware that we have entered into a closer alliance with Franco's Spain. The signing in New York on September 26 of a new agreement between this country and Spain — dubbed an agreement so as to avoid the complications of treaty ratification — has been acclaimed in Spain as a triumph for Franco, as indeed it is. The agreement in effect establishes a mutual alliance; any threat to the security and integrity of either country or to joint facilities that "each provides for the common defense" is a matter of common concern, calling for appropriate action. For Spain the most likely threat would be internal, yet some of the funds we will give Franco will be used to modernize the Spanish Army—the better to prepare it to put down internal riots or possible insurrections in Ceuta and Melilla.

The agreement is preposterous as well as morally offensive because Russia was never less of a threat to Europe than at this time. Some 5,000 incidents are said to have occurred on the Sino-Soviet border in 1962; the Soviets are reported to have shifted forces from the Western front to guard the long border with China. At the same time, we are withdrawing some 5,400 troops from France as part of a program to streamline military supply lines in Europe. The three Strategic Air Command bases in Spain have themselves largely been made obsolete by intercontinental bombers and missiles. The new rationale is that we need the naval installations at Rota to service Polaris submarine tenders. Not only is the bases agreement extended for five years, but we will be pouring $100 million into Spain. For Franco the agreement is a windfall, for us a liability; we got a keg of nails and the odium of acquiring as an ally a regime that our other Western allies have several times blackballed for membership in NATO, but Franco got $100 million, a bilateral alliance with this country, and the prestige of a diplomatic triumph. And we used to be regarded as shrewd bargainers!

A Ruptured Peace Movement

. . . J. B. Priestley

London

Let me clear a little ground first. I was one of the originators of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND), which indeed came into existence as a kind of response to an article I wrote in the *New Statesman*. When Bertrand Russell was its president, I was its vice president. But now I have had no direct contact with CND for several years. I did not leave it because I had changed my mind about its policy.

What drove me out — though I gave my patience an airing for a year or so — was the decision to abandon the loose notion of a campaign, trying to educate the public, and to set up in its place something organized almost like a national political party, bristling with councils and committees and elections and conferences. I admit that the movement was growing very fast, and therefore asking for more organization, if only to deal with finance, than we had had at first. But I thought this political-party style a mistake, encouraging a great waste of time and money and offering opportunities to the types who want to spend every evening playing politics.

Incidentally, although my wife, Jacquetta Hawkes, was one of its best-known figures, as she well deserved to be, I never went near the Aldermaston March. I did all the marching I ever wanted to do in the First World War. My job, I felt, was to write articles and address meetings (which I have done in many countries, also speaking on radio and TV), and not go marching and demonstrating. But the increasing size of the Aldermaston March compelled the press, radio and TV to report CND. The 1962 demonstration, which was really vast, was the greatest triumph of this idea. And this was when it should have ended. This year's march did CND more harm than good, for reasons that will appear.

I need not dwell on the fact that the Labour Conference, under Hugh Gaitskell's impassioned direction, finally rejected unilateralism. It is already well known. What is not widely understood, however, is that this attempt to capture the Labour Party was by no means the be-all

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J. B. Priestley's most recent book is an autobiographical work, Margin Released *(Harper & Row).*

and end-all of CND's existence. It is a mistake to estimate the movement in too narrow political terms. One of its main objects — and the one I cared most about — was to educate public opinion, which had been almost entirely at the mercy of pro-nuclear propaganda. And we largely succeeded, not only through articles and pamphlets and huge meetings in the cities but also through the thousands of tiny meetings organized by CND's many hundreds of local branches. I say that we changed the climate of opinion in England. I know this because I know what it was like when we began the campaign and had to meet opposing opinion head-on. Innumerable "sane, level-headed" men gradually began to adopt the ideas originally denounced as the thinking of crackpots. The very newspapers that first boycotted us now often write as we had written and talked. I do not say they turned unilateral, but there was a definite shift in their attitude toward nuclear weapons and the testing and piling up of them. CND had not toiled in vain.

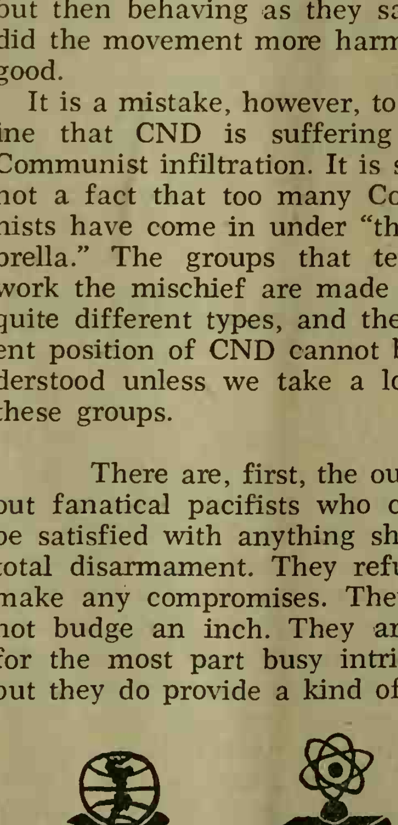
It moved too slowly, however, for some people, mostly young but spectacularly led by Earl Russell. They wanted civil disobedience, arrests by the police, trials and fines and if necessary — for they were genuinely courageous — prison sentences. So the Committee of 100 was formed. (A smaller "Direct Action" group had been in existence for some time.) The earlier and larger demonstrations of the committee certainly obtained a great deal of publicity, some of it hostile, some of it grudgingly respectful. The committee was not a branch of CND, which had never accepted the policy of civil disobedience; it was an entirely separate organization; and some of its leaders rather disliked CND, and especially showed hostility toward the chairman, Canon Collins.

Now John Collins is a close friend of mine, and I know him a great deal better than the people who write and talk about him. I know that he is deeply and selflessly devoted to the causes he adopts but is quite free from fanaticism and has a very real feeling for people. He has in fact the essential Christian virtues together with their defects. He is too optimistic; he dislikes taking a firm line; he is tolerant past the point where toleration ceases to be reasonable. On the other hand, he is a skillful and experienced chairman and committee man, and has kept CND together in one piece as no other man I know could have done. He has been like a man condemned to trot along a winding lane holding an eight-foot jellyfish fully capable of stinging him.

What has been called "the umbrella policy" of CND reflects Canon Collins' temperament, tolerance and anxiety to keep the movement in being. The idea is that it should not sharply disassociate itself from, but indeed share some of its resources with, any group working for nuclear disarmament, even though the particular activities of the group do not fall in line with CND's own policy. This has not worked well. During the last twelve months, CND has lost rather than gained ground. This year's Aldermaston March was on the whole damaging to CND's public image, chiefly because the groups taking advantage of "the umbrella," joining the march but then behaving as they saw fit, did the movement more harm than good.

It is a mistake, however, to imagine that CND is suffering from Communist infiltration. It is simply not a fact that too many Communists have come in under "the umbrella." The groups that tend to work the mischief are made up of quite different types, and the present position of CND cannot be understood unless we take a look at these groups.

There are, first, the out-and-out fanatical pacifists who cannot be satisfied with anything short of total disarmament. They refuse to make any compromises. They will not budge an inch. They are not for the most part busy intriguers, but they do provide a kind of stiff, leaden opposition to any realistic policy.



The next group is smaller but influential if only because it consists of people who never stop meeting and talking and planning. They are the people who want to play politics all the time. They are often personally ambitious. They regard CND not as an instrument by means of which British unilateral nuclear disarmament might be achieved, but as a field in which their hitherto unrecognized political talent might be offered plenty of scope. They are entirely different in temperament and outlook from the vast mass of CND supporters, but they acquire influence and power simply because they never do stop meeting and talking, plotting and planning. And they cannot help wanting to turn CND into some sort of vague political party, something that was never intended.

The third group, which is probably growing fast, is of more importance than the other two, and so deserves a closer examination. It consists chiefly of young people, who have a strong if unfocused rebelliousness, though it is led, so far as it can be led, by some older and cooler types. These last have some sort of political philosophy, believing as they do that our parliamentary democratic system has outlasted its usefulness and is now a fake and a fraud. (The conduct of our Tory government, which in all decency ought to have resigned months ago, but which will not go to the country until its public-opinion experts advise it to, undoubtedly encourages this cynicism about parliamentary government.) These people believe in civil disobedience and "direct action" not simply to attract attention to our nuclear dilemma but as a new kind of general political action, which in the end will make parliamentary government impossible. The more extreme of them — a tiny number but by no means without influence — are really making use of CND and its large "umbrella" for their own ends. And it is they — though they are not alone in this — who proclaim that what they call "the old guard" in CND should now make way for youth and enthusiasm and a new tough line.

This idea is not without support among the headquarters staff of CND and the persons who write for *Sanity*, the monthly periodical now selling, I understand, between 30,000 and 40,000 copies. And now we arrive at the recent decision, spotlighted in the press, of many of the more important members of CND not to allow themselves to be nominated, at the forthcoming annual conference, for membership in the council and the executive. Here we will have to make a distinction between Labour M.P.s such as Anthony Greenwood and Michael Foot, and private persons such as my wife. The latter no longer wish to serve on the council or the ex-executive because they feel the "umbrella" policy of CND makes them in part responsible for all manner of actions taken by the three groups I have already noted, actions of which they strongly disapprove. On the other hand, the Labour members declare that the forthcoming general election will leave them no time for CND work. But this is not the whole story, for I am sure these Labour members feel that a CND connection might be a serious embarrassment during the election. After all, there is one small splinter group, INDEC, which actually (and idiotically, in my opinion) wants to put up CND parliamentary candidates.

Three events could happen during the next two months. Canon Collins, still the key figure, could offer himself for re-election as chairman on the understanding that the "umbrella" policy is considerably modified and there is a showdown with the hostile groups. This would largely return CND to its original task of educating public opinion. Or Canon Collins could walk out, telling the critics of "the old guard" to accept responsibility and make use of the movement as they please. Or vague, soothing words could be uttered at the annual conference, with no showdown, and CND (now short of money) could wobble along toward gradual disintegration. Of these three choices — but remember I write as one of the oldest of "the old guard" — it seems to me that the first is the best. It would keep the mass movement in being until after the general election (and what happens at the election is of enormous importance to CND); and while improving its public image, not improved by unnecessary demonstrations made by the wilder young people, it could again begin educating, instead of flaunting, public opinion.

One final point. CND worked hard to achieve a European federation of anti-nuclear movements. It looked like succeeding. But the intervention at various levels of the three hostile groups, together with some encouragement of them from headquarters staff, has brought into existence a "confederation," a hodgepodge of peace movements of any and every kind, that has gravely endangered the previous federation and so far achieved precious little else. What these movements need, at home or abroad, are a few more cool heads and a lot less hotheads. We have a better chance of compelling our government to behave sensibly if we behave sensibly ourselves.

ANATOMY OF A COUP

THE FALL OF JUAN BOSCH

. . . . **Norman Gall**

A regular and constitutional government having thus been set up, the Government of the United States would feel at liberty thereafter to insist that revolutionary movements cease and that all changes in the Government of the Republic be effected by the peaceful processes provided in the Dominican Constitution. By no other course can the United States fulfill its treaty obligations with Santo Domingo or its tacitly conceded obligations as the nearest friend of Santo Domingo in its relations with the rest of the world.

President Woodrow Wilson, July, 1914

San Juan, P.R.

The September 25 overthrow of President Juan Bosch of the Dominican Republic, followed quickly by the military coup against President Ramon Villeda Morales of Honduras and the threat of other army take-overs in Venezuela, Brazil and elsewhere in Central America, presents the United States with the choice of whether it shall use its power to protect constitutional government in these nations or abandon them to their customary alternations between civil disorder and military dictatorship.

President Wilson's dictum, issued two years before the 1916-24 U.S. Marine occupation, was part of a plan to end political and financial chaos in the Dominican Republic. It represents what have been our best intentions toward Santo Domingo and the other small, dependent nations of the Caribbean for half a century. Recent events again have raised the question of whether the United States shall shyly pretend to remain merely a nation among nations of the hemisphere, or shall further develop its character as an international institution embedded in the life of every republic, a unifying force for stability aimed at ending Latin America's political and economic stagnation and at creating new markets for its own production.

The curse of Santo Domingo (as well as the curse of Venezuela, Central America and pre-Castro Cuba) has always been the unclear division of political and economic sovereignty between the United States and the group that may happen to control the national government at a given time. The establishment of political democracy in the Dominican Republic during the period between the May, 1961, assassination of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo and the December, 1962, election of Bosch and his *Partido Revolucionario Dominicano* (DRP) was largely the work of U.S. policy. Not only did American diplomats help

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organize the Trujillo slaying and the CIA supply arms for the assassins (see my article, "How Trujillo Died," *The New Republic*, April 13, 1963) but a show of U.S. diplomatic insistence and military power forced the Trujillo clan to leave the country, making way for fourteen months of government by a seven-man Provisional State Council, which the U.S. was instrumental in creating. When the conservative provisional government was momentarily overthrown in January, 1962, in a coup led by Echevarria, U.S. warships appeared just beyond the three-mile limit off Santo Domingo, U.S. Consul John Calvin Hill told Echevarria to get out, and the revolution was over.

Though the United States gave the seven-month Bosch government vigorous diplomatic support and much technical and financial aid, these were not sufficient to keep it in power. Though U.S. Ambassador John Bartlow Martin and his aides knew since early July that a coup was in the works, they did not include the threat of force in their persistent efforts to persuade the military and political leaders of the coup not to attempt Bosch's overthrow. Nor were U.S. diplomats aided by U.S. military attachés; the latter made no effort to disguise their hostility to the Bosch regime in their conversations with Dominican officers. The threat to withdraw diplomatic recognition and the $86 million in Alliance for Progress aid obviously was not enough to convince after the United States recognized coup-created regimes in Peru, Ecuador, Argentina and Guatemala. It is likely, however, that Bosch would still be in power if on the weekend before the coup, when an anti-government general strike and insurrectionist radio announcers were getting little response, American warships had reappeared off the Dominican coast and Ambassador Martin had made it clear that their presence meant support for Bosch.

America's failure to use sufficient power to preserve constitutional order presumes a degree of national sovereignty in the Dominican Republic that it has exercised very seldom in its bloody history of foreign interventions, civil wars and military dictatorships. In the seventy years before the 1916 U.S. Marine intervention, there were forty-three presidents and fifty-six revolutions issuing from constantly shifting configurations of regional military *caudillos* and their friends and relatives in the commercial and landholding oligarchy. The United States was on the right road with Wilson's 1914 dictum, which was never sufficiently implemented to protect the Dominican people against the depredations of adventurers like those who overthrew Bosch last month.

The Dominican Republic's history as a nation began in 1821, when a group of creole landlords revolted successfully against Spain and tried to join Simon Bolivar's Gran Colombia Republic. In 1822, Haitian armies swarmed over the republic and ruled it as a province until 1844, when they were ousted by the liberation army of Juan Pablo Duarte. In 1861, fearing another Haitian conquest, the Dominicans requested and obtained re-annexation by Spain. Four years later they revolted and again won their independence. Four years after that, the campaign of Dictator Baez and two American carpetbaggers for annexation by the United States resulted in approval by President Ulysses S. Grant of treaties for annexation and for a 99-year lease on Semana Bay (which, however, failed of Senate ratification). In 1888, another dictator, Ulises Heureaux, was so hard pressed by foreign creditors holding Dominican bonds that he turned over customs collection to a group of Amsterdam financiers in exchange for purchase of about $475,000 in new bonds. The United States took over Dominican customs collections in 1905 as financial conditions continued to deteriorate, and the customs remained in U.S. hands until the country's debts were liquidated and the Trujillo-Hull treaty was signed in 1940.

This distressing record contains only three periods of relative political stability: the seventeen-year Heureaux dictatorship (1882-99), the eight year U.S. Marine occupation (1916-24) and the thirty-one-year era of Trujillo (1930-61). In the twenty-eight months since Trujillo's assassination there have been four Dominican governments and, given the weakness of the puppet three-man council now presiding, there is likelihood of others soon. Thus it is easy to see why Juan Bosch, upset by the same traditional oligarchy that ran the country for 120 years, could not govern in the Dominican Republic.

But there are additional reasons, just as important:

(*1*) Juan Bosch is lean, moody, handsome. Like most Latin American politicians, Bosch was far more at home in the stratagems of *personalismo*—of blandishments, promises, conspiracies, maneuvers, denunciations—than in the launching of successful government. Like many Latin American social democrats, he needed and wanted U.S. backing but was wary of becoming an *entreguista* (surrenderer) of sovereignty. This led him to make gratuitous attacks on the Esso Standard Oil Co. and the South Porto Rico Sugar Co. (which operates a large complex of mills and plantations in Santo Domingo), making it much easier for the plotters of the coup to press their phony charges of communism. Like most Latin American presidents, Bosch was the whole show and incapable of delegating authority. He saw too many people and personally arbitrated too many routine questions. He worked sixteen hours a day, yet he wasted much time and energy in spurious political squabbles and so his government showed little movement toward the reforms he promised.

(2) Poverty in the Dominican Republic, which Bosch promised to relieve by democratic social revolution, is so great as to be a danger to a nonmilitary government that does not move quickly and dramatically toward its solution.

Although the soil is generally fertile, the average peasant family's income is less than $1 per day. Seventy per cent of the people live on the land, 60 per cent are illiterate, and most suffer from the debilitating parasitical infections that stay the productive capacity of tropical populations. Unemployment is conservatively estimated to run above 30 per cent. Meanwhile, the hemispheric population explosion has reached one of its peak rates in Santo Domingo, with the population growing by 3.6 per cent annually, compared with 2.6 per cent for all Latin America and 1.8 per cent for the world. During Trujillo's thirty-one years in power, the Dominican people multiplied by 250 per cent, and population is expected to double again in the next twenty years.

At the same time, the nation's 8,000-square-mile mountain watershed area of valuable pine and mahogany timberland is being denuded rapidly by nomadic farmers. There are 70,000 such nomadic families in the mountains, and if 40,000 are not moved, the republic will be eroded like Haiti within a generation, its highlands stripped of trees and its streams clogged with upland sediment.

In the closing years of the Trujillo dictatorship, the dikes burst and the swelling rural population, with nowhere to go but the mountains or the cities, flooded the capital city, causing the population of Santo Domingo to double between 1950 and 1960. Having delivered a four-to-one Santo Domingo majority to Bosch, they remain there, as taxi drivers, peddlers, stevedores, whores, housemaids, and occasional day laborers, in dense, flimsy, rat-infested shanties, waiting. The shacks occupy every square yard of those cancerous acres to be seen in nearly all Latin American cities. A seventeen-year-old girl, suckling an illegitimate child, sits in front of a shelter made of strips of palm bark and dismembered packing cases, as naked boys beg for nickels, as pigs and rats forage for food along the muddy alley, as a neighbor's husband, father of five children, returns with two dollars from his day's outing as a vendor of discarded bottles.

To virtually every slatternly settlement in the Dominican countryside, Bosch, in the 1962 election campaign, had come for unannounced fifteen-minute rallies in an old English Ford and, with arching flourishes of his hand, had launched into promises of new industries, irrigation, farm-to-market roads, schools, hospitals, an agrarian reform distributing seventeen-acre farms to 70,000 peasant families, and government stores where a poor man could buy rice, beans, plantains and *bacalao* (dried codfish) without being robbed by the merchants.

Bosch was preaching social revolution. Right after his inauguration the unemployed lined up before the Presidential Palace looking for jobs. The jobs never came. The poor greeted the September 25 coup with silent, restive confusion. Bosch's party collapsed. There was but little show of protest during five days of martial law as he and his cabinet remained prisoners in the palace.

(3) "The fall of Trujillo is not the revolution," Juan Bosch wrote in 1959 toward the end of twenty-four years in exile. "Moreover, it may have nothing to do with revolution. . . . In the near future we can expect the first social warfare in our country."

Bosch's 1962 landslide election victory, uniting peasants, slum dwellers and the lower middle class, brought class war to the Dominican Republic. The stone wall which blocked the DRP's proposed social revolution was the concerted and unrelenting opposition of the Dominican Establishment. This opposition was joined not on the basis of Bosch's social program, identical with that of the Alliance for Progress, but on spurious charges of widespread Communist infiltration of the Bosch regime.

It is one of those miracles of Latin American politics that a president freely elected with a 62 per cent majority can be tumbled after only seven months in office.

The campaign began early. At Bosch's inauguration members of the defeated conservative opposition whispered to visiting reporters that Bosch had some highly suspicious leftists in his entourage. Two weeks later the leader of a party which gained less than 2 per cent of last December's votes charged that a "massive Communist indocrination" of the armed forces was being carried on under Bosch's nose. The bishop of Santiago de los Caballeros, the nation's second city, declared in a sermon that "communism, with its siren song, is infiltrating the mind and heart of our youth." Newspaper editorials demanded government action against this infiltration. Hysterical mass demonstrations of "Christian faith" were held during the summer in many towns of the republic. By July, a group of air force generals and colonels were won to the side of the plotters, led by former Council of State President Rafael F. Bonnelly. All summer long the streets were filled with rumors of an impending coup. Week after week the DRP brought its supporters into the street to demonstrate against a coup, while U.S. diplomats tried repeatedly to persuade the plotters to call it off. Downtown merchants added to the tension by jacking up food prices and then closing their stores during the final general strike. At the end the cries of "wolf" were ignored and at 2:30 A.M. on September 25 the wolf struck.

Faced with enemies having at their disposal the voice of the Church and of the press and radio and the power of the military and business communities, Bosch quixotically tried to continue governing like an English liberal, challenging the opposition to name names, insisting that he would maintain full civil liberties and rejecting the advice of some of his most trusted counselors that he jail a few extremists of the Right and Left just to silence his opposition for a while. "They are seeking pretexts," Bosch scornfully told a radio-television audience in mid-July. "If there were not one Communist in the country, the government would be accused of being Trujillista and surrendering power to the Trujillistas." He undoubtedly was right, but these protestations do not alone constitute an energetic defense of democracy for 3.2 million Dominicans against the ideological rationale of its overthrow.

The Alliance for Progress, if successful, will mean class war, or at least diehard conservative opposition, in many nations of the Americas. Bosch brought the Dominican peasant into politics for the first time, and filled the DRP-run Congress with types that had never been there before: half-lettered barbers and storekeepers and pharmacists and rural schoolteachers with perhaps a fifth-grade education. This frightened the patrician families that always ran the country before Trujillo. It was the first sign of class militancy ever to arise in the republic, and it was no accident that it occurred during a U.S.-imposed stability expressing U.S.-supported notions of social reform.

If the Alliance is ever to be successful, it may find itself fighting two battles in some nations, one against the reds and one against the rich. It needs to develop ideological weapons of its own to combat the bogus anti-communism that has become so effective a tool of conservative revolution in the Dominican Republic.

The Dominican Republic had been looked upon as a favorite for intensive Alliance for Progress aid because of its smallness, absence of linguistic minorities, relatively good systems of trunk roads and communications, fertile soil, nearness to the U.S. market and, not least, the amenability of its leadership to U.S. counsel. However, at this writing the United States has withdrawn its ambassador, halted the flow of $86 million in committed Alliance aid, and is withdrawing most of the 300 diplomats, military advisers, Peace Corpsmen and AID technicians who were sent there to guide this poor and beaten people toward a decent life.

The Americans are leaving behind the same kind of chaos that preceded Trujillo. Struggling to control a puppet three-man provisional junta are six political parties, five of which together polled less than 6 per cent of the votes in last December's election. Another power struggle, far more serious, is going on among the generals who ousted Bosch: Brig. Gen. Antonio Imbert Barreras, a former State Council member, controls the police and is backed by the conservative National Civic Union, the dominant party in the provisional government. He is opposed by Brig. Gen. Elias Wessin y Wessin, who plotted the military take-over. Meanwhile, the 60,000-member revolutionary pro-Castro June 14th Movement, which was leaked arms by Imbert during 1962 and allowed by him to infiltrate the armed forces, is awaiting U.S. recognition of the new conservative junta as a signal for violent agitation.

All this recalls 1930, when armed forces commander Gen. Rafael Leonidas Trujillo allowed a revolution against President Horacio Vazquez to succeed by deliberately placing most of the government's arms in a fort to be surrendered to the enemy. At that time the U.S. Minister to Santo Domingo asked the State Department for permission to announce that the United States would not recognize any government headed by Trujillo. He got the following reply:

> *The Department regrets that it cannot authorize the issuance of the statement which you suggested. We feel that through scrupulously avoiding even the appearances of interfering in the internal affairs of the Dominican Republic our relations with Santo Domingo have been put on a very sound basis in the six years since the withdrawal of the military occupation.*

The United States desperately needs a juridical basis for rationalizing the interventions which from time to time it has carried out, and must again carry out, in Latin America to defend its own interest in political legitimacy and curb militarism. This might be done through internationalizing the armed forces of several democratic nations, or by regional collective security agreements among constitutional governments, or, under sufficient urgency, by unilateral action. However, this basis must be found soon or our best hopes for the Alliance will be defeated by the stingy, repressive paternalism which for centuries has kept Latin America a backwater of Western civilization.

THE TWO GOLDWATERS . . . . . Stanley Meisler

For most of his years under the lights of Washington, Barry Goldwater of Arizona has sported the guise of a hard-hitting, sure-thinking Republican who speaks his mind without blur or fuzz or fudge. "Much of his popular appeal," wrote biographers Rob Wood and Dean Smith two years ago, "centers around his willingness to stand firm on his beliefs, and to speak frankly—even bluntly—no matter what the cost." Even as late as last August, Russell Kirk, the sage of the *National Review*, could write, "he has a mind calculated to arrive at hard decisions without dangerous vacillation." Goldwater's views always have evoked the same journalistic vocabulary: decisiveness, ring of action, no pussyfooting.

In recent weeks, however, this rock image has begun to flake. Newsmen have started the inevitable comparison of recent pronouncements and found them clashing. Goldwater simply is not saying the same things he said so surely one, two or three years ago, or he is saying them with far less sureness in his tone. Walter Lippmann has decided that "the Senator is now engaged in remodeling his ideas, in moving away from the far Right and towards the more moderate Center." And Alan L. Otten of *The Wall Street Journal* reports a new concern by quoting an unidentified Republican leader as saying, "I was once in a long meeting with Senator Goldwater, and he shifted his position three times in three hours. What's more, I don't think he even realized he was shifting his stand each time."

Goldwater himself denies any change in his position. He has told a television interviewer that the

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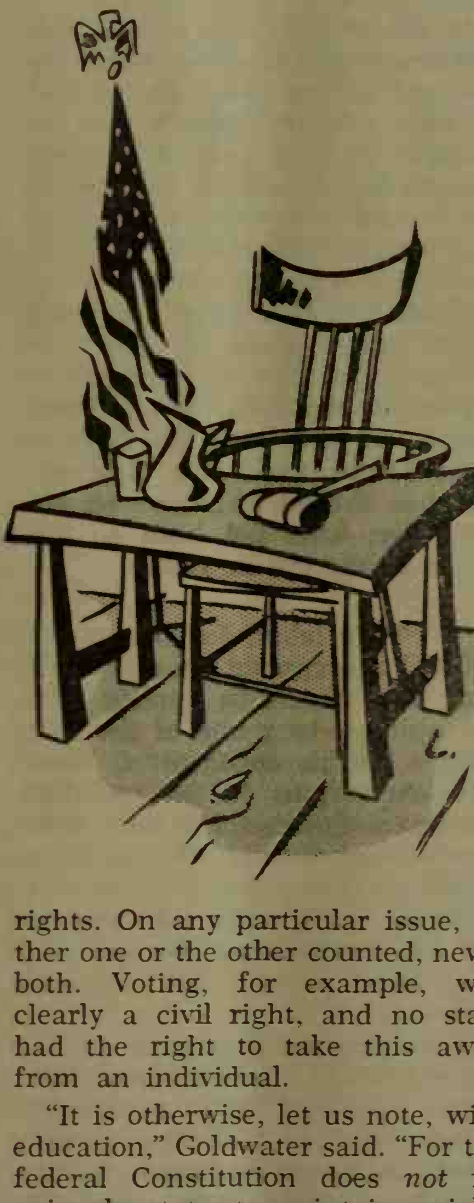
Stanley Meisler is a Washington newsman.

change actually is in Washington newsmen who, gradually finding Goldwaterism and conservatism more and more palatable, are deluded into thinking that Goldwater is shifting his views. But no one in Washington, including Goldwater, really believes this, and most observers are enjoying their view of Goldwater following the required course of a Presidential candidate.

There is no surprise or shock about this. No one expects politicians to be consistent in their views or their votes. The Republicans have a horde of ammunition for next year in the 1960 campaign speeches of John F. Kennedy. The Democrats probably will have a similar horde whether the Republicans nominate Goldwater, Nelson Rockefeller, Richard M. Nixon or John Glenn. "Senator Goldwater, who is not a fanatic of the extreme but an ambitious politician, is now in the process of reshaping himself for the political realities of this country," writes Lippmann. "It is interesting to watch him and comforting to think that the system is working so well."

But it would surely be a mistake to accept the changing world of Barry Goldwater as just another example of a political flip-flop and just further proof that all serious contenders in America must move to the Center. Goldwater's appeal up to now has not come alone from his far Right views. It has come much more from his simplicity. "Some people say that I oversimplify complicated issues," he told a Republican rally. "They want complexity. I want understanding." Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* has written that Goldwater's approach "smacks of the panacea and the rule of thumb. . . . It provides the novelty of a sharp alternative to the established order and it satisfies the romantic American passion for solutions to problems—whether there are any or not." The recent change in Goldwater has been only in part from conservatism to moderation. It has been mostly a change from the realm of the simple to the realm of the complex. He still is a conservative but, as a serious candidate, he has been forced to apply his views to specific issues and specific questions and shade them accordingly. This has made his views harder to separate and harder to pin down.

His twistings on civil rights produce the most obvious example. In *The Conscience of a Conservative*, published in 1960 and still available on newsstands as a 50c Macfadden paperback, Goldwater presented his precise views on the problem of civil rights. First, he made it clear that he considered States' rights "the cornerstone of the republic, our chief bulwark against the encroachment of individual freedom by Big Government." He did not see any conflict between States' rights and civil rights. On any particular issue, either one or the other counted, never both. Voting, for example, was clearly a civil right, and no state had the right to take this away from an individual.



"It is otherwise, let us note, with education," Goldwater said. "For the federal Constitution does *not* require the states to maintain racially mixed up schools. Despite the recent holding of the Supreme Court, I am firmly convinced—not only that integrated schools are not required—but that the Constitution does not permit any interference whatsoever by the federal government in the field of education. . . . I am therefore not impressed by the claim that the Supreme Court's decision on school integration is the law of the land. . . . I therefore support all efforts by the states, excluding violence, of course, to preserve their rightful powers over education."

Goldwater added a personal note. "It so happens that I am in agreement with the *objectives* of the Supreme Court," he said. " . . . I believe that it *is* both wise and just for Negro children to attend the same schools as whites, and that to deny them this opportunity carries with it strong implications of inferiority. I am not prepared, however, to impose that judgment of mine on the people of Mississippi or South Carolina. . . . That is their business not mine."

Goldwater stayed with these views as late as the University of Mississippi crisis last year. He told United Press International then that Governor Ross Barnett "had every right to do what he did in the case of James Meredith, and President Kennedy should not have used troops to force the Negro's admission to the University of Mississippi." But, after the dogs of Birmingham, Goldwater began shuffling his views.

The first specific changes came after Kennedy sent his civil-rights bill to Congress last June. Goldwater, in an interview with *The New York Times*, first said he opposed the public accommodations provisions of the bill and then added some surprising comments on the section dealing with school desegregation. Goldwater said the provisions there were too broad but he favored giving the Attorney General power to start a school desegregation suit whenever there was "proof of grievance." "A Negro has a right to get his taxes back," Goldwater said. "If his children are denied [school] privileges, he has a grievance."

On September 2, *U.S. News & World Report* published a long interview with Goldwater, including this exchange:

> Q: *Do you mean that segregation laws or integration laws ought to be a state and local matter?*
>
> A: *As far as everything goes, except the Supreme Court decision on schools.*
>
> *. . . I think today, if a tight and limited law were written aimed at correcting specific situations in school districts or schools, even the South might buy this.*

At about the same time, *Con-*

gressional Quarterly interviewed him and, using *The Conscience of a Conservative* as its guide, asked just how the states should resist the Supreme Court decision. "The idea is not to resist it," Goldwater replied. "There is nothing in our Constitution that says a person can violate the law. If the states feel that States' rights have been tampered with, you have the amendment process or the elective process. Either one is open." If he were President, would he use federal authority to enforce federal court decisions on school integration? "I would first try moral persuasion. . . . And failing that, I think that the Attorney General should have the power to use a very tightly drawn law aimed like a rifle at the precise problem in a school district. . . . Yes, I would use it." Would he use troops? "There are times when the President can use troops. There are times when he can't. I think the troops were wrong in Little Rock, but probably there was some justification for their use in Mississippi in preserving law and order and protecting life and property."

Goldwater has changed his position on the question of the federal income tax. In *The Conscience of a Conservative*, he wrote that "government has a right to claim an equal percentage of each man's wealth, and no more." "The idea," he continued, "that a man who makes $100,000 a year should be forced to contribute ninety per cent of his income to the cost of government, while the man who makes $10,000 is made to pay twenty per cent is repugnant to my notions of justice. I do not believe in punishing success. . . . The graduated tax is a *confiscatory tax*. Its effect, and to a large extent its aim, is to bring down all men to a common level." Goldwater went on to conclude that we must "abolish the graduated features of our tax laws; and the sooner we get at the job, the better."

But, more recently, in his interview with *U.S. News & World Report*, Goldwater had some different things to say about a graduated income tax:

> Q: *You've been quoted as saying that a graduated income tax is a confiscatory tax. Is that your view?*
>
> A: *I don't think I'd put it that way. But I think it has been destructive of initiative — and when you destroy American initiative, you destroy the possibility of more earnings. . . .*
>
> Q: *Then you don't believe in any graduation at all in the income tax?*
>
> A: *I don't go that far, but I'm opposed to the theory. I'd like to see some other suggestions made in the whole field.*
>
> *In fact, if I had anything to say about this tax picture, what I would do would be to assemble some knowledgeable business people, some knowledgeable labor people, and say, "Get off in the corner and write us a new tax code that's going to produce sufficient revenue in a fair way for our Government."*

In an August 28 interview with *Congressional Quarterly*, Goldwater repeated his proposal for a study by knowledgeable people and explained: "I am against the progressive feature of the income tax, but I wouldn't reduce the progressive feature and nothing else, because this wouldn't work."

Taxes and civil rights are major issues before Congress this year, and it makes sense for Goldwater—if he feels the need for self-examination—to mull over his views on these issues first. But Goldwater also has shifted his views on subjects that have not been so high in the public eye in 1963.

Take labor, for example. In 1960, he suggested that the anti-trust laws should be applied to labor unions—long one of the chief targets for his conservative barbs. But last August 28 he told *Congressional Quarterly*: "I don't think it will work, frankly. I can understand the reasoning of those who push it, but I think the laws are far too cumbersome. We are dealing with people, not corporate bodies."

Take welfare programs. In *The Conscience of a Conservative*, Goldwater wrote: "The government must begin to *withdraw* from a whole series of programs that are outside its constitutional mandate—from social welfare programs, education, public power, agriculture, public housing, urban renewal, and all the other activities that can be better performed by lower levels of government or by private institutions or by individuals. I do not suggest that the federal government drop all of these programs overnight. But I do suggest that we establish, by law, a rigid timetable for a staged withdrawal. We might provide, for example, for a 10% spending reduction each year in all of the fields in which federal participation is undesirable." But last month, when *U.S. News & World Report* asked him if he would phase out various welfare programs over a period of years, Goldwater replied:

> *Oh, I don't think you can do that. . . . Such programs have become established in people's minds. I would merely stop the introduction of new programs, because I think we're in every conceivable field that we can get into. And then I would start trying to convince the Governors of the States that, if they took these things back, they could do them with less money.*

And he told a television interviewer during September: "You are not going to stop these programs if local governments will not take care of the needs."

Take campaign strategy. On *Meet the Press* on November 19, 1961, Goldwater said:

> *If you are going hunting for ducks, you go where the ducks are. We Republicans can look at these large cities where we don't control the city organizations, and practical politics will tell us that we don't have much of a chance, regardless of the ethnic and religious groups. I would concentrate, then, the Republican fire where we are strong: in the Southern cities, in the smaller cities all across America, in the suburban areas, in the country areas and at the same time start a serious, well-thought-out campaign to show people in the large ethnic and religious groups in the cities who do not normally vote for us at the national elections that we are their best party.*

This was interpreted, perhaps wrongly, by his followers to mean that Goldwater strategy in 1964 would appeal to the South, West and Midwest, while writing off the industrial East. The Draft Goldwater Committee, in fact, distributed maps with that strategy blocked out. But Goldwater, in a speech to the Republican Men's Club of Bartlesville, Okla., last September 13, disclaimed this strategy:

> *Let me begin by saying that I disagree with people who argue that we should write off the eastern seaboard and the industrial areas of the country. I disagree with people who insist that we must forget all about the Negro vote, and that we might as well concede the labor vote. I do not believe the Republican Party should write off any section of the country or any group of potential voters. I believe the Republican Party should strive to its utmost in every part of America and among every possible group to win votes.*

Of course, Goldwater has not changed his views on every subject under the sun. He has remained consistent, direct and simple, for example, on Cuba ("a blockade . . . training of Cuban exiles . . . establishment of a single Cuban Government-in-exile") and foreign aid ("it should be used as a 'rifle' aimed at specific areas where we can gain advantage over the Russians") and farm policy (end price supports and the REAs) and the John Birch Society ("they are anti-Communist and I don't see how we can be against that") right-to-work laws and more.

But even these may be shaded as the Republican National Convention comes nearer and nearer. James Reston of The *New York Times* tells us Goldwater has begun "reading seriously a lot of speeches he had made casually in the past to see whether he really believed, in the context of the Presidency, what he had been saying to political rallies when he was merely Chairman of the Republican Senatorial Committee. More than that, he has organized a brain trust of his own, composed of university and political types to question and sharpen his thinking. He has hired an electronic computer to record everything he has said on such topics as Cuba and taxation so that, when questioned, he will know what he has said in the past. And he has arranged a series of private seminars on major topics of the day as a sort of personal educational exercise."

But despite self-examination, brain trusts, computer and seminars, Goldwater voted "no" on the limited nuclear test ban treaty—the same way he would have voted without a brain trust, computer and the rest. Goldwater is trapped by his past. He cannot desert the conservatives who put him where he is. The Goldwater boom would have no meaning if he gradually turned into a moderate Republican—a soft-spoken, Arizona version of Richard Nixon. At the most, Goldwater can blur and fuzz and fudge to convince the mass of non-conservatives in America that he is a thoughtful, intelligent man who can be trusted to sit in the White House and weigh the complexities of government with care. Goldwater, as he tells us again and again, is still the candidate of conservatism—just a lot less direct and simple and clear than before.

TRADING STAMPS

THE WELCOME HOAX

. . . . Desmond Smith

Since the trading stamp industry—the brawling spoilt child of the $3-billion-a-year premium incentive field—has never taken kindly to internal suggestions of self-regulation, it is not surprising that it should resent outsiders who have had the temerity to suggest that state or federal legislation might be desirable.

So far, most discussion has focused on whether trading stamps do, in fact, genuinely benefit the consumer. But for the longer term, the deeper question is what effect do trading stamps have on the economy: and even closer to the bone, what effect will endless stamp-licking sessions have on the consumer who has traded family responsibility for the tempting lure of "something for nothing"?

Today the $800-million-a-year trading stamp industry contains more than 400 companies, operating in every state except Kansas, where their use has been banned, and Alaska, where the population is considered too sparse to be worth the promotional effort. The stamp business continues to boom with a 5 per cent growth rate annually, its success solidly based on about 225,000 retail establishments that offer stamps.

Approximately three out of every four households collect stamps, although not all households bother to redeem them. At the head of the pack is the Sperry & Hutchinson Company, which claims that some 50 per cent of all United States households collect S&H Green Stamps. Last year, S&H stamp savers redeemed more than 80 million green stamps. How many stamps sold to S&H franchised merchants remained unredeemed is a closely guarded company secret.

The roughhouse in which S&H and other trading stamp companies battle for dominance is known politely as the premium incentive business. In the strategy and tactics of selling the public it was not until the early fifties that trading stamps (which have been around since the 1880s) were used on a mass marketing scale. Until then, trading stamps played but a minor role in a score or more of sales promotion gimmicks that included prize contests, price-off coupons, sales-tape games and many others. Trading stamps had been used by merchants mainly as a reward for prompt cash payment. They were popular because they encouraged careful shopping and thrift on the part of the consumer.

The big change came in the fifties with the increased need for large-volume manufacturers to hit their marketing target—the public—with greater accuracy. The encounter between buyer and seller underwent a violent change. Not

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Desmond Smith is a regular contributor to The Economist *(London).*

surprisingly, in this revolution most of the fighting has taken place in the supermarkets. But not only the highly competitive retail food business has been affected. Trading stamps are now used by more than a third of the nation's gasoline stations. Stamps have become the basic ammunition as the big oil companies continue their endless wars with one another.

In this struggle for the economic balance of power it is small business and independent operators who have suffered the most. Recognition of the changing role of the trading stamp received surprising confirmation from William S. Beinecke, president of the giant Sperry & Hutchinson Company. Last year, in a disarmingly candid moment, he told an audience at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration that "recognition of trading stamps as an incentive to buy at a particular store has overshadowed their importance as a stimulant to pay cash, and today they are largely regarded as an incentive-promotional tool."

In March of this year a trade paper, *Incentive Merchandising*, noted that ". . . increased activity on the part of the consumer is, of course, reflected in increased stamp purchases on the part of the retailer. Coupled with the rise of a new factor in the trading stamp field [the rapid growth of the E. F. MacDonald plaid stamp operation] and the widening of areas of stamp consumption, this resulted in the biggest year in the history of trading stamps."

Clearly, consumption has replaced thrift as the central dynamic behind all forms of trading stamp schemes. This shift in emphasis constantly chips away at the old-fashioned notion of a family budget. Values previously shopped for, such as competitive prices, quality of merchandise, and getting the most for the family dollar are abandoned. In retail advertising in daily newspapers and over the radio it is the stamps, not the price of the goods on sale, that is given emphasis. Armed with what the trade calls her "want book," the big glossy dream catalogues (three-pot plant stand, three books; weekend at the Waldorf, special application) the housewife is encouraged to believe that all within are "gifts," something for nothing, easily obtained for a few books of stamps. Once inside the supermarket, her passport to plaidland is only a matter of buying and buying and buying.

Regrettably, the promise of redemption is rarely matched by performance. Stamp companies buy their merchandise at wholesale prices; in some instances they have actually entered the manufacturing business, and redeem the stamps on the basis of "manufacturer's list price." In many instances the housewife pays between 30 to 50 per cent more for the merchandise than she would have paid at a discount house. (See chart below for typical premiums.)

It is obvious, then, that some of the "dream" items in the trading stamp catalogues are just that. How much one must consume to qualify for some of the big-ticket items might make strong women cry. If the beauty of the tropics intrigues you then "fabulous Honolulu becomes your playground for six nights and seven days!"—provided you can buy your way through $29,965 worth of merchandise to take advantage of the offer.

In recent years the stamp companies have paid particular attention to their public "image." Anxious to avoid the hostile attention of legislators, they have actively encouraged pool saving of stamps for worthy causes. In a way, even this pays off. In order to build a chapel within the walls of the Eastern Correctional Institution at Napanoch, N.Y., a massive drive to collect 100,000 books of trading stamps —representing $12 million worth of purchases—has been launched. The Gold Bond Stamp Company of Minneapolis made possible a pilgrimage tour of Europe by three Roman Catholic priests from Denver. And the Merchants Green Trading Stamp Company in Philadelphia encouraged its savers to donate filled books toward 100 wheel chairs "for use throughout the State of Maryland." This folksy image was somewhat tarnished recently when Nat Azarow, executive secretary of the Gasoline Merchants of Brooklyn, spoke at a public hearing before a committee investigating trading stamp activity in New York State:

> *Hardly any service station operator goes into trading stamps voluntarily and willingly. He is coerced into it by threat of competition or otherwise. He is frightened into taking something he has to have to protect his investment and to stay in business. Isn't that the way Al Capone built up his beer business in Chicago?*

For the local businessman, acquiring a trading stamp franchise is like taking in a silent partner. It can often mean the difference between profit and loss. Yet, as one witness told the same committee:

> *Why does any little community businessman take them in? Because of the high-handed tactics of the salesmen of trading stamp companies. . . . "You'd better carry them" they tell the little businessman, "because if you don't, I've got an offer from your competitor on the next block."*

The trading stamp companies argue that stamps are a promotion tool that benefits the businessman in the same manner as radio advertising, one-cent sales, or lucky tickets on a winter cruise. But how valid is this contention? Unlike a one-shot promotion, often designed to boost business during a slack period, the essential nature of the trading stamp lies in its unique *continuing cost*. Stamp companies usually charge 2 to 3 per cent of the merchant's gross. Thus, at 5 per cent net profit a pharmacy doing $100,000 worth of business

Item	*Books needed*	*How much you must spend to fill the books**	*Retail price*	*Discount price*
Schick Razor	8¾	$1,050	$29.50	$12.98
Revere Percolator ...	3¾	450	11.95	7.17
GE Vacuum Cleaner.	23¼	2,790	69.95	49.95
Skotch Kooler	2¼	270	7.95	4.77
Black & Decker Drill.	12	1,440	22.95	17.49

**1,200 stamp book; one stamp for each dime spent. Source:* Kiplinger Newsletter.

annually would have to split the $5,000 profit in half. Supermarkets operate on only a 1.5 per cent net profit. Obviously, with margins such as these, the money to support a trading stamp scheme cannot and does not flow from the merchants' profits. As a Federal Court of Appeals noted:

> *Ultimately, of course, the money to pay for the entire expenses of the enterprise incurred both by stamp company and merchant comes out of the pocket of the customers. There is no other place for it to come from. . . . The public, however, does not appreciate this.*

The big trading stamp companies deny this line of reasoning, contending that in areas where trading stamps have been introduced prices have, in the face of competition, dropped. There are surprisingly few impartial studies that have tested this attractive thesis. None of the many studies done by the trading stamp companies have ever revealed that prices have increased; most have shown in page after page of impressive statistics that prices have, in fact, gone down.

But the trading stamp industry received a shock earlier this year when its own trade paper, *Incentive Merchandising*, made a comparison study between stamp stores and a non-stamp store. The resulting report listed many price differences. Among them, they found that a seven-ounce bottle of Prell shampoo costing 88c at the non-stamp store cost $1 at the stamp store. Here are some other items:

	Non-Stamp	*Stamp*	*Stamp*
2 Hoffman lemon soda	53c	63c	65c
Sara Lee butter cake	65c	79c	79c
Maxwell House inst. coffee	89c	99c	99c

Actually the report summed up in favor of the stamp-giving stores. But the author warned: "Trading stamps can create traffic only under a realistic pricing arrangement. Once this realism is abandoned, trading stamps lose their hold on the public."

It can be argued that trading stamps are a passing fancy, like mah-jong, that the public will tire of in time. And trading stamp companies suggest that the market place, not the courts, should decide the measure of regulation governing their activities.

Neither the courts nor the state legislatures have been too impressed by the logic of this argument. Until now Congress has seemed uninterested in the trading stamp boom, but recently the Justice Department and the FTC have both quietly launched investigations into certain aspects of the profit-rich industry.

Recent failures of various fly-by-night trading stamp concerns across the nation have led to angry protests by stampholders left holding unredeemable stamps. Last year Dilberts Quality Supermarkets, Inc., a grocery chain in the New York metropolitan area, inserted the following wet-eyed notice in the daily papers: "It distressed us as it did you when the New York Yellow Trading Stamp Company closed its doors." Thousands of Dilberts' customers had amassed about half a million dollars' worth of useless books. When the stamp company went out of business it had exactly $35,000 worth of merchandise in its redemption centers—its sole assets. But even more shocking was New York State's Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz's later disclosure that the New York Yellow Trading Stamp Company was, in fact, 100 per cent owned by the grocery chain.

Incidents such as these serve to highlight a serious legislative gap that leaves the public with no protection against the growing number of opportunists entering the trading stamp field in search of easy pickings. *Life* magazine has dubbed this new breed of confidence man "the hotel-room operator" and has defined his assets as little more than a suitcase full of colored stamps, a glib tongue and a roomful of merchandise. There is now nothing to prevent a corporation, formed with a capital of $10,000, from selling $100,000 worth of trading stamps. Legislation is required to prevent such unscrupulous promoters from taking the easy route, presently available to them, of declaring bankruptcy without redeeming a single stamp.

Alarmed at trading stamp failures in such states as New York, Michigan and California, the stores themselves are taking a second and closer look at trading stamp companies. *Modern Grocer*, a trade paper, noted in April, 1962, that "most stamp companies are thinly financed." Yet as long as the housewife insists on stamps, there is little that the local merchants can do but join up. Heaven, they say, protects the working girl, but in the second half of the twentieth century the age of production has been replaced by the age of consumption. Who, besides providence, will protect the consumer?

One thing that might moderate the rampaging success of trading stamps could be the realization on the part of that well-known cipher, Father, that Life with Mother has become more expensive in recent years. Then another thought might strike him: the three-pot plantholder his wife brought home from the redemption center might have a connection with the switch to the eighteen-foot refrigerator-freezer.

Just now the food bill in a stamp collector's home is climbing only in dollars and cents. But the hobby is a demanding one. To reach those headier plateaus toward the back of the "want book" one must consume conspicuously. When the food bill, the cleaning bill and the gas station bill double, and savings start to dwindle, then the trading stamp bubble may burst. Meanwhile, Mrs. America contendedly licks on.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Return of a West Indian

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE. By V. S. Naipaul. The Macmillan Co. 232 pp. $5.

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

The first thing that every American should learn about the Caribbean is to disregard what he reads about it in the newspapers. We are not committed to truth and understanding in that part of the world, but have instead chosen cold-war sides. Take an editorial that appeared in *The New York Times* last July: full of spite, it ridiculed British Guiana for being a corner of South America that lacked contact with the rest of the continent and for being, after all, only a small and inconsequential place. Tacitly, in a gross distortion of history, the editorial laid the blame for this to Cheddi Jagan. What the *Times* appeared not to know is that Guiana in its 300 years preceding Cheddi Jagan has enjoyed a relationship to South America on the surface of maps only — that in its ties, outlook and temperament it has always been a West Indian land, and that in this true context, compared with the tiny overpopulated islands of the rest of the Caribbean, it is a vast and promising country.

In *The Middle Passage*, V. S. Naipaul has written an account of seven or eight months of investigation among five West Indian societies, starting out on an immigrant ship from England to Trinidad and continuing through British, French and Dutch territories all the way from Surinam to Jamaica. Unlike American journalists reporting from the Caribbean, Naipaul does not waste one sentence on the U.S.-USSR power struggle; his book, as he is careful to explain, "is not political; it sells nothing; its opinions and attitudes are only those of the writer." But as a writer Naipaul is highly qualified to do such a book: he was born of a Hindu family in Trinidad, where he spent the first eighteen years of his life; he was educated in England, the country in which he now lives and where he has become a novelist of distinction; he knows Caribbean history thoroughly and is a clear and sympathetic observer of men.

The Middle Passage is at heart a book of travels, and a superb one; much of it is a description of interesting people and places and routes: an ocean crossing, full of odd characters, West Indian talk and the kind of humor and irony one expects of a novelist; the journeys by small plane, river boats and Land Rover through the interior highlands of Guiana and over the Brazilian border to a town "planned for the year 2000" and peopled by "civil servants administering to one another and smugglers who keep the civil servants supplied"; with the Jagans at home and out politicking (they appeared human beings, not monsters); a lavish dinner party with the smart set in Martinique (sea eggs, lobster, fish, rice and minced meat, roast pork, salads, blancmange, champagne, coffee, brandy).

My admiration for Naipaul's achievements in these pages, however, comes from something other than his vivid accounts of pure travel. Having recently returned from the Caribbean, after nearly three years in Puerto Rico, I was stopped on page after page of this book by the incisive summaries of social problems and situations. It was the shock of recognition, for although there is nothing specifically about Puerto Rico in *The Middle Passage*, the common historical facts of slavery and colonialism everywhere in the Caribbean — and this is the reason for the title: the middle passage was that part of the voyage in the slave trade carrying 20 million captive blacks into West Indian bondage — make a number of the book's specific conclusions generally valid. I don't know where else the whole complex range of West Indian problems has been stated so well as this, on Trinidad:

> *So Trinidad was and remains a materialist immigrant society, continually growing and changing, never settling into any pattern, always retaining the atmosphere of the camp; unique in the West Indies in the absence of a history of enduring brutality, in the absence of a history; yet not an expanding society but a colonial society, ruled autocratically if benevolently, with the further limitations of its small size and remoteness. All this has combined to give it its special character, its ebullience and irresponsibility. And more: a tolerance which*

Norman Thomas di Giovanni, who has contributed articles and translations of Spanish and Italian poetry to The Nation, *recently returned from a lengthy stay in the West Indies.*

5th Sonnet

Love too delighting in His numbers
keeps time so that our feet
dance to be true to the count,
repeating the hesitation, the

slight bow to His will in each change,
the giving up, the receiving.

You were not there
but in love with you I danced
this round, my feet
willingly sped to its numbers,

my glance wed to the glance exchanged.
For the design's sake,
in Love's calling. For I have a part
where the First Beloved is partner.
For He is Lord of the Dance
and calls me to follow.

As if in the exchange of lives
— that music that most moves us —
unknowing and true
to what I do not know
there is a First Lord who moves me
in Whom you are
most you.

Robert Duncan

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

The New York Philharmonic is the most important institution in our public musical culture, the focal point for the public's image of all "serious" music. Its dominance stems from some apparent features of American musical activity: New York has, since the war, become the unchallenged musical center, as Boston was during the prewar period; and the nineteenth-century orientation of our public attitudes toward music centers on the symphony orchestra as the supposedly highest—and for many listeners the exclusive—medium for serious music. Therefore, what the Philharmonic does, in terms of programing or policy, is likely to be significant both as an indication and as a positive force in determining the direction of the entire range of American concert activity.

The extent of this remarkable domination of concert music derives from the graphic immediacy with which the orchestral situation dramatizes the assertion of individual will that was so prevalent in nineteenth-century literare. There was then, and clearly there emains, something absorbing in the onfrontation of a motley and inhoate horde of instruments and players by a small insignificant man in evening dress—conductor or soloist—who imposes on them all a unified and coherently sonorous image.

Those nineteenth-century composers for whom the vision of a universal audience seemed an all-compelling possibility saw in the potency with which this situation could focus hundreds of attentions on a concert stage a unique resource for projecting their important compositional ideas. The optimism that this idea inspired early in the century is particularly evident in Berlioz, who devoted almost his entire composing career to the orchestra, and whose famous giganticism was a remarkable attempt to translate the qualities of individual virtuosity into a mass-communicative framework. (One wonders, indeed, whether the large orchestra could ever have attained such currency under conditions of efficient modern communication—where volume and massiveness have no crucial bearing on communicative range.)

But even during Berlioz's time, the fatal weakness of the Romantic supposition became evident: for however profound or original any of the

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grandes machines musicales may have been as compositions, as bearers of musical values to the large audience, they seem to engender only a kind of "music-appreciation" listening in which it was possible to derive sensations of musical experience without perceiving any actual musical events. Music presented as a spectacle could evidently succeed entirely as such, but to assume that concurrent musical subtleties would somehow be transmitted was a sadly naive miscalculation.

Still, the transcendental chimera continued to preoccupy composers, and some delusive extremes of length and volume were reached before the crisp sanity of Debussy, the precise economy of Stravinsky, and the willful self-restraint of Schoenberg re-established a line of fruitful development by consolidating the enormous creative discoveries of nineteenth-century music while avoiding the destructiveness of its extra-musical consequences. At that moment, however, there arose a sharp and decisive division between composition and performance, as a result of the natural refusal of performers to surrender, for however pressing a musical purpose, a self-expressive independence that could not be maintained through music whose surface offered no license to inflated sensibility. Thus, in the public view as well, "great" music remained inextricably associated with "big" music. The prevalence of this attitude is perhaps most strikingly revealed by the Hollywood movies about musicians that abounded in the thirties and forties, in which the greatest moments are never at recitals or during performances of late Beethoven quartets, but in those strange Hollywood concertos that, by stringing together bunches of cadenza-flourish clichés without any attempt at musical coherence, were a far more devastating parody of Romantic nostalgia than the wildest flight of dada ever achieved.

Thus the Philharmonic, when it engaged a music director who had established his reputation as, above all, a superb theatre man, was only recognizing, with admirable candor, the fact that a modern symphony orchestra's success and growth depend on a reversal of the traditional function between music and its presentation. Indeed, Bernstein's unique contribution in every sphere of his manifold activity has been the transformation of musical ideas and materials into effective theatre. His own Broadway shows, for example, have diverted the development of our popular musical theatre toward a high-powered New Wave intensity and tricky local sophistication, and away from the verbal-musical craftsmanship and imagination that predominated in the earlier days of Kern, Berlin, Gershwin, Rodgers and Weill.

By bringing these theatrical gifts to his conducting and program-making for the Philharmonic, Bernstein has perfectly fulfilled the necessities created by the growth of a mass musical culture, and the spectacular box-office and television popularity of the Philharmonic under his direction, both here and in Europe, testify to his success. In his performances, he has demonstrated a superb sense for projecting those moments that can be made to proclaim unmistakably their expression of great and noble thoughts, further heightened by virtually choreographic acting-out on the podium. Even though we have witnessed such performances ever since Bernstein's New York City Symphony days, it is still impressive to observe the professional skill with which the conjurer of musical visions, like a benevolent Cipolla, seems to instill in his hearers the sense of having personally experienced the blinding flash of genius.

This came particularly to mind during the opening concert of the present season, which was devoted entirely to a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, a work with which Bernstein has identified himself almost since his apprenticeship. In a way, this is an ideal vehicle for pure orchestral theatre. It is a loosely bound collection of "characteristic" gestures, none of which is especially striking or original in itself (most are audibly traceable to such familiar sources as Beethoven's Fifth and Ninth Symphonies, Schumann's Second and Fourth, and Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*), in a framework that is all "bigness" — in contrasts, volumes, sectional lengths and restatements. On this occasion, from a purely musical point of view, Bernstein's performance of the second movement was a penetrating exploration of the special qualities latent in the sequence of apparently innocuous phrase shapes; at such times, there is no doubt about his inherent musical gifts. But for the most part, the performance was simply a full exploitation of the display made possible by Mahler's unimpeded succession of rhetorical images.

In the realm of programing, the most interesting prospect of the season is the series devoted to the "*avant-garde*." Bernstein has been an active and enthusiastic promulgator of "American" music of the prewar period. Thus it is at first puzzling to discover, in this supposed representation of postwar music, that its principal emphasis is on "far-out" European composers, along with a few Americans like John Cage and Morton Feldman whose works have aroused interest mainly in Europe. But theatrical considerations immediately provide a connecting link: Copland's "Western" ballets, Harris' scenic symphonies, Schuman's modern-dance pieces, whatever their intrinsic musical qualities, all have prominent theatrical aspects that easily suggest a transition to the "pure" theatre of Cage and the Darmstadt school. From the Philharmonic's point of view, such works have the additional advantage of creating all the old-fashioned aura of mystical expression in a totally new way, without imposing any new performance difficulties. What could be easier for a conductor to sell to a budget-minded board of directors than an *avant-garde* series of great apparent daring that entails no extra rehearsals! Of the three "straight" composers represented on this series, one (Stefan Wolpe) is closer than any other responsible composer to the purely gestural approach, and his symphony is in any case to be conducted by Stefan Bauer-Mengelberg. The other two, Mario Davidovsky and Edgard Varèse, are to be represented by electronic-vs.-live-performer pieces that have as automatic a situational appeal (in addition to providing ready-made soloists in the form of a prerecorded tape) as the mechanical rabbit and his frantic live pursuers.

Today Again

Passion of pigs
in peakéd for-
est grubbing for
ants —

stout heads
rumbling
over the bridge of sand,
the huge snouts biting into them.

Buttocks so flat they could be clouds
painted on the ground, opening
out to a sky
of pink, O wide infernal pink,
surrounded by brown ink in

a white bowl, to grope
and drink, to make ourselves
topers of wine, on hol-
low eggs to dine behind

the tomato cans. The sun sloping
behind the hill — its distant red
could be the moon rising. Only
the garbage is green.

Jim Mosley

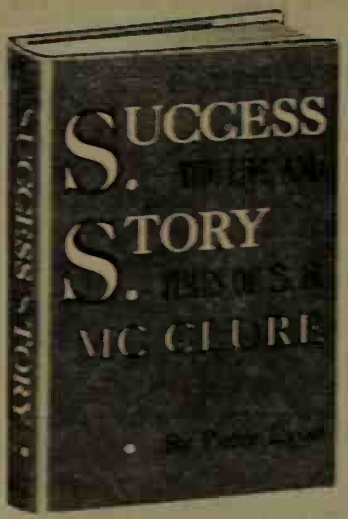
Evidently, it becomes increasingly necessary for an institution like the Philharmonic to indulge in such gimmickry in order to sustain the interest of an audience that may already have grown far beyond the limits to which serious music can legitimately hope to reach. The move to Philharmonic Hall, a tourist attraction in itself, has further complicated the situation. But if the Philharmonic's aim is supposed to be the progressive development of real musical awareness in its public, it is discouraging that its "*avant-garde*" festival reveals only a remarkable irresponsibility to the American music profession and to non-temporary music — especially since it is likely to be accepted in most quarters as a generous and accurate representation of new musical developments. All this, I suppose, is only another indication of how far "symphonic culture" — the public's music — has diverged from the real thing, which now appears to have permanently fled to the chamber-music halls.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

More typical of the new English theatre than Osborne's *Luther* is Arnold Wesker's *Chips with Everything* (Plymouth). Not that I wish to compare them—I simply mean to indicate that the Wesker play deals directly with the tension between classes, that most of the play's characters are working class (for years such characters have been absent from the fashionable English stage), and that it might be construed as a "Socialist" play.

One owes it to those indifferent to ideology of any sort in the theatre to say at once that *Chips with Everything* is an entertaining show. It is admirably directed by John Dexter with balletlike brio and precision, and acted by young people who offer as fine a display of team work as any we are likely to see these days anywhere in our vicinity. In the playing of the



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cadets (this is not equally true of those who play the officers) there is an unmistakable authenticity that gives the sense of being *there*—there at a Royal Air Force station watching the men being trained for service.

The writing has verve and humor. It is sometimes a little pat. Still the effect of reality is created. Englishmen tell me that if an upper-class recruit spoke to the other men (of the "lower" class) as this one does in *Chips* he would be immediately told to "stow it!" I take no position on this point, but I am inclined to question the psychological pivot that turns the play to its conclusion.

The educated, "well born" conscript of the outfit, Pip, is determined to make his less-favored companions stand up to the officers who are contemptuous of them. This "dandy" is finally "broken" when a young officer of his own class suggests to him that his rebelliousness and would-be leadership spring from nothing but an appetite for power, for an authority denied him at home. It strikes me that, while this may be valid in a general sense, the process of breakdown in Pip demands a longer and subtler dramatization. In the present instance it seems a mechanical device.

What troubles some folk (particularly if they are English) is the assumption that a savage class separation still exists in England. What worries others is an uncertainty as to what the thesis of the play really is. On this latter point I think I am clear: the working class cannot expect real help from any source other than its own will and collective effort; no salvation will come to it from outside its class, no matter how well intentioned the desire for "uplift" may be. The play also implies that "revolution" is virtually impossible in Britain because, as Heine once said in a similar connection, it is against the law.

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Why then, as I took pleasure in the vivacity of the play, did I come to the conclusion at the final curtain (when all the rookies had been sent out to their duties) that "there will always be a Britain" and that the military stringency, with all its gross tactics and the hypocrisy of the officers, was somehow being justified and in fact upheld? Was it simply a failure of artistic craftsmanship? Or is there a virtue in the play's peculiar ambiguity?

Chips with Everything gives evidence of its author's genuine struggle with his material, a struggle with himself as well as with his community. It is a problem which the English are thrashing about in to the point of neurosis, one which for the most part they have as yet been unable to resolve. But the apparently theoretic debate that goes on in England, rather more than anywhere else today, between political commitment in the arts and the free inquiry into the state of man in the universal sense is a phase of Britain's coming-of-age in the 1960s.

Thus there is a merit even in the play's fault; it exemplifies a promise even as it betrays a flaw. Like its young author, it is not yet mature, but is twisting its way to a desirable goal. Its difficulty is part of a larger national crisis—of economy, of social development, of conscience — which men of good will must follow with anxiety, sympathy and hope.

The Obratsov Puppets brought from Moscow by Sol Hurok are, I am sure, delightful. If there is any doubt about this, it arises chiefly from two special factors. The Broadway Theatre is too large for so intimate a show. In the middle of the orchestra floor (let us say in row K) the diminutive figures are hard to see in the minutiae of their droll characterizations. Very likely a smaller house would not have been profitable. Then too, the show suffers from being too much what one expects a puppet show to be—infantile.

It might be said that the kids will love it. Yet most of its jibes are of the kind that can be fully appreciated only by people who have been to music recitals, cabarets, concerts. Kids are less likely than adults to recognize the absurdity of such occasions.

Technically, the Obratsov Puppets are perfect. They are as effusively good-natured, as innocent and as simple-minded as most of the adults who applaud them in the Soviet Union. The three-month baby puppet who plays the piano with so much temperament is indeed the *Wunderkind* the program proclaims her. I adore gypsy musicians —even phony ones—and those of the Obratsov company are more beautifully grotesque than any I have ever seen. The lions are darlings, especially in their very human hostilities and sibling rivalries. The aged piano mover is a man of sweet dignity and incompetence.

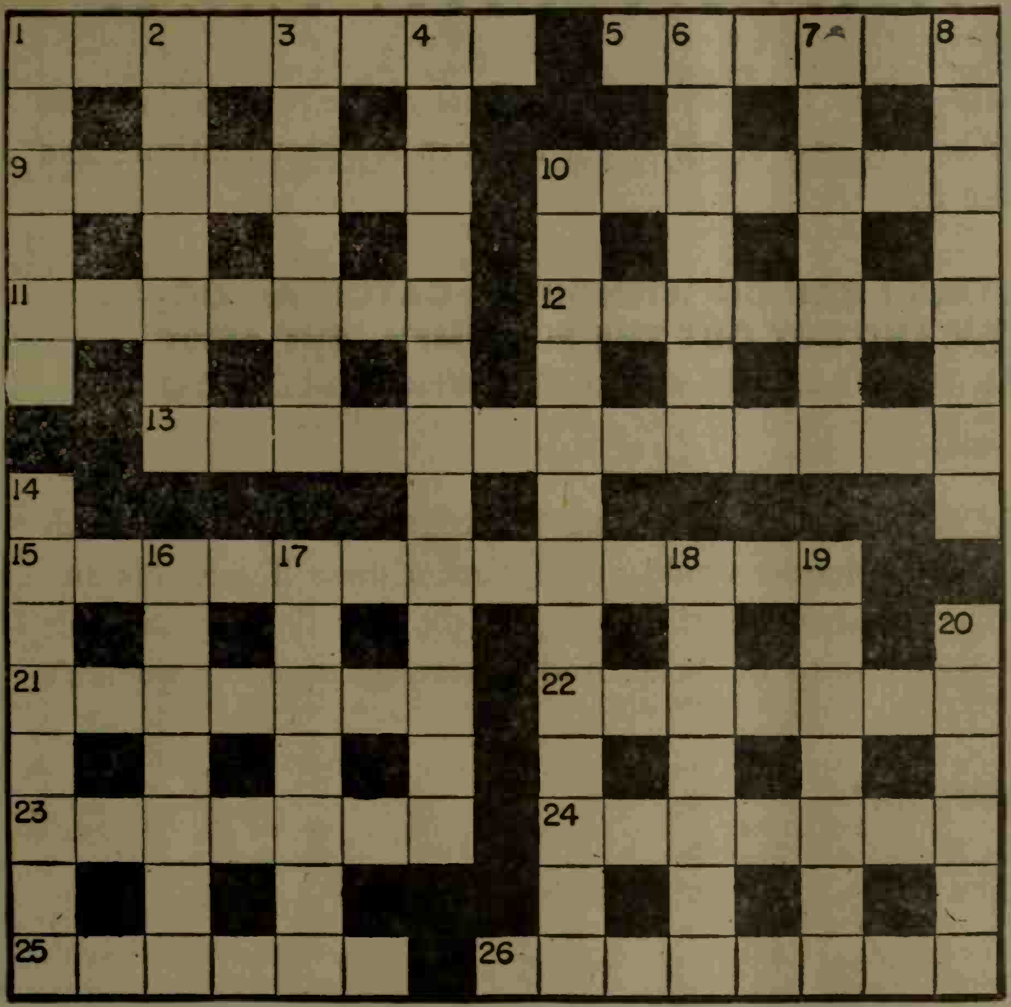
The entire performance may seriously be described as cute as the dickens, but it is—except for the brilliance of its execution—still small stuff. If anyone should challenge me as to how puppets can be more than that I would be obliged to reply, "By not being so much like people!" The great Japanese puppets do not imitate people. For all their frailty they rise to heights of pure aesthetic expression — symbolically epic, with a delicacy beyond the scope of man. That is why Kabuki actors try to imitate puppets rather than people.

There are people in the readings of *Spoon River* (Booth Theatre); people rather than a play. For lack of any new American plays, we are obliged to hail the array of plain folk which that curmudgeon poet Edgar Lee Masters has drawn up for us. Masters is exalted out of anger, dour out of disappointment, full of guile from bile, crabbed and humorous, a gnarled stump of a man without special graces, but still oppressively impressive; minatory, but by force of a salty honesty, ultimately gratifying. He is a squashed and squelched Whitman whose exultant yawp has been reduced to a throttled lyricism. Who could ever forget his country intellectual who went crazy trying to commit the *Encyclopedia Britannica* to memory?

The four actors who "do" these poems with fine spirit are able and intelligent but—whatever their ages—they are too blooming young to convey all the acrimony and crotchety anguish that was in Masters. This may be a boon. The real thing might be too much to bear.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1029

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A few additional thoughts about 25 chairs. (8)
5 Made a small jar of cheese, as it might be. (6)
9 Carry a challenge with you in flight, perhaps. (7)
10 Add a little touch to haberdashery as a matter of course. (7)
11 One who supports the republic starts out a mathematical scientist. (7)
12 Both the bowl and the cereal in it might have the answer. (7)
13 Have unnumbered things been exposed to such blemish? (13)
15 An avowed vagabond is the last thing one would expect at the bar. (3, 3, 3, 4)
21 Material procured at a fair. (7)
22 Where to look for copper to be full strength. (2, 5)
23 Scorn to have it wrongly said in the racket. (7)
24 Owed to Mr. Sikes, but not payable to order. (3, 4)
25 An unnatural desire to live? (6)
26 Punished as Gilbert's children often were. (8)

DOWN:

1 and 14 What the building char force might do with a political issue? (6,8)
2 Many have found it rewarding to see in swollen glands. (7)
3 How to give your writing a classical slant? (7)
4 A dynamic following one might find going around at Christmas time. (8, 5)
6 The hectic life of the Muridae family? (3, 4)
7 How to give a scintillating performance. (7)
8 Inclinations to show what the cautious owner of an unusual pet does. (8)
10 Imagine an opening with such a pleasant prospect! (7, 6)
16 The swelling of support with a damaged net, in "take-it-or-leave-it" condition. (7)
17 The casual manner of Venus? (7)
18 Unorthodox behavior for a policeman when not on duty! (7)
19 Is one likely to take his turn in service under Vishinsky? (7)
20 An order of Lee had to be made better! (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1028

ACROSS: 1 Playing the fool; 9 Arbutus; 10 Lantern; 11 Nuncio; 14 Squalor; 15 Sheep; 17 Gates; 19 Dappled; 21 Agar-agar; 23 Scrape; 25 Ill wind; 26 Release; 27 Gregorian chant. DOWN: 1 Plain song; 2 Albinos; 3 Intrigues; 4 Gist; 5 Heliograph; 6 Finer; 7 Overawe; 8 Anil; 13 Gladhander; 15 and 21 Salicylic acid; 16 Placement; 18 Trailer; 20 and 12 Dead as a door-nail; 22 Aging; 24 Proa.

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LETTERS

Teachers and strikes

Flushing, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: I must disagree with your editorial (Sept. 21) which upholds the right of public school teachers to strike. The concept of the strike which is applicable to the area of private business is not applicable to the areas of government owned and operated essential services.

When the workers in a private business threaten to strike they are offering their employer a choice: "Either meet our demands or your production will cease." When workers in private business are out on strike they are again offering their employer a choice: "Either meet our demands and renew production or stay out of business." In both cases the employer can take one or the other alternative. For essential public services, however, both of the above choices are inappropriate. In the case of public education, the right of a union to offer the government the above sets of alternatives can only be supported by those foes of public education who would "get the government out of the education business."

Robert Kaplan

Side effects of autos

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: The article by Ralph Nader (*The Nation*, Oct. 12) stresses industry's avoidance of planning for safety in the design of automobiles. . . . But for me, the main interest lies in how the automobile industry has been poisoning our metropolitan social life.

In Detroit, the auto industry has sabotaged every effort to get a public transportation system for the city and its suburbs. Here, as in Los Angeles, dependence has been placed upon expressways and the auto. But the overloading of the routes has many talking of how they would leave the car at home and take the monorail train —if there was one. Today in Detroit almost everybody including the mayor and the Detroit Common Council sees the need for monorail or some other public transportation system.

But just at this point the subtle poisoning starts. The automobile has done more than anything else to establish our suburbs. Coincidentally, it has been the innocent means of creating class and racial segregation —between housing and people of the central city against ranch homes and other people of the suburbs. The loud motto, "Keep Dearborn Clean," in Detroit's southern neighbor is echoed by the whispered "Get away from the Colored" in all other suburbs of Detroit.

This mania for separation and segregation is a monstrous thing. But we can see how the automobile industry thrives on it. No matter how frustrating it is to drive an auto on the expressways, the average Detroiter won't use the D.S.R. (Detroit Street Railway) buses because "the colored" are on those buses. A class and racial prejudice has been built up against the buses and incidentally against any nonsegregated public transportation system. . . .

Alan Mather

Election slogan

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs:

Goldwater in 1964
Hot Water in 1965
Bread and Water in 1966

Wes Barthelmes

Iranian despotism

Dear Sirs: The following are a few facts about Iran's election. . . .

After killing about 2,000 of the Iranian people in the June uprising in Iran, while the people were under martial law and terror, the Shah hastily decided to set up an election to satisfy the United States which had pressured him to do so. We would like to point out that the June uprising in Iran did not belong to any particular group, as was claimed by the Iranian Government; it was an emotional reaction of an oppressed nation under the Shah's terrorism.

This election was held under martial law. All the opposition leaders, including National Fronts, were arrested and jailed. After June's "Shoot to Kill" order of the Shah, the people of Iran were so desperate and afraid of the Shah's Gestapo-style Secret Police that they did not dare to show any reaction against the rigged so-called election. The experience of June's uprising had shown that angry fists cannot resist American-made machine guns and tanks. There was only one thing left for them to do and that was to stay home and not take part in the election. They knew the Secret Police had picked out the "reliable candidates," those faithful to the Shah, way ahead of time. They knew that as in the past two elections, the ballot boxes would be replaced by ones already filled by the government.

We do not believe that the American taxpayers want their tax money to go to such a barbaric government. Their tax dollars not only have not stopped the spread of communism, but have paved the way for it by making the poor poorer and the rich richer. Supporting an unpopular regime in the Middle Eastern countries, particularly in Iran, will eventually turn the people of these countries against the United States.

For the sake of our families' safety, we would prefer to remain anonymous.

[*Signed by seven Iranian students* —Editors]

THE
NATION

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The Nation, Nov. 2, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 14

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The Lady Known as Nhu

A great artist has come to our shores. Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu has created more excitement than Eleanora Duse or Sarah Bernhardt. She certainly talks more than these tragediennes ever did in their professional capacity. She enchants or paralyzes men. Some of the worst interviewing since TV was invented was put on the air by experienced male journalists, who were apparently overcome by Mme. Nhu's scented silk gowns and inch-long fingernails. Women were less susceptible, but not all could resist the spell.

Besides beauty, style, and volubility, the visitor possesses in the highest degree a quality that in Yiddish is called "chutzpah," inadequately translated as gall. Political success is impossible without it, but few have been endowed with it in such measure. It consists in the courage to say what will serve to convince or, if not convince, to silence or confuse, although everyone knows that the very opposite is true. Without qualms of conscience, just say what will serve your ends, either loudly, as crude politicians do, or with an air of sweet innocence and helplessness, which is the Nhu technique — in the United States. In South Vietnam she uses the iron fist; there she has the assistance of the special police.

Nevertheless, Madame's artful dodging does not assure her a triumphal tour, as the jeering receptions at Princeton and Harvard have already indicated. In the end Mme. Nhu may be forced to pick up the national treasury and enjoy life in Paris. For she has only one argument: I am harder on communism than you are, therefore I am right and you are wrong. In a typical Nhuism she declared: "The world is under a spell, the Communist-inspired spell which is now called liberalism." This drivel still appeals to right-wing rebels against the world of the sixties, but it can no longer be sold to the ordinary American. Her fakery was forcefully exposed by her own father when he said, with dignity but deadly accuracy, that she and her husband have been a great gift to communism in Southeast Asia.

It Depends on Which Scientist

When a scientist, novelist or peacemonger is designated for a Nobel Prize, the American press has a standard reaction. It flips. The editors, if the laureate is a scientist, have usually never heard of him, nor of the great accomplishment that earned him the prize. By custom and tradition, however, the tone of comment is laudatory.

The case of Linus Pauling, who received his second Nobel Prize, this time for his efforts on behalf of peace, is a different story. Verbal peacemaking is all right, of course, but the efforts of an activist like Pauling go a bit too far. Some sections of the press were shocked by the choice of this chemist who doesn't know enough to stay in his own field. The Linus Paulings of the world, said the New York *Herald Tribune*, "have made themselves not only nuisances, but dangerous nuisances." The *Los Angeles Times*, while proud of the man from Pasadena, quoted Robert M. Hutchins (entirely out of context) to the effect that scientists don't commit frauds in their profession since they can't get away with it, but outside of it they are almost totally lacking in probity.

Pauling will take it all with equanimity.

Setback for Shelters

Less than a month after the House approved a bill to establish a nation-wide fallout shelter program, it refused to appropriate the funds necessary to operate the program. On October 10, the House ratified the Independent Offices Appropriations Subcommittee's cut of civil-defense funds — a whopping cut of 75 per cent, allowing only $87.8 million out of Civil Defense's request for $246.9 million. But this offers scant comfort for those who feel that the protection shelters would afford has been vastly overrated. The Office of Civil Defense is certain to return to the House with a supplemental appropriation request, which will be sent not to the hostile Independent Offices Appropriations Subcommittee but to the more sympathetic Deficiency Appropriations Subcommittee. Given the willingness of the House to rubber-stamp committee judgments on civil defense, quite possibly there will be still another reversal. We should not assume, therefore, that the issue has been shelved; it will come up again, possibly when least expected, and opponents of a shelter program must keep on the alert.

How to Get Rid of the Draft

The announced purpose of the new military pay act is to retain men for career service. Accordingly, the largest increases are going to officers and enlisted members in the middle grades — 23 per cent for lieutenants and captains, 17 per cent for corporals and petty officers third class. Sergeant majors, master sergeants, master chief petty officers and senior chief petty officers with over 26 years of service receive the largest dollar increases — $120 per month — presumably to induce them to remain in uniform instead of retiring.

No one with under two years of service receives any increase. Everyone else gets something (including $95 a month increases for the five chiefs of staff) except the lowly E-1s, who remain at $78 per month. Canadian raw recruits are better off; they start at $88 (Canadian) — good enough, at the Canadian price level, so that Canada does not require the draft. In general, Canada is more generous with the lower ranks than is the United States. An American Pfc. can never draw more than $165 a month under the new pay scale; his Canadian equivalent, the lance corporal, starts at $189 and may go as high as $279.

The Pentagon calls up 6,000 to 7,000 draftees per month to supplement volunteers. If the pay of the E-1s were increased by, say, 15 per cent, enough volunteers might be obtained to eliminate the draft. The armed services are hardly an ideal school for the young, but they do offer technical training that might enable untrained youngsters to compete on the labor market after a term of service. Socially, this would make more sense than the services' objective of keeping people who evidently have no overwhelming love for the military life. The increased cost would probably be offset by the savings that would result from elimination of the expensive selective-service setup. And the indirect advantages would be substantial, for the draft is wasteful, interrupts the education of thousands of young men, creates severe administrative problems for the colleges and, more important, is unfair in operation (see "We Don't Need the Draft" by John C. Esty, Jr., *The Nation*, February 23, 1963).

Unanimity

October 10 was Paul Kruger Day in South Africa, to honor the first president of the Boer republics and the fighters of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, now part of the Union of South Africa. On that same day South African apartheid was condemned by a vote of 106-1 in the United Nations General Assembly, the lone dissenting vote being cast by South Africa itself. When the moral sense of the great majority of the world's inhabitants is sufficiently outraged, the schisms of the UN disappear and unanimity emerges. It doesn't happen often, but it happened on October 10.

The event was notable on several grounds. On the previous day, the condemnatory resolution passed by a vote of 87 to 1 in the Special Political Committee, with Portugal casting the opposing vote. The United States abstained, along with eight other nations. By the following day the tide of condemnation was running so strong that the abstainers were swept into affirmation. Portugal found it expedient to be absent.

A revealing incident occurred during the voting on October 10. When Panama went to the rostrum and announced it was switching from abstention to condemnation, most of the delegates cheered. They were cheering not for Panama alone, but because it was almost certain that the United States too had switched.

To talk of South Africa, under the Verwoerd regime, as barbarous, is to slander barbarians. Under the sabotage laws some thirty-three persons have been executed this year and 600 imprisoned for from eighteen months to twenty years. The total number in jail is unknown: under South African law, anyone can be jailed indefinitely without being charged with any crime. The period for such confinement is eighty-eight days, renewable at the government's option. The latest batch of prisoners includes Walter M. Sisulu and Nelson Mandela, leaders of the proscribed African Nationalist Congress Party. The UN resolution was rushed through the General Assembly in the hope of saving these victims, who have been held in solitary confinement and are about to be tried.

By all indications, UN action against South Africa will snowball. The United States has taken steps to stop the flow of arms to South Africa by the end of 1963, and African countries are urging Britain and France to take similar measures. What the Africans want is a total embargo on trade with the Union of South Africa. If this includes petroleum, they think the Union might be forced to abandon its racist policies, or at least moderate them.

The UN's unanimity on October 10 is heartening, but all these plans are almost as negative as sending criminals to jail for the deterrent effect. A more positive approach, proposed by the Nordic group (Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway and Sweden), has been presented to the UN by the Danish Foreign Minister, Per Haekkerup. The lament of the South African whites, which in their eyes justifies any atrocity, is that they could not survive in an African state in which non-whites had complete equality. The Nordic idea is the formation of a democratic multiracial state, with the UN maintaining law and order during the transition period. It is probably too late for such a humane solution; if so, the South African racists have only themselves to blame. But the idea should be examined with all care and sincerity.

Women's Work Has Just Begun

Probably no one did more to enhance the position of women in twentieth-century America than Eleanor Roosevelt. It was fitting that she be appointed head of President Kennedy's Commission on the Status of Women, and that the commission's report be issued on October 11, the anniversary of her birth. The report is ambitious and many-sided; of necessity, it contains far more generalities than specifics. Then, too, the commission could only recommend; it was given no power to decree. Undoubtedly that is why one suggestion in the report is for women to start suing in cases of sex discrimination so that the courts can issue rulings. Certainly, due process in respect to the rights of women is long overdue; and clear-cut court decisions could be helpful. But lawsuits are costly for the private plaintiff and long drawn out, as Negro citizens have found. Possibly the women's movement will devise short cuts, too. These are surely in order since, on the average, women receive only 60 per cent of what men get for the same work — and receive no compensating 40 per cent discount on prices for food, clothing and shelter, to say nothing of the cost of child care.

The commission's official report has now been presented in a formal ceremony at the White House, and the commission members have all been thanked and bidden farewell, since funds were set up for a twenty-two-month period only. Now women's work will have to start in earnest, to see that the findings and recommendations do not gather dust in the file-and-forget department of the Administration.

His Wife Likes It

James Forstner, a probation officer in San Francisco's juvenile court, has been suspended because he refuses to shave his beard. Makes him look like a beatnik, says his superior. Offhand, it may seem that a man (particularly a man with a wife and two children) must be some sort of nut if he jeopardizes a job for the sake of his whiskers. But nuttiness, like most things, is relative, and what are we to think of Mr. Strycula, the senior probation officer, who equates an adornment as old as the male sex with asocial behavior? What about Lincoln? What about Longfellow (is *Hiawatha* to be banned?); what about Santa Claus?

Mr. Forstner is not, of course, all that fond of his beard (though he says his wife likes it). He objects to being ordered to conform. And as a probation officer he may know more about the evil of that sort of tyranny than most of us; the pressure to conform contributes to gang behavior, and gang behavior is what Mr. Forstner has been hired to combat. We've seen a picture of the beard (it is trim and well-tended; rather like Degas') and we agree with Mrs. Forstner that on her husband it looks good. It takes courage to defy official impudence, but probation work does not attract cowards.

Scientists and the Public Weal . .

Philip Siekevitz

Here and there an ivory tower is being vacated for good. The older generation of inhabitants is dying off, and the younger wants none of these accommodations. Slowly, scientists are entering society. Did I say enter? I mean being pushed. Did I say they are "leaving" the ivory tower? I mean being evicted. We are being cajoled, entreated, even threatened, to come out.

In response, then, to this public clamor, and also to a certain inner compulsion, the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) set up, a few years ago, an Interim Committee on the Social Aspects of Science. I quote briefly from its report:

> *We are now in the midst of a new and unprecedented scientific revolution which promises to bring about profound changes in the condition of human life. The forces and processes now coming under human control are beginning to match in size and intensity those of nature itself, and our total environment is now subject to human influence. In this situation, it becomes imperative to determine that these new powers shall be used for the maximum good; for, if the benefits to be derived from them are great, the possibility of harm is correspondingly serious.*

This report prompted the AAAS to set up a Committee on Science in the Promotion of Human Welfare, which in turn has issued its own report—a thoroughly remarkable document signifying an awareness of society that most scientists thought other scientists lacked. Its major tenet is not only that scientists have a social responsibility, but that this responsibility should weigh almost as heavily with the scientist as his duty to seek the truth in the laboratory.

The problems to be tackled, according to the report, are of a nature familiar to *Nation* readers. Put into the report's context, however, they are of enhanced significance, for here the problems are addressed to the very scientists who in large measure created them, and whose talents are needed for their solution. Listed are such questions as the social consequences of our advancing technology, e.g., automation, the use of food additives and insecticides, population control; the association of scientific research with military activity (creating a new and unfavorable "public image" of science and tending, because of the secrecy involved, to inhibit research); the overshadowing of the universal aspects of scientific research by its increasingly nationalistic character, leading to a possible decrease in international scientific collaboration; the many problems posed by governmental support of research; and, finally, the integrity of science.

The immediate steps proposed by the report reflect the traditionalist nature of most scientists, and show clearly that in matters of this kind one must move slowly to move at all. One proposal, originating in a recently adopted practice of the British AAS, is to hold a great number of public meetings throughout the country, at which scientists would discuss their achievements and how they were accomplished—to explain, in other words, how scientific research is actually conducted. Another proposal relates to the accessibility of known facts about a given problem. It is proposed that the scientific facts be made available to all scientists; that these facts should then be disseminated to the public via groups of scientists under the auspices of the AAAS; and, finally, that liaison between scientists and the public should be developed on a local basis, so that when issues come up locally involving scientific matters, there would be available a group capable of furnishing the revelant facts.

At its annual meeting in New York last December, the AAAS departed from tradition to devote much of its program to the relationship between scientists and society. Symposia were held on such diverse topics as "The Scientists' Role in the Community" and "Psychological and Sociological Implications of Nuclear Arms." One of the main addresses was by C. P. Snow, who discussed "The Moral Unneutrality of Science." The gist of his argument was that scientists have a "moral imperative to say what they know," despite the fact that they may regard themselves as nationals of this country or that, or that they may have become, in many cases, "soldiers not in uniform."

Perhaps the most interesting session was on "The Effect of the Pres-

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Philip Siekevitz is a biochemist at the Rockefeller Institute. He is co-author of the recent book Cell Structure and Function *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

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Why this hesitancy? Certainly it is due neither to ignorance of, nor disinterest in, social and political questions. I think the main reason lies in the profound difference between the way a scientist thinks in his laboratory and the way he must think outside. In his work, the scientist is bound by a fairly rigid set of rules that have evolved, pragmatically, over the years. Thus, as scientists, we make statements with interminable hedges, since most of what we assert to be "true" today will be found false tomorrow, as we well know. How different is the political world! The good politician is —indeed, must be—sure of himself. For this is the only way the political game can be played. A politician does not lie or exaggerate so much as he *simplifies*. This simplification, necessary for the politician, is practically a misdemeanor for the scientist. Hence, when a scientist goes into politics, he not only must *talk* differently, he has to *think* differently. What the public wants, what Congressional committees want, is not discussion but a conclusion. And this most scientists find a difficult thing to give.

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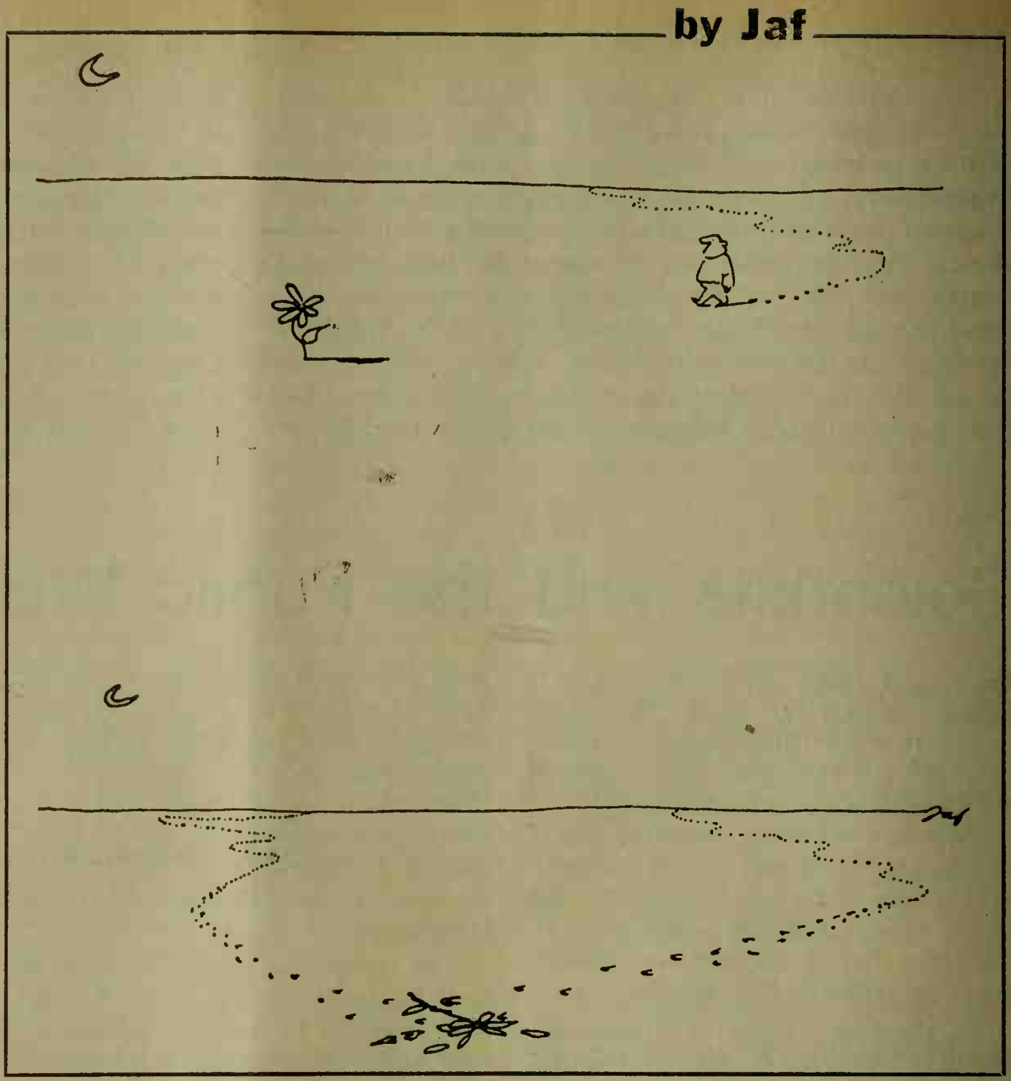

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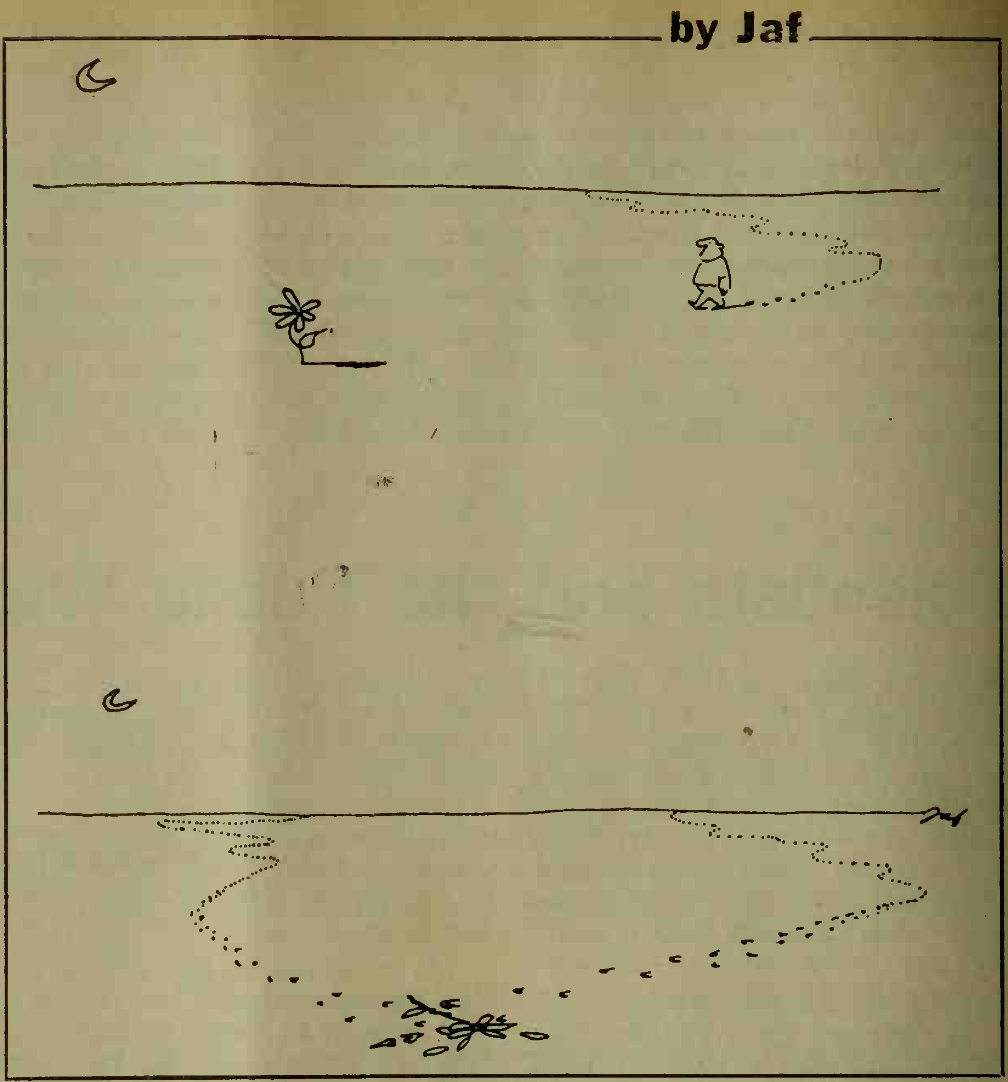

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For obvious reasons, then, the expenses are being shared by the UN and the Diem government, a formula that—again—runs counter to UN practice. But it must be clear that if Saigon, on the other hand, had been allowed to pay the bill in full, it would have made it just that much harder, later on, for members of the group to tread a neat line between frankness and good manners.

At this point anyone might be pardoned for wanting to know whether any mission resting on such a rash of irregularities is really such a good idea. From the U.S. point of view—the prevailing one—the answer is yes. But it takes a bit of unraveling.

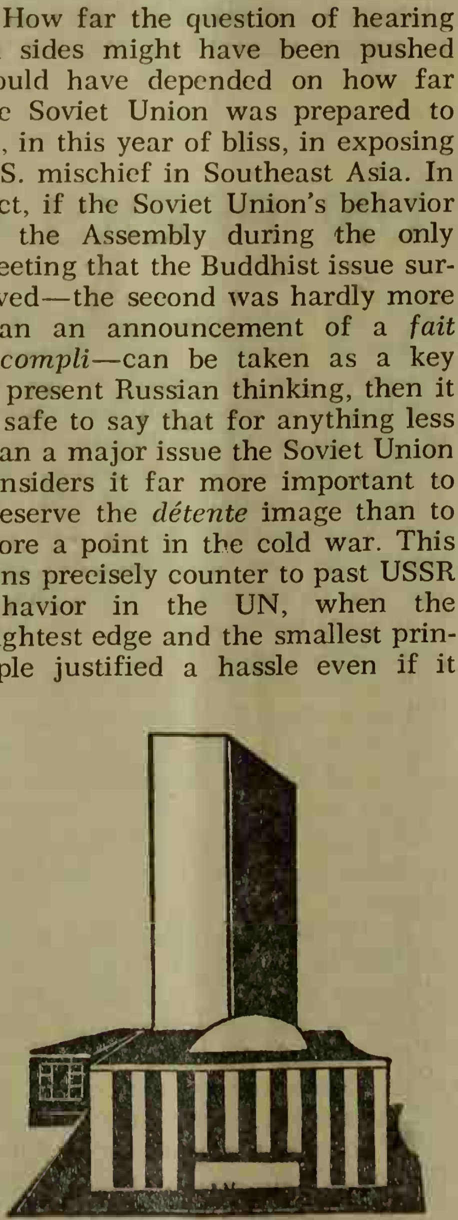
Shortly after the raids on the pagodas on August 21, Ambassador Gunewardene of Ceylon made it known that his delegation would bring the question of the repression of the Buddhists before the UN. His prime minister's first choice, a Special Session of the Assembly, and Cambodia's first, a Security Council meeting, were by-passed in backroom negotiations in favor of simply using the regular Eighteenth Assembly. On September 9, fourteen—later sixteen—member states made the formal request and the issue was defined as "The Violation of Human Rights in South Vietnam."

The United States did not oppose inscription on the agenda. President Kennedy, after all, had already expressed disapproval of the maltreatment of the Buddhists. Our strategy therefore became: Let debate begin, but cut it off as early as possible. (Technically, discussion of the item has been only adjourned and can be resumed when the mission submits its report. But as old-timers know, anything can happen between the dispatch of a mission and the time that its findings are carefully worked up into polished prose.

The major and most obvious reason for this U.S. diversionary move was that, however much the Assembly might honestly try to keep it a human-rights issue, it would inevitably become a political one. Nor was there any ironical assurance that Mme. Nhu, whose arrival here coincided with the opening of the debate, had voluntarily discarded all her illusions of UN grandeur. While Washington would be the last to underestimate the power of a woman, Adlai Stevenson, knowing that her barbarisms were still ringing in the ears of Buddhists and non-Buddhists alike, clearly would not have relished the idea of having to support her "right" of reply in any UN forum.

There is another reason for our wanting to get the question off the fire quickly. Achkar Marof of the Guinea delegation, speaking in the General (Steering) Committee on September 18, when the inscription of the item was under debate, questioned the assumption that justice would be served by inviting a representative of the South Vietnam Government to state its case when the issue reached the Assembly. Hadn't Diem blamed the North Vietnam Government for certain atrocities? Guinea wondered whether those who were now piously asking for a voice for Saigon would do the same for Hanoi.

How far the question of hearing all sides might have been pushed would have depended on how far the Soviet Union was prepared to go, in this year of bliss, in exposing U.S. mischief in Southeast Asia. In fact, if the Soviet Union's behavior in the Assembly during the only meeting that the Buddhist issue survived—the second was hardly more than an announcement of a *fait accompli*—can be taken as a key to present Russian thinking, then it is safe to say that for anything less than a major issue the Soviet Union considers it far more important to preserve the *détente* image than to score a point in the cold war. This runs precisely counter to past USSR behavior in the UN, when the slightest edge and the smallest principle justified a hassle even if it temporarily alienated most of the Afro-Asians.



Actually, the Russians seem to have been almost as anxious to divert the Buddhist issue as were we. Federenko's proposal to let the International Control Commission (Canada, India and Poland) take over the errand was seemingly *pro forma*, for the birds; it was all too quickly dropped. In the back of his mind was no doubt the thought that were any bona fide probe undertaken by the ICC, the People's Republic of China, a participant in the Geneva Conference, would have had a thing or two to say.

Although Washington, also, rightly welcomes the easing of tension, there are signs that the plea "Don't spoil the improved atmosphere!" may have become a very useful piece of political leverage. This was without doubt the approach made to the Asians who, only a day or so before, had a long list of speakers ready and were all set to step up pressure on the Diem regime by dramatizing the cause on the world's biggest stage. Moreover, there were plans for a resolution asking the Secretary-General to use his good offices as *mediator* (*not* as fact-finder).

But as soon as Ceylon, on October 7, had spoken at length on the maltreatment of the Buddhists, the president of the Assembly read out two letters sent him by Buu-Hoi of the New York office of the Permanent Observer of Vietnam: the first, dated October 3, asked that his government be represented in the debate; and the second, October 4, conveyed the "invitation to the representatives of several Member States . . . that they may see for themselves what the real situation is as regards relations between the Government and the Buddhist community of Vietnam."

The first letter dropped out of the picture, but one cannot help wondering what caused so abrupt a switch in tactics.

Costa Rica urged the Assembly to act on the invitation, lest Vietnam later on be able to say that the UN had neglected to get the full facts. This proposal seemed to be winning almost by default, but then Federenko entered his half-hearted plea for the intervention of the ICC. Costa Rica asked for an adjournment of the meeting so that its delegation might draft a resolution.

There was indeed a resolution, but it was never debated. True, the Afro-Asians objected to its limited sponsorship (Costa Rica and Chile) and a bit of its phraseology. But the customary answer to a bad resolution is a good one, and that was not to be. A U.S. spokesman said privately that anything bearing the slightest implication of a UN mandate—and *any* resolution might—would prompt Saigon to shut the door.

In the plenary the president noted that "there exist no formal proposals" and, hearing no objections, he acted on the basis of the October 4 letter.

Whether debate will be boldly and promptly resumed once the mission has returned. will depend on a lot of political variables. But the Buddhists sound ready to get their case across if they are given even the smallest chance; and a few of the visiting mission, at the same time, are prepared to call the whole thing a guided tour if that's what it turns out to be.

The Hard-Sell Fair . . . C. Gervin Hayden

In the same Flushing Meadow Park where the last New York World's Fair closed its gates nearly a quarter of a century ago, structures are sprouting and bulldozers are carving out the landscape of the 1964 World's Fair.

What its directors describe as "phenomenal industrial participation" is producing 646 acres of mammoth ads, corporate images and soft-sell. Six months hence, thousands will be strolling through the fair grounds, amid the biggest array of wallet-tempting sales messages of the decade.

With less governmental subsidization than is usually given to such events by the host country, New York's exposition has been developed on a strictly self-supporting, self-paying basis. Officially, corporate exhibitors are covering most fair expenses, but ultimately this cost will be passed along to the consumer. The 1964 Fair, while masquerading as a public-service endeavor, has become a hard-nosed, profit-oriented business operation.

Unlike its 1939 predecessor, the 1964 Fair is spending virtually nothing on worth-while exhibits. Only two buildings will be constructed by the World's Fair Corporation — a 2,000-seat World's Fair Assembly and an amphitheatre holding 20,000 for athletic events.

Even the fair's symbol, a 140-foot-high Unisphere encircled by three rings representing the space age, has been built by U.S. Steel. For its efforts, the company receives a mandatory credit line on the fair's copyrighted trademark.

This trademark, a picture of the Unisphere captioned "Presented by U.S. Steel," is already appearing on wearing apparel, telephone directories, toys, and even sugar-cube wrappers. In addition, it has been leased to thirty-eight concerns for use on souvenir posters, emblems, reflectors, rulers, badges, matchbook covers, etc. *Advertising Age*, Madison Avenue's leading trade publication, anointed U.S. Steel's Unisphere "the greatest tie-in [advertising] coup at the fair."

Filling the $75,000-a-year position as fair president is Robert Moses. Although accused of cultural bankruptcy by those in the creative fields, Moses has needed more managerial than cultural skill to organize the fair and keep it financially solvent. His organizational background and reputed ability to wheel and deal within the financial establishment probably marked him for the post.

For one thing, funds had to be obtained from the same business community which still recalled the 1939 disaster when fair bonds yielded only 31c on the dollar. Nevertheless, Moses and his fairsmen have been remarkably, if mercilessly, successful. By limiting construction expenses, charging high ground rents and extending the fair through two summer seasons, they needed only a $30 million bond issue — barely $3 million more than the amount needed for the 1939 Fair.

A hefty source of revenue for the World's Fair Corporation during 1964-65 will be more than $100 million in gate receipts. With admission $2 for adults and $1 for children under twelve, the average family of four will have to pay from $6 to $8 just to be admitted to the fair grounds.

The dollar children's admission has become a political football. New York's City Council has called for a 25c admission for school children visiting the fair in groups. Calvin Gross, Superintendent of Schools, asserted that otherwise the high admission rate would prevent the school system from turning the fair into "a major educational experience" for New York youngsters.

With Mayor Wagner's backing, the City Council asked Moses to appear before its General Welfare Committee to discuss the matter. Moses responded by calling the councilmen and others "assorted Santa Clauses," refused to appear before the Council's committee and asserted that a 25c admission for school children was "unthinkable" and would "bring about the financial collapse of the fair."

Although Moses offered only a few minor concessions, Council President Paul R. Screvane was reported by *The New York Times* as being "confident" the World's Fair Corporation *would* agree to the reduced fee. Screvane felt Moses had "taken his position because he has encouraged people to invest in it and he wants them to at least break even on their investment."

In any event, Moses is not bound by any resolution of the City Council, Mayor Wagner, nor by anyone other than the independent World's Fair Corporation which he heads. This has also kept Moses secure from Councilman Robert A. Low's effort to investigate finances.

Councilman Low has claimed that $4.8 million have been spent "without competitive bidding" which appears "in the nature of a pork barrel." Low points out that legal fees as of December, 1962, had been $798,000, four times what they had been during an equivalent period for the 1939 Fair. He also charged that expenditures for public relations, advertising, conven-

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tions and entertainment appeared to have been extravagant.

Low listed under “other unexplained items” an incident where “favored people [received] contracts allegedly without competitive bidding for the Top of the Fair Restaurant at a moderate rental for a two-year period” during which the restaurant “is expected to gross $10 million a year.”

In another development, the Bureau of International Expositions, recognized controlling agency for world fairs, refused to sanction the New York event because it violated two B.I.E. regulations: (1) it would run longer than the B.I.E.-allowed six months, and (2) the U.S. quota of a fair per decade was used up by the Seattle Fair.

B.I.E. has requested that its members boycott the New York Fair. As a result, most Western European powers, Britain and three-fourths of the Commonwealth countries (including Canada) are by-passing the 1964 exposition.

Although a governmental boycott doesn't prevent the industrial establishments of that country from exhibiting, most foreign businesses have apparently felt high ground rents and other expenses would make their participation unrewarding. But U.S. industry has seized upon the New York Fair as a rare marketing opportunity.

In the Transportation Area, General Motors and the Ford Motor Company, two of the fair's larger exhibitors, have squared off against each other. Manned by combat teams of admen and public relations experts, their pavilions will spearhead high-pressure, national sales campaigns.

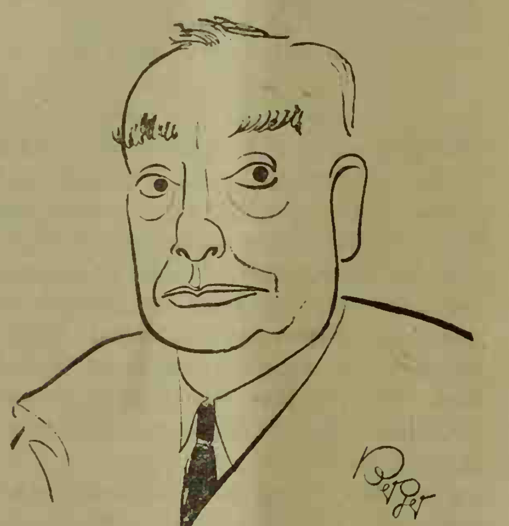
Economy considerations have virtually been abandoned in these go-for-broke presentations. General Motors is sinking $38 million into its pavilion. Across the way, “to go out and beat General Motors,” Ford has employed Walt Disney; the Disney-designed ride through automotive past, present and future, however, is geared so “visitors come out thinking more ‘Ford’ than ‘Disney.’ ”

The 89 million visitors passing through the $2 admission gates during 1964-65 will comprise a large segment of the world's single most important consumer market — the solid, well-heeled American middle class. This marketing potential has been the major theme of fair promotions aimed at business circles.

Advertising Age reports that in the summer and fall of 1962, “four waves of full-page newspaper ads appeared, spaced two or three weeks apart, in twenty-six different countries. Keyed to exhibitors and visitors, the ads carried the same message in different languages: ‘Magnificent spectacle . . . Significant marketplace!’ ”

The New York Fair, in the words of its promoters, “will be ten times bigger in money, in people coming, in exhibits, in everything, than Seattle's Fair.” Such size, though, has created some unique problems.

Fair-goers spend just so much time on the fair grounds; to see each advertiser's exhibit would take days, if not weeks. Therefore, many manufacturers have developed a “television concept” of display: once the visitor enters a pavilion he becomes part of a captive audience, subjected to a program lasting from eight minutes to half an hour. He no longer controls his own rate of viewing. Once he commences a ride or tour, he is systematically fed an entertaining, and hopefully convincing, sales message.



Robert Moses

The adman personality, with its predilection for the meaninglessly spectacular, permeates the fair. Life-sized dinosaurs will soon begin grazing in Sinclair Oil's “Dinoland” next to the Van Wyck Expressway. Near “Dinoland” is Kodak's “Magic Carpet Roof” which consists of a simulated lunar crater; this coyly designed setting will produce a flurry of Kodak product consumption as tourists snap shots of one another standing on the moon's surface.

Ground rents, five times what they were in 1939 ($200/sq. ft. compared to 1939's $45/sq. ft.) have caused many other exhibitors to forgo promoting their institutional “image.” Instead they will concentrate on actual product sales. Food merchandizers, such as Chung King, will operate food concessions featuring their particular line of products. Even the automotive pavilions will have “simulated” dealerships complete with showroom samples, literature, and possibly even salesmen. Foreign governments have cut overhead expenses by subleasing space to export companies seeking to expand their U.S. contacts.

One or two private pavilions are strictly speculative endeavors. Their builders hope to show handsome profits by leasing cubicles of space to smaller exhibitors. Sensing the fair's commercialism was becoming unwieldly, one fair official exclaimed, “We have to crack down on this; it's beginning to look like a bazaar!”

To bolster its “public service image,” the World's Fair Corporation has encouraged noncommercial religious and state representation in Flushing Meadow by granting free space to these groups. As a result, religious organizations will be well represented.

A World's Fair is an ideal place to introduce new products. In 1939, tubular chairs, nylon and television were the “products of tomorrow.” Even a new trademark, Borden's Elsie the Cow, first mooed her way to fame at the 1939 event. Although little publicity has been given so far to 1964's “products of tomorrow,” they may provide some of the few interesting highlights of an otherwise dull event.

Whatever their merits, technically educational exhibits rarely draw large crowds, and the fair-going millions will demand only to be entertained. The type of entertainment needed to keep the masses coming has been thoroughly arranged by the fair's personnel.

In a discussion over whether the fair should emphasize “good family entertainment” or “what Broadway calls ‘human nature,’ ” the former, with Moses' support, carried the day.

In many controversies, Moses has chosen to avoid the public spotlight and has relinquished the hot seat to the fair's vice president, Charles Poletti. It was Poletti who assured newsmen that the fair would have "plenty of amusement . . . but no belly dancers." When ribbed by a reporter to the effect that "some enterprising fellow might open a belly-dancing show right outside the fair," Poletti snorted: "We'll see what the Police Department will do about that."

The "good family entertainment" policy has also been the basis for deciding that "in order not to compete with Lincoln Center," fair programs would be "light" in nature. As things stand now, the 1964 Fair will test the public's capacity to enjoy, and financially support, the television-level, frivolous entertainment it supposedly prefers.

Not everything at the fair, not even all the "light" entertainment, is free. Once inside, the fair-goer will have the opportunity to buy everything from handwoven blankets to printing presses. Many exhibitors, such as Hawaii and Indonesia, will offer native dishes at strictly New York prices. A ride in a Swiss cable car will cost 50¢, and Ringling Brothers will put on big tent shows — at regular prices. Simmons Beautyrest Center will rent cubicles complete with bedding to weary sightseers on an hourly basis; even Greyhound has joined the money scramble by selling tours of the fair grounds.

The advertising displays, however, will be free, and in the event that they become boring, the fair-goer can always visit some of the state exhibits. Of the latter, Florida will offer an aquarium show replete with leaping dolphins and fish-holding sailors, and Maryland will be re-enacting the Battle of Fort McHenry, birthplace of the *Star-Spangled Banner*.

The fair's promotional campaign literally bubbles over with festive hoopla. In films, the commentator underlines the theme of "Peace through Understanding." The scenes that follow show: celebrities arriving at the fair grounds via boat and being greeted by a dockful of swaying, flower-bedecked hula girls; Joe Louis smiling and sharing the camera with a demure Miss Rheingold; and the UN chorus singing a few bars of a foreign melody. The connection between all this and either "peace" or "understanding" is left undeveloped.

To produce films such as these and to generally stimulate interest in the fair, $6 million had originally been allocated for advertising. Since that time, however, tie-in advertising (e.g., exhibitors filming commercials in the fair grounds, featuring their exhibits in magazine ads, etc.) has mushroomed, and it now appears that a full $6-million expenditure will not be necessary.

Fair organizers are attempting to stimulate $300 million worth of these tie-in promotions, thereby insuring themselves enormous free "rub-off" publicity. Individual exhibitors have been more than willing to cooperate; unless crowds are kept streaming into Flushing Meadow, their displays will not achieve maximum exposure. Ads featuring an exhibit also increase the number of tourists who will visit that exhibit during the limited time they are on the fair grounds.

Nevertheless, *Advertising Age* reports that for the New York area "a campaign referred to as the 'instant plan' [has been] designed to shotgun TV, radio and newspaper ads at times when program changes, weather and other conditions [make] extra 'hypos' [necessary] to bring out the people."

In a much more direct fashion than the price-inflating, tax-deductible monuments of industry, New York City's fair expenses fall on the public purse. New York City will use its revamped 1939 building to display a scale model of the metropolitan area. Later, this will be converted into a planning board for urban redevelopment.

By diverting funds from an incinerator project, the host city also made $3.5 million available to the Port Authority so it could construct a permanent "Hall of Science." More funds are now needed, however, since industry has failed to supply the museum with noncommercial scientific displays.

Meanwhile, opposition to the permanent museum has appeared. *The New York Times* reports, "A number of academic, scientific and philanthropic figures fear that if the 'wrong' kind of project gets under way, the chance to build a great museum will be lost forever." Continuing, *The Times* listed three major objections: (1) the museum might be industry-oriented, as are many of the World's Fair exhibits; (2) the project might become mired in the political tugs of war; and (3) the Flushing Meadow location would discourage visitors.

Supposedly, when City Council president, Paul R. Screvane, sought financial aid from a large philanthropic organization to help pay for the science exhibits, the foundation studied the museum proposal and turned down the request on grounds that it was "weak." An undaunted Port Authority, nevertheless, continues building its permanent "Hall of Science" which, even now, is so far behind schedule that it won't be finished until the summer of 1964.

A World's Fair is, of course, international and during 1964-65, sixty-five of the world's 110 nations will be represented in Flushing Meadow. But of these, hardly half a dozen will be major world powers —India, Indonesia, Japan, Mexico, Egypt and Pakistan.

Two of these, India and Pakistan, receive almost half of all U.S. foreign aid extended to the seventeen countries comprising the Near East and South Asia. Two of the other four, Japan and Mexico, have strong trade ties with the United States.

Many of the world's newer and smaller countries are hoisting their flags in the 1964 Fair. Anxious to gain world attention, recognition and status, little-known nations such as Mali and Sierra Leone have managed to finance fair exhibits.

Initially, nearly all the Americas committed themselves to fair participation. But during the past few months Brazil, Chile and Argentina have voided their agreements. Poletti again made the papers when he asserted these and other governments had "conked out."

"Every time you meet a Latin

American," *The New York Times* quoted Poletti as saying, "it seems, he's always criticizing the United States. They claim 'You Americans don't make any effort to find out about Latin America.' Well, my retort is, 'One way you can find out about Latin America is for some of those Latin American countries to have pavilions here.' "

Chile's Consul General called Poletti's statement "bitter," "not constructive" and in "bad taste." He pointed out that for the last three years Chile had been recovering from an earthquake that had virtually destroyed almost half the nation.

The Soviet Union's cancellation of its planned fair exhibit underscored the total absence of displays from behind the iron, bamboo or sugar curtains. Why Russia withdrew is open to speculation. Initially she was not deterred by the high ground rents nor by B.I.E.'s opposition to the event. In a radio interview, Poletti explained the Soviets felt the U.S. request for permission to erect U.S. expositions in Leningrad and Moscow, while Russia exhibited in New York, was unfair. According to Poletti, the Russians claimed such an arrangement would not be "really reciprocal" since Russia would have only one of seventy exhibits in New York but the U.S. would have exclusive expositions in Leningrad and Moscow.

When rumors began circulating that the fair would not be completed in time, Moses petulantly reminded newsmen that "Critics don't build anything and never have built anything," and then went on to insist a completed fair would open on schedule in April, 1964.

Later, with the "Hall of Science" weeks behind schedule and the Federal Pavilion still "just a hole in the ground," Moses qualified his "completed fair" to mean "at least there won't be lumber and building materials lying all over the place." Recently, further delays were threatened when the teamsters staged a wildcat walkout.

In late 1965, when the fair is over and all temporary structures have been removed, Flushing Meadow Park will remain. The Unisphere, pool and fountain systems, Hall of Science, amphitheatre and heliport will still decorate it. The $125-million highway system will continue bringing visitors to the park and its permanent science museum.

Robert Moses or his successor will then have to tap the public pocketbook for another $11 million to clean up the mess and make Flushing Meadow into "a really first-class metropolitan park."

The Peace Movement

A PROGRAM FOR THE FUTURE

Charles Bolton

There is considerable questioning within the American peace movement about where the movement goes from here. Will completion of the test-ban treaty produce a loss of interest or will it, by increasing the respectability and believability of peace activities, help the movement grow? Will the relaxing in world tensions be paralleled by a relaxing of work on peace issues? Quite understandably, many members of the peace movement are shifting their attention to civil rights, which currently is more glamorous and exciting. Will they return? And of course there are questions about what issues the peace movement should concentrate on next.

Actually, most of the peace movement's projected "next steps" seem wishful thinking. It is a delusion even to think of the test-ban treaty as a step in the direction of the objectives of the peace movement. Properly, everyone welcomes the treaty as a symbolic event in the changing relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, but it is symbolic and not causal. True, it is an achievement in that it ends atmospheric pollution, but it can be argued plausibly that the treaty is a defeat for the contemporary peace movement: the treaty achieves no inspection precedent, no establishment of an international authority, no real guarantees against diffusion of nuclear weapons (indeed, the U.S. is proposing diffusion through NATO). The Administration prostrated itself with pledges of vigorous underground testing and pursuit of the arms race, in fact justified the treaty on military grounds (all to pick up a few votes not necessary to the two-thirds majority required in the Senate). The pledges on underground testing make it virtually impossible for the Administration to pursue an inspected ban on underground testing that the Russians could accept. And, as Leo Szilard has pointed out, an extensive American testing program would likely seriously hurt the cause of peace since the economically weaker Soviet Union, unable to compete in the extremely expensive underground testing, would in the long run be forced to abrogate the treaty. But the peace movement has been swept along in the international euphoria (that will burst with the first crisis). It was tactically necessary that the movement support the test-ban treaty — but it need not have been so uncritical.

Meanwhile, the Department of Defense has been smoothly ushering through Congress a shelter incentive program that may do far more damage to the cause of peace than the test-ban treaty will ever do good. As Rep. Carl Vinson put it, "The military is demanding and requesting and advocating" a shelter program that starts with a mild $175-million incentive plan to get community service institutions to build 10 million shelter spaces in the next year. But, once the foot is in the door, the plan calls for expansion to 100 million spaces by the end of 1966, and already there is talk of 240 million spaces to give protection both day and night. The civil-defense bill passed the House

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September 17 (after numerous tries to get a quorum on a day when at least ninety Congressmen were apparently playing hookey). The peace movement, which had gotten its greatest impetus from the shelter debate in 1961, offered almost no resistance. Yet the shelter plan is one of the most insidious devices yet to insure the perpetuation of the arms race. It seeks to involve local communities in the most direct and personal way by getting schools and similar institutions to partially finance and provide space for the shelters. *It will involve a whole new sector of the economy in the arms race.* And by tying the shelter program to counterforce strategy—a major pitch in the House—the military can be assured of once again intensifying the tensions of that race.

Thus there is little evidence that the peace movement has a coherent sense of where it is going, adequate sensitivity to behind-the-scenes maneuvering (the mass media provided the military with an excellent blackout on the civil-defense gambit), any sense of tactics, or any system of integrated action that can hope to compete with the military-industrial combine on something the latter really wants.

However, it would be an error to see the present problems of the peace movement just in terms of reactions to recent national and international events. The movement had already reached a peak and leveled out by the summer of 1962 after its big surge in 1961 and early 1962. This plateau lasted until the Cuban missile crisis, which immobilized large segments of the peace movement. Many publications fell weeks behind their normal publication schedules. Hughes's crushing defeat in Massachusetts sapped political enthusiasms. Many community groups, including chapters of national organizations, have not met since the Cuban crisis. So far as I can tell, these conditions did not connote defection so much as genuine paralysis. Virtually without exception, the national organizations had recovered by the spring of 1963.

The fate of the movement at the grass roots remains unclear, however. The student wing seems to have largely melted away. The amazing spontaneity which carried Women Strike for Peace so long has flickered, and the women have had to resort to organization in order to survive, a course stoutly resisted in better days. A recent survey of community peace groups indicates that somewhat more groups are declining or have recently become defunct than are growing. But this finding must be treated charily because even at peak periods national leaders believed the average life of local community groups was only nine months.

Any proposals for the future course of the peace movement must take into account the character of the peace movement itself. But it is striking that in a series of statements by eleven top leaders of peace organizations on "where peace groups go after the test-ban treaty" (September *War/Peace Report*), not one mentioned the need for any changes or new directions.

The American peace movement today is both quantitatively and qualitatively different from earlier peace movements. For one thing, its ability to command the attention it has does not derive from any mass nature. At its peak the new peace movement is estimated to have had, in its organized groups, only about 85,000 members when overlap is eliminated. This number is paltry in contrast to the estimate of 12 million members for the peace movement in the 1930s—no doubt an inflated estimate, but still indicative of far greater mass participation than in the 1960s.

It is clear that the peace movement's influence has derived from the academic and scientific prestige of certain of its members—and of course the acuity their backgrounds enable them to bring to their writings on the problems of war and peace.

However, a number of problems arise from the role played by scientists and academicians. Scientists and academicians have not, in general, seriously involved themselves in the "movement" aspects of peace activities. Though they have sometimes lent their names to national boards of sponsors (and often their wives have been the core of community chapters), usually they have not occupied roles of leadership within the movement or given much attention to the problems of organization. Where scientists and academicians have been active organizationally, most often they have formed their own organizations, of which there are now quite a number, e.g., Scientists on Survival, the Council for a Livable World and the Council for Correspondence. While such proliferation has perhaps helped recruit intellectuals, it has also contributed to the fragmentation of the peace movement.

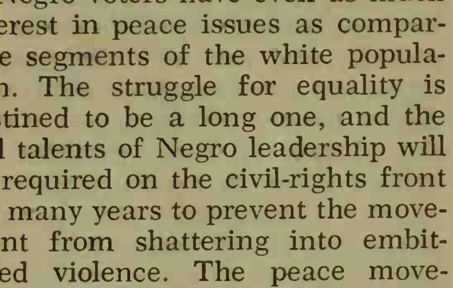
The separation of the organizational and academic-scientific wings is also reflected in the failure of peace activities to maintain the momentum of a genuine social movement. A social movement typically has not only an ideology for intellectuals but a set of myths, shibboleths and emotionalized symbols of mass appeal; not only functionaries but agitators; not only organized groups but collective excitement, *esprit de corps* and morale; and not only reactions to crises but some image of a different future society which, together with the objects of hate, provides the driving power that gives momentum to the movement. The so-called peace movement never had a full complement of these characteristics, but in recent months there has been a noticeable drying up of the qualities which marked it as at least an incipient social movement. While there are a variety of reasons for the failure of the peace movement to achieve the full stature of a social movement, the assumption of *de facto* leadership in 1961-62 by an intellectual elite indifferent to, and indeed suspicious of, the "movement" aspects of the problem played a not insignificant role.

In part the role played by the intellectuals in the loss of social-movement momentum was a reflection of the fact that most feel more effective in contacts with government officials than in the arena of mass political appeal. Hence interest has focused on foreign-policy strategy rather than on political action with the public.

I make these remarks about the role of academicians and scientists as description, not criticism. There is no sound reason to believe that a large mass movement for nonnuclear alternatives could have been generated in the existing climate by *any* kind of leadership. Such a movement, if attempted, would probably have had far less influence on foreign policy and the national dialogue than even the very modest influence the peace movement has exerted. I am simply concerned to point out characteristics of the present movement which must be taken into account in projecting future directions.

These characteristics limit the possible directions of the peace movement and make others likely. For example, the peace movement cannot hope to be a major grassroots political force in the foreseeable future. Even the frequently heard talk of alliance with the civil-rights movement on the basis of a common belief in nonviolence is largely illusory. Though a few Negro leaders have given nominal support to the peace movement, there is little evidence that the bulk of Negro voters have even as much interest in peace issues as comparable segments of the white population. The struggle for equality is destined to be a long one, and the full talents of Negro leadership will be required on the civil-rights front for many years to prevent the movement from shattering into embittered violence. The peace movement can join the civil-rights movement only by subordinating itself to the more intensely emotional struggle of the Negroes.

Even the supposed link of nonviolence is based on misunderstandings that would not stand the test of close cooperation. Many white liberals, including all too many in the peace movement, admire the nonviolent resistance tactics of the Negroes because they are nonviolent rather than because they work. But notwithstanding a few like Martin Luther King for whom nonviolence is a moral imperative, for most Negroes nonviolent resistance will increasingly be recognized as a social technique more than a moral stance.



Of course almost all members of the peace movement identify with the Negroes' revolution; and the decision as to how to allocate one's resources between the two movements is a hard one. I would hope that in time, after a realignment of American political parties, Negro voters would be attracted to a radically liberal party. But their needs are too pressing for Negroes, in any numbers, to be in on the earlier stages of such a realignment, when a temporary loss of political power must be expected.

Where, then, does this truncated peace movement go? In recent months the most effective line of attack has been on the economic front. The energy of Seymour Melman in carrying to Congress the message of overkill and a possible $22 billion cut in the defense budget has been most awesome. The questions raised by *A Strategy for American Security*, edited by Melman, have gotten through to a number of members of Congress. Unfortunately, Professor Melman's rather superficial treatment of overkill capacity permits the Department of Defense to undermine the effectiveness of his argument, but seeds of doubt have been placed in Congressional minds that previously were utterly chaste in matters of doubting the norms of military logic.

Melman's pamphlet is also receiving an interested hearing in some business circles. One of the most promising new approaches for the peace movement seems to be in locating those industries which do not profit from the arms race and making them aware that their taxes are financing others' profits. Once large sectors of the economy recognize that the arms race is not necessarily good business, new ways will open for a reassessment of the whole cold-war mentality. Melman and others are showing effectively that the military spending which earlier may have propped up the economy is now at least a partially negative factor through its creation of geographical imbalances in the economy, draining of scientific talent from consumer industries, slowing of investment for consumer industries, and distortion of income distribution through channeling of tax money, not to the poorer segments of the economy, but to the highly paid technical segment.

Politically, there seems little alternative for the peace movement but to recognize that its only *short-run* hope lies with the Kennedy Administration. However, one of the great difficulties in plotting a future course for the peace movement is the ambiguity about the intentions of the Kennedy Administration. Even the test-ban treaty may be interpreted — on the Administration's own testimony—primarily as a means for perpetuating American nuclear advantage in the arms race.

Though the peace movement cannot significantly affect the Presidential race, it could begin to play a role at the Congressional level in the needed reorganization of politics, particularly in the South (where a concomitant Goldwater candidacy could help shatter the hold of the conservatives on the Democratic Party). The peace movement could make a difference in a few selected areas if it worked out a coordinated plan with other liberal groups.

However, influencing elections alone is not enough, for in most states the kind of liberal front suggested would be strong only in those areas already represented by liberal Democrats. A more sophisticated approach is needed. It is a more crucial matter (1) to bring about reforms in the organization of Congress—specifically to end the filibuster and to change the way the committee system functions to bottle up progressive legislation, and (2) to hasten redistricting of Congressional districts and reduce the number that render real election contests impossible. Until peace groups understand that changes such as these are prerequisites to political effectiveness for their ideas, it will not profit much to fill peace journals with grand foreign-policy strategies. The peace movement should at least educate its own members on these matters.

Some recent developments in the peace movement may symptomatize a new kind of movement: the gradual expanding of its range of concerns to include such problems as the effects of automation, the economic implications of coexistence, problems of development assistance, the population explosion, the development of international institutions and the identity of man in the world of leisure and cybernation created by the scientific revolution. This expanding range of interests may symbolize a readiness to take the critical ideological step of promulgating the image of a new kind of social world.

I cannot agree with those who, like the spokesmen of Turn Toward Peace, argue that we do not need a social movement, that the route to disarmament is through appeal to the best in the American tradition represented in existing institutions. It simply won't work any more to trot out the stale phrases about the UN, foreign aid and cultural-exchange programs. What the peace movement seeks is extremely revolutionary, not in a violent sense, but in the sense of calling for radical changes in the geometry of thought which has dominated Western thinking about national power for hundreds of years. Only in the unrest and questioning and collective excitement of a social movement is the hold of old norms and expectations released and a readiness for new ideas brought about. At least this is the only way such changes come rapidly. If some fear, such as being suspected of communism by Ultras, bars the peace movement from even challenging old ideas, there is no hope in that movement.

A recent book by Walter Millis and James Real, *The Abolition of War*, seems to represent the penultimate step before evolving an image of a new kind of world. Millis and Real argue that human societies have reached a point in the evolution of power structures where international war is actually obsolete, but that the war system persists because men cling to the myths about power relations which have developed over the hundreds of years when war had some social value. They take the position that what is needed to revise the concepts which the war system is

> *not a "movement" of some kind, but hard thought leading positively toward the construction of the new world order. What is needed is intellectual labor on the part of those who have developed and supported the means by which man may obliterate himself.*

Sadly, there is little precedent for hope that the creators of a system will think their way through to its voluntary abolition. Millis and Real themselves point out that a whole generation of young scientists has known nothing but work within the weapons system and the rationalizing of the expansion of that work. Moreover, as Nathan Glazer has recently pointed out, one of the characteristics of the giant, computerized organization, such as the Department of Defense, is that it has learned to incorporate its critics and thereby blunt their influence by preparing highly sophisticated answers before the criticisms can spread.

Thus it appears that, if the myth system which supports war is to be altered, there will have to be centers of independent thought and, indeed, "movements" which can challenge the institutional organizations which feed upon the arms race. The academic-scientific wing of the peace movement is the logical independent center from which may issue the critiques of old myths and the images of the new world order.

But it would be an error to think that this task can just be left to the spontaneous work of scattered, concerned individuals. True, this has been the path general social movements have followed in the past, but they have tended to take up to 100 years to bear fruit. It would be madness to think we can wait so long for disarmament. Just as every other social form must change to survive under contemporary technological and organizational conditions, so the nature of social movements must change. Uncoordinated pace setters, working on the problem only in their spare time, cannot be expected to carry the day against the skilled efforts of the giant organizations, with the mass media eagerly at their service. There are now a handful of centers where intellectuals may work full time, with financial support, on developing an imagery appropriate to the emerging world—the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, the Peace Research Institute, etc. These few are by no means enough. There must be a larger base for the support of independent thought and research and, equally important, for the dissemination of the products of this work.

The minimum first step toward such a program is a far greater integration of organized effort than the peace movement has yet shown. But the extreme fragmentation that exists, especially at the national level, is shockingly wasteful in a movement pitifully short of resources. At some point the many separate national and regional organizations will have to face up to the question of whether their individual survival as miniature bureaucracies is more important than the survival of the movement. If the division could be reduced to a small number of coordinated national organizations (combined with the Turn Toward Peace concept of trained, full-time, paid workers at the community level), a much more substantial financial base could be constructed. At present no one can have sufficient confidence in the effectiveness of any one organization to warrant risking more than a few dollars in annual dues. If there were evidence of an integrated movement whose funds would be used with maximum effectiveness, it would then prove possible to employ on a large scale Leo Szilard's plan of getting members to pledge 1 per cent or 2 per cent of their annual incomes. Considering the income level of people attracted to the peace movement, if even 50,000 families would pledge 1 per cent of their annual incomes, the movement would have about $4 million a year. With such a financial base, peace organizations could begin to compete with the RAND Corporation scale of operations and could develop more access to mass-media outlets.

But these things will not transpire until members of the peace movement can divert their thoughts for a while from questions of foreign-policy strategy and focus on the problems of their own movement as a movement.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Hollow Man

OUR LADY OF THE FLOWERS. By Jean Genet. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. Introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre. Grove Press. 318 pp. $6.50.

Ihab Hassan

Genet's life, his work, his dream—they all define an outer limit of our age, this age almost inured to outrage. The life is becoming familiar: Genet the foundling, the delinquent, the sodomist, the thief, the recidivist; condemned to prison in perpetuity, pardoned finally through the concerted efforts of France's most influential writers. Here is what he says about it: "After the foul monstrousness of my arrest, of my various arrests, each of which is always the first, which appeared to me in all its irremediable aspects in an inner vision of blazing and fatal speed and brilliance the moment my hands were imprisoned in the steel handcuffs, gleaming as a jewel or a theorem, the prison cell, which now I love as one loves a vice, consoled me, by its being, for my own being."

Is *Our Lady of the Flowers* a life or a literary work, or yet a dream? It is certainly a Story, the desperate and poetic legend of a man seeking divinity, or of a god corrupted by his mortality. It is the record of a ritual search for Being, from the depths of human solitude. What has Genet given us in this record? Let us begin concretely. It is a book written on the brown paper of prisons, destroyed by a turnkey, rewritten in prison, banned, revised and finally published in America, "unexpurgated"—by Grove, of course. Here, too, is Sartre's introduction, taken from his book, *Saint Genet* (Braziller), an introduction as brilliant as it is occasionally pompous. It is the Story, in Sartre's blunt words, of a man, "incapable of *carving out* a place in the universe for himself," who "*imagines* in order to convince himself that he has created the world which excludes him."

But how can we continue to speak concretely where onanism and autism hold undisputed sway? Locked in his own shame, in his self-hate really, Genet dreams a world in which every character is fated, every event a black ceremony. Of that dream Genet is the creator, and this is the measure of his freedom. Everything—the past, the future, the hollow present—is summoned to satisfy his erotic craving for being, that monstrous sense of godhead which he can experience only while the swollen flesh of another violates him. Outrage begets infinite delicacies. But the dream recedes; Genet is back, wrapped in the despised flesh and his own nullity; until his imagination, regaining tumescence, starts a new ritual. "It's the Again that has clutched me by the throat," he rasps. Such is the pattern of the book, written, we must remember, while Europe was tearing itself to shreds and men were dying by the millions. Only the story, only the ritual, matters.

We are always in that infamous and solitary cell with him. The pictures of pimps and murderers are pasted on the wall. They all bear the sacred sign of the monster; they are all, for Genet, shadowings of the Eternal. Genet sallies forth as Culafroy, phantom of a lost childhood; as Divine, the arch queen, disporting himself (herself?) with Darling the strutting pimp, with Gorgui the buck Negro shot down in a Cayenne jailbreak, with Our Lady of the Flowers, the adolescent killer. The story hovers, outside of Time, not in Space. "In reviewing my life, in tracing its course, I fill my cell with the pleasure of being what for want of a trifle I failed to be, recapturing, so that I may hurl myself into them as into dark pits, those moments when I strayed through the trap-ridden compartments of a subterranean sky." In those compartments, Divine dehumanizes herself for that is the secret of her name.

Cocteau

Learning of the death of Edith Piaf seven hours before his own, Jean Cocteau murmured "The boat is going down." The "boat" was neither her life nor his—this dramatist of Death did not know he was dying—it was the "boat" of an era, the "boat" which sailed elegantly and magically on the painted sea of that fabulous French epoch, Between the Two Wars.

I was a youth drawn to the Mystery of Paris in 1921. During the years when I studied and lived there, and on all the subsequent occasions of my perpetual return, Cocteau remained its emblematic Presence. He shone on the breast of Paris like a gem of strange consistency and ever-changing color. Poet, *causeur*, critic, novelist, playwright, designer, film director, impresario, actor, artist, opium eater, heretic, Catholic and Academician, he was always in the vanguard—a vanguard that had not forsaken the past. He wanted to lead or invent every new game and to refashion all the old ones. He was a dandy and a teacher; Harlequin among the sages, a Character for the ages.

There was a winged intelligence in everything he did and said. He appreciated Picasso, Stravinsky, Diaghilev from the first. He hailed the advent of the post Debussy-Ravel composers: Milhaud, Poulenc, Honegger, Auric. He brought the boy genius, Raymond Radiguet, to the world's attention. He celebrated Josephine Baker. He sought (and won) freedom from life imprisonment for Jean Genet. He was everywhere by the side of original talent and fixed its image in the public consciousness by the point of his epigrams.

His large jet black eyes radiated a constant sense of surprised glee at the pleasures of existence, joy of the senses, smiling ecstasies of the mind. I saw him take a curtain call on the opening night of his play *Orphée* in 1926. His trim figure flashed toward the footlights as if he were going to fly over the heads of the audience. He wore a huge rose in his lapel. He struck me as a French eighteenth-century sprite in the guise of a twentieth-century intellectual sport embodying the Spirit of Perennial Awareness. From that moment Cocteau and *Tout Paris* coalesced into a single image for me.

HAROLD CLURMAN

Ihab Hassan is the author of Radical Innocence: The Contemporary American Novel. (*Princeton University Press*).

"Slowly but surely I want to strip her of every vestige of happiness so as to make a saint of her. The fire that is searing her has already burned away heavy bonds, new ones are shackling her: Love. A morality is being born. . . ." The morality of buggery is not enough; Divine murders a child. This is the inexpiable crime; is it done out of Love? Here is Genet again: "the importance of any event in our life lies only in the resonance it sets up within us, only in the degree to which it makes us move toward ascetism." The murderer and the artist are of one imagination compact: they both set themselves up as god. And godhead is attained by ascetism, by the ritual annihilation of man. This is the terrifying logic of the Story, a story born of Poetry—"Poetry is willful"—and opposed implacably to Nature. Yes, hateful Nature, "anti-poetic, ogress swallowing up all spirituality."

We see Genet clearly at last, and recognize the disease and magnificent pride of his spirituality. And seeing him, we resist the spell he casts, though, sometimes, the sentences are woven like lace and the images exquisitely haunt the mind. Why then do we resist him? It is not because his tale is repetitious, contradictory and filled with stereotypes; not because it meanders and trails, seeking to please no one but its author with the opaque coquetry of fantasy. Such objections may be held by critics who even today believe that literature, having no mission but to reveal its "organic form," can have no interest in creative disorder. Nor do we resist Genet's spell because he defies our sexual proprieties. Obscene he is not, except as the naked wish of man may be considered obscene. We resist him, quite to the contrary, because he is a gaping void, because he spurns the life of man in history and nature. "My life?" Divine asks, "I'm desolate, I'm a Valley of Desolation." She is, in the faggish idiom of the book, the Quite-Hollow. Only the imagination can begin to fill such desolation, only God can end by filling it.

The poetry of Jean Genet is a poetry of *ascesis*, of absence and renunciation. It is in the tradition of Mallarmé, rather than of such shamans as Lautréamont and Rimbaud. There is nothing Dionysian in it, nothing that celebrates the mystic body of man. Our Lady of the Flowers herself, who stars so shyly, so elusively in this book which bears her name, is finally an idea of eternity. The poetry of Genet is a brilliant act of reduction, an essential act of mimesis. It is a lonely ceremony conducted in the dark, excluding all other ceremonies. It compels us to become witnesses insofar as it is transubstantiated in the words we read on the page: in language, we become Genet's accomplices and the sharers of his murderous dream. The miracle is that, despite himself, Genet has retained, between his prison walls, some love for the men he hates. These men are ourselves. To us he offers images playing insanely on a mirror, images of our hidden fate. Behind these images, as Sartre put it, is "the maniacal will . . . to regard the Nay as the symbol of the Yea and the Nought as the symbol of the All."

Skimming a Life

AND NOT TO YIELD: An Autobiography. By Ella Winter. Harcourt, Brace & World. 308 pp. $5.95.

Hilton Kramer

Between an interesting life and a significant account of it there exists a gap that can be filled only by literature. Sheer information, no matter how breathlessly rendered or impressive in itself, will not suffice. Whereas the historian may content himself with weaving a tapestry of objective occasions, the biographer needs to penetrate the subjective realm of motive and emotion, carefully joining equations between external events and the secret life of feeling and making them add up to a whole that is larger than the sum of its visible parts.

For the autobiographer, this obligation to be at once detached and empathetic is doubly difficult—and doubly necessary. Even more difficult, perhaps, is the act of imagination that is required for taking literary possession of one's own personal history. The writer who sets out to render his own experience in the historical mode writes, these days especially, in the face of all those pressures—political, emotional and moral—which impel us to resist the worst. Perhaps this is one reason why the turbulent years of the past four decades have been so unproductive of significant autobiography. Simply to have survived them often seems achievement enough.

Ella Winter has lived a truly extraordinary life. Yet between it and her autobiography the literary gap remains unfilled. Instead of an act of imaginative reconstruction, the reader of *And Not To Yield* is given a sea of names—glorious, sure-fire names, each guaranteed to evoke a fixed response, but whose relentless and undiscriminating evocation somehow obscures the very history it is intended to illuminate. Anyone scanning the very detailed index of this book would have reason to anticipate an absorbing chronicle of the great political and literary figures of our century, for Miss Winter has lived a good deal of her life at a crossroads where these figures met. Yet they remain—without exception, I think—historical shadows. What is most astonishing is that Miss Winter herself remains the most elusive of these shadows.

One knew that Miss Winter had had an adventurous career as a radical journalist in the thirties, and that, both in her own right and as the wife

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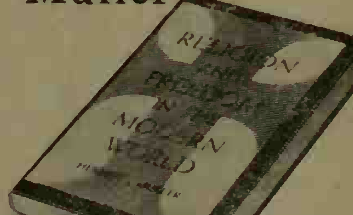
Hilton Kramer was the editor of Arts Magazine *from 1956 to 1961. He is now at work on a study of twentieth-century painting and sculpture to be published by Doubleday-Anchor.*

Herbert J. Muller



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of Lincoln Steffens, she was well placed to give us a vivid picture of that period. One knew that in the interim she had become an important collector of modern art—this writer had the good fortune to be passing through Amsterdam in January, 1962, while the Stedelijk Museum was exhibiting her collection—and one therefore hoped that her memoirs might illuminate the peculiar, and in some ways unexpected, development that took place in the late thirties among a number of radical intellectuals who, as their radical hopes waned, became more seriously committed to modernist aesthetics. In addition, Miss Winter had, through her marriage (after Steffens' death) to Donald Ogden Stewart, lived a good deal in Hollywood, and had later gone into a kind of exile with Stewart, to London, at a time when the McCarthyite witch hunt required Hollywood screenwriters to "name names" or be denied work in the movie industry.

As it turns out, Miss Winter's life has been more varied and interesting than even the foregoing would have led one to suppose. Born in Australia of German-Jewish parents, brought to London at an early age and educated at the London School of Economics, where Harold Laski was her tutor, her first job was working for Felix Frankfurter who, on leave from the Harvard Law School, came to London during the First World War as Chairman of the War Labor Policies Board. Thereafter Miss Winter moved in the big world. When the war ended, she worked for Frankfurter again, as part of the Zionist Commission, at the Paris Peace Conference. It was there that she met, among many others, Chaim Weizmann, William C. Bullitt, Lewis Strauss—and Lincoln Steffens. Then back to London, where she worked briefly at the American Embassy. (The names sprinkled over this short interlude are Lewis Mumford, Felix Morley and Beardsley Ruml.) Then to Vienna, where Miss Winter worked for the Quakers, met Freud, and "visited often" with Karl Kraus, the great Austrian satirist. Back in London again, in 1922, she was offered a job working with the Webbs (which she refused), worked instead as a translator, met Havelock Ellis, and then went to Cambridge on a scholarship to study industrial psychology. Then Steffens came back into her life, and took her to Paris.

At this point in her autobiography, Miss Winter treats us to the Paris of Gertrude Stein and Sylvia Beach, of "Hem" and Ezra Pound and the editors of the *Little Review*. When she and Steffens marry, the guests at their wedding breakfast are Bullitt, Jo Davidson and James Joyce.

From Paris to Italy, from Italy to New York, and then on to California. Wave upon wave of names, names, names, engulfs the reader until his curiosity is, at last, numb to anyone he has ever heard of before. Poets, movie stars, union organizers, political figures, all pass in breathless review, but none, whether Robinson Jeffers or Katharine Hepburn or Harry Bridges or Franklin Roosevelt or Bert Brecht, is ever rendered in anything but the sketchiest caricature, and each must give way as the next wave breaks.

All in all, the brevity and breathlessness and girlish high spirits with which *And Not To Yield* is written make it, finally, dismaying and dispiriting. For a moment, during her account of the depression labor struggles in California, which she reported on, and often participated in herself, Miss Winter seems to recapture an old vein of seriousness. But it is only for a moment. Even in her accounts of the Soviet Union, about which she has written two earlier volumes of reportage, Miss Winter is incredibly coy. What one assumes must have been very painful political questions at a time when she appeared before the public, in print and on the lecture platform, as an authority on Russia—the Nazi-Soviet pact, the Stalin terror and their ramifications among left-wing alignments in this country—are glossed over the way people now speak of their childhood diseases: questions which the scientific wonders of a later age have rendered obsolete. The reality of events, like the reality of people, simply dissolves under so lighthearted a style.

One scene from this book, scarcely a paragraph, stays in the mind after a good many more glamorous evocations are forgotten. In the later years of the Second World War, Miss Winter went to the Soviet Union as a correspondent. She had already become a collector of modern paintings, but modernism was, of course, under an official ban. Yet she managed to locate the widow of the constructivist Lissitzky, and bought from her, "under the disapproving eyes of two young officials," an entire portfolio of his work. Lissitzky's art, in its abstract purity and idealism, represented an extreme form of the revolutionary idealism that Stalin had succeeded in vanquishing in the purges and terrors of the thirties. Another writer might have paused to ponder so meaningful a transaction. To Ella Winter, it was only one of the many, many interesting things that have happened in her busy life.

ART

Max Kozloff

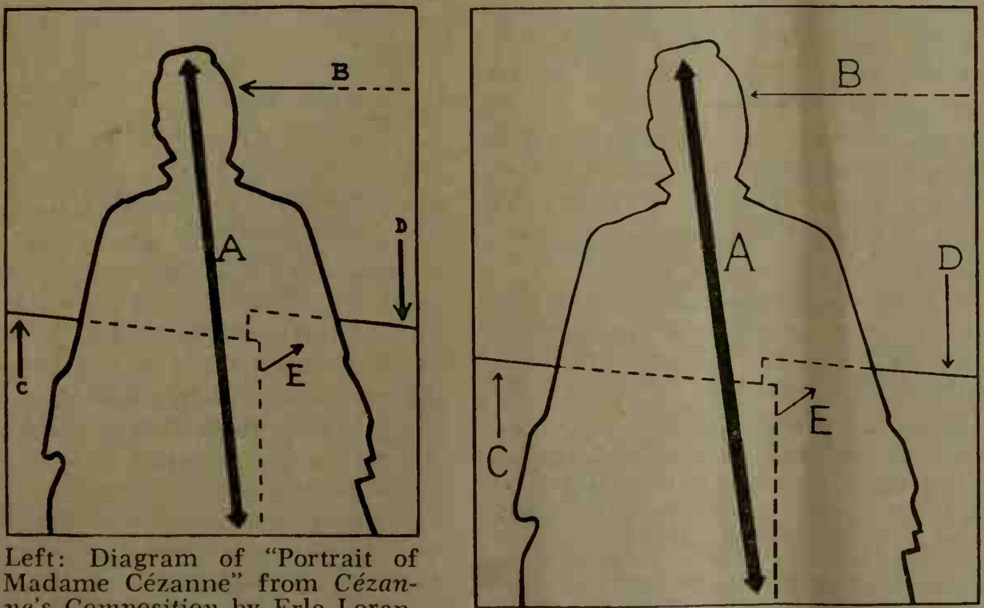
In 1926, Roger Fry, the British art critic and proselytizer for Cézanne in England, conducted a famous experiment. Placing his tracing of a Paul Klee line drawing next to a reproduction of the original, Fry nicely demonstrated that the "art" of Klee, even in something so elementary as a few pen marks, consisted of their scratchy, wiry testimony to the nervous pressure of the artist's hand—a fact clearly shown by Fry's own exact but lifeless copy. Quite recently, in 1963, a New York artist, Roy Lichtenstein, exhibited a canvas which magnifies a linear diagram of a Cézanne (see next page). Because he has changed merely the scale and context of his motif, rather than its linear quality, Lichtenstein performs a *volte-face* on the Fry incident, and subverts its meaning. Mechanical reproduction, so culpable for Fry, and overtly utilitarian for the author of the Cézanne diagram, Erle Loran, is—we are obliged to think—"artistic" for Lichtenstein. Behind the borrowing propensities of such new American painting as Lichtenstein's, and illustrated very well by this little event, lies a rejection of the deepest values of modern art. It is a phenomenon worth some study.

After the last six or seven years in New York, it is perhaps no great secret that we have been witnessing an attack upon the notion of originality in painting. When he spoke in 1957 of the *avant-garde* as being the last stand of creative handiwork against manufactured visual objects in American culture, Meyer Schapiro, like the rest of us, had no idea how quickly events were to prove him wrong. The mistake, in retrospect, was in thinking of the *avant-garde* as the single enduring heroic and humanistic fixture in a national artistic life dedicated to Philistinism. A younger generation than Pollock's and de Kooning's, fighting to give itself some identity, was bound to come to certain opposite conclusions about the nature of the *avant-garde*. They implemented these conclusions by interjecting all kinds of reproducible, that is, non-unique, elements into the pictorial field: signs, stripes, maps, flags, rectangles, eventually advertisements. Psychologically, this was an attempt to release the ego from the burden of invention, and visually it turned out to be a rebuttal of painterly "open" contours, and optically unclear forms. Above all, however, there grew a cleavage between the motivating idea and its embodiment, the fusion of which had been the guiding premise of Abstract Expressionism.

There have been two important consequences. One is that the distinction between abstract and representational works is no longer relevant: it is quite as possible to put comic strips through their mechanistic paces, as it is concentric circles. In fact, as conventionalized icons they ultimately have about equivalent non-meanings. The other factor to bear in mind is that this phase in art opposes the straightforwardness of its predecessor with subterfuge. Until very recently, it was obvious that the apparently manufactured or reproduced images *were* handmade, that the hand, in effect, was counterfeiting the machine. This is an assertion of the will by means of self-effacement; and of the whole development, one can say that the creative agency has taken an ironic coloring by placing itself deliberately *outside* the physical area of the presented work.

Doubtless, the basic aspect of the new art is that it is contextual as much as it is conceptual. For it is largely by their new context, that is, the gallery, that one is surprised into accepting banal concepts as having any claim upon one's attention at all. Even when the encounter is with certain parallel effects in "abstraction," for which the gallery is not an unusual surrounding, these ironies have allowed a considerable withdrawal from a traditional concern with "formal relationships." (To see how irrelevant this has become, one need only examine the black paintings by Ad Reinhardt and Barnet Newman.)

But the "unoriginal" is in time compromised by irony. The polemical force of the reaction against the exalted egotism and individuality of the Abstract Expressionists cannot be maintained if there is a subversive heroism of sarcasm. Up to now there had perhaps been an equivocal content in the exploration of American *kitsch*: hatred of the image, alternating with a kind of uncertain pleasure in it. Observers were able to feel that they were witnesses to a satire on our mass-produced culture, and as if they too were party to the artist's castigation of the absurd subject. Moreover, the sheer, manual craftsmanly effort to disguise the hand in these works was purposely not successful, and the basic "sincerity" of their attack against the original was, if disliked in certain quarters, never seriously challenged. For any *avant-garde* to perpetuate itself, however, it must eschew rhetorical ambiguity, and keep its audience at bay. In terms of the present *avant-garde*, such aims have led not merely to diminishing the area between the automatically reproduced and the individual imagination—which at least



Left: Diagram of "Portrait of Madame Cézanne" from *Cézanne's Composition* by Erle Loran. Right: Lichtenstein's canvas (the original is more than six feet high).

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still permitted illusionism—but to upholding the machine-made as art. The two are becoming synonymous.

And, finally, just as the attitude toward the motif became unqualified admiration, so irony dissolved in the manufacturing of canvases which once again repudiated the spectator's intellectual comradeship with the artist. There was, in short, a shift from mimetic art to the quasi-literal. The farthest reaching consequences of this move have been the refusals of artists to *transform* their materials, whether initially created by them or not; and of this whole situation the Lichtenstein painting is a cynical anagram.

Lichtenstein has already become notorious for his pedantic explorations of the world of "funnies" and the mail-order catalogue. In them, like a Marxist theorist, he demonstrated a logic of approach that has brought many of his less "advanced" colleagues into an almost party-line consciousness of their direction. The change in the work of Tom Wesselman, for instance, who went from renditions of Matisse-like nudes surrounded by real-color food ads, to mere aggregations of the latter, is symptomatic of that direction. But Lichtenstein, in the present work, has gone further. In its very choice of "subject" his message exposes itself. It is no accident that Cézanne, the *monstre sacré* of modern art, the fountainhead of all its transformations, is the point at issue. But in addition to Cézanne himself, Mr. Loran, who in his nice American way is trying to explain what those transformations of reality are all about, is mocked. (Certainly those As, Bs, Cs and Ds no longer mean anything, and not merely because they now lack a key.) By making the most thoroughgoing of his borrowings, Lichtenstein has arrived at the "purest" distillation of his thought. One has no other choice but to read his finished product, not as performance, for there is none, but as *intention*, idea. Of course this problem had already been posed in twentieth-century art, and entertaining distinctions of *intention*, as between, say, the way Duchamp mustaches the *Mona Lisa*, and the way Dali does it, are possible. But Lichtenstein is saying here that art is *not* transformation—he copies rather than mustaches—and thus, in his chilly bad faith, is finally even anti-Dada.[1]

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Now I must admit that while outlining this sketchy background to the painting under discussion, a rather disconcerting question occurred to me. If, instead of an informed specialist, an interested layman stood before the picture, what would be the possibilities of communication? What could he "do" with the Lichtenstein, or make of it? The answer must wait until he bones up on Cézanne, Loran, Abstract Expressionism, the successive reactions against it and Lichtenstein's earlier work. It is a little bit like an episode in the Marx brothers' *A Day at the Races,* in which Groucho sells Harpo a tip sheet, for which it is necessary to buy another tip sheet, for which it is still necessary to have another, etc. By the time there is any kind of decipherment, the aesthetic race (it was rather a short course) has been run.

Naturally, it can be objected with some reason that art is not meant for the interested layman. All works of art, and especially great ones, require for their appreciation a quantity of inside information. Even Cézanne, in his attitude toward Poussin and certain old masters, cannot be fully comprehended without historical expertise. But the point is that he survives one's lack of it beautifully, because, like Mondrian—or Rothko, for that matter—he offers the viewer an amplitude of extra-academic sensuous and emotional experience. The tendency of Pop art, unfortunately, is to grab the spectator by the collar whenever he tries to obey his natural instincts by looking at art as one human being confronting the work of another, and

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[1] Perceptible differences do obtain between the original and copy, which conceivably may not be accidental. Thus Lichtenstein uses a slightly more squarish format, enlarges the letters, blunts the arrows, and thins the outline. But if there is any rationale behind these changes, it may likely be that they are *less* compositionally meaningful than in the original Loran—looser, less tense in their dynamics—and therefore a possible adverse commentary on the whole need to transform in the first place.

The Fat Man

I call everyone
shrivelled. Dried apples
fit for cellars,
nothing more.
They have no folds,
no flesh to touch —
gangling reminders
of the grave.

Existence melts
in my mouth.
I relish, I taste
the sweet jams of life;
I gorge and worship
the place of love:
all kitchens everywhere.

Diet is sin:
an effort
to turn limbs
to razors that slice
a lover's hands.
Right angles
pierce my eye;
I love the arc,
soft ovals, the curve —
things molded
to be touched,
the soothers of sight.

I feel at least
ten souls
swimming in my flesh.
I feed them
with both hands.
Someday,
I will become
a mountain.
I eat the world.

Vern Rutsala

to stuff him back into an airless envelope of contexts. Worse still, all that really counts any more are the contexts and intentions, not the execution and the results. I find it hard to get excited by Lichtenstein's appeal to my special knowledge; still less can I summon up interest for his insult to my general intelligence.

One last point that must be made concerns history again. The present *avant-garde* has subverted not only "action" painting, but also the ethic of most twentieth-century art, as formulated in its structural and expressive aspects by Cézanne. The particular path chosen by this *avant-garde* (it seems to be conscious of fewer and fewer alternatives) is to deny that art is a metamorphosis of experience, and to affirm that it is a copy of artifacts. Fanatical in the sense that Santayana defined the fanatic—as one who redoubles his efforts after losing sight of his original purpose—an artist like Lichtenstein has violently broken through to the notion of painting as imitation.

Paradoxically, therefore, he joins forces with the swarms of pre-impressionist artists in the city who have never understood the lesson of modern art and who are sustained by the possibility that they may one day be recognized by those who have always held that art is a convincing reordering of raw appearances. This coalition of extreme Right and Left, of dullards and confidence men, reminds one of what Senator Fulbright thought certain utterances of Barry Goldwater and the Chinese Communists had in common: that they favor a policy of co-annihilation. Transferred back into the realm of art, the faculties menaced are the saner apprehensions of the possibilities and responsibilities of painting by artists who are aware of their tradition, but are neither slavishly bound nor opposed to it. I very much hope that they prevail.

HOCHHUTH'S 'REPRESENTATIVE'

Clive Barnes

London

Predictably, the production in London of Rolf Hochhüth's *The Representative* has created a sensation. The play was first staged in February of this year in West Berlin by Erwin Piscator, and since then it has been eagerly awaited. It is a Schiller-style epic, and perhaps it is only fair to state at the outset that its success comes more from its subject matter than from any intrinsic dramatic merits. It is not a particularly good play, its writing is as clumsy as its construction is faulty; therefore, almost its entire power is centered on the tremendous and shattering political proposition it offers us.

At one level, not in my view the deepest level, *The Representative* is a narrative account of Hitler's terrible "final solution" to his Jewish problem, and the Catholic Church's reaction to it. Above that, it discusses the personal responsibility of Eugene Pacelli, Pope Pius XII, who for reasons of political expediency failed to express in the clearest, the most unambiguous, terms his protest at Hitler's massacre of the Jews. Hochhüth's theory, unprovable but powerfully convincing, is that the Pope had it within his power to stop, or at least reduce, those killings.

But, I feel, that the play goes deeper than any mere discussion of Papal fallibility. It discusses through these specific terms the general problem of the neutral man. In the considerable body of evidence for his views which Hochhüth appends to the printed version of the play, he ends with the point that in our day and age "what can one expect of the Neutral Man when General Conscription and such statutes lead him into situations which are easier dealt with by saints than men?" Even at the beginning, as a note appended to the cast list, the author says: "The characters grouped together by twos, threes and sometimes fours may be played by the same actor—since in an age of general conscription it is not necessarily a question of merit or blame, or even a question of character, whether a man puts on this or that uniform or is on the side of the hangman or the victim." True, false or partly true and partly false, this proposition is vital to an understanding of the play.

If the play itself is something of a disappointment, windy in its rhetoric, loaded in its argument, so was the London production. Played uncut, it would run about eight hours. From this mass the translator Robert David MacDonald and the producer Clifford Williams carved out an acting version of about a third that length. (Piscator's original production in Berlin, which I have not seen, is also much cut—but differently shaped. In Berlin the emphasis has been placed squarely on the play's climax, the confrontation of the Pope, with the Nazi scenes apparently severely cut. So the London production, it seems, gives a better balanced picture of the original by retaining much that might be thought unpalatable to German audiences.)

Although the play is imaginative rather than documentary, its facts are supported by copious, if on rare occasions disputed, evidence. The hero is a Jesuit priest, Fontana who, shocked by the Jewish massacres and the Pope's reluctance to denounce them, pins the Jewish Star of David on to his own soutane, and sacrifices himself at Auschwitz. (This incident is based on fact.) The play's two best scenes are undoubtedly when the Pope

---

Clive Barnes is dance critic of The Spectator, *writer on dance for* The Times *(London) and executive editor of* Dance and Dancing. *He also reviews plays and music regularly for the* Daily Express.

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washes his hands of the Jewish question, and at the end when Fontana discusses good and evil with the satanic Doctor of Auschwitz, unnamed but derived from the character of the infamous Julius Mengali. The London production, under-rehearsed, often indifferently acted, succeeds to some extent, but only to such an extent as no play on this subject could possibly fail.

Yet it is unrealistic to discuss *The Representative* as if it were primarily a play. It is a platform, a pulpit, an accusation. Its incredible effectiveness comes from its bringing us to the fringe of what Hochhüth has called something we already have a strong temptation to treat "as a legend, an unbelievable apocalyptic fairy story." As he says: "Even the fact that we can today visit Auschwitz as we do the Colosseum is hardly enough to convince us that, seventeen years ago, in the world in which we live, this huge factory with its regular train service was once erected so that, *by the agency of normal human beings* who now earn their daily bread as postmen, district judges, youth workers, sales representatives, pensioners, secretaries of state and gynecologists, *other human beings might be done to death.*" (The italics are mine.) Now WE DID THIS—not the Pope, not specifically the Germans but US, for unless one accepts the Nazi theories of racism, we ARE the Germans. We are all guilty.

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Just here, I think, is the danger of Hochhüth's argument. He has been accused, albeit half-heartedly, of whitewashing the Germans and trying to shift the responsibility on to the Pope. That is not true. Every scene of the play shows a fierce hatred of Nazism. But the confusion arises because Hochhüth is trying to justify the "Neutral Man," and in that there must be a fallacy.

The picture he draws of Pius XII as a calculating diplomat may be true or false. I am not a historian, but trying to sift during the past week or so as much of the evidence as I could lay my hands on, I am prepared to accept Hochhüth's reading of the character. Even further, I am myself convinced that had the Pope spoken out clearly and decisively against the Jewish murders, these would have been halted. Here we speak with the benefit of hindsight, and God's representative was only human.

Yet why blame the Pope, this cold diplomatist concerned with the Church's share prices, for a crime that no one did anything about? The Nazi crimes against the Jews started on April 7, 1933, when German Jews were forbidden to hold public office. They continued with growing intensity until humanity came to the incinerators of Auschwitz. Germany and the rest of Europe stood by watching this process. Britain and the United States ruthlessly controlled prewar Jewish immigration. Later, after 1939, the International Red Cross was as backward in condemning the Jewish massacre as was the Catholic Church.

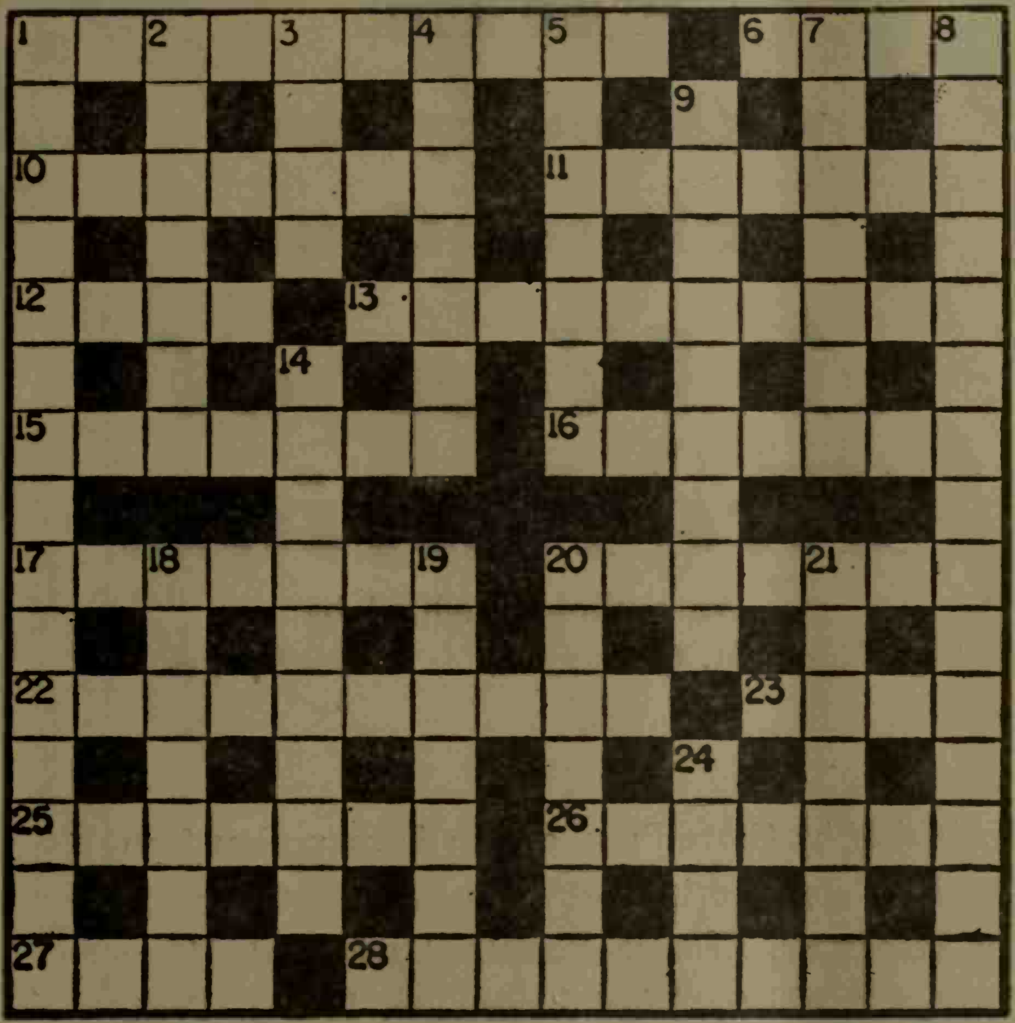
What more could have been done? How could neutral men have made their presence felt? By chance, a recent book, *Rescue in Denmark* by Harold Flender, gives part of the answer. Denmark had 8,000 Jews, vigorously protected by the Danes, the Danish king threatening Hitler that he and his entire family would wear the Star of David if they were touched. However, in 1943, Hitler decided to strike, and made plans to arrest the Jews on the night of Rosh Hashana, when they would all be in their homes. News of the raid leaked out, and virtually the entire Copenhagen people made themselves responsible for warning the Jews, and hiding them in hospitals and private houses. Eventually the S.S. captured 472, transporting them to Theriesenstadt in Germany. The Danes did not leave it there. The German authorities were constantly questioned about their welfare by the Danish king and ministers. The Danes insisted on sending thousands of food parcels to the Jews, each one with a slip that the recipient had to sign and return to the sender. The ruse worked. Of the 472 Danish Jews taken, only fifty-three died.

It is important to note here that in the actions of their king, the Danes found a rallying point for their subsequent resistance. If the Pope had similarly met his moral responsibilities, it is at least arguable that the neutral men of Germany and Europe would have found the courage to oppose the criminals in power. But whatever we think the Pope *should* have done, the fact that he didn't do it cannot absolve us from our own guilt. It is surely dangerous to sit back and say that morals and leadership can be safely left to people who make a profession of them. Neutral men are powerless only when they permit themselves to be. We are the *majority*, the vast overwhelming majority, and we really do in the final count get the government we deserve — yes, even in a police state, where the terrorism of the minority subsists on the cowardly acquiescence of the majority. Even if we ourselves might not have had the courage to protest, we can at least have the grace to feel ashamed.

One last point. The translator, Robert David MacDonald, makes the justifiable comment that: "the same chance that made Hochhüth be born a German also made him write this play, and not perhaps a play about the decision to bomb Hiroshima. . . ." Perhaps if Hochhüth had been born twenty or thirty years later, his play might have been about South Africa —or Alabama.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1030

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 They have a party associated with right fast gals in trouble! (10)
6 What some producers hope to make in the pictures. (4)
10 Didn't come right out and say so, or perhaps the little devil just didn't state the truth. (7)
11 One wouldn't be able to cause a dilemma, figuratively. (7)
12 Property given as surety has to be free from water. (4)
13 Mab's helper certainly wouldn't have been a good speaker! (10)
15 Not the age of Alexander — more like the jazz age. (7)
16 What a searching party sometimes uses could be taken for granted.
17 A minor problem for which one might look for a medical solution, rather than start from scratch. (7)
20 Operate effectually, to be current.
22 One who causes mischief and alternatively puts on airs acts like a persistent little beggar! (10)
23 Accidental cause of trouble on the road. (4)
25 Credit. (7)
26 All spilled blood certainly doesn't imply a slow beat! (7)
27 Runs down a column of children?
28 Seen shot up in New York City more likely than in a small town.

DOWN:

1 One wouldn't be a steady girlfriend, certainly. (15)
2 Burns told one not to scream. (7)
3 Made from metal found in lower Indiana and upper Illinois. (4)
4 Allow oneself to engage in dueling?
5 The bridge might be tied up, evidently. (7)
7 Gray plodder. (7)
8 Acting out Lorna's change of character, expressing sympathetic joy. (15)
9 What is red is comparatively dull.
14 An operatic heroine weeps at such take-offs. (9)
18 One of the houses on which the plague descended? (7)
19 One would expect to find holes in certain products from here. (7)
20 Thrown ahead, as some building material is? (7)
21 What one finds in the pub when a member of the body is inside, as one avers. (7)
24 She might sing a lot of variations.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1029

ACROSS: 1 Presides; 5 Grated; 9 Luggage; 10 Patties; 11 Statist; 12 Crackle; 13 Disfigurement; 15 One for the road; 21 Ratafia; 22 In force; 23 Disdain; 24 Due bill; 25 Reside; 26 Switched. DOWN: 1 and 14 Polish corridor; 2 England; 3 Italics; 4 Electric train; 6 Rat race; 7 Twinkle; 8 Descents; 10 Picture window; 16 Entasis; 17 Off-hand; 18 Offbeat; 19 Dervish; 20 Healed.

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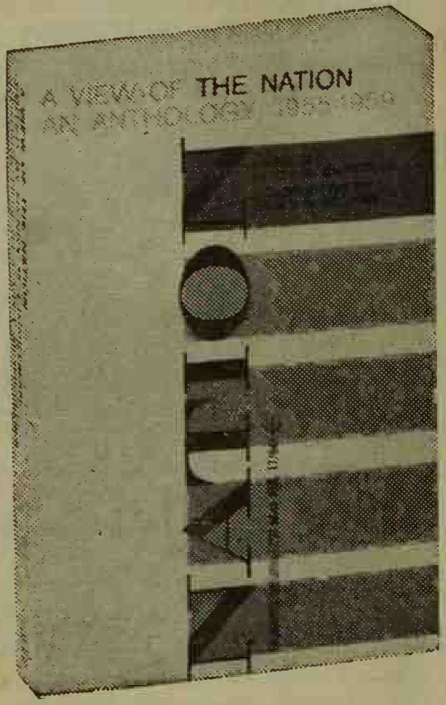
Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.



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WHAT KILLED 'THE MIRROR'

Donald Paneth

A Canadian View

GREAT LAKES LABOR WAR

Harry Bruce

The Cosmetics of War

Donovan Bess

ISRAEL AND ZIONISM

Aaron Segal

LETTERS

Goldwater's chances

New York City

Dear Sirs: The current willingness to accept a Goldwater candidacy on the grounds stated in your editorial (Oct. 19) and echoed in James Reston's column may be unfortunate at best or disastrous at worst.

If Goldwater gets the nomination he stands an excellent chance of winning. He will have powerful financial support; he will have most of the press, mass media and propaganda organizations behind him; he will unify the party under the most reactionary slogans (Eisenhower and Nixon and Rockefeller will support him); the "moderate" Republican will vote for him; he will sweep the South; and he will gain more white support in the North from those who fear increased Negro employment (the trade unions) and those who fear integrated education. Mr. Goldwater's political capital will be fear and the easy solution to problems that our present Administration will not, or cannot, solve.

Mr. Goldwater, as a candidate, would be a far more potent threat to our democratic society than Senator McCarthy was in the last decade.

A. Mandel

Carnage and cars

Stamford, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Ralph Nader in "Fashion or Safety" (*The Nation*, Oct. 12) says "Americans are never permitted to forget that one in every six workers in the country owes his job directly to Detroit." I suppose, appalling as it is, we oral surgeons (and our brethren, plastic surgeons and general surgeons) also owe at least part of our jobs to Detroit. We try to reset the broken bones and reconstruct the crushed flesh after the auto accident that throws people against unsafe dashboards and other objects in the unsafe car. However, I think I can safely speak for all of us when I say this tragic work, this unnecessary carnage, is a part of our practice we would well like to do without!

Joel M. Berns, D.M.D.

Color and class

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Bruno Bettelheim's effort in his article "Class, Color and Prejudice (*The Nation*, Oct. 19) "to bring clarity into our complex white-Negro relations" was an exercise in obfuscation.

To support his thesis that the Negro problem arises simply from "the plain fact that the rich live in comfort, and the poor do not" he offers this astonishing insight: "How much all this is a class problem is reflected in the fact that there is no seduction of middle-class Negro girls by middle-class white boys, but quite an incidence of seduction of middle-class white girls by middle-class or even lower-class Negro boys." Such intuitive discoveries by Professor Bettelheim (he refers to no research turning up such "facts") are all the more remarkable in the light of his pains . . . to report as somehow significant his own lack of such contacts with Negroes.

If the status of Negroes is *merely* an aspect of class relations, nothing can or need be done now but await the outcome of the "universal warfare between rich and poor." And everything learned about effecting social change since Sir Thomas More may be laid aside as irrelevant.

Lawrence D. Shubow

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Dr. Bruno Bettelheim's article . . . presents a thesis which in point of time and place is most disturbing. Revelation of the fact that beneath the color prejudice lies a class issue hardly helps to give current direction to the solution of the present problem involving the tragic lives of 20 million Negro Americans. The attitude of accommodation inherent in his discussion does a disservice to the Negro's nonviolent struggle for "Freedom Now" by minimizing and diluting the grave state of race relations, best illustrated by Birmingham, Ala.

Disturbing, too, is Dr. Bettelheim's reference to James Baldwin. I do not presume to speak for James Baldwin, but if I were James Baldwin I would not be "delighted" to meet any white person who holds the belief that the Negro though "born with a fence around him *feels* the fence even more impregnable than it actually is."

Hilda D. Armin

Legal gambling

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Regarding your editorial (Sept. 21) on legalized gambling, I want to say that it seems to be thoroughly inconsistent with your other policies. The Puritanical and busybody mentality that is against gambling is of the same sort that was behind Prohibition.

This type of thinking results in financing organized crime to the tune of millions annually, in widespread disrespect for the law and in political corruption that reaches all the way up to the federal level.

The profit from illegal gambling finances every organized racket in the United States, including narcotics and prostitution. Legalized gambling would tend to take this profit out of the hands of gangsters, place gambling under government control and realize millions of tax dollars.

(*Continued on page 300*)

THE
NATION

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The Nation, Nov. 9, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 15

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EDITORIALS

Easier To Get In Than Out

Ludwig Erhard, *der Dicke,* has succeeded Konrad Adenauer, *der Alte*, as Chancellor of West Germany, but the fat one gives promise of causing Uncle Sam almost as much trouble as did the old one — and that's a lot. Given a free hand, Erhard might, indeed, be better company, but a free hand is exactly what he hasn't got. Adenauer, who has been insulting Erhard publicly for the past fourteen years, has moved his office down the street from the Palais Schaumburg, whence he will "help" the new government "all I can." The nature of this "help" he has made perfectly plain—he will not brook "this idea of relaxing tensions." As far as he is concerned, the more tension between East and West, the better for the Germans. In this stand, unchanged since he came to power, the old one is backed by former Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano, former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, and a good part of the Christian Democratic party.

The 400,000 American soldiers, sailors and airmen stationed in Europe are there for political rather than military purposes, and no one is more aware of the fact than official Washington. The Kennedy Administration would like to pull them back, especially some of the 250,000 stationed in West Germany, primarily to save expenses. At some point, also, such a move will become necessary if further progress is to be made toward a *détente* with the Soviets, with mutually advantageous horse-trading. Washington could help the boxed-in Erhard, and further American interests, by taking a hard line toward the Adenauerites, but this is easier said than done. An American administration, like its German counterpart, must reckon with the machinations of the opposition; it is thus forced into some weird machinations of its own.

Thus the airlift of the 14,500 troops of the Second Armored Division is blazoned as proving that West Germany need have no fear: if the Soviets attack, American help will be on the way in a matter of hours. This misrepresents the situation in every possible way. The Soviets are not going to attack and Adenauer and his cohorts know it; they are monitoring Erhard for entirely different reasons. They are not such military innocents as to assume that any such operation as Big Lift could actually be carried out in an emergency; the Pentagon staff has been working for months on the arrangements. But even if the troops could be dispatched to the German front by rocket and arrive in fifteen minutes, Adenauer would still insist on keeping his 250,000 Americans where they are. Erhard will not find it easy to take any other stand.

In the same measure, the speech of Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatric, cautiously adumbrating possible future troop cuts, has made trouble for Secretary of State Rusk. The Erhard administration has expressed its dismay and asked for "clarification," i.e., reassurance that nothing will be done that will enable the wrathful Adenauer to clobber it. Mr. Rusk left for Bonn on October 24 on a trip arranged earlier for courtesy calls, ambassadorial conferences and a speech honoring the late Gen. George C. Marshall. Now Mr. Rusk will have a great deal more to do. He must calm the ostentatiously jittery German nerves by promising there will be no substantial troop cuts, that nothing radical is planned, that all will continue practically as before. While giving these solemn assurances for the little everyone knows they are worth, Mr. Rusk must nevertheless refrain from disavowing Mr. Gilpatric, both because Mr. Gilpatric reacts unpleasantly to being disavowed and because he said what he said with the approval of the White House. Thus a precarious balance will be maintained, for the time being, among the forces represented by the Kennedy Administration, its Republican opposition, the Erhard administration, its Adenauer opposition, and still other West German and European political bodies. No one will be happy, but such are the maneuvers required to keep an outward semblance of good relations among allies.

Civil Liberties Are Indivisible

When it emerges from its periods of lethargy, the House Committee on Un-American Activities is bad enough, but it can hardly hold a candle to its progeny in the states. An especially vicious specimen is the Louisiana Joint Legislative Committee on Un-American Activities. On October 4, acting at the request of LUAC, Louisiana state police and New Orleans city police staged five raids and arrested three men on a charge of conspiring to violate the Louisiana Subversive Activities and Communist Control Law. The target was the Southern Conference Educational Fund, headed by Rev. Fred L. Shuttleworth, a close associate of Rev. Martin Luther King's. Those arrested were Dr. James A. Dombrowski, executive director of SCEF; the Fund's treasurer, attorney Benjamin E. Smith (former Orleans Parish assistant district attorney); and Smith's law partner, Bruce Waltzer. Smith and Waltzer are Dombrowski's attorneys.

Besides the SCEF office, the homes of all three men and the Smith-Waltzer law office were raided. A truckful of records, mostly from the SCEF headquarters, was confiscated. There were some interesting sidelights. The Roman Catholic woman who was excommunicated for her frenzied opposition to school desegregation telephoned a Jesuit priest to tip him off that the raids were imminent and added: "The ADL (Anti-Defamation League) will be next."

On an NBC broadcast, Governor George Wallace of Alabama had implied that SCEF was responsible for bombings in Birmingham because it had held a workshop session in that city prior to the bombings. Asked whether this phase had been checked out with the FBI, Jack N. Rogers, counsel for LUAC, said it had not. LUAC had "complete confidence" in J. Edgar Hoover but, Rogers added, "we knew if we told the FBI about this raid they would have to tell Bobby Kennedy. We cannot trust him and we expect him to tell his friend, Martin Luther King."

Waltzer, although not a member of SCEF, was arrested with Smith. He is active in the Committee for Peaceful Alternatives and the police wanted him to furnish a list of members of that organization. A peacemonger is almost as bad as an integrationist and Waltzer is both.

At least HUAC never specialized in racist activities and its one attempt to disrupt peace organizations backfired. LUAC goes farther: like the Union of South Africa, it equates subversion with integration. The main difference between the racist legislators of Louisiana and of South Africa is that the former lack the power to execute their victims.

The legal underpinnings of the LUAC-inspired operation are so flimsy that the New Orleans district attorney may decide not to prosecute. If he does proceed, the case will eventually be thrown out in the federal courts, possibly earlier. But reversal is small comfort if one happens to be a victim, or a victim's lawyer. Defense is expensive and time-consuming.

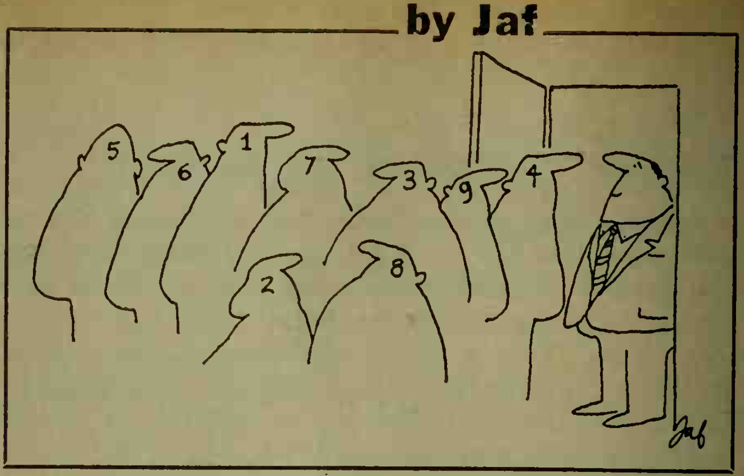
The Louisiana affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union has announced its intention to fight with all its resources on behalf of the accused. The Rabbinical Council of New Orleans has lined up with the ACLU. Other organizations which have the rights of minorities at heart would do well to rally in support. The segregationists are desperate. Unless opposition mounts, they will seize on pseudo-legal weapons all over the South.

Ironic Justice

Granted that the pure in heart can be provocative when galled by bureaucracy, it is still hard to see the recent action of the Internal Revenue Service against off-Broadway's Living Theatre as anything prettier than harassment. The theatre owes the government $23,000 in back withholding and admission taxes; when its front door was accordingly padlocked, its management sneaked an audience across roof tops and through windows for a bootleg performance of *The Brig*. As a result, Julian Beck and his wife, Judith Malina, the creators, directors, producers and intrepid impresarios of The Living Theatre, will be tried on charges that carry a maximum penalty of $5,000 and three years in jail. The theatre is now, of course, dark.

All this is scrupulously legal, but it sits uncomfortably on the public conscience. The contribution this theatre makes — without hope of gain — to the contemporary drama is so great that one feels embarrassed for the government and angered by the obtuse rectitude of the law. We do not suggest political bias, but sensitive noses are certain to smell censorship: *The Brig*, by all odds the most powerful offering thus far in the 1963-64 season, exposes Marine Corps brutality. And the government's case is made no more attractive when the Assistant United States Attorney refers in court to Mr. Beck's previous convictions in connection with peace and civil-rights demonstrations.

by Jaf



It was also bad luck for the government that one newspaper story on the misadventures of The Living Theatre appeared in the column next to a report on Britain's new National Theatre. (The latter is to enjoy an annual $346,000 government subsidy, a sum that compares modestly with the $1,288,000 that West Berlin allots each year to the Schiller Theatre, or the $1,400,000 bestowed by the French Government on the Comédie Française.)

As we go to press, it is likely that *The Brig* will reopen shortly in a theatre to be provided rent-free by Irving Maidman, one of the Becks' off-Broadway competitors — an act of compassion as heartening as it is unusual in show business. Technically, Internal Revenue was acting on behalf of the cast when it moved against management; but actually, the cast knew perfectly well that its withheld taxes were not being deposited, knew that without this money the production would fold. One nightmare that actors in such enterprises as The Living Theatre are spared is taxes (they rarely make enough to pay any), and it is ironic that the law forces public officials to padlock the working premises of artists who ask of society only that they be allowed to pursue their art in honesty, freedom and poverty.

How To Keep Fit at Toots Shor's

As everyone knows, the American public is sportsmad, but in this field it doesn't believe in do-it-yourself. In a laudable effort to improve the situation, the State of New York created a Joint Legislative Committee on Physical Fitness, gave it $30,000 and its blessing, and turned the problem over to Assemblyman Hayward H. Plumadore as chairman. A former Adirondack boxing and wrestling champion (roughly equivalent to winning the pennant in the Catskill Mountain baseball league), Mr. Plumadore went about his duties with such ferocity that after six months' operation he found himself with 77c in the till and unpaid bills amounting to $4,000. Among the expenditures were "executive sessions" at Toots Shor's restaurant, where the menu is not exactly Spartan; these resulted in checks for $138, $113, $93 and $68. A hotel bill in Las Vegas, Nevada, at the time of the Patterson-Liston heavyweight bout, amounted to $200. Numerous similar items attest to the zeal of the committee and its chairman. Aside from the beneficial effects on the voters, it all goes to show the vitality of the democratic process, provided you elect good men to office and give them a free hand.

A Time of Demonstrations

The most audacious political candidacy in years is that of a Negro civil-rights leader, Aaron Henry, for governor of Mississippi. No less startling is the fact that his running mate for lieutenant governor, Edwin King, is a white Mississippian. Henry is a veteran of the U.S. Army and of the Mississippi chain gang, a pharmacist, and a leader of the NAACP. King, ordained in the Methodist church, arrested and beaten during a sit-in demonstration in Montgomery, is now chaplain at Tougaloo College (mostly Negro) in Jackson.

The mock ballot, to be conducted in churches throughout the state, may bring out more voters than the official balloting. But it is really a demonstration, in the form of an election. As such, it adds another technique to the marches, meetings, sit-ins, picketings and boycotts, whereby aggrieved citizens are trying these days to by-pass America's frustrating political maze.

Demonstrations mean that aroused people have decided to create a channel of their own through which to express their grievances. This is what is happening in Mississippi right now with those 900,000 Negro citizens who are denied the ballot; they are constructing their own election machinery. So it was in 1765 when the American colonists, unrepresented in the British Parliament and shut out of their own colonial legislatures, set up a Stamp Act Congress to represent their views.

When Negroes by the thousands go to their homemade ballot boxes, they will be saying to the U.S. Government and to the world: Here we are, wanting to participate in the democracy our country claims to have, but shut out of the regular election because we are black. We are demonstrating that we intend to have our votes counted, if not today, tomorrow, if not tomorrow, then the day after tomorrow. But it had better be soon!

In 1676, Nathaniel Bacon led a group of frontier farmers, kept out of the Virginia House of Burgesses by an unfair electoral system, in a petition for redress of grievances. It was the first important demonstration in America, a hundred years before the Boston Tea Party. The "rebellions" of Daniel Shays in Massachusetts, and then of the Whiskey farmers in Pennsylvania, were really large-scale, violent demonstrations in our early years as a nation. The abolitionists demonstrated, the labor movement demonstrated, the suffragettes and prohibitionists and Populists and Bonus Army men all demonstrated. All felt left out of the great American democratic system, and they were right. And most of them eventually got what they wanted.

That demonstrations have been found increasingly necessary in American life these past few years — for racial equality, against nuclear armaments, even for the use of parks by folk singers — is a sign once more of the inadequacy of the American political structure.

What Killed 'The Mirror' . . . .

Donald Paneth

The New York Mirror, the morning tabloid scuttled by the Hearst newspaper chain on October 15, could not hold its own as a business enterprise despite the second largest circulation in the country. It lacked and couldn't develop the advertising revenue it needed to survive.

"Costs have risen far in excess of revenues and have created substantial deficits over an extended period of time," the Hearst Corporation said in its announcement, closing *The Mirror* and selling for an undisclosed price its name, good will and some of its assets to its direct competitor, *The Daily News*, which has the nation's largest circulation.

W. N. Thompson, general manager of *The Mirror*, said the paper had "lost $2,500,000 so far this year, and that, added onto other losses for previous years, brought the decision to close." *The Mirror* had been on the skids for the past five years. Last winter's 114-day newspaper strike was the final blow.

All of the city's seven major dailies showed circulation and advertising losses for the six-month period following the strike. *The Mirror's* circulation, an average 834,743 daily, 1,050,215 Sunday, was a decline of a little more than 9 per cent from the same period a year before. Moreover, the paper had a tough time attempting to recoup its advertising linage.

"For a number of reasons," a *Mirror* advertising executive said last week. "Stores reduced their advertising budgets because of lost business. During the strike, some money was temporarily diverted to radio and TV, and many retail establishments which hadn't used them before got involved in contracts. After the strike, some papers went in for large-scale product improvement accompanied by heavy promotion. We did not."

Local retail advertising, a prime source of revenue, fell off badly, and in September, *The Mirror* which for the past several years ranked third in retail linage among the city's papers dropped to fourth, displaced by the *Herald Tribune*. Last year, *The Mirror's* volume in this

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Donald Paneth was a rewrite man on The New York Mirror *for the past seven years.*

category was 9,011,733 lines, or 9.7 per cent of the field. In the latest six-month period, it had 3,932,501 lines, or 8.6 per cent of the field. (*The News* and *The Times* are the retail advertising leaders in the city. Last year, *The News* printed a total of 30,082,422 lines, *The Times*, 22,968,734.)

The immediate seriousness of *The Mirror's* advertising dilemma also was reflected in the marked absence of national advertising, a higher-rate paying category which offers such wares as cars, liquor, airline travel, foreign products. *The Mirror* ranked last in this category. In 1962, it had 4.4 per cent of the total; in the latest six-month period, 4.1 per cent.

The Mirror's total volume of advertising last year was 13,199,802 lines, or 7.8 per cent of the field, sixth of the city's papers. In September, it remained sixth, but with 5,916,960 lines, had declined to 6.9 per cent of the field.

A month before *The Mirror* folded, it lost the Rheingold beer account. "Nobody could figure that at the time," an official of the Newspaper Guild of New York, AFL-CIO, recalled last week, "because Rheingold advertises in almost everything."

At one time, particularly during the 1940s, when its circulation reached a daily peak of 1,079,978 in 1948 and 2,240,535 Sunday in 1949, *The Mirror* with its razzle-dazzle of crime and racing news, scandal, Broadway gossip and pin-ups had been a healthy, profit-making paper. During the 1950s, while its circulation slipped, it retained a huge readership. Its advertising difficulties must be understood in a context apart from its circulation; they derived from a number of sources.

"Apparently, for some reason or other, we couldn't stake out a section of the market and label it *Mirror* so it was comprehensible and recognizable," an executive of the paper said, reflecting on its failure. "Part of the trouble in this regard was *The News's* survey, 'Profile of the Millions,' which continued to show that *News* readers included over 70 per cent of the people who read *The Mirror*. *The News* kept pounding away so vigorously and steadily that it caused people to believe that if they advertised only in *The News* they were getting all the readers of both papers except perhaps a quarter."

"The majority kissed you off for duplication," a colleague added, drawing a parallel with *Collier's* magazine which was forced to shut down in 1957 although it had a circulation of 4 million. *"Collier's,"* he said, "had to fight the fact their readers were reading *Look*. They knocked them on the head with that."

In *The Mirror's* final years, moreover, its circulation was bolstered by Post Position, a horse-race game that distributed several thousands of dollars a week to winners. The game was estimated to account for 60,000 to 70,000 of its circulation. And one reader might buy multiple copies of the paper in order to enter the game a number of times, as he was permitted under the rules to do. This was considered weak or "soft" circulation from an advertiser's point of view. (Post Position was among *The Mirror* assets acquired by *The News*, where it is now appearing daily.)

The News had *The Mirror* bottled up when it came to advertising rates too.

Now, the rates of *The News* were double, and in many instances more than double, those of *The Mirror*: for example, the line rate for a daily full run in *The Mirror* was $2.03, and in *The News* $4.27; the Sunday full-run rate was $2.95 in *The Mirror* and $6.03 in *The News*.

Yet—and this was the point for advertisers—the milline rate (the cost per million readers) was cheaper, worked out to be a better buy, in *The News*. The daily full-run milline rate in *The Mirror* was $2.24, in *The News* $2.07; the Sunday full-run milline rate in *The Mirror* was $2.51, in *The News* $1.87.

In addition, *The Mirror's* rates remained static as costs mounted. Labor costs went up steadily. Even a cheap grade of paper was not cheap. But there seemed no way to increase rates without losing advertisers. At the end, *The Mirror* seemed to have little to offer the advertiser. Not much was done to improve the paper editorially, except the appearance from time to time of a new "feature," a new column or comic strip. Its printing processes were not of the best. Reproduction tended to be gray, dull, diminishing impact. The joke of *The Mirror's* plant on East 45th Street was that the presses had been second-hand when they were originally installed in 1924, the year of the founding of the paper.

The Mirror also was blocked in its efforts to survive by its reputation as a "horse players' sheet." (Its readership included many people who bought it to look at the racing charts, at the selections of *The Mirror's* handicappers and to read Toney Betts, one of America's outstanding racing writers.) Many retailers resisted when *The Mirror's* advertising staff tried to sell them space. "Horse players don't buy in my store," merchants would reply. Advertising salesmen would return discouragedly to the office. "I can go and get an ad for a truss or a second-rate department store, but I can't even get in to see the guy who has a real business," they would say.

When all was said and done, despite the adoption of the slogan, "the paper with a heart," the sponsorship of youth activities, and the inclusion in each day's issue of almost every story on the front page of *The Times*, even if only in two or three paragraphs, *The Mirror* hadn't put up much of a struggle to overcome that kind of identification.

It was unable to attract national advertising for the same reasons that most papers find it difficult. Most national advertising, 70 to 80 per cent, appears on television and in the magazines.

DAILY BLAH
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of wisecracking that soldiers are given to when joined in such make-believe activities. You would have thought these men were suffering the physical anguish indicated by their beautifully made-up plastic wounds. The critically wounded seemed quite downhearted and depressed; some seemed on the point of nausea as they were carried on stretchers or straggled into the gymnasium of the hospital to be bandaged and classified as critical, dying or dead. "In general," said the hospital's news release, "everyone enthusiastically played his planned role to meet the crisis."

The crisis was that a "nuclear incident had occurred in the vicinity of Two Rock Ranch," a military installation near Petaluma, a town thirty-five miles north of the Golden Gate Bridge, in the heart of a prosperous chicken-raising region. It was assumed that the bomb had fallen at about 0600 hours, that nobody at Letterman knew how many were killed or wounded, and that "a large number of injured was anticipated."

The gymnasium, or Triage center, was in charge of Colonel Kryder van Buskirk, a urologist, who got this assignment because he saw much maiming while serving in a collecting company in the Pacific in World War II. He said the hospitals across the bridge, in Marin County and nearer to the bombed area, "lost many of their doctors, but we didn't get hit."

The wounds coming into the Triage center, said Colonel Van Buskirk, were "all too realistic." His command post near the basketball center circle was shared by Colonel William Boyson, a Letterman obstetrician who commanded a tank unit in World War II and a medical battalion in Korea.

"This sort of takes me back," mused Colonel Van Buskirk as the two officers watched a soldier in green fatigues hop through the doorway carrying in his hand a cunningly simulated version of his own severed foot. They watched men being treated for radiation burns; they checked on a soldier with an avulsion of the eye (it had been pushed out of its socket and lay on a bloody cheekbone); they observed the emergency treatment of a WAC who, sitting up on the stretcher to glance at her nasty (plastic) arm wound, burst into tears. The colonels watched as stretchers were carried over to Chaplain Jack W. Manning, whose GI medical tag designated him as a terminal case from radiation. The Reverend Manning administered the last rites to soldiers dying faster than himself.

"Much depends on the ingenuity of the make-up," said Colonel Van Buskirk. Colonel Boyson commented that this year the cosmeticians had developed something new: a *vomitus de profundis*. "It's awful real," said Colonel Boyson. "This is the kind of vomit that comes from retching vomiting. It's full of dark green because they're vomiting bile — the men really are working out their gut."

This vomit was the product of the craftsmanship and creativity of the cosmetic squad commanded by Reserve Major Joseph Cusimano, a genial mortician who practices in Mountain View, a sleepy town located forty miles south of San Francisco. Cusimano says that the breakthrough on the *vomitus* developed spontaneously during seminars held by himself, Reserve Captain Teresa Tinetti and other artisans of the Nurses' Corps. "It just came about from talking with the girls," the mortician said. "It came up because we were saying that if there is radiation we ought to have some *vomitus*." Their authority for this is undisputed. Herman Kahn wrote in *On Thermonuclear War* that "in the postwar situation . . . it would not be surprising if almost everyone vomits." (Of course, he did not stipulate that all this would be *vomitus de profundis*; rather, he argued that much of the nausea would be induced by suggestion or emotional upset. He proposed that people should have radiation meters to check on their roentgen intake; so that, if the count were low, they would then realize that they had not been radioactivated and could "pull themselves together.")

Miss Tinetti has been an anesthetist at Mary's Help Hospital in San Francisco for twelve years. She has observed hundreds of badly injured persons just before surgery. This is very useful to her career as an Army cosmetician. "Before I put them to sleep," she said, "I see all the symptoms they have, especially the vomiting." Cusimano said the *vomitus* Miss Tinetti helped create was made with cracker crumbs, oatmeal and water containing both yellow and green food-coloring. (You can get all the ingredients at your grocery store.) "We mix it all together until it gets real thick," he said, "then pour it on the soldier. This is a dry vomit because they got so much of the radiation illness that bile comes up. When you've vomited so much that nothing is left to vomit, then you would get this type of vomit."

Cusimano is well qualified to be moulage officer of the Letterman-based 6253rd United States Army Hospital unit. During twenty-three years as a proprietor of the Colonial Mortuary in Mountain View, he examined hundreds of persons killed in accidents on the nearby Bayshore Freeway. In his embalming, he gained a working knowledge of evisceration. Perhaps that is why he talks with even more enthusiasm about some of the other dramatic successes of his cosmeticians. He revealed an especial pride in the soldier with the eviscerated upper bowel. This wound was based on a standard moulage issue from Fort Sam Houston: a simple, plastic patch of coiled bowel about an inch in height and sprawling pinkishly over an area about twelve inches in diameter. But, like most of these prefabricated wounds, it has the unfleshy look of the gums displayed in dental models. Throughout the nation, craftsmen like Cusimano must use their ingenuity to make these wounds look respectable. "Being a mortician," said Cusimano, "gives you an imagination."

In the case of the eviscerated upper bowel, Cusimano said, "we dress it up, put some oil on it, shine it up a little bit, put fresh blood on it, and he has a tube that comes into it, which he can press to allow a little blood to come from it, real easy like — because here the excretion is from small vessels that are only weeping blood, not gushing it." He said that when this bowel was attached to the naked lower torso of a prostrated soldier on Disaster Day at Letterman, and presented with a transparent bag full of vomit clutched in the victim's hand, some of the men being trained for nuclear war had to turn their heads away. "That one there," Cusimano said, "seemed to have the greatest effect on anybody."

However, he conceded that the desocketed eyeball, a work of Miss Tinetti, was almost as good. She used a sterile eye pad to keep the wax out of the soldier's real eye, then built up the avulsion by clever molding of wax around a marble painted as an eye. "She covers the wax with colors of tissue, what skin the fellow has, light or dark, then puts white on it to show as though the tissue came from inside," he said. "She paints the cheek a little red to show a little bruising, and puts prepared hard blood around the outer rim." The process, of course, includes applying some liquid blood lightly just before the training exercise begins.

With wounds like a compound fracture of the femur, where blast has whipped an object into the leg, the fatigue clothing is messed up with simulated clotted blood, and hay or dirt is thrown in. "We dirty it up so the doctors have to clean it," Cusimano said. "We know," said Miss Tinetti, "just about what shades of blood to use, and how deep the wound can be."

The liquid blood is made by mixing prepared liquid starch with red food-coloring, for arterial bleeding; blue coloring is injected for venous bleeding. The hospital stocks standard theatrical tubes of oily make-up coloring, in sallow, white, blue, brown, black and red, to take care of shock, and sallow mixed with blue creates the ghostliness of cyanosis (inadequate supply of oxygen in the blood). Adhesive powder like that used by dentists to stick plates to gums is mixed with liquid blood, to get a stunning effect of haematoma (clotted blood with tissue intertwined).

If this talented group of cosmeticians has any weaknesses it is in facial make-up. The faces of the Letterman casualties on October 5 perhaps looked a bit too healthy, on the whole. (Connoisseurs might also note that the Letterman group produced no vile smells.)

The Letterman artisans have only begun their pioneering in this field. In their pencil work, they have made some splendid GI chests look morbidly caved in. "We're still improvising," said Miss Tinetti. "We hope to make it better next time." By civilian standards, it is hard to see how they can improve much. When their outcropping, upper-bowel-with-vomit had its première during a field exercise at Fort Ord last summer, one young soldier ran outside the tent and threw up.

There were also five prototypes of neuropsychiatric victims at Letterman on October 5. These men had been carefully briefed on what the "nuclear incident" had done to their psyches. They showed symptoms of failing to cope with reality. A Letterman Hospital spokesman said such soldiers were "just mentally upset." When he was asked how many of the men involved in the incident would be psychiatric cases, he replied, "Actually, from a nuclear blast, I'd hesitate to say what the ratio would be. There would be a lot of disturbed people."

A Canadian View

GREAT LAKES LABOR WAR

. . . . Harry Bruce

The Canadian Parliament this month is uglier about Americans than it has been at any time since the spring of 1957 when the Canadian Ambassador to Egypt jumped off the roof of a Cairo apartment building. The ambassador, Herbert Norman, was a painfully sensitive man and, according to the Canadian version of his suicide, he was hounded to death by American McCarthyites (the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security had repeatedly declared he'd once been a Communist). Now, seven years later, the sentiment against the States stems partly from some bickering over Canadian plans to cut auto-part imports from the United States and partly from some more bickering over a wheat deal Canada has closed with Japan. But, mostly, the fury in the Commons results from the way Washington has fought a Canadian plan to impose a Canadian Government trusteeship on five Canadian maritime unions.

In the case of Herbert Norman, American politicians assumed they could treat a senior Canadian diplomat just as if he were an American citizen whose past seemed to be pink; in the same bland way, Washington now seems to assume that the Canadian Labor Congress is only a troublesome division of the AFL-CIO, and that Canada itself is only an extension of U.S. territory. AFL-CIO President George Meany has told Canadian union members it's their duty to oppose their own government regarding the trusteeship and, since last summer, U.S. Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz has acted as though he didn't expect anyone would want to question his right to sacrifice justice on the Canadian water front to preserve labor votes for John Kennedy.

Nothing works quite like Americans to unite the Canadian peoples. With Wirtz and Meany to denounce for a change, instead of one an-

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Harry Bruce is an editor of Canada's Maclean's Magazine *and has also worked for various Canadian newspapers. He was formerly a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery in Ottawa.*

other, members of Parliament made a rare demonstration of solidarity; they voted 181 to 4 for the trusteeship. It will place all the affairs of the Canadian unions on the Great Lakes in the hands of three government-appointed trustees. The penalties for interfering with their work run as high as a $10,000 fine or two years in jail.

The trusteeship is a recommendation by Judge T. G. Norris of the British Columbia Court of Appeal who, at the request of the Canadian Government, had undertaken an enormous inquiry (108 days, 187 witnesses, 16,322 pages of evidence) into the disruption in recent years of shipping on the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence Seaway. The trouble had grown out of the rivalry between the powerful Seafarers' International Union of Canada and Upper Lakes Shipping, Ltd., of Toronto. Upper Lakes, before 1961, employed SIU crews like every other Canadian lakes shipper, but now it uses men of the Canadian Maritime Union and the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers. The SIU was expelled from the Canadian Labor Congress in 1960 for illegal raiding, but both the other unions are CLC members in good standing. The CLC founded the Canadian Maritime Union expressly to drive the Seafarers off the lakes. These alliances—and the SIU's alliances in the United States—led to picketing and boycotts of Upper Lakes ships, burglaries, malicious damage, telephone intimidation, brutal muggings, shootings, at least one dynamiting of a ship and, finally, to a blockade of part of the Seaway.

Norris reported last July. The report, through the weight of evidence and the force of Norris' opinion, is a sensational and overwhelming denunciation of Hal Banks, the president of the SIU in Canada. Banks is a kind of permanent punishment for the old sins of Canadian shippers and shipping unions. They asked for him. Early in 1949 they approached Harry Lundeberg, then the president of the SIU in North America, to see if he could give them a tough leader to drive from the Canadian water front the troublesome and Communist-dominated Canadian Seamen's Union. They got Banks, who'd learned some of his toughness in San Quentin during a three-and-a-half-year sentence for passing bad checks. Banks did defeat the CSU but many people, including Judge Norris, think the cure was worse than the affliction. Banks, Norris says, "is of the stuff of the Capones and the Hoffas of whom the dictators throughout history, from the earliest times to the totalitarians, Hitler and Stalin, are prototypes. He is a bully, cruel, dishonest, greedy, power-hungry, contemptuous of the law. In his mouth, the use of the word 'democracy' is sheer blasphemy."

But despite the bilious assessment of Judge Norris, Hal Banks, like Hoffa, has never been found guilty of a crime in connection with the way he does his work. Even without convictions, however, Norris thinks the Banks record is clear enough. After all, 60 per cent of criminal offenses go unsolved in Canada. The case against Banks, Norris says, has reached the point described by Professor Julius Stone in the 1946 *Harvard Law Review*: "There is a point in the ascending scale of probability when it is so near to certainty that it is absurd to shy at the admission of prejudicial evidence."

Norris concluded that there would never be peace on the Great Lakes while Banks had anything to do with unions there. One of the specific duties he laid down for the trustees was to fire Banks and his small train of flunkies. Against all this background, George Meany's description of Banks's branch of the SIU as "free trade unionism" strikes Canadians as ignorant or cynical.

Part of Parliament's anger, or frustration, in October comes from the knowledge that Banks in Canada has the day-to-day support of powerful people in U.S. labor. These people include, most noticeably, Paul Hall, who is president of the Maritime Trades Department of the AFL-CIO and president of the SIU in North America; and Thomas Gleason, who is head of the International Longshoremen's Association and a member of the MTD's executive branch. Banks himself is both an MTD vice president and chairman of the MTD Great Lakes Conference. The ILA and the MTD both support Banks in his war with Upper Lakes Shipping. The company's ships were still being boycotted in American ports this fall and goons were still bloodying their CMU and CBRT crews. In Chicago and Toledo it doesn't seem to make much difference that these are certified Canadian unions.

Hall tried, with less success, to fight Banks's fight in other ways. He has called Claude Jodoin, the president of the Canadian Labor Congress, both gutless and a prostitute. When William Dodge, the vice president of the CLC, was appearing in Montreal as a star anti-Banks witness at the Norris hearing, the MTD held a meeting a few blocks away, denounced him as a scab and, in a brotherly little ceremony, awarded Hal Banks a plaque for all his good works on behalf of

Seafarers. Hall was in Montreal long enough to say the Norris inquiry was a "McCarthy-like smear" and, later, George Meany called it a vitriolic and vicious attack on the SIU. (With regard to American labor officials' opinion of his commission, Norris said, "It does not lie in their mouths to criticize this inquiry because . . . they have neither the knowledge nor the appreciation of British justice, nor the understanding nor apparently the ability.")

Paul Hall's propaganda seemed to be timed to influence the Norris hearing. It wasn't so offensive, however, as Willard Wirtz's indiscretion, which seemed to be timed to influence Parliament. Wirtz, first of all, had gone up to Ottawa to tell the Canadian Government it would be smart to forget the public trusteeship and promote a private inter-union trusteeship. As it turned out, the government wasn't keen about the idea anyway; no Canadian union has ever been placed under government trusteeship and it's a measure of how grimly Canada regards the mess on the lakes that it was even considering an idea so repugnant to so many people. For a few months then, the government encouraged and joined the talks among Wirtz's department, the Canadian Labor Congress and its American counterpart, the AFL-CIO. The negotiations, in Canada at least, were understood to be secret, but after they'd collapsed and within hours of Parliament's debate on the government trusteeship, Wirtz publicly blamed the Canadian Labor Congress for their failure. Apparently, the CLC had insisted that since the unions concerned were all Canadian and since they dealt with Canadian shipping companies and since the dispute had started in Canada, then two of the three trustees should be Canadians. This struck Meany and apparently Wirtz as pretty intransigent. They could see no reason why the effective control of five Canadian unions should not be exercised by Americans. The Toronto *Globe and Mail,* which is Canada's huffiest and most respected newspaper, said Prime Minister Lester Pearson was charitable to ascribe Wirtz's statement to ignorance and bad judgment.

There may be still more insults both ways, and even more chaos than the events that inspired the Norris inquiry. The U.S. Administration feared weeks ago that Canada's trusteeship would inspire an SIU strike and boycotts against Canadian ships around the continent. This might lead to a retaliatory blockade by Canadians of the St. Lawrence Seaway and if that happens, anonymous Washington officials warn, there will be a major crisis in Canadian-American relations. By the third Saturday in October it all seemed to be coming true. The SIU in Montreal told its members the trusteeship "will put us in the same position as workers in Russia, East Germany, China and Cuba" and urged them to join a protest march to Ottawa. Hundreds of Seafarers walked off ships in every sizable Canadian port. The walkout, in the government's opinion, is illegal and narrows the already slender chance that somehow Canada and the States will still come up with an agreement for a private trusteeship. But even if they fail, the worst would happen only if the U.S. Administration continued to refuse to discipline the unions on its own side of the lakes. A violent act against a union under a Canadian Government trusteeship would be a violent act against the Canadian Government itself and, hopefully, the U.S. Administration would then *have* to take action.

Canadians have worried about the fact that Americans now own about two-thirds of Canada's mining, manufacturing, petroleum and natural gas industries. They haven't thought so much about another aspect of American influence over Canadian affairs: out of the 1,400,000-odd union members in Canada more than a million belong to affiliates of the AFL-CIO, as well as to the Canadian Labor Congress. The CLC favors the government trusteeship. George Meany, of course, opposes it. His call to arms of Canadian union members means they'll have to decide whether they're with Meany, the AFL-CIO and the SIU, or with the Canadian Government and their own labor congress. By forcing the decision Meany, according to Toronto labor writer Wilfred List, "has done more to push the cause of Canadian union autonomy than the most zealous Canadian nationalist."

The statements by Meany and Wirtz, whether they are regarded as ignorant or arrogant, are another proof of one of Canada's oldest complaints against the United States: "You're taking us for granted." A Toronto businessman puts it this way: "If the shoe were on the other foot the situation wouldn't last five minutes. Or, what if the U.S. allowed ships and men from some country like Ghana to be treated this way? Some big fellow in flowing robes would come over and they'd have it fixed up in no time. They'd probably throw in a foreign-aid loan, too."

By upholding Banks's power, the United States seems to be imposing on Canadians one of the most repulsive aspects of American life. Many Canadians think Canada is fairly pure compared to the United States. Whether it's true or not, they tend to think of the States as a place where cracked skulls, attempted murder and organized mayhem are almost routine. They were shocked to learn from the Norris inquiry that planned water-front brutality is a part of Canadian life, too, and they think, perhaps naively, that they can keep violence from spreading.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

And, finally, I don't think it is valid to look at the English system of legalized betting and come to the conclusion that it's all right for them but that things are different here. We have successfully borrowed quite a lot from the English, such as Parliamentary law and trial by jury. . . .

Ray Staples

Dependent children

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: It is astonishing that in his otherwise sound review of the AFDC picture ("The Twenty-Fifth Child," *The Nation*, Oct. 19), Richard Haitch omits any mention at all of perhaps the chief reason for the current hostility toward the program: a disproportionate number of public assistance recipients are Negro.

A real solution to the problem Mr. Haitch describes is going to take a lot more than learning "that there is no economy in a Scroogian welfare program that perpetuates the problems it purports to cure." It is going to take a full coming to terms with the effects of racial discrimination in education, employment and housing. Ending discrimination will not end the need for AFDC, of course, but it will help "lawmakers and plain citizens" look at the program less prejudicially.

William Friedlander

Ideology and the Private Vision

Ernst Pawel

Ivo Andric. *Bosnian Chronicle.* Knopf. $6.95.
Milovan Djilas. *Montenegro.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.
Ilona Duczynska, Karl Polanyi, editors. *The Plough and the Pen.* McClelland & Stewart. $6.50.
Vladimir Maximov. *A Man Survives.* Grove. $2.95.
Pawel Mayewski. *The Journey and the Pity.* Scribner's. $3.50.
Alexander Solzhenitsyn. *"We Never Make Mistakes."* University of South Carolina Press. $3.75.
Magda Szabo. *The Fawn.* Knopf. $4.50.
Valeriy Tarsis. *The Bluebottle.* Knopf. $4.50.
Mikhail Zoshchenko. *Nervous People and other Satires.* Pantheon. $5.95.

The boom in fiction from Eastern Europe, which is unabated, offers intriguing clues to the mentality of Soviet censors and American editors. Beyond that, and on levels other than politics or business, the literary imports published here this fall give evidence, not so much of any consistent trends in either quality or subject matter, as of a potentially far more significant phenomenon: the survival of genuine writers, with something to say and a determination to say it in their own way or not at all.

While the pen may not be mightier than the party hack when it comes to a head-on collision, the fact that Socialist Realism is a poor substitute for literature has long been obvious even to the pure in heart. The apathy of Western publishers could always be discounted as political bias; the attitude of fellow travelers was harder to explain away. As recently as last August, delegates to the European Writers' Conference held in Leningrad were chided by their Russian hosts not only for their snobbish indifference to the main stream of Soviet letters but also for their inordinate interest in certain "younger" writers. That as a rule those young writers, generating most of the excitement abroad, do not represent anyone but themselves is true enough; it is precisely what makes them, if not significant, at least authentic. United States publishers are wholly justified in concentrating their attention on these dissenting voices. In literature, what other voices are worth bothering about?

Dissent, at any rate, is not confined to youth, unless the terms are used as synonyms. Thus Solzhenytsyn, Nekrasov, Tendriakov, Tarsis are all past middle age. And the melancholy satirist Zoshchenko was sixty-three when he died in 1958, rehabilitated but not yet back in print. Public response to his work, which has since been republished in huge though expurgated editions, left no doubt as to his undiminished popularity and relevance; it also proved that Zhdanov, Stalin's frenzied culture commissar, had been absolutely right when he denounced Zoshchenko as subversive.

For Zoshchenko is dangerously human; he used language, not to impale victims, but to communicate with other human beings in a conspiracy of understanding. As a satirist he ranks with Daumier. That he had the misfortune to tangle with models less complacent than the rising bourgeoisie led to fatal complications, but does not justify regarding him as primarily a political figure.

Pantheon has now brought out the first comprehensive selection of Zoshchenko's works, edited and in a brilliant translation by Hugh McLean that comes about as close as seems possible to conveying the special flavor of Zoshchenko's idiosyncratic vernacular. Professor McLean mercifully eschews quaintness and do-it-yourself slang in favor of pungently colloquial American English that strains neither language nor reader. Technically, moreover, this is an exceptionally handsome book, reasonably priced for a volume of its size. Inevitably, the trip across the culture gap results in some loss of momentum for Zoshchenko, but what survives is ample evidence of his scope. He does not needle, bludgeon or crusade; his sketches at their best are slices of life cut at odd angles across the grain, not to discover truth eternal but to explore the roots of a personal nightmare. He tried, God knows, to be a good Communist, a solid citizen, to conform in attitude as well as politics; but he was constitutionally incapable of seeing things as others saw them, and it is this flaw that links him to the new wave in Soviet letters.

The thaw, though still sporadic and tentative, has revealed much talent under the ice. It has also led to passionate controversies that make for good copy but are unlikely of themselves to have more than an incidental effect upon the larger issues they reflect. The outcome of Moscow's literary wars will ultimately be decided by the further evolution of the Soviet system, but the conflict between the artist and the commissar is endemic to it as long as it remains totalitarian. The enmity here is a matter, not of conflicting ideologies, but of ideology versus the private vision. None of the "young rebels" is crusading for anarchism or restoration of the Romanovs, and many of them are confirmed or even practicing Communists. But to go traveling all over the capitalist U.S. and then come back home and sum up one's impressions in a blank-verse poem celebrating triangular pears symbolizes a degree of subjectivism that, to judge by the vitriolic attention this particular item received from Premier Khrushchev himself, is liable to undermine the very foundations of the Soviet state. If literature is defined as the personal statement, then literature offends by definition.

A case in point is Solzhenitsyn. The tale according to which Khrushchev sanctioned publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* because of its literary merits may be regarded as the Soviet Premier's personal contribution to the art of fiction; however, that Solzhenitsyn as a writer far transcends the political implications of his subject matter is borne out by two more of his stories now published in a volume from the University of South Carolina Press. In the title story, "We Never Make Mistakes," a man's life hinges upon the choice an officer must make between his duty and his human decency. "In Matryona's

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Ernst Pawel, novelist and translator, is the author of From the Dark Tower *and* In the Absence of Magic *(both Macmillan).*

House" is brief but stunning in its impact, a portrait of a woman and of an age; warmth, humor and tenderness ultimately fuse in a tragic vision that makes the author comparable with Tolstoy and Turgenev. Solzhenitsyn, now forty-five and ill, is unlikely to fulfill the promise revealed in the small output published so far, but his accomplishments have none the less been substantial enough to stir up the hacks who, having robbed him of ten creative years, are now mounting a campaign against his "biased and one-sided views." Happiness is a Nice Cozy Camp near the Arctic Circle.

On the evidence, the hacks are in for a fight. Soviet writers who have come of age since Stalin lack the reflexes conditioned by absolute terror; and if they seem startlingly Western in language and outlook, it may be a case not so much of imitation as of sharing the same very small planet and of being attuned to the same big noise. One example is Vladimir Maximov's *A Man Survives*, billed here as revolutionary in both form and content. Actually a morality tale conventional enough in its message to have come out in the reactionary magazine *Oktyabr*, it is saved from utter banality by a technique of cuts, flashbacks and barbed dialogue that suggests affinities in attitude as well as style with Western contemporaries. Less experimental in form but far bolder in substance is Yuri Kazakov, an avowed disciple of Bunin; translations of his stories, refreshingly devoid of homiletics, have been appearing here in magazines, and a collection of them will be published early next year by Houghton Mifflin under the title *Going to Town*.

The Bluebottle by Valeriy Tarsis was smuggled out of Russia, and its publication in England cost the author a stretch in a mental institution; he was reported to have been released in May, 1963, together with Naritsa and Yesenin-Volpin, who were being treated for similar aberrations. Tarsis, sixty-one, and like his protagonist an erudite professor of French literature, conveys in a sporadically brilliant display of gallows humor the terrifying loneliness of an independent spirit lost in the forest of petrified thoughts and emotions. It is a savage assault on Communist clichés by an angry old man whose bitterness springs from the same sense of alienation that some of his younger successors have learned to accept and flaunt with a measure of pugnacious pride.

The half of life
(after Hölderlin)

The land lulls in the sea, full
of summer, lapping yellow
pears and summer roses; swans
are gliding, drunk with love,
they kiss and gently dip
their heads in the sobering water.

Where can I find, where can I find
when winter comes, the flowers? where
the sunshine and the earth's full
shadow?
walls arise
cold and silent: in the wind
the banners flare.

Richard Deutch

The Journey and the Pity by Pawel Mayewski is Eastern European only in inspiration; the author, a native of Poland who spent three years in a Siberian prison camp, is now an American citizen and writes in English. The book is impressive evidence of the skill with which he uses the language, but the many-tiered symbolism of his story about faceless men in a walled settlement out of time and ruled over by an anonymously omnipotent superpower amounts to a schematic construct of man's fate in an anti-human order that ultimately fails to convince precisely because the symbol is made to replace the man.

The Plough and the Pen, an anthology of Hungarian writing from 1930 to 1956, makes an attempt to do justice to the extraordinary vitality that Hungarian writers as a group have displayed in both politics and literature. It is, however, handicapped by the editors' preoccupation with Populism, a somewhat erratic criterion when it comes to anthologizing literature. But by devoting almost a third of its space to young poets—a rather daring move, considering the difficulties of translation—the book makes up for its shortcomings in the prose department and communicates to the English-speaking reader some of the excitement of contemporary Hungarian poetry.

The other sample of current Hungarian fiction is *The Fawn* by Magda Szabo, a soap opera for today's young moderns. This verbose confession of a frigidly narcissistic actress at the bier of her lover proves, if anything, that Central European schmaltz is still available in Budapest and hasn't lost its flavor, despite the new container.

Bosnian Chronicle, in a translation by Joseph Hitrec that masterfully captures the cadenced flow of the original, is the cornerstone of Ivo Andric's trilogy dealing with the land and the people of Bosnia. Deeper and more ambitious in scope than any of his work previously published in English, it affirms the Nobel Prize-winner as a figure of truly international stature, but by the same token also puts him somewhat beyond the range of this discussion. For all his searching preoccupation with the history of his country, Andric's leisurely pace and profoundly humanistic outlook is much closer to nineteenth-century Europe than to Tito's Yugoslavia. *Bosnian Chronicle*, a marvelous tapestry of Turkish Bosnia in the days of Napoleon as seen through the eyes of an unheroic, intensely human French consul, reflects his Olympian distance.

At the very opposite end of the spectrum is Milovan Djilas, a man whose total commitment has made him an authentic hero in a world whose heroes are created by public relations rather than private deeds. If trouble seems to be his inevitable fate, no one can say that he didn't ask for it. But what his cantankerous intransigence has demonstrated is that the heady and corrupting experience of power need not be an irresistible temptation. Man can, on occasion, survive the trip to the inner circle of the most central of central committees.

Therein lies the greatness of Djilas, and probing the neurotic motivations of such manifestly self-destructive courage is a facile exercise designed to enshrine smugness as a standard of normalcy. More to the point is Djilas' own quest for identity in terms of a nostalgic regionalism not unlike that of Andric, though the two have little else in common. Both react to the alienation most pervasively acute in a society passing through the initial stages of industrialization; but where Andric strives for serene detachment, Djilas writes the history of his native Montenegro as an epic poem and with all the passion of his firebrand romanticism.

The results, in *Land Without Justice*, were enormously moving. Unfortunately *Montenegro*, a sequel of sorts that in three related segments brings the country's history up to the end of World War I, is far less successful. Digressive prolixity and sententious rhetoric tend to dissipate much of the symbolic significance of these three semi-fictionalized episodes—the battle of Mojkovac in 1916, the ordeal of three hostages awaiting execution, and the fatal duel between two chieftains that signals the end of an era. Djilas himself was unable to see the manuscript through its final stages, and the version as published was edited by the translator.

Given the circumstances of Djilas' recurrent imprisonment under conditions of medieval severity, it seems a miracle, not that the book is flawed, but that it still manages to be interesting throughout. It is a proof of the man's genius, and while his challenge to complacency can obviously not be answered in any way other than by clapping him in jail, might we not in the name of New Frontier culture prevail upon Tito to provide his ex-comrade with pen and paper, a heated cell in winter and decent medical care?

Whatever else, then, these books may or may not prove about the literary scene in Eastern Europe, they show a wholesome revulsion to homogenized pomposity, now that point of view is no longer entirely a matter of law.

The Sly Natural

STAND UP, FRIEND, WITH ME. By Edward Field. Grove Press. 77 pp. $2.50.

Grandin Conover

"Field writes poetry," a professional poet remarked wistfully, "for people who don't really like it." Strangely enough, the obverse is not true. Field's first collection, *Stand Up, Friend, With Me*, arrives with high praise from the professionals and is also a winner of one of those inevitable prizes which have proliferated as rapidly as film festivals. The methods by which he has accomplished this rather egalitarian trick reflect credit on Field as a craftsman.

Taken at face value these poems are all by Mr. Nice Guy who has learned to live with verve in one of our vast metropolitan areas. "If you go there they have signs up 'Poets Keep Out,'" so he writes poetry in secret the way other citizens keep diaries. He's a clerk somewhere, thirty-five, "and looking it lately."

The poster with my picture on it
Is hanging on the bulletin board in
the Post Office . . .

But everybody passes by and I have
to admit
The photograph was taken some
years ago . . .
I was unwanted then and I'm un-
wanted now
Ah guess ah'll go up echo mountain
and crah . . .

Description: Male, or reasonably so
Brown eyes starey under beetling
brow
Mole on chin, probably will become
a wen
Warning: This man is not danger-
ous, answers to any name
Responds to love, don't call him or
he will come.

Financially, he's in poor shape, but finds some support for his high spirits, although he is by no means perfectly at home in the republic. Among his enthusiasms: the dirty pictures on the walls which make riding the subway tolerable, and Ookie, a baby walrus at the Coney Island zoo ("Leap the railing right into my arms / And squirm there fishily always, Ookie, mine alone"). There are obsessions with the telephone, ocean liners and tiny gardens made up mostly of grapefruit seeds and a dying avocado. Chopin and Fidel Castro excite him for startling reasons (a clever counterpoint of the ordinary and the iconoclastic) and he has a horror of trees — "on this ball rolling through the heavens / Their million sucking roots take grip like claws." Finally, of course, there's a Sylvia who helps him get through—"I step out of my clothes when I think of her."

It's not all bounce. The poems usually turn sad. In "The Charmed Pool," Prince Charming goes about dutifully kissing everything in sight in search of his princess:

A dragonfly turned into Jack the
Jew Killer, a mushroom into Miss
Venom of the grammar school,
And soon there were lots of un-
pleasant people sitting around . . .
He took off his Prince costume
Revealing a quite attractive but
ordinary young man
Who no longer knew what to do or
where to go . . .
When a man tries the charmed pool
and fails
What can he do if he doesn't die of
it?

What makes all this supportable is that it is done absolutely dead-pan, but with enormous artistic guile. "He's a natural," as they are reputed to say in show business, watching some carefully constructed artifice break into a

beyond the
MELTING
POT

The Negroes
Puerto Ricans
Jews
Italians &
Irish
of
New York City

by Nathan Glazer
& Daniel P. Moynihan

A fresh and provocative commentary on the talents and failings of the five largest ethnic groups in New York City. For each of these peoples, the authors examine the distinctive character of their involvement in the politics, religion, culture, crime, business, schools, and labor unions of the city and discuss soberly the differing levels of achievement in education, business, and politics. They show how culture has affected school performance, recreation, choice of neighborhood, political action, and attitudes toward other ethnic groups. They recount each group's adventures in politics and struggle in the marketplace, and show the intertwining threads of political and commercial power in the city's history.

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tap dance. The "I" who dominates these poems is never self-patronizing, ironic, or even reflective. This is so unheard of in recent American verse that at first it seems not only youthful, but adolescent. And it is true that at times Field sounds a little ga-ga, not sophomoric so much as prematurely senile. What is striking, however, is that a really original personality seems to be at work. A favorite appellation on the book jackets insists that some young poet or other "speaks with a voice that is all his own," yet poetry has never looked so uniform. Field's subjects seem familiar enough, but in these days he is a really unconventional lyricist. He makes no attempt to "apprehend" the world in some new way, taking for granted that we know all we need to about the cities we share with him. He is concerned with what viable attitude to take toward them. Atmosphere, imagery and rhythm are exclusively servant to the poetic speaker. This unabashed sense of the self, however, owes a good deal more to a modern aesthetic than to the largess of Whitman. Field has slyly invented the kind of persona a younger, more generous Pound might have envied; he's a Mr. Average who turns out not to be a cipher at all, but idiosyncratic, special, maybe even a little crazy — as we would like to believe everyone is somehow an individual in the United States of Monotony, whether he sells shoes in Union City or teaches history at Harvard.

As one expects of a poet working in a colloquial idiom, Field's special technical feats are his use of the line and his diction. His lines are usually end-stop, without rhyme. The precaution he takes against turning prosy is novel in its simplicity: he writes almost exclusively in iambic pentameter, which avoids monotony because Field's ear is so accurate he can fool you into believing his rhythms are conversational. However, if you read *Stand Up, Friend, With Me* aloud to a friend (and this is the kind of poetry you do), you find that you are being directed very carefully; the spontaneity is as artfully arrived at as dialogue on the stage.

Diction is Field's special feat. The right word in the right place is closely related to the problem of tone. Field's attitude toward his material is purposely unlettered, bawdy but rarely shocking. A preference for the monosyllabic and one-dimensional is perfectly suited to his purposes, since he shows no taste for ambiguity or metaphysics. It is as if he were out to purify the language of that tribe of classless, urban innocents who still feel like writing a poem occasionally, or still feel anything at all. In contrast to the "Beats," he uses slang sparingly, and when he does shoot from the hip, he chooses his moments carefully and then with an eye for effects that charm rather than startle. Fondly recalling his sister as a baby, he addresses her: "Dear Barbara, when you had the ear operation / And your hair was cut short like a baby dike / I sat by your crib because I considered you mine."

The great complaint about this kind of poetry is that it isn't "about anything." At best it's charming; at worst simply fey. In short, it's all personality. It must be admitted that part of Field's appeal is the contrast of his verse in this respect to that of his contemporaries. From a random sample of recent arrivals take twelve competent, message-loaded lyrics and after reading through half a dozen one would swear that they'd all been written by the same poet whose most fertile faculty was for pseudonyms. Field almost always speaks with great originality, and yet his crafty use of the most ordinary idiom somehow awakens an emotion one thought had long since been banished, a nostalgia for that strange democracy of our dreams where anyone could be a poet if he just had the time and energy to get it all down.

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LETTER from SOFIA

Garé LeCompte

On board the Balkan Express out of Istanbul your first impressions of Bulgaria do not linger long after reaching Sofia. The memory of a midnight rude awakening at the border by a Bulgarian security officer, dressed in a great coat so long it appeared to be a baby bunting without feet, is soon softened by the friendly smiles peering through the bleak dawn at the Sofia Central Station. The day is Sunday in a Communist country, and while Bulgaria has not achieved the Marxist epitome reached by the Soviet Union, it is still a "people's democracy" and therefore atheist. However, the first notable sounds after leaving the hustle and bustle of the terminal is the beautiful peeling church bells of Sofia's three historic churches — one Russian, one named in honor of a Russian hero (Alexander Nevsky) and the sixth-century Byzantine church for which the city itself is named.

The High Mass at Sofia's largest church, the Alexander Nevsky Memorial Cathedral, is full of worshipers from all age levels and social strata. This diversity characterizes a city where Vladimir Ilych Lenin Street is a stone's throw from Patriarch Eftimi Avenue. People may strive for the "realism of socialism" six days a week, but the Sabbath belongs to God and is not communally shared with Marx. Five old men sitting in the park beside the historic St. Sofia Church tell me that they have just attended High Mass. They are outspokenly proud of their people for maintaining religious traditions in

---

Garé LeCompte, an Orientalist, formerly consultant to the Middle East Institute and area research analyst with the U.S. Government, recently traveled through Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

this difficult era. They urge me to see certain sites and seriously warn against drawing conclusions from certain items placed on exhibit to placate the party. One old man who has been to Russia tells me to note, above all, what few changes the party has wrought in Sofia. "No propaganda posters here," he says, "and you'll find very few people going to see the embalmed corpse of Georgi Dimitrov — this isn't Moscow's Red Square."

The former palace, sitting across from Dimitrov's mausoleum on Ruski Street with two toylike soldiers on perpetual guard, is now the state art gallery. Displays of some of the most beautiful and historic icons in the world are to be found in this ornate nineteenth-century mansion. Little "Socialist realism" is to be found in the maze of gallery rooms. Crowds of Sofians, peasants from nearby rural areas, and a few conspicuous East bloc tourists cluster around the religious art and eighteenth-century family scenes. Modern art, even that only tinged with abstraction, is relegated to the most inaccessible room.

Sunday in Sofia is the day of a perpetual New York-style Easter parade. The latest European fashions are sported, along with "beehive" and B.B. hairdos. While men still cling to the early postwar "heavy" styles, with none of the sharpness of the Italian cut or well-scrubbed ivy look, they give a definite air of prosperity. Sofia contains 320 well-planned parks which serve as the Sabbath escape from the six-day program of striving to meet Bulgaria's umpteen-year plans. Tired promenaders fill the open benches discussing life in general and laughing over the latest political joke (Russians are importing more and more Bulgarian cigarettes — now things are reversed, we're exporting cancer to them!).

Shops are shut. Even the restaurants have short hours of operation and close shortly after the promenading ends in the late afternoon. The leader of the gypsy combo at the Hungarian restaurant on Georgi Sava Rakovsky Street glances at his watch between measures. The waiter, a member of the old school who still believes in service, bustles around pouring the remainder of the bottle of mineral water into your glass.

Only the large CORECOM (Comptoir de Representations et de Commerce) department store opens on Sunday, and even there the hours are short. Wandering through the five floors you feel as if you had stumbled into a never-ending bargain basement — except that the prices are no bargains. Crowds browse through the aisles, but few can afford to buy. A young couple gazes longingly at a sample showroom of furniture while the loud-speakers provide the background music of *Sweet Georgia Brown.*

In the early evening, the younger promenaders move from the parks to the sidewalk cafés. University students gravitate to a café on tree-studded Ruski Street, near their school. Conversations are similar to those heard among college students in the Munich *hofbrauhaus*, the rue St. Germain, London's Soho and the "Village" — which courses to take, which professor to avoid, which girl to date, etc. Political topics are avoided, but political jokes are not. The racial problem looms large because of the African student difficulty, but it is deemed unsafe for general discussion. Students favor freedom for the foreign students, but insist that academic standards must not be lowered. Another group advocates a special program for the not too well trained Africans, but are called segregationists. The conversation cannot continue in such a public place, I am told by a participant, but will be taken up again privately later that evening.

Night is falling, the street empty, and a quiet develops which makes those of us from the Middle East feel at home. A Sunday in Sofia — more peaceful than the Champs Elysées, more friendly than the Kurfürstendamm, more colorful than the Karl Marx and Gorki Prospects and more representative of peace and tranquility than the multitude of "peace and friendship" posters throughout the rest of Eastern Europe.

The customs official says I cannot remove the $5 in remaining Bulgarian *leva* from the country; he guides me to a souvenir stand and later accepts an invitation for a beer in the restaurant. As I get up to leave he throws his arms around me, and insists I must return to visit him again.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

How tricky is the world of the theatre: profound men may write superficial plays; men not nearly so profound may write clever plays; men neither profound nor clever may write successful plays.

Ugo Betti was a genuinely religious man. His essay "Religion in the Theatre" (which may be read in that excellent collection, *Theatre in the Twentieth Century*) contains passages of soulful wisdom. "I truly believe," he wrote "that if we search untiringly at the bottom of all human abdications, we will end by finding, under so many 'nos,' a small 'yes' which will outweigh every objection and will be

When fear silenced others, I. F. STONE spoke

➡ In 1953, at the same time that Senator McCarthy began his "investigations", Washington correspondent I. F. Stone launched his now-famous *Weekly*, a crusading one-man periodical dedicated to political sanity, honesty and human dignity.

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THE HAUNTED FIFTIES

AND A GLANCE AT THE STARTLING SIXTIES

By **I. F. STONE** Preface by JAMES R. NEWMAN

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sufficient to rebuild everything . . . since in error not all is error."

Betti, a magistrate in the High Court of Rome and a dramatist as well as a Catholic thinker of delicate insight, rarely if ever succeeded in writing a wholly satisfactory play. Like Pirandello whom he followed in time and technique, his plays are usually constructed as mystery melodramas. What is pursued is not a culprit, but the truth which hides like a criminal. The search is carried on in a spirit of zealous anguish and one must be impressed by the "heart" which goes into it. But while Pirandello sometimes managed to find a striking situation or a theatrically fascinating metaphor to dramatize his enigmas, Betti usually employs so much effort in setting up his premises that his final revelation seems unequal to the passion expended to arrive at it.

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In *Corruption in the Palace of Justice* (Cherry Lane) we learn that some judge of a high court is suspected of taking bribes from a notorious racketeer. All six judges of the court are shown to be corrupt, but which one is guilty in this particular instance?

The judges are panic-stricken, in this semi-symbolic drama of conscience, because they all feel culpable of something. Most of them are cowardly crows corroded by malice. The initial point about the universality of guilt is soon made and the suspense is well sustained, but the play's resolution — too simple and not at all inevitable from the preceding matter — makes most of it appear trivial.

What Betti says in effect is that almost no one is wholly innocent and most of us are smeared with iniquity; therefore, if the sinful are often raised to positions of honor, it is finally no great matter: that is the way of the world. "God forgives and forgets." Most of us commit wrongs greater than those for which we may be punished. To achieve purity or absolution the individul can do little more than confess his guilt to the ultimate arbiter, the "Lord High Chancellor" or Supreme Being.

Here, then, we have an unquestionably earnest play, written with dignity by a deeply serious and certainly more than ordinarily intelligent man, which must finally be accounted superficial as art, no matter what our opinion of it is as thought.

The direction of this production, by Richard Altman, aims at an intensity that will save the play from seeming too "talky"; but the result is to make its contrivance all the more evident. The production is nevertheless respectable. There are no *bad* performances, and one at least (by C. K. Alexander) adds an individual tang to the general picture.

Peter Shaffer's two one-acters, *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye* (Morosco), require no extended review from me now since I commented on their London opening last year. Though I credited the evening's conspicuous merits, I was perhaps mistaken in stressing that it ought not be taken as more than bright, literate, well-bred entertainment.

Mr. Shaffer is a playwright in progress. He is on his way from Terence Rattigan (with somewhat more nerve and sensibility, involving a bit of the latter-day British indignation) to an identity of his own. *Five Finger Exercise*, Shaffer's first hit, was evidence of his ability; if there was anything about it to cause worry, it was its being so thoroughly adept, neat and "finished." I surmise that Shaffer is ambitious, and wishes to go beyond the fashioning of trim Pinero-like packages of what every aware Englishman now knows. If he falters in the future, it will, I trust, be on the road to greater goals.

The Private Ear and *The Public Eye*, in the interim, are engaging comedies of good sense in which Shaffer cuts agreeably shaped patterns from the store of his talent.

Seeing these two short plays again, I was almost exasperated at being so pleased. The playwright's sure touch in handling their slight materials (always suggestive of larger issues) made their surface seem deep enough. But that is the reward of craftsmanship.

Peter Wood's direction is a genuine contribution to the evening's pleasure. Its skill is immensely helpful to the actors — particularly to Barry Foster and Geraldine McEwan. Without anything being "delved" into, everything clicks. Though the target is small, one is gratified by the marksmanship.

I take note of Henry Denker's *A Case of Libel* chiefly because of its success. There is always something significant about a success. This one — I quote from the playbill — is based on Louis Nizer's bestseller, *My Life in Court* (Longacre).

I do not care for the manner of its performance. Nearly every actor enters the stage "fraught with emotion" — which is expressed largely by muscular tension — and shouting in a strained voice from a tight throat. This is intended to induce audience excitement. Several parts are patently miscast. The only marked chracterizations in the production (achieved through natural endowment or direction) are those of two of the less important figures: a Scottish officer played by Philip Bourneuf and a publisher, played by Richard McMurray, strong in his capacity for drink and weak in moral fiber.

The major players — Van Heflin,

"In the land of the blind the one-eyed is king"

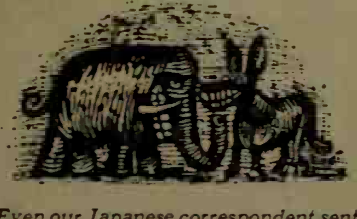
MONOCLE

is a quarterly journal of political satire whose editorial policy is that "the views of our contributors, no matter how conflicting and contradictory, are the views of the editors."

Every magazine has a Typical Reader. Playboy's is *the young man-about-town;* McCall's is *the family;* The New Yorker's *is not the old lady from Dubuque;* Seventeen's *is the teenage girl; and* MONOCLE'S, *we discovered, is Jack Kennedy.*

We didn't plan to write about Kennedy. We didn't mean to write about Kennedy. We didn't want to write about Kennedy. But there it was... So in our Preview Issue our lead story, called "A Perfect Day for Honeyfitz," by C. D. B. Bryan, began...

In the first place you've probably read a thousand goddam stories about them already. I mean every time you pick up a magazine there's some phony article about them written by a seamstress, or an ex-roommate, or a sailor on a PT boat, for Chrissake. And I'm sick and tired of all those phonies who say they could tell by the way he brushed his *teeth* at *Choate,* for Chrissake, that he would become President of the United States. In the first place he hardly ever brushed his teeth—I don't mean he *never* brushed them, or anything. I mean he didn't brush them any three goddam times a day, that's all...



Even our Japanese correspondent sent us an item about a forthcoming best-seller called Destiny's Deckhand, *which turned out to be an autobiography of the seaman who was on the destroyer that rammed Kennedy's PT-109.*

The White House still refused to cancel its subscription, *so in the fall of 1962 we started publishing a weekly newsletter—*

THE OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER

whose real purpose was to avoid talking about the Kennedys. We expressed our lofty aim in an opening editorial: Just about anybody can get the 'inside' story by reading such sheets as Time and I. F. Stone's Weekly. But it takes persistence, courage, and intelligent ignorance to get the outside story —the story of what is *not* going on. It is our purpose to tell that story.

Despite our honest intention to avoid the dynasty issue in Teddy Kennedy's senatorial campaign, we found THE OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER *reporting on The Edward M. Kennedy Foundation, whose purpose was to give other unqualified young men the chance that Teddy had. We pointed out that "thousands of people in our society are wasting away in obscure monotonous jobs because a lack of qualifications and experience prevents them from starting at the top. This is a tremendous waste of manpower. With a trust fund and the right connections these people could be holding down responsible positions in government, industry and the arts."*

Our News Managing Editor, Marvin Kitman, has tried to get us off the Kennedys. Our newsletter includes Letters to Other Editors (we tell them what's wrong with their publications), Junket-tours, Inc., a travel agency for Congressmen, poems of protest, a feature called "I'm Not Prejudiced But..." (e.g. "Negro mathematicians have a natural sense of logarithm"), a comic strip with Herman Kahn as Superman, the adventures of James Bland of Her Majesty's Most Secret Service, constitutional questions ("Is a person born in Mississippi of American parents eligible to be President of the United States?"), and television shows for the UN: "77 Gaza Strip" and "Dr. Ben Bella"...but then somebody mistook our Executive Editor, Richard R. Lingeman, for Charles Bartlett and leaked us Robert Kennedy's diary:

Tues. Today was Jack's inauguration ...The ceremonies went along smoothly until an old man named Frost tried to read a poem and was unable to do the complete job. Jack tells me he is some kind of famous poet. That may be true but he certainly put on a shoddy performance today. I don't care how famous a man is in his line of work, if he can't deliver the goods when it counts, he should let someone else take his place on the firing line. Some of the poetry Ethel writes is better than the one he read.

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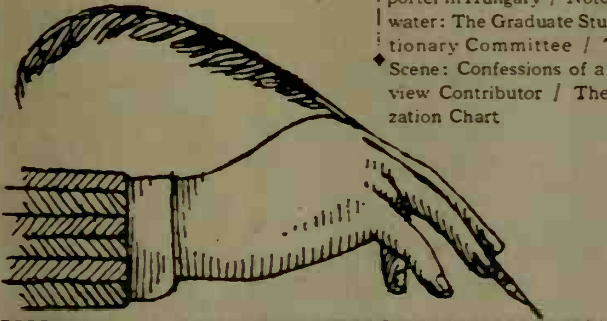

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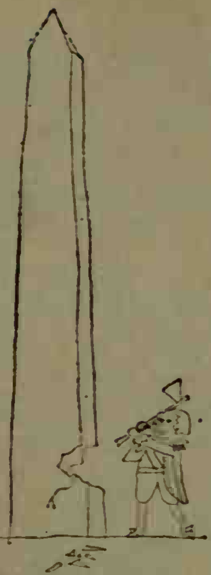


COMING: MONOCLE'S UNAUTHORIZED CIA ISSUE FEATURING...

Death of a CIA Man / A Monocle Editor Calls on CIA / The CIA's House Organ: "For Your Eyes Only" / ... Or Ngo Nhus is Good Nhus / The Jefferson Nickel: An Astonishing Sherlock Holmes Adventure / Roger Ruthless of the CIA (a comic strip) / Inter-Office Memo: Change of CIA's Image / Memoirs of a CIA Man: The Disposal of Churlton Thrasher / The Net Worth of Statesmen (in millions of dollars) / Dialogue: How To Be a Double Agent / CIAnimadversions / I Was the Wife of a Polish Ham Importer in Hungary / Notes from Underwater: The Graduate Students Revolutionary Committee / The Cultural Scene: Confessions of a National Review Contributor / The CIA Organization Chart

Sidney Blackmer, Larry Gates — are professionally forthright, but their parts, as written, are not sufficiently arresting; they would have to be given further theatrical enhancement. The English add to their courtroom thrillers some acuity of journalistic observation or humorous particularization to make them resemble "life" as we are expected to view it in this kind of theatre.

But *A Case of Libel* is not just a courtroom thriller. It is a documentary: the actual case of a prominent columnist who was sued for libel by a rugged Irish-American war correspondent. This *is* interesting, but it would have been a lot more interesting, and even bravely controversial, if it had been produced during the McCarthy era or shortly after the trial. Being neither art nor stirringly topical, it is now platitude.

Still I am wrong. Since the play is against prejudice, against political and personal slander, against interference with a man's chance to earn a living, we must applaud. Liberalism is cleared, idealism vindicated, justice upheld. And though you and I may believe that all this is too little, too late and too safe, there is a vast theatre public for whom these small rations are not only enough, but constitute a generous and healthful helping.

RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

The questions raised by Herbert van Karajan's recording of all nine Beethoven symphonies with the Berlin Philharmonic are not all related to these particular works, or, for that matter, to purely musical considerations. Thus, one would have supposed that the production of such a prodigious album must have been a major undertaking for the recording company, the orchestra and the conductor; but in that case how was it possible that the careless playing, conducting, recording and splicing to be heard on these records survived the scrutiny of the editing room?

Van Karajan's interpretive command of the symphonies consists mainly of the traditional approach characteristic of all his performances. When applied with rigorous discipline and orchestral intelligence (as on his London recording of the Brahms Third Symphony), it can produce results worthy of the tradition. Here, however, he has devised a "personal" approach that consists mainly of the superimposition of various idiosyncratic mannerisims on the basic regularity, and results in some strange incongruities. The oddest manifestations of this are the sudden accelerandos and decelerandos that tend to segment movements into several distinct tempos instead of inflecting a single basic pulse. Similarly, changes in sonority from section to section are often so drastic (viz., the slow movement of the Ninth) that the essential sense of interrelation among all the individual sonorities is lost. Karajan also imposes large-scale "formal ideas" of his own that are much less interesting than those composed by Beethoven. An example, in the first movement of the *Eroica*, is the drastic exaggeration of legato and staccato articulations into a unique but not very arresting structural principle.

At the same time, Karajan seems to have paid little attention to routine matters of instrumental balance, or to the special sound projected by each work. Thus the relations between loud and soft seem entirely accidental, or at least capricious; the tympani almost invariably obscure the harmony instead of supporting it; and the inner voices frequently obtrude, as though the conductor had decided to weight each voice equally rather than attempt to find its precise hierarchical position at each instant.

The few genuinely sensitive details in the performance seem almost paradoxical amid the general sloppiness. I was particularly struck by the clear projection of the oboe's tone color throughout the return of the opening theme of the first movement of the Fifth, which made the solo cadenza a direct outgrowth of the oboe line rather than an afterthought. And in the last movement of the Ninth, the balance and interchange between the vocal soloists, chorus and instruments are better integrated within the whole evolution of the work than in any other recording I have heard. Finally, in all of the last three symphonies Karajan tends, for the most part, to forgo the peculiarities of his readings of the Third, Fifth and Sixth, and they emerge merely as rather featureless glosses that make about as many formal distinctions as one might expect from a good sight-reading at the piano.

Poem

That I might go on the hunt
again
in the forest
with Artemis-Hecate,
or on
my own,
knowing that I am guided
by a god-companion,
that I need have
no fear,
that the bird of the long
neck and wide-open
glance is with me
and looking
toward me

Hilda Morley

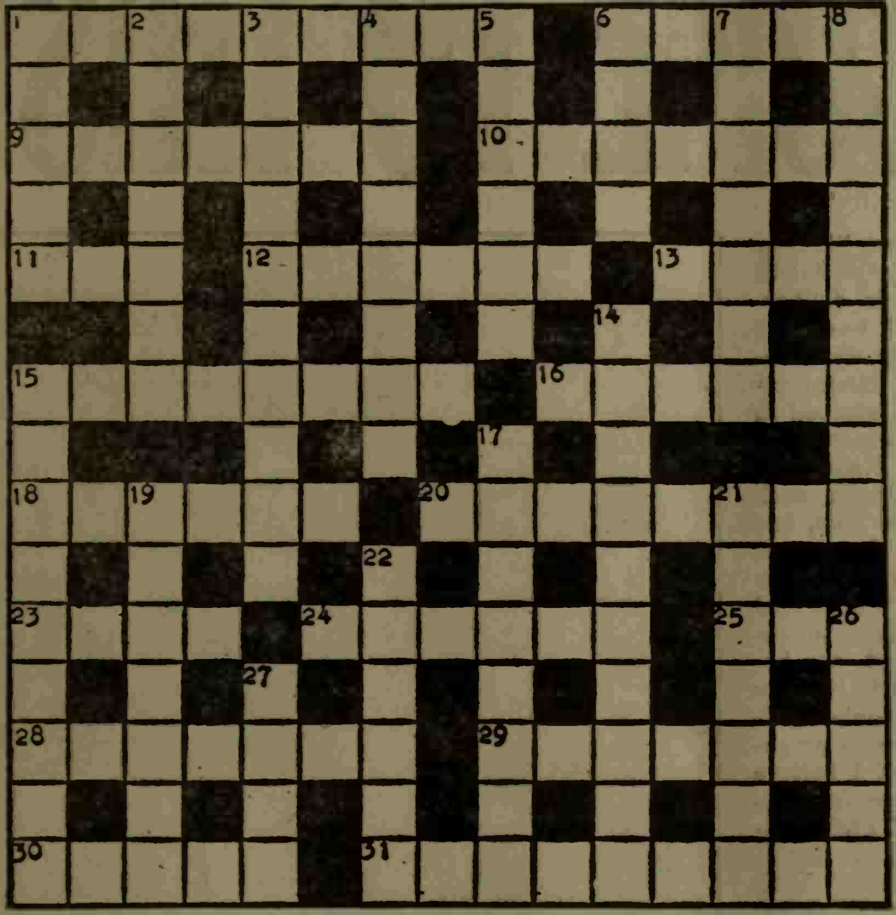
The really distressing aspect of the album, however, is the evident deterioration of the Berlin Philharmonic, which seems to have lost the qualities of intonation, especially in the string section, that had reached great heights of refinement in the Furtwängler days. The second violins, in particular, are evidently incapable of producing a true unison, and one begins to await octave passages between winds and strings with positive dread. Attacks that are supposed to be simultaneous ripple through the orchestra like falling dominoes and leave stragglers stranded at the ends of chords (at the opening of the *Eroica*, among many other embarrassing places). In the slow movements, too, rhythmic inaccuracies are so exaggerated that several new chords occur accidentally. In rhythmically or contrapuntally complex passages (such as the fugal sections in the *Eroica* and the Finale of the Ninth) the ensemble falls completely apart. This breakdown in discipline is evident in timbral qualities also; the first oboe, for example, is permitted a broad tremolo that may be acceptable in solo passages but causes havoc in ensembles. The strings constantly cover the woodwinds, when they are not tripping over one another, the brasses are always too loud, and the loud tuttis are indescribably raucous.

One hardly knows where to begin to apportion the blame for all this, since the recording characteristics are equally erratic, with sudden electronic crescendos and a generally dismal, thin, faraway sound that turns bass notes into thumps and inner voices into buzzes. It seems proper to ask how this album was ever approved for release by anyone involved, and how it has managed to draw praise from some quite reputable reviewers.

BEETHOVEN: The Nine Symphonies. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert van Karajan, Cond. Deutsche Grammaphon Gesellschaft SKL 101/8. 8 records.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1031

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Stop-gap? (We reputedly have such force.) (9)
6 He might teach things other than the trumpet, despite his sound approach. (5)
9 One of the things we are taught in school might be a literary sort of 27. (7)
10 Substituted for 9 in Wonderland.
11 and 23 Good conduct badge for Cubs in a foreign country? (7)
12 A tie might make it necessary to elope. (3-3)
13 See 1 down
15 Comes up with a description of stars on board. (8)
16 Does he tighten his lips when you pay him? (6)
18 Putting out a change of routes?
20 It's nonsense to suggest that this might take a trick! (8)
23 See 11 across
24 and 25 Silver given one? A high flame does as well. (5, 4)
28 A single thing with ours wrong might be troublesome. (7)
29 Send around a pour-boire — I've earned it! (7)
30 and 6 down The prices one pays to produce what the princely families of Europe have in common! (9)
31 They should be familiar with a country's mountains, but not specifically its plains. (9)

DOWN:

1 and 13 One takes the chance to be challenged wrong. (9)
2 One should try to make his charges fit. (7)
3 Casey (the 4 down) did, but nowadays it's not given a fair trial. (10)
4 Rig. (8)
5 Economical management of the plant. (6)
6 See 30 across
7 Gets away with this about pre-holiday time. (7)
8 Where the rug really gets cut on schedule. (9)
14 Is it to go out and sink enemy shipping, or just surrender? (10)
15 Motor rods should help to keep things warmed up. (5, 4)
17 The expert's on his feet, but goes to pieces finally. (6, 2)
19 Performed in the theater of operations. (7)
21 Communicate, to be specific. (7)
22 A song of David may not be good, but it gets in the blood. (6)
26 Some bores keep them moving back and forth. (5)
27 One has to be tough to be this tender. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1030

ACROSS: 1 Falangists; 6 Epic; 10 Implied; 11 Unicorn; 12 Bail; 13 Blasphemer; 15 Ragtime; 16 Dragnet; 17 Itching; 20 Prevail; 22 Importunes; 23 Flat; 25 Believe; 26 Allegro; 27 Tots; 28 Penthouses. DOWN: 1 Flibbertigibbet; 2 Lapwing; 3 Nail; 4 Indulge; 5 Trussed; 7 Plowman; 8 Congratulations; 9 Dishwater; 14 Mimicries; 18 Capulet; 19 Gruyere; 20 Precast; 21 Alleges; 24 Alto.

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IF THE BIGOTS AND RACISTS IN THE SOUTH DON'T STOP THEIR VIOLENCE . . .

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

"The majority of white people in the U.S. have literally no idea of the violence with which Negroes in the South are treated daily—nay, hourly. This violence is deliberate, conscious, condoned by the authorities. It has gone on for centuries and is going on today, every day, unceasing and unremitting. It is our way of life. Negro existence in the South has been one long travail, steeped in terror and blood—our blood. The incidents which took place in Monroe, which I witnessed and which I suffered, will give some idea of the conditions in the South, conditions that can no longer be borne. That is why, one hundred years after the Civil War began, we Negroes in Monroe armed ourselves in self-defense and used our weapons. We showed that our policy worked. The lawful authorities of Monroe and North Carolina acted to enforce order only after, and as a direct result of, our being armed. Previously they had connived with the Ku Klux Klan in the racist violence against our people. Self-defense prevented bloodshed and forced the law to establish order. This is the meaning of Monroe and I believe it marks a historic change in the life of my people. This is the story of that change." FROM THE CONTROVERSIAL BOOK ABOUT SELF-DEFENSE . . . A BOOK WHICH IS REACHING THE CONSCIENCE OF THE NATION. WITH A PROLOGUE INCLUDING THE REV. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. AND HISTORIAN TRUMAN NELSON PROBING THE ISSUES AND CHALLENGE LAID DOWN BY THE AUTHOR.

WILLIAM WORTHY: The issues raised in this critical book by Robert Williams, Martin Luther King and Truman Nelson deserve the fullest, the calmest, the most honest discussion. The decision of a frightened white America to grapple with, or to shrink from, the grave implications of the Monroe story will largely shape this country's destiny at home and her fate abroad.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: Mr. Truman Nelson, historian and novelist of the abolitionist movement, shows clearly that Henry David Thoreau would have approved Mr. William's position.

JOHN O. KILLENS: Whether we agree with Mr. Williams or not, he is dealing with a question which every thoughtful Negro in America is pondering. There are many roads to freedom.

OSSIE DAVIS: The Reverend King, Mr. Nelson and Mr. Williams have done a great service in setting this problem before the American public.

MUHAMMAD SPEAKS: NEGROES WITH GUNS symbolizes the dawning of a new militancy by Negroes in their relentless struggle to be free. . . . It may very well prove to be the most significant and prophetic book since the SOULS OF BLACK FOLK, by W. E. B. DuBois, was published in 1909. (from review by Sylvester Leaks)

NEGROES WITH GUNS

by
Robert F. Williams

ROBERT F. WILLIAMS was born in Monroe, North Caroline, in 1925. As a young man he went north to work in various plants and then served in the U.S. Marine Corps. The young veteran returned to Monroe in 1953 and there joined the local chapter of the N.A.A.C.P., soon becoming its president. This was the beginning of an unremitting struggle with the Ku Klux Klan and other racist forces in the South which culminated in a frameup against Williams for kidnapping. NEGROES WITH GUNS is the story of that struggle.

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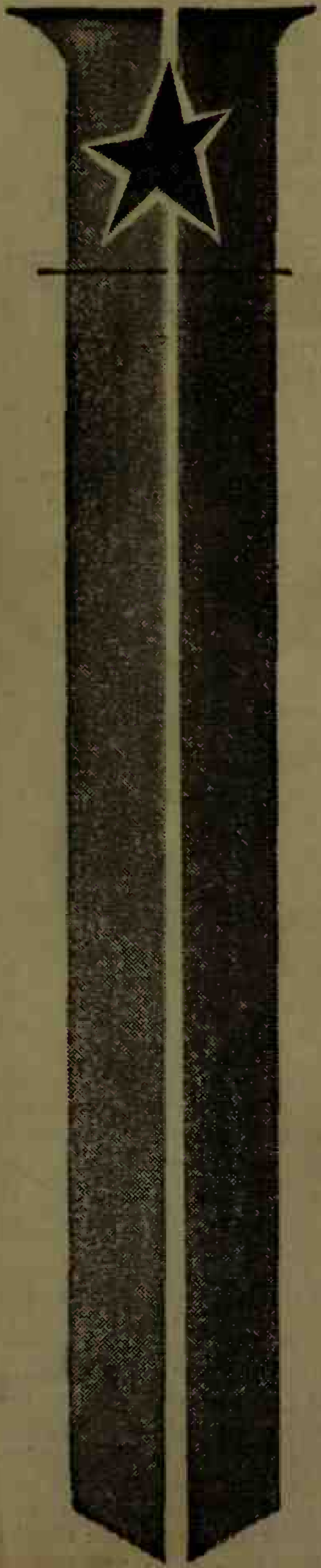

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LETTERS

Latin American militarism

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Norman Gall recommends in his article "The Fall of Juan Bosch" (*The Nation*, Oct. 26) that the U.S. military be used to curb Latin American militarism. I know of no case of U.S. military intervention in Latin America (there were many opportunities before the Good Neighbor policy) in which Latin American republics benefited from U.S. occupation. In fact, the opposite seems always to have been the case.

Mr. Gall pictures the U.S. Marines' occupation of the Dominican Republic from 1916 to 1924 as a period of "relative political stability." This is in sharp contrast to the picture given by Sumner Welles in his history of the Dominican Republic, *Naboth's Vineyard*. The U.S. occupation of the Dominican Republic left a well-trained, well-organized and well-disciplined police force with Trujillo in command — hardly an example of curbing Latin American militarism.

It would seem that the best way to curb Latin American militarism would be to cut off all military aid to Latin America. The people of Latin America have more to fear from their own military than from any external threat.

Peter H. Bloch

South Bend, Ind.

Dear Sirs: Norman Gall's article, aside from the sketchy analysis of Santo Domingo's political and economic history, is the worst piece of opinionated journalism I have come across in many years. Of course, American pressmen and public men, especially if they happen to be living in Puerto Rico (which in recent decades has become a haven for many "experts"), always like to engage themselves in pleasant platitudes having a remote relation to the facts. The tune and the tone are more often than not condescending and conventional.

The author is in favor of direct intervention to quiet down the anti-Americans and thus bring stability to Latin America. He sums up his thinking in the closing paragraph of his article, in which he states that "the United States desperately needs a juridical basis for rationalizing the interventions which from time to time it has carried out and must again carry out in Latin America to defend its own interests in political legitimacy and curb militarism. This might be done through internationalizing the armed forces of several democratic nations, or by regional collective security agreements among constitutional governments, or under sufficient urgency, by unilateral action. . . ."

Hardly anybody in the Western world denies the leadership role of the United States in international affairs. But apparently Mr. Gall is not aware of the fact that the United States foreign policy of direct intervention in Latin America to secure order, prevailing from 1914 to 1930, is an anachronism.

The root of the trouble in Latin America is psychological, something that is not readily understood by North American "specialists" in the area. Further, as William Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, puts it, the United States' problem in Latin America "is not with the governments; it is with the workers, peasants, and students"; and I will add that nowadays, it is also with the intellectuals, from whose ranks came most of the presidents of these republics.

Armed intervention in Latin America would undo what it has taken so many years to accomplish, to wit: bringing together the nations of Latin America under the aegis of the Organization of American States to settle matters of common concern by peaceful means. It would also violate the many treaties pertaining to the area, treaties to which the United States is a party.

North American "specialists" in Latin America will render an invaluable service to the United States (and to Latin America) if they rid themselves of prejudiced notions, which they further transmit to the people, by becoming acquainted with the historical roots of the problem.

José D. Torres

Mom art?

Garrett Park, Md.

Dear Sirs: Was there a typo on page 248 of your issue of October 19 (Max Kozloff on Art), or does "overweaning romanticism" refer to the effect on the artist of early maternal deprivation? *A. Peter Ruderman*

Barry would hurt

New York City

Dear Sirs: In your editorial of October 26, you reiterated your support of Senator Barry Goldwater for the Republican nomination for President. This support is based upon your belief that in this way the 1964 election would represent a significant choice for the voters. This supposition is, in my opinion, not only surprisingly naive, but dangerous as well.

First of all, the nomination of Goldwater would put Kennedy in a position which would force him to modify his views further to the Right, in the hope of attracting those who would normally vote Republican but who are opposed to the extremism of both parties. This is contradictory to the effects

(*Continued on page 325*)

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The Nation, Nov. 16, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 16

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

EDITORIALS

Civil Rights—Condition Poor

The politics of civil rights in the 89th Congress is surely as strange as anything Alice saw in Wonderland. The Administration bill, put together in June at a time of high racial tension and Negro militancy, provided guarantees of equal access to all public facilities operating under interstate commerce provisions. It gave the Attorney General authority to initiate legal action on behalf of individuals who complained of civil-rights violations. It outlawed job discrimination in federally supported projects. In a House Judiciary subcommittee chaired by Representative Emanuel Celler, the bill was beefed up by Celler himself and other strong protagonists of civil rights. A crucial change, although not the only one of importance, was that equal access was to be guaranteed not only to interstate-affected public facilities, but also those operating under state "authorization, permit or license," which would include "Mrs. Murphy's boarding house," etc. But at this juncture Negroes were not demonstrating forcibly, and it seemed to the Kennedy Administration that the revised bill was politically impracticable. The Attorney General took the onus of saying so. Representative Celler had to accept the view that a half-loaf was better than none. Another truism — that politics makes strange bedfellows — governed the division in the Judiciary committee. Southern opponents of *any* civil-rights legislation lined up with liberals who declined to retreat from the provisions of the strong bill. The Southerners reasoned that approval of this version by Judiciary would almost certainly kill all civil-rights legislation in the current session.

But Alice had not seen the end of the imbroglio yet. The President, worried as he has seldom been worried before, enlisted support of the Republicans to get committee passage of a compromise bill which, in the accommodations section, reverts to the June bill. Hotels, theatres, gasoline stations and restaurants would be required to give equal access; but retail stores in general would not, nor would rooming houses in which the owner lives and that offer five or fewer rooms for rent. With Republican aid (and the Republicans sharing credit) the compromise bill has a good chance of passing the House without crippling amendments.

And all, Alice might ask, to what avail? The bill is not likely to reach the Senate before December. If, in its original language, it was too weak for the liberals in the Judiciary committee, it will still be far too strong for the unreconstructed Confederates in the Senate. The chances are that they will filibuster if necessary. Moreover, Senator Dirksen, whose power in the Senate can hardly be exaggerated, is opposed even to the present wording of the public-accommodations section.

If a miracle should occur and a potent civil-rights bill should be sent to the President, it is doubtful whether it would be worth all the fuss and bother. The first fact to keep in mind is that for years there have been enough laws on the books to give the Negro equal rights — if the laws were enforced. Second, the history of the past decade shows that the resourcefulness of the Deep South in obstructing integration is almost unlimited. Third — and this is the most distressing fact of all and closely related to the preceding points — the majority of the white population, North as well as South, consists of *de facto* segregationists. Most of them would deny it, and with a clear conscience: they believe in equal rights for Negroes under the Constitution. But they want the Negro to live in some other neighborhood, they don't want to compete with him for jobs and they would like him to be more genteel in his protests.

Which all adds up to the likelihood that soon the Negroes will be found back in the streets, and with even less confidence for a redress of grievances in the courts and the Congress than they had last June. If there is a way to avoid an outcome so deplorable and so dangerous, it can only be through Presidential action as resourceful as that which got the bill through the Judiciary committee. Such ingenuity, applied to existing laws by the President and the Attorney General, might avoid the pitched battles which lie ahead.

Chance for Revaluation

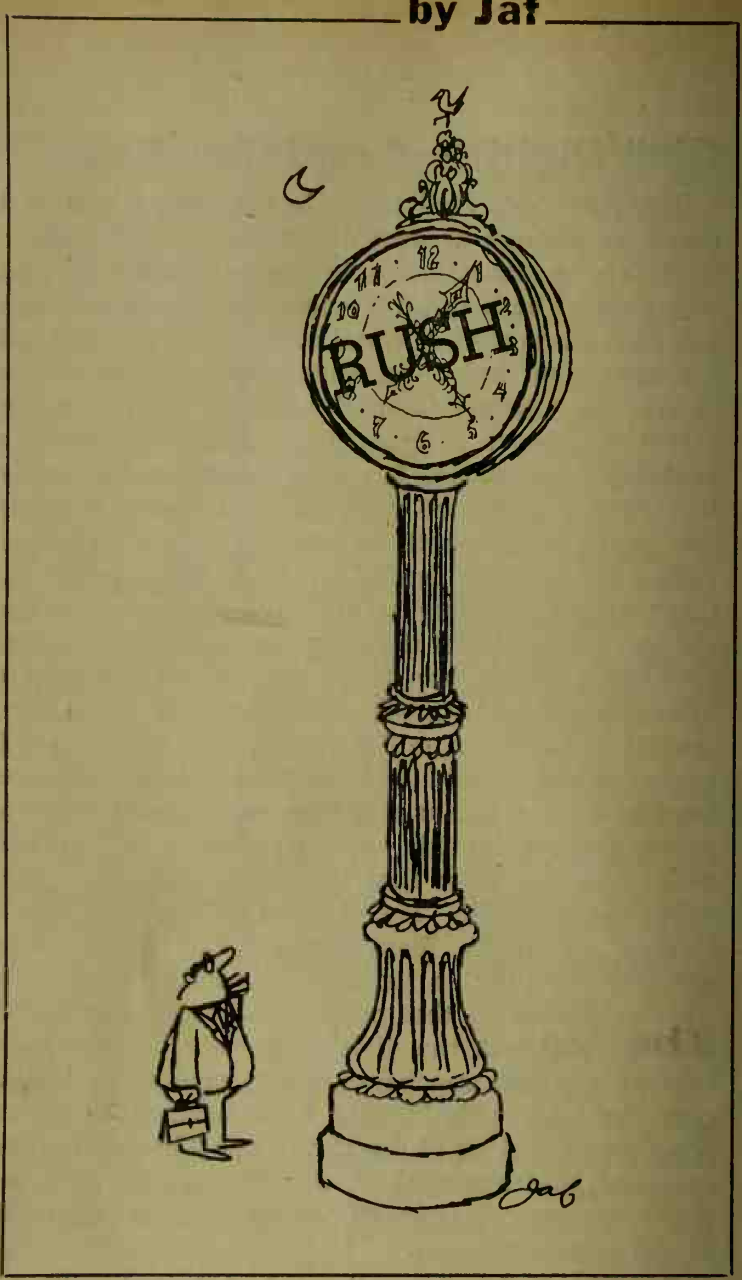
In war and in diplomatic contention the worst mistake is to underestimate one's opponent, but it is nearly as bad to overestimate him. This is what we have done with the Soviet Union and Red China. We overestimated their unity which, it is now obvious, has been tenuous for five years or more. We overestimated the lunar capability of the Soviet Union, partly out of nervousness after they outstripped us in near-earth orbital space. We overestimated the nuclear capability of the Chinese Communists. For years we have been expecting them to explode a nuclear device but, like some of our own projects, the Chinese bomb has suffered a slippage from year to year. Now Marshal Chen Yi, Communist China's foreign minister, is quoted as saying that while his country intends to become a nuclear power, it will be several years before even the first test explosion occurs.

We need hardly accept as gospel either Chen Yi's declaration or Premier Khrushchev's statement that the Soviets are not racing for the moon, but both seem borne out by what we know of industrial and social conditions in the two countries, and the interaction of engineering with politics. Red China, no more than France, can afford to forgo nuclear weapons, but her actual acquisition of them is a fairly long-term affair. She has a great army and some day she may have great industrial resources, but she does not have these now. In the present decade she can hardly hope for what France will shortly achieve—the capacity to destroy a few enemy cities in retaliation for an attack. No nuclear capacity is to be taken lightly, but no country, China even less than several others, shows signs of being able to reach anything like the awesome overkill capacity of the United States and the formidable nuclear and rocket accouterment of the Soviet Union.

Nuclear development, military or industrial, requires large amounts of electrical power. It is not happenstance that the plants which supplied the nuclear explosives for the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs were established in the TVA area. China has no TVA; she is an electrical have-not. Such a deficiency cannot be made up quickly, and the difficulties will be multiplied if the Soviet Union continues to refuse to supply turbogenerators for the Yellow River and other Chinese hydroelectric projects. Several other nations can supply such machines but, for business or political reasons, are unlikely to do so. This circumstance alone makes any quick achievement of significant nuclear power by the Chinese improbable. Her means of delivery are likely to lag in the same way.

The situation is much the same with the Soviet lunar effort. The Soviet advances in science and engineering have been remarkable, but not stupendous. (Contrary to a general impression, the czarist scientists were no slouches either.) There is still too much inefficiency in some fields, notably in agriculture, to permit the Soviets to do everything at once. These deficiencies of the opponents of American capitalism give us time to organize our own activities on a more rational basis. The decision of NASA, announced October 30, to drop plans for four preliminary manned flights in the Apollo spacecraft program, delaying the program but permitting concentration on the more powerful launching rocket ultimately needed, is but a first step. In a sense, the Communists, both Chinese and Russian, have failed our own scientific-industrial-military complex; their competition has not been vigorous enough to support its inordinate claims on our manpower and material resources. There is not the slightest chance of starvation of these interests, for the reason that, as Arthur Krock says of the NASA program, it is "the biggest public works and employment operation ever instituted in this country." All one can hope for is a slowing down of its hypertrophy; but that is possible, and voters who are not dupes and dullards should insist on it.

by Jaf



The Efficacy of Martyrdom

The very word has an old-fashioned sound, as if the need for sacrificing one's comfort, or even one's life, had ended with the conversion of the Emperor Constantine to Christianity in the fourth century A.D. Or, when we hear of the Buddhist monks in South Vietnam immolating themselves in protest against the Ngo tyranny, we are apt to regard it as a gruesome Oriental practice, like committing hara-kiri on the doorstep of one's enemy. We try to attenuate horror by pushing it from us, either in time or space. This is quite unrealistic. East or West, the only effective protest against injustice is to abandon the pursuit of happiness for something more important. It works in the Western world as well as in Asia. It may work even when it is practiced on a quite modest scale, as two recent cases in New York City prove.

A Jesuit priest in New York City, Rev. Morton A. Hill, began fasting at 6 P.M. on October 25 in protest against the distribution of pornographic literature to minors. He asserted that Mayor Wagner had promised in July to establish a four-point program designed to curb the traffic in obscenity, but that nothing had been done. One may have one's own views on vice crusades: the point to be noted is that the Mayor hastily pledged that every effort would be made by the city to prevent the sale of pornographic material to children, and took steps to police the alleged vendors. Father Hill was satisfied by the Mayor's statement and terminated his fast. It had lasted seventy-five hours.

Greenwich Village, the abode of artists and poets, is also the site of the Women's House of Detention, probably one of the most overcrowded prisons in the country. At its designed capacity of 461 it was surely not commodious, but as many as 721 women have been lodged at one time in its 7 by 6½ foot cells, with two and sometimes three women to a cell. New York City's Commissioner of Corrections, Anna M. Kross, an enlightened penologist, had been unable to do much about this outrageous overcrowding until a woman with a record of twelve prostitution arrests was sentenced to serve a one-year term on a misdemeanor narcotics charge. The defendant, Kim Parker, asked to be allowed to plead guilty to a felony charge; this would subject her to a five-year term which, however, could be served in a suburban prison.

Consternation ensued. Very likely Miss Parker really would do about anything to avoid a stay in the House of Detention, but it may be surmised that she was also intent on making a contribution to civilized penology. Mrs. Kross took the reporters through the House of Detention and the inmates staged a near-riot. Mayor Wagner ordered a speed-up in plans to replace the House of Detention with a new institution on an island in the East River. It is to cost $16.8 million. The Mayor urged that the completion date be moved up from 1968 to 1967.

Priest or prostitute, one can do something one regards as worth doing for one's fellows — but not if one's prime objective is gracious living.

The Mascot

It is difficult not to suspect that Amherst College chose to dedicate its new library as a memorial to Robert Frost in the knowledge that this gesture was likely to lure the President of the United States to the ground-breaking ceremony. If that was the strategy, it was brilliantly successful: sacrificing Sunday hours he would otherwise have spent at his new retreat on Rattlesnake Mountain, Mr. Kennedy swooped down on Amherst through lowering clouds to testify once more to Mr. Frost's character as a poet and a citizen.

The lyric tastes of our Chief Executives have traditionally run to the style of Edgar Guest or James Whitcomb Riley, and it is a refreshment to note that White House culture has taken a great leap forward. But the fly in this ointment is that our current President is not a man who goes about quoting excellent poetry; he is a man who goes about quoting Robert Frost, an excellent poet. This is such an effective way to acquire an aesthetic reputation that others should tumble to the device; we may soon be hearing Marianne Moore from the lips of Mr. Goldwater, and finding excerpts from Robert Lowell in the releases from Rockefeller headquarters. Good American poets are more plentiful than Presidential candidates (of whatever quality), so there is no reason why astute candidates for Congress or high local office should not also provide themselves with bardic mascots.

At Amherst, Mr. Kennedy spoke eloquently of Frost's moral usefulness to the nation; the irony is that this usefulness is at present threatened precisely by Mr. Kennedy's insistence upon it. His admiration for Frost is apparently genuine, but it stops short of the realization that art loses its potency when it is drafted for public duties. Poets infiltrate the human spirit; they cannot be imposed by Executive decree.

The Future of Research

While serving as Secretary of Commerce forty years ago, Herbert Hoover complained with some asperity of American industry's niggardly support of research. Trained as an engineer, Mr. Hoover understood the importance of research as a tool of industry, with profits as an end result. Today, with research and development booming, one might suppose that Mr. Hoover has been vindicated as a prophet. Not so; he is still in the wilderness. Of the total annual expenditure of $17 billion for R&D, about $15 billion is financed by the government, which was not the Hooverian conception at all. Of the $15 billion, $11 billion goes for weaponry, space and nucleonics, the last again partly weaponry. Private research for which industry digs down into its own pocket remains a minor item. In aerospace, where industry spends more than $2 billion annually, the government pays for 94 per cent. In return for its 6 per cent contribution, industry cries out against "excessive" governmental surveillance and red tape.

The preponderance of military R&D is not peculiar to the United States. In 1961-62 the British R&D expenditure was £634 million, of which £385 million was provided by the government. Of this, £246 million, or almost two-thirds, went for "defense," a further £50 million for atomic energy (including a sizable military component), £20 million for civil aviation — and a measly £6 million for medicine and public health.

How can science and technology be converted to the enhancement of life rather than its destruction? One way is for scientists and engineers, as individuals, to refuse to be harnessed to the war machine. This can only be a minor factor under the presently efficient system of mass persuasion, but for the future it should not be discounted. Even the most complacently militaristic scientists are aware of the existence of the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, which now has about 1,000 members pledged to refrain from work on military projects, each deciding for himself what is military. SSRS is respectable, with a sprinkling of Nobel laureates here and abroad. At the last annual meeting the principal speaker was Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory and winner (with Walter H. Zinn) of the $75,000 Atoms for Peace Award in 1960.

If individual conscience cannot now be expected to guide scientists into creative ways, the impending "stabilization" of the scientific-military revolution may force them in that direction. Testifying recently before a subcommittee of the House Science and Astronautics committee, Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, the President's science adviser, pointed out that "defense" is becoming saturated. Since a sharp cutback in overall R&D might trigger a depression, the government may find itself compelled to spend more on mental and physical health, water and power supplies, biology, genetics, geriatrics, high voltage physics, the causes of war, etc., and less on armaments.

Wiesner noted that of the annual governmental R&D investment of $15 billion, only $1.4 billion goes for basic research, although everything in science and engineering flows from this source. His fear was that, once the impetus of Soviet superiority in space was lost, Congress might revert to its earlier ways. A possible harbinger of such a trend may be found in the recent action of the House Appropriations Committee in halving the National Science Foundation's 1964 budget request. Some of the Foundation's projects may sound silly to Congressmen but, even assuming that they are, they will certainly be more rewarding than piling up overkill capacity from here to doomsday.

THE AFFLUENT RAILROADS . . . Desmond Smith

In 1963 the railroad industry is in deep financial trouble (*Readers Digest*)—as it was in 1950 (*Business Week*); 1940 (*Time*); 1920 (*The Wall Street Journal*) and 1910 (*Saturday Evening Post*).

In all these magazines during all these years it has been possible to read of the impending bankruptcy of our national railroad system. No doubt about it, the American railroads are a basket case. Little wonder that they have been described by one jaded onlooker as "the most amazing financial-health paradox in our economy—robust on Wall Street, at death's door in the public prints and in the halls of Congress." Politicians, journalists, even financial analysts get tied in knots when they come to examine the looking-glass economics of railroading. Critics, including some major accounting firms, have severely attacked the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC) for its present "do nothing" attitude toward railroad accounting practice. It is difficult for an analyst of railroad accounts to establish a railroad's degree of profitability when it is not immediately clear how general overhead is being allocated between the operating division and the subsidiaries. Another complaint (unanswered by the railroads) is that depreciation is constantly overstated. And when lease holders turn out to be subsidiaries, the critical observer will ask, is this another method of hiding income? These are some of the more obvious examples of "Chinese bookkeeping" that have been commented on by others. Sad to say, there are many more.

The railroads have created for all but the stout of heart a Sisyphean task of lifting up the grains of probability from under the weight of possibility, confusion and doubt. Still, a start has to be made somewhere.

There are some 215,000 miles of railroad lines in the United States, divided between the 105 Class 1 carriers and the 22 Class 1 Switching and Terminal companies. However, although the railroads (according to the public prints) stood eyeball to eyeball with bankruptcy last year, their top officers took no pay cuts. As a matter of fact, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission's annual report, they gave themselves a slight raise of about 8 per cent. Salaries vary a good deal, as might be expected. The president of the Union Pacific, a railway whose Net Railway Operating Income expanded 19.1 per cent last year, received $146,600 in 1962. But the president of the bankrupt New Haven Railroad had to get by with a paltry $40,000.

It is worth examining cash dividends (as a percentage of net income) for the Class 1 railroads. During the booming war years of 1941-46 the average was 35.2 per cent. By 1960 (latest figures), it had climbed to 86.5 per cent. Moreover, bankruptcies have declined tremendously since World War II. In 1940, railroads representing 31 per cent of total trackage were being operated by receivers or trustees, but by 1960 this had dropped to about 1 per cent. Additionally, by 1960 (a recession year), Class 1 railroads as a whole showed a splendid assets-to-liabilities ratio of 1.62 (compared with 0.66 in 1939). But bankrupt railroads are to railway presidents on the public-speaking circuit what burnt-out restaurants are to arson-minded restaurateurs. They elicit both sympathy and money.

By coincidence or otherwise, previously well-run railroads, notably in the Northeast and Mid-Atlantic regions, began to run their passenger services downhill in the late fifties. In Pennsylvania, World War I coaches were brought out from dusty train sheds to give the commuter second thoughts about the joys of train travel. In Connecticut, wealthy commuters found themselves traveling in boxcars. In New Jersey, commuters refused to accept cash payments after a disgraceful campaign of harassment, initiated by a railroad, had failed to move them off the trains. Across the nation, a design of harassment was built up, planned in the short run to squeeze more money for commuter services and in the long run to drive the last traveler from the tracks to make way for the high-profit item—freight. The strategy included every discomfort imaginable, from broken plumbing and dirty depots and way stations to neglected tracks (that caused delays) and filthy passenger cars. By 1963, a pig could travel across the United States in air-conditioned comfort, but you couldn't.

Curiously enough, the public in the main took the punishment. The railroads blamed the entire mess variously upon finances, the railroad unions and the weather. Yet the railroad industry's Draconian measures produced results. The commuters put pressure on the politicians, and the politicians applied relief. New Jersey reduced state

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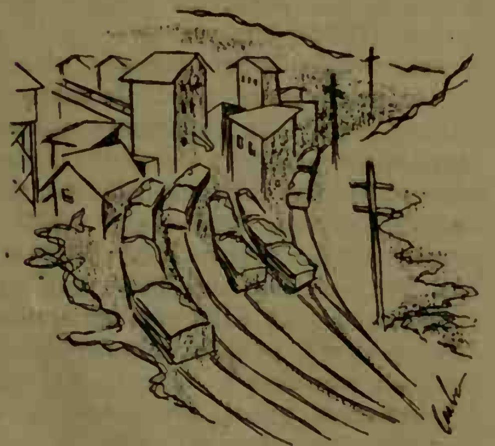
Desmond Smith contributes regularly to The Economist (*London*).

taxes on passenger facilities and made treasury contributions to the affected communities to offset commuter deficits. Philadelphia created an Authority to subsidize the commuter services operated by the Pennsylvania and the Reading Railroads. New York State, itself hard pressed for cash, took the remarkable step of persuading most of the important cities to reduce valuations on railroad properties. Thus the annual taxes payable to New York City by the New York Central were steadily reduced beginning in 1959; by 1962, this carrier paid some $7.5 million less in taxes annually than in 1959. The difference in tax payments obtained by the city was made up by the state.

But such actions as these will not satisfy the railroad companies.



"There is much surplus railroad mileage in this country today," says Stuart T. Saunders, president of the Norfolk & Western Railway, and this is especially true in the East. Of the approximately 225,000 main-line miles now in service, 23,000 miles, or less than 10 per cent, carry 50 per cent of our total freight ton miles, and at the other extreme, 67,000 miles, or about 30 per cent, carry only 2 per cent of the total freight business." As railroad presidents see the situation, they would like to shrink railroad mileage still further to concentrate on the profitable freight business. On the one hand, they claim a special relationship (with attendant privileges) to the economy, since the railroad companies are a vital part of our national defense; on the other hand, they want the right to close down unprofitable routes at their own time and choosing.

Meanwhile the railroads benefit in numerous ways from abandoning track. Savings are realized that amount to $2,500 a mile in taxes, plus $3,000 a mile in maintenance costs. Cash is generated by selling off salvaged materials (at $5,000 a mile). The land is available for real estate purposes—the Boston & Albany Railroad sold eleven miles of its roadbed and right-of-way to the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority for $8 million.

It is precisely because of the railroads' central importance to any national defense plan that such requests to reduce railway mileage can have the central place in a national transportation policy. A policy (or absence of one) that allows railroads to abandon track as they please needs closer scrutiny.

When a railway president begins an article in a national magazine with the statement that "U.S. transportation is highballing to a crisis," and when the financial editor of one of America's great newspapers begins his story, "The country's railroads are highballing toward their best earnings year since 1957," the reader is left in some confusion. The key to this semantic boggle is simple enough. What the railroad president is speaking about is Net Railway Operating Income (freight and passenger revenues), whereas the financial editor is referring to *total earnings*. This includes Other Income, an item that is almost always cheerfully black in the railroad ledger. To paraphrase Father Flanagan: There is no "railroad problem," there are only "problem railroads."

The financial picture is similar to that of American industry as a whole. There are blue-chip companies and there are others that are not doing so well. But even such celebrated examples of how not to run a railroad as the New Haven are doing exceptionally well under the Other Income heading. Last year the New Haven earned $4.3 million on rentals in the Grand Central area of New York City. In recent years, as downtown city areas have been redeveloped, property values have soared, directly benefiting on the Other Income side of the ledger those companies with poor performance in terms of Net Railway Operating Income.

Just how much this can mean can be gathered from a company such as the Chicago & Northwestern, which estimated last year that surplus real estate no longer included in its railway operations is valued at $40 million. In the western United States the railroad companies are among the biggest landowners. Northern Pacific, for example, controls more than 8 million acres of land; so does the Union Pacific. A close runner-up is the Southern Pacific with some 5.2 million acres. And even more valuable are the mineral and timber rights. The Union Pacific in 1962 showed Other Income totaling $39.26 million, which nearly matched its Net Railway Operating Income of $46.78 million. The Santa Fe's subsidiary, the Chanslor-Western Oil & Development Company, earned $10.29 million before taxes in 1962. In addition, the Santa Fe owns a controlling interest in Kirby Lumber Company, which has lumber, oil and gas interests in Louisiana and Texas.

Few people who have ever looked at railroad balance sheets objectively doubt that for many Class 1 railroads, the return on investment is high. For the ten-year period from 1951 to 1961, the Class 1 railroads had an average net-income-to-revenue of 7.19 per cent. During this same period, General Motors averaged 7.62 per cent; General Electric, 5.62 per cent and U.S. Steel, 7.34 per cent. Certainly, when compared to these bellwether corporations, it is clear that the railroad industry's financial health is sound.

Over the last half-century, the railroads haven't had a bad run for their money. Much of the strength inherent in the railroad Establishment is derived from the fact that many of the same financial interests that controlled the railroads at the turn of the century are still involved today. Now that the railroad industry has left the monopoly era it is finding the age of competition rough going. In the past, railroads set their own tariffs on the basis of "what the traffic can bear"; unlike the business competitors they were exempt from antitrust laws that prevented other industries from "price-fixing." Today, however, the railroads have to meet competition from an aggressive trucking industry, from pipe lines, from barge traffic and from the airlines. To earn the kind of profits they have become accustomed to in the second half of the twentieth century they will have to squeeze all the water thay can out of their overhead. "First and foremost," says

Milton J. Sharp, a Pennsylvania industrialist, "the attitude of railroad management must change. Every business has competition. The difference is that the railroads complain about it instead of doing something to counteract it. They complain that their competition is unfair because of government subsidies to improve highways, airports, harbors, etc. They forget that they, too, were heavily subsidized at the outset. They received all kinds of benefits, including land at low prices."

Recently, pressed by competition, the industry has belatedly recognized that the bulk of its plant is obsolete and needs replacement. The current investment in new equipment is running at the rate of about $1 billion a year. Technology is, in turn, taking away jobs at an astounding rate. Since the end of World War II, every second railwayman has lost his job. Railroad employment in 1963 has fallen to the bottom of the depression levels. The railway workers have lost 700,000 jobs since 1945, for there is almost no job on the railroads that cannot be automated, from "crewless" trains and remote-control locomotives to electronic classification yards. Although automation has brought economic security to the few, it is bringing devastating unemployment for many. The Railroad Brotherhoods, their memberships in a militant mood, have thus brought the automation question to a showdown over the right of management to change work rules. The changes in question would eliminate 65,000 jobs—mostly those of firemen who presently ride diesel locomotives in freight and yard service.

NOT RUNNING

Obviously, to survive, the railroad industry has no alternative but to drag itself into the twentieth century. And it must modernize its antiquated plant and track. The railway unions, too, must drop mental attitudes that match the railroad managements' Cuspidor Age thinking processes. Yet, until recently the unions did not oppose mechanization, nor do they oppose automation now. What they seek is the kind of approach that has already been worked out in the steel and aluminum industries for solving the serious problems that automation brings. They contend that in the second half of the twentieth century the kind of Social Darwinism currently in favor with much of railroad management is inhumane. "We pledge the fullest cooperation to management in accepting the new technology and making it work as it should," says W. P. Kennedy, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. "We ask in return that management pledge us an equitable share in the fruits of increased productivity . . . and that it accept some of the social costs of technological displacement."

In the notorious "featherbedding" public relations campaign, railroad management gave the Brotherhoods their answer. The public was told in words and pictures that the featherbedding railwayman was the root of all the railroads' troubles. Yet—and this is the real irony—by sticking to this sham issue, the railroad industry has weakened its long-range objective, which is surely to see a strong and viable railroad system that is capable of retaining its place in the nation's transportation complex.

Meanwhile, with troubles ahead on the labor issue, the railroads are cutting away at passenger schedules, automating at a rapidly rising rate, shrinking railroad mileage, examining merger deals—and making money. In the first half of this year, net income rose to $270 million (compared with $181 million in the 1962 period). In part this favorable position was due to new liberalized depreciation guide lines and a 7 per cent investment credit allowed late last year. It came just in time, for the special Korean War tax credits were running out. In a way the public ought to be sorry over the Internal Revenue Department's action, for it might have been fun to watch the railroad industry's awesome public relations battalions go to work on that assignment.

Showdown on Reapportionment . . . Will Maslow

The United States Supreme Court has on its docket no less than nine cases arising in six different states (Alabama, Georgia, Maryland, Delaware, New York, Virginia) challenging the apportionment of state legislatures and the districting of Congressional seats. The Court was to hear arguments on them during the week of November 12. Although appeals in some of these cases were filed as early as September, 1962, the Court deliberately let almost nine months pass before it announced which appeals it would allow. It followed a similar strategy in 1952 when, after some delay, it agreed to hear five school-segregation cases from four states and the District of Columbia, presenting a variety of problems. The advantages of such a strategy are that the Court can consider various aspects of the problem of reapportionment and also have the benefit of the soul-searching of many lower courts, not merely one.

Since the order issued by the Supreme Court last June granting review in eight cases, new appeals have been filed, and others are on their way, in reapportionment litigation arising in Florida, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Oklahoma and Washington. The only new issue is that of a Federal District Court in

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Will Maslow is the executive director of the American Jewish Congress.

the state of Washington, requiring elections-at-large for members of both houses. It is the first such order issued since *Baker* v. *Carr*, and came down only after the state legislature was unable to agree upon a reapportionment plan which the court had required in an earlier decision.

It will be recalled that the Supreme Court's decision in *Baker* v. *Carr* (the Tennessee reapportionment case) merely held that "invidious discrimination" in the apportionment of state legislature seats constituted a violation of the "Equal Protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment and that federal courts had jurisdiction to enjoin such discrimination. But, like other landmark decisions, it raised more questions than it answered. The courts of the country thus found themselves without guide lines when there developed an unprecedented wave of apportionment litigation — eighty cases arising in forty-one different states. Not unexpectedly, the lower courts disagreed. Conflicts among them must now be resolved.

Three main questions (and a host of subsidiary ones) must now be decided by the Supreme Court. Perhaps the most momentous is the validity of the so-called "Little Federal Plan." Must both houses of a state legislature be apportioned on the basis of population? Or may states, following the example of the federal government, apportion one house on other than population standards — for example, can they allot seats to counties regardless of population or deliberately enhance the representation of rural areas?

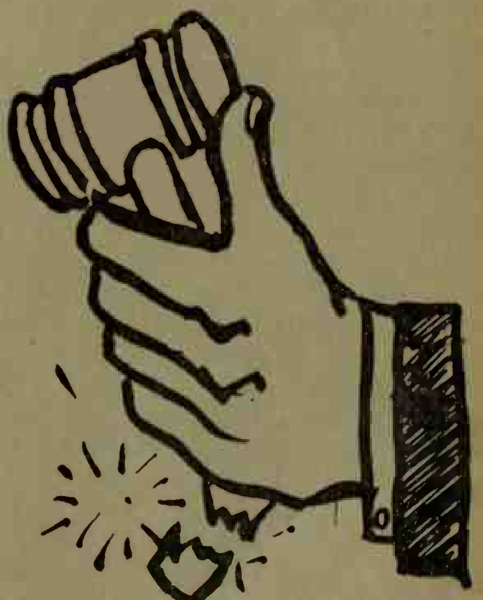
The Maryland Supreme Court, by a 4 to 3 vote, upheld the allotment of one seat in the Maryland Senate to each of the state's counties, although the most populated county in the state contained 32 times as many people as the least populated area and 14 per cent of the state's population could elect a majority of the Senate. On the other hand, a three-judge Federal District Court in Virginia rejected the federal analogy and found the state Senate to be malapportioned. Similarly, a Federal District Court in Alabama found invalid a proposed amendment to the state constitution that would have allotted one Senate place to each county. Pointing out that existing discrimination would have become worse under the new plan and that Senators elected by 20 per cent of the population could block any legislation, the District Court declared that the analogy with the United States Senate "cannot survive the most superficial examination," since a county is a creature of the state possessing only those powers conferred upon it by the state.

At stake are state Senate apportionments throughout the country. In twenty-one states, the disparity between the most-populated and least-populated Senate district exceeds 10 to 1, and in twelve states, less than one-fourth of the population can elect a majority of the state Senate.

The second great task of the U.S. Supreme Court is to clarify the meaning of "invidious discrimination." What variances are allowed from a strict population standard even in one house before the apportionment becomes constitutionally unfair? The issue is presented squarely in the New York case, *WMCA* v. *Simon*, to be reviewed by the Supreme Court. There, a Federal District Court had upheld New York's complex apportionment formula which allowed a disparity of 2 to 1 in Senate districts and 15 to 1 in Assembly districts, and which gave control of the Assembly to 34.7 per cent, and of the state Senate to 41.8 per cent of the population. The federal court rejected strict population standards, upholding New York's formula on the basis of its "rationality," its historic origin and the opportunity voters have of deciding every twenty years whether to convene a state constitutional convention. The federal court relied heavily upon a 1948 dictum of the Supreme Court that the Fourteenth Amendment does not "deny a state the power to assure a proper diffusion of political initiative as between the thinly populated counties and those having concentrated masses, in view of the fact that the latter have practical opportunities for exerting their political weight at the polls not available to the former."

In Virginia, the Federal District Court took a different tack. It held that population, while "predominant," was not the "sole or definitive measure" of the Fourteenth Amendment. The court ruled, however, that where the plaintiff has proved malaportionment on the basis of population, the burden of justifying such disproportions passes to officials of the defending state. Such a procedural ruling considerably lightens the task of those challenging grossly unequal legislative districts.

The Supreme Court is not likely to devise a mathematical formula by which constitutional inequality can be determined. Absolute equality of legislative districts is impossible, if for no other reason than that constant shifts of population occur. It may follow Solicitor General Cox's view that at least one house of a state legislature should be apportioned strictly on a population basis and that in the other house, apportionment may take into account historic, political and geographical subdivisions, "provided that the departure from equal representation in proportion to the population is not too extreme." Less likely is the acceptance of the Michigan Supreme Court's holding that whenever apportionment results in some districts having more than double the population of others, "the range of discretion is violated." Judging by past experience, a definition of what constitutes "invidious discrimination" is likely to result from a process of exclusion and inclusion, each case helping to fix the boundary line of what is constitutionally permissible.



The third great issue is whether federal courts have the authority to correct gross inequalities in Congressional districting. The apportionment of seats in the House of

Representatives among the fifty states is done automatically each decade in accordance with census figures. (But each state is entitled to at least one representative, regardless of population.) Each state legislature is then free to draw its own Congressional district lines, dividing its allotment as it sees fit. As a result, Congressional districts vary enormously in population — in Michigan, from 177,000 to 802,000; in Texas, from 216,000 to 951,000. Eighty districts are now more than 15 per cent larger in population, and ninety districts more than 15 per cent smaller, than the state-wide numerical average for a Congressional district.

From 1862 to 1929, a federal statute required Congressional districts to contain "as nearly as practicable an equal number of inhabitants." (From 1901 on, these districts were also required to be "compact" and "contiguous.") However, the 1930 Federal Apportionment Act failed to repeat this triple standard of equality, compactness and contiguity, and in 1932 the Supreme Court held that Congress had thereby intended to repeal these requirements. In the Georgia case, *Wesberry* v. *Vandiver*, which the Supreme Court will hear in December, a Federal District Court had dismissed a challenge to Georgia's Congressional districts, which range in population from 272,000 to 833,000. The court action was taken to allow the Georgia legislature and/or the U.S. Congress a reasonable time (unspecified) to correct the obvious inequalities.

A Florida state-court decision (not before the United States Supreme Court) gave shorter shrift to a suit challenging that state's Congressional district lines. It simply held that such districting was a "political question" and that *Baker* v. *Carr* did not apply to Congressional seats. To date, not one court, federal or state, has sustained a challenge to Congressional district lines.

Therefore, the issue before the Supreme Court is whether the theoretical possibilities of corrective legislation by Congress are sufficient to immunize Congressional districting from judicial supervision.

The last issue before the Supreme Court, arising in the challenge to New York's 17th "silk stocking" Congressional District, is a charge of gerrymandering, the manipulation of boundary lines to effectuate a partisan result. It is not enough to have districts approximately equal in population if district lines can be drawn like jigsaw puzzles to exclude or include blocs of voters. In *Wright* v. *Rockefeller*, a Federal District Court, by a 2 to 1 vote, held that the plaintiffs had failed to prove that the boundaries of the 17th Congressional District had been juggled to exclude Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The population of the 17th consisted of 5.17 per cent Negroes and Puerto Ricans, contrasted with the nearby Harlem district which had 86.3 per cent Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The issue was complicated by the intervention of Adam Clayton Powell and other Negro and Puerto Rican Democratic district leaders, who saw in the litigation a plot to disperse Negroes and Puerto Ricans among the four Congressional districts in Manhattan and thus diminish their political influence.

During the sixteen hours allotted for the argument of the eight cases in December, the Supreme Court will ponder not only its decision in each case but, more significantly, its role in the entire problem of apportionment. Ideally, the democratic process would be most strengthened and the most durable results achieved if popular movements in the various states themselves compelled reapportionment of state legislatures. But always in the background to goad recalcitrant legislatures must be the threat of quick and effective judicial intervention. These pressures are most effective if they come from the lower courts. The Supreme Court must, therefore, avoid its colossal errors in the school-segregation litigations and encourage the lower federal and the state courts to intervene in apportionment controversies whenever the democratic process is blocked or unduly delayed. To do so, it must now lay down guide lines to correct misconceptions of these courts and be ever ready to correct their mistakes. Above all, it must affirm as a democratic principle of the twentieth century that the Fourteenth Amendment stands as a bulwark to protect voters against any contrivance that would deny them their fair representation in the legislative process.

SIR ALEC TAKES OVER . . . . . Norman Birnbaum

The Conservatives, someone observed during the battle for Macmillan's succession, have ceased to be gentlemen but have not become democrats. The discretion and circumspection with which the British elite usually conducts its affairs has indeed been missing for the past fortnight. Lord Home became Prime Minister after a semi-public process which combined the rancor of a family quarrel with the arrogance of a court intrigue. At first glance, he owes his success to his appearance of ineradicable mediocrity. The race, in Great Britain, often goes to the contender who evokes no strong negative responses. The Tories, in rejecting the three more talented and experienced contenders (Butler, Hailsham and Maudling) in favor of the least promising one, were behaving in accordance with prevailing standards of selection elsewhere in British life. However, since the result of the next General Election may be determined by their decision, we ought to examine it more closely. It is not, upon a second look, without a certain political logic.

Macmillan's own role in the succession was enormous. His hospitalization, on the eve of the party's annual conference, threw the party into disarray. He allowed the struggle to dominate the conference and then took charge of the selection from his hospital bed. Nothing as vulgar as an election among Con-

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servative parliamentarians or local parties took place. Rather, soundings were taken and the party left the final decision, in effect, to Macmillan. When he finally resigned, he advised the Queen to name Home even though he knew that many of his colleagues were outraged at his choice and that parliamentary Conservative opinion had settled upon Butler. Home is to a large extent Macmillan's creature; it was he who raised him from comparative obscurity to Foreign Secretary. My own view is that Macmillan took advantage of the situation to impose his own choice upon his party. But why?

At the moment the Conservatives are an uneasy coalition of a number of elements. There is a traditional Right — chauvinistic, immersed in imperial nostalgia, deflationist, quite unreconciled to Britain's changed position in the world and the new aspirations of much of its population. Lord Hailsham, who some months ago volunteered to lead a revolt of the "squares," was the choice of this faction, which is especially strong in the local parties. There are also "new Tories" who favor economic expansion and the modernization of the more obviously decrepit parts of Britain's economic and social structure; they entertain no illusions about Britain's imperial mission. These Conservatives had two candidates in the field, Butler and Maudling; they were inept enough not to agree on one. Macmillan, by and large, had been a patron of this group. It should not be supposed that his decision to drop them was motivated simply by the pleasure of a Scots crofter's grandson in bestowing office upon the fourteenth heir to an ancient earldom.

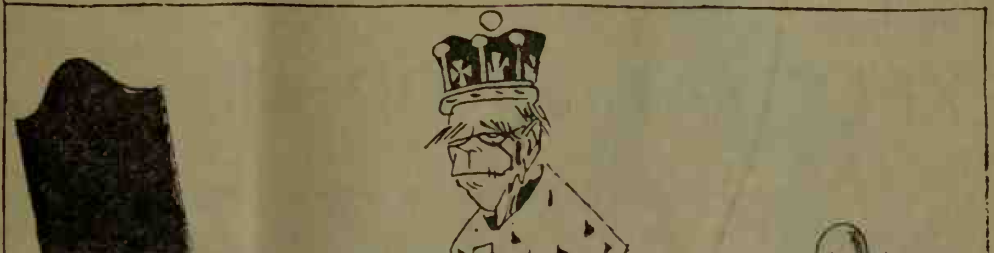
With an election coming, the new Tory leader had to be someone who could mobilize the energies of the local parties. Hailsham would have done this, but his flamboyance irritated his immediate colleagues and his ideological self-righteousness seemed almost certain to drive floating voters away. Maudling would have been a very good counter to Wilson, but a Prime Minister no older than John Kennedy seemed too young for many Tories. More important, Maudling had against him all those in the local parties who live in a world other than this one; did he not warn the party conference that government expenditure was likely to increase? Butler had much parliamentary support, but precisely because he is the father of new Toryism, he had many enemies. The same people resented in Butler his ambivalent attitude to the Suez adventure and his obvious disbelief in the view that the Conservatives were not just a political party but something like the one true Church. The resultant deadlock made possible the choice of Home.

The prevailing opinion is that Home will prove an easy target for Labour. His views on foreign affairs are refreshingly candid. He defended the Munich agreements, as recently as last year, on the grounds that they might have helped to enlist Nazi Germany as an ally against Communist Russia. He has accused the new nations of using the UN to gang up, most unfairly, on Britain and the others who were trying to aid their friends in Africa (in this case, Katanga). He thinks that an independent British deterrent gives Britain great-power status. As for home affairs, he did say a while ago that he could not conceive of himself as Prime Minister because of his inexperience in economic matters. His accession to office caused Ian MacLeod and Enoch Powell, two of the most capable of the newer Tories, to retire in protest from Ministerial posts to the back benches. Indeed, had it not been for the remarkable magnanimity of Butler — who was very shabbily treated indeed — Home would not have formed a government at all. The somewhat sordid manner of his success, the fact that he is the first Prime Minister to come from the House of Lords since 1902, and his obvious remoteness from whole areas of modern British society are obviously going to help neither Home nor his party.

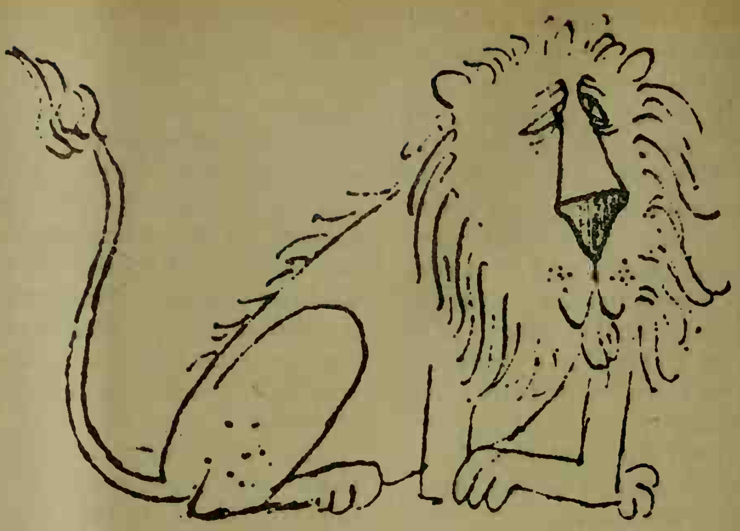
There are aspects of the affair, however, that are more problematical for the opposition. Home's very air of patronizing detachment may reassure that portion of the electorate which is anxious about change in Britain. Patricians, further, are bred to act as if they control events even when, in fact, they do not quite understand what is happening. Home's understanding may be defective, but his poise is considerable. Moreover, it is not entirely certain that he is as mediocre as he looks; for the moment, he can at least be compared favorably with Dwight Eisenhower.

There can be no doubt that his appointment is a regressive phenomenon. It marks a triumph, the more striking for being so unexpected, for the most backward elements in the Conservative Party. It seems to confirm the persistent influence of an aristocratic group which seems out of date in an advanced industrial nation. Modern politics are conspicuous for regressive phenomena of this sort, most of them ambiguous.

The frenzy of post-bourgeois so-



"Now, I'll take off my coronet to give the party that new, modern, progressive image!"



Ben Roth Agency

ciety induces in millions a chronic state of political bewilderment to which these paternal, nay grandpaternal, figures minister. Their compulsive repetition of clichés, their resolutely anti-experimental bearing, provide some of the relief sought by those for whom the larger society is inexplicable and threatening. The new British Prime Minister will undoubtedly supply his countrymen with a new set of homilies.

The new men in the Tory party, meanwhile, have not all deserted him. Maudling remains Chancellor of the Exchequer and the very able Heath has taken over commercial affairs and regional development. They constitute a curious combination: a representative of Britain's past linked with the men of a future not quite yet born. The new alignment guarantees the support of the local Tory parties (for whom Home, as an earl and a real patriot, is almost too good to be true). The new Tories, who want a neo-capitalist and not a neo-Socialist Britain, have in any case nowhere else to go: the Liberals will gain votes, perhaps, but hardly parliamentary seats. Butler, in charge of foreign affairs, will doubtless apply his professorial intelligence to limiting the practical damage that could follow from Home's own lack of sympathy with the changes that have occurred since his days at Eton. Anyhow, lack of sympathy (as the case of de Gaulle has shown) does not necessarily entail a lack of grasp; Home is not an Arizona Senator but comes from an old elite, accustomed to rule.

It is mistaken, therefore, to suppose that Home's triumph practically guarantees a Labour victory at the next election. British politics have been tending away from cabinet government to a form of presidential rule. Macmillan has gone, and with him will expire some of the public discontent with recent Tory failures. Home's relative obscurity is, in this case, an advantage; he is free to develop a new style and a new appeal. Indeed, he has already promised the British people "good plain talk" — a political equivalent, presumably, for good plain cooking. The new Tories will in the meantime push economic expansion; a boom is already in the making. The Tories have intimated, too, that they are now enthusiastic about educational investment. A new period of prosperity, and the appearance of a national educational reform, could conceivably reduce the effectiveness of Labour's critique of a decade of Tory rule. Home may, if his younger colleagues deliver the goods, promise the electorate the advantages of the new society without any of its rigors. That the promise is very likely to prove deceptive, eventually, may not diminish its immediate impact. At any rate, the Opposition still has a long road to travel before it can win the election.

Brazil

EXPLOITATION OR AID . . .

Andrew Gunder Frank

Brasilia, D.F.

Does American aid and investment contribute much or little to, or even hinder, Latin American economic development? The recent argument between the Brazilian and American Embassies on this question with respect to Brazil invites analysis and comment. The Brazilian viewpoint, expressed by its Embassy in Washington (in charge of Roberto Campos de Oliveira) is that American aid is small and not altruistic. The American answer, delivered by U.S. Ambassador Lincoln Gordon in a lecture before the National Economic Council of Brazil is that in exporting capital the United States incurs great sacrifice and contributes significantly to the economic development of Brazil.

Unfortunately, if subjected to nondiplomatic analysis, the reality of the economic relations of the United States and Brazil, or any other Latin American country whose name could easily be substituted, appears much less pleasant than either Ambassador suggests. In the following, I summarize the arguments of the two Ambassadors on each of the topics discussed, appending my own comment.

1. Amount of Capital Transferred

Brazil: The real amount of resources the United States offers Brazil is smaller than generally imagined because it should be measured in funds transferred rather than in those committed and because from the gross the return flow of amortization and interest payments must be deducted.

United States: The American Ambassador does not understand why the Brazilian Embassy lends importance to the distinction between authorizations and disbursements, since the United States keeps its

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promises and thus makes the gap between the two only a matter of time. It is confusing and bad economics to deduct the amortization and interest payments from gross transfers because it deprecates the American capital's contribution to the construction of steel mills, hydroelectric plants, etc., while it is in Brazil. Moreover, American capital improves the Brazilian balance of payments. Measuring this way, it would appear that the flow of capital is not from the United States to Brazil, but rather from Brazil to the United States.

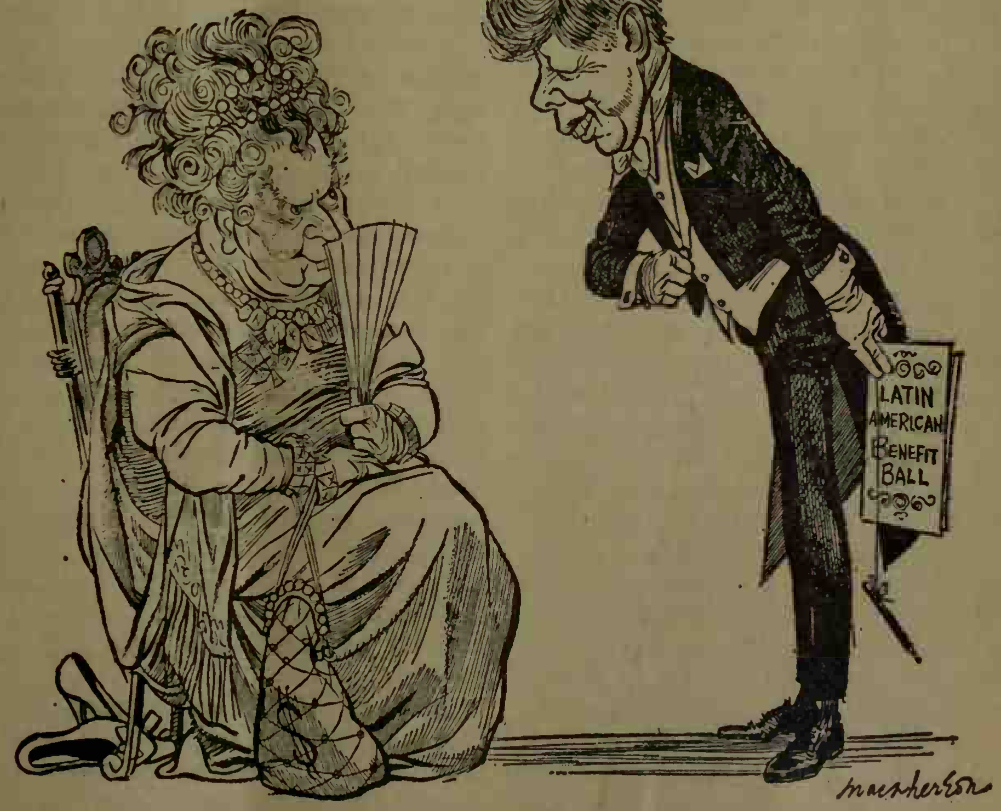
Comment: In reality, the net contribution of United States capital to Brazil is neither large nor small, but negative. The Brazilian Embassy's distinction between commitment and disbursement is easy to understand if one considers that, of the promises made at Punta del Este, some funds were canceled by the U.S. Congress and Executive, others are disbursed by private firms not bound by government agreement, and all of them are contingent on Brazilian compliance with United States demands about expropriation, International Monetary Fund financial policy, etc. For the balance of payments and the exchange rate, not promises, but transfers are significant.

The "appearance" that, if amortization and interest are counted, the outflow of capital is really from Brazil to the United States instead of vice versa unfortunately reflects reality quite accurately. Official Brazilian figures for the years 1947-1960 indicate an inflow of $1,814 million in new investment and loans and an outflow of $2,459 million in remittance of profits and interest. Adding an estimated $1,022 million of "services," largely representing clandestine remittances, total outflow becomes $3,481 million, or nearly twice the inflow, and the net outflow $1,667 million.

This outflow from Brazil is by no means a historical accident or a result only of Brazilian calculations. An ECLA study shows that in no decade of the past century has the total flow of goods and services out of Brazil been smaller than the flow into Brazil. Turning to Latin America (Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Venezuela, Colombia, Mexico) generally, U.S. Department of Commerce figures for the period 1950-1961 show net new private U.S. investment as $2,962 million and remittances of profit and interest thereon of $6,875 million, or well more than double the amount, for a net withdrawal of $3,910 million. U.S. aid and loans of $3,384 million and repayments and interest thereon of $1,554 million (to date, with more of course to come in the future), still leave a net capital movement to the United States of $2,081 million.

But in these calculations the flow *to* Brazil, such as of surplus food, is measured in often inflated, so-called market prices that the U.S. seller sets himself, while the flow *from* Brazil is measured in dollars actually bought by Brazil. Additionally, these data do not include most of the Brazilian and other national private capital, currently often estimated at $10 billion for Latin America, which is transferred abroad (such as to the famous Swiss and New York banks). The real effective drainage of capital from Brazil and the other capital-poor countries is thus even larger than appears from the above official figures. It is difficult to see how the American Ambassador imagines this constant American drain of funds from Brazil to be helping Brazil's balance of payments. It is, instead, a principal source of the balance-of-payments deficits.

To speak of American capital, public or private, going into the development of basic heavy industry in Brazil is more than misleading. Under the Alliance for Progress, especially, the emphasis of American public capital investment in Latin America is on education and health — latrine-building, as it has been aptly dubbed. U.S. private capital, as the daily experience of anyone can attest, prefers the export, processing and service industries — Coca-colonization, in a word. Far from contributing to Brazil's industrialization, this investment, no less than more traditional investment in raw-materials extraction, serves to keep the economy underdeveloped. Indeed, it deforms the economy into one ever less able to develop by increasingly absorbing Brazilian capital and misdirecting it. Often, an initial sum of capital brought from the United States by an American firm is supplemented, or even multiplied, by borrowing Brazilian capital from local U.S. banks with Brazilian deposits, or from Brazilian banks, or even from the Brazilian Government. The combined capital is then invested not where it will best serve the interests of Brazil's development, but of the



"Shall we dance?" Toronto Star

American firm's development. The earnings that are not shipped home are then reinvested in Brazil, often not by building new productive facilities, but by buying up or buying into existing Brazilian installations and thus transferring their direction into American hands also.

Now, the Brazilian “expropriation” proposal offers American investors government aid in withdrawing their capital from less profitable public utilities and transferring “a minimum of 80 per cent” into much more profitable industries. Thus, American capital, with financial and technical advantages due to its international connections and with additional special privileges granted by the Brazilian Government “to attract foreign capital,” progressively denationalizes Brazilian industry, misdirects Brazilian investment, integrates the weaker Brazilian economy increasingly with the stronger American one on which it thus becomes dependent, and thereby adds further to Brazil's balance-of-payments difficulties.

2. Degree of U.S. Sacrifice

Brazil: American aid to Brazil between 1940 and 1962 has meant little or no sacrifice to the United States. Half the total comes from the Export-Import Bank, which consistently makes profits. Another 35 per cent represents the supply of agricultural surpluses under Public Law 480. American aid was tied to the purchase of American goods and was part of a program to develop foreign markets for goods that were in surplus at home and could thus contribute to the utilization of excess capacity in the export industry.

United States: The manner of financing is unimportant. Had American funds not been used in this way, they could have been put to some other use. Tying American aid to the purchase of American goods is natural and does not reduce the value of the aid, since useful aid must reflect itself ultimately in the transfer of real goods. In general, since the marginal capital-output ratio in the United States is higher than in Brazil, the investment of American capital in Brazil instead of at home really represents a considerable loss to the American economy. The excess-capacity argument could carry some weight only if the American economy had been chronically depressed since the war, which has not been the case.

Comment: American aid and investment are no sacrifice, but an instrument for obtaining considerable Brazilian riches and for preserving the present monopolist structure of the American economy. The capital-output ratio is quite irrelevant to the issue. American firms do not invest in Brazil in a sector with the average of the latter's marginal capital-output ratio, and they do not draw their investment funds from such a sector of the American economy. Much more relevant to the firms are their profits in Brazil and their excess capacity at home. An American business commission in Brazil observed that “profits in Brazil are normally much higher than in the United States. It is not uncommon that a factory pays for itself in one or two years,” — that is, makes a profit of 100 per cent or 50 per cent per year. These rates, however, refer only to profit on total capital invested. Since part of that total represents capital borrowed from Brazilian sources at low cost, and another part reinvestment of such earnings in the years following the original introduction of capital, it is similarly not uncommon that the real rate of earnings on American capital in Brazil is in the thousands of per cent per annum.

Turning to the U.S. economy, unemployment has not fallen below 5 per cent in several years and the minimum rate keeps rising. The excess installed capital capacity of these same large export firms is several times that percentage, whatever the average marginal capital-output ratio may be for the economy as a whole. For them, export and foreign earnings are a necessity, not a sacrifice. And as the Alliance for Progress makes so eminently clear — consider, for instance, the public statement by three of its official spokesmen, including David Rockefeller, that the Alliance should improve conditions for American investment in Latin America — the purpose of U.S. Government aid is to pave the way for the economic activity of this same private U.S. capital.

Just as U.S. Government purchase of surplus agricultural products and their subsequent shipment abroad as “food for peace” supports the increasing monopolization and therewith excess capacity of U.S. agriculture, government “aid” money provides the credits for foreign purchase of increasingly monopolized U.S. industry. At the same time, the strings attached to the money are designed to maintain or improve the political and economic climate abroad for this same U.S. economic activity. That also explains the tying of loans to purchases of U.S. goods. For real goods could be transferred through multilateral trade, if the U.S. Government did not wish to avoid helping Brazil to trade more with Western Europe — let alone with the Socialist countries. And the development of U.S. balance-of-payment difficulties only increases these same American needs.

3. Gains and Losses from Trade

Brazil: The terms of trade have been turning to the disadvantage of Brazil. Between 1955 and 1961, the prices paid for Brazilian products have fallen considerably, and the prices of American exports have risen. The result has been a loss to Brazil greater than the total of all aid since World War II.

United States: The argument of the Brazilian Embassy about the terms of trade is mistaken. In less professional circles, these price changes are described as a “process of exploitation” by the industrialized countries, especially the United States. Had the Brazilian Embassy chosen 1947-1949, instead of the high-price 1950-53 base, it would have come to the opposite conclusion. In each decade since 1920 the terms of trade were worse for Brazil, and only in the decade 1950s were they better, than at present. One might equally well talk of “presents” made to Brazil in the twelve years since 1950. The majority of serious students are highly skeptical of long-term generalizations about tendencies inherent in the terms of trade. Regarding the question, “Are coffee prices today too low?”, simply as economists we would have to answer, “No.” The idea that the industrialized nations in a certain sense “owe” the nations who export primary commodities a certain level of terms of trade seems neither reasonable nor desirable. There is no conspiracy to deteriorate the terms of trade. On the contrary, competition to sell is greater than ever.

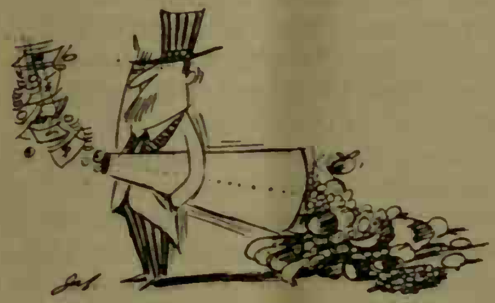
Comment: Brazil and other poorer countries are falling increasingly behind the already industrialized ones. The economic relations between the two, taken as a whole, are quite evidently a contributing, if not the crucial, factor in this loss by the underdeveloped, raw-materials exporters. The countries which were able to avoid or break this relation have also been able to avoid this loss. If in the 1930s and 1940s the terms of trade were less favorable to Brazil, this was in good part due to the depression and the war and because Latin America generally acceded to American pleas to keep raw-materials prices lower than they might have been as their contribution to the war effort. The higher prices in the years 1950-1953 were, of course, due to the Korean War, during which this same American ideological argument carried less weight abroad; and since that time these prices have indeed fallen again. It seems difficult, thus, to accept the thesis that the prices of the 1950s constituted a gift to Brazil.

Instead, serious economists *can* demonstrate that the terms of trade, as part of the economic relationship taken as a whole, are too low, even at their highest, to prevent the exploitation and permit the development of Brazil and other poorer countries. Thus, the idea that the developed countries owe something to the underdeveloped ones seems quite reasonable and desirable unless one still wishes to advance the argument that "the hidden hand" regulates economic relationships. This is an argument long used to hide the fact that the general standard of living in Brazil, and in almost all other poor countries, was *higher before* they became entangled in the relationship of "trade," "aid" and especially of "foreign investment" than it is today. Moreover, not competition, but monopoly and cartels protected by suprastates such as the European Common Market, NATO, the petroleum industry, etc., and of course rising prices, are the trend in the industrialized world today. And these arrangements most certainly are conspiratorial and prejudicial to the underdeveloped world.

4. Effects of U.S. Capital in Brazil

Brazil: U.S. aid money has been well used by Brazil. The rate of the growth of income per capita has been one of the highest in Latin America for the decade 1950-1961. There is no better index of adequate use of foreign aid than the achievement of a high growth rate. More than 90 per cent of imports have been accounted for by essential raw materials, basic foodstuffs and equipment and parts.

United States: The substantial contribution of U.S. public and private capital to Brazilian economic growth in general, and especially to desirable structural change toward manufacturing, import substitution and increased export capacity, refutes the clichés about the "process of exploitation."



Comment: Both Ambassadors misdirect their analysis and exaggerate the effects of U.S. aid, which in reality retarded Brazilian economic growth. Evaluating the use of American aid, as does the Brazilian Embassy, by reference to the Brazilian growth rate is unacceptable. As the Brazilian note points out, recent per capita growth in most Latin American countries has been largely zero or negative, while in Brazil it has been 3 per cent for the period since World War II and 3.9 per cent since 1957. However, as the Minister for Planning, Celso Furtado, points out, the most important economic development in Brazil occurred during the 1930s when, due to the depression, American export of capital and goods reached its lowest point and Brazil changed over from importing all of its capital equipment to producing it at home. And during this crucial take-off into economic development, the per capita rate of growth registered was 0.3 per cent. Thus, the significant index of good use of foreign and domestic resources for Brazil is not, as the Brazilian Ambassador suggests, the growth rate as much as it is the creation of a national productive capacity, especially in heavy industry, and initially for the domestic market. To this process, American aid and investment decidedly does not contribute.

It is perhaps his use of an incorrect criterion which permits the Brazilian Ambassador to go on to make his strange claim that the "aid" resulted in the import of goods important for Brazil's economic development. For a country of continental proportions with every conceivable raw material, and perhaps the greatest agricultural potential on this globe, it seems indeed a strange argument to claim that Brazil is putting its resources to good use when it imports "essential" raw materials and "basic" foodstuffs, instead of importing equipment and technology which would permit it to develop that potential. Much of the "equipment and parts," to say nothing of the remaining 10 per cent of imports, should undoubtedly have also been produced nationally.

Even disregarding the negative consequences of foreign aid and investment, their contribution to total investment in Brazil is, contrary to the American Ambassador's claim, minuscule and easily forgone. According to a Brazilian estimate for the years 1950-1954, all foreign (including American) investment amounted to 1.32 per cent of Brazilian Gross National Product, or 8.2 per cent of total investment in Brazil. For the period 1955-1959, a Brazilian estimate of the share of foreign investment is 2 per cent of gross and 2.8 per cent of net investment. But, as we saw earlier, large parts of even this small "contribution" of foreign capital are no contribution at all, since much of this capital was Brazilian to begin with and is foreign only in ownership, control and earnings. It is evident, therefore, that Brazil could easily find national capital that would more than substitute for so small a foreign addition to her total investment, and dispense at the same time with the damages inflicted by foreign investment on its economic development.

The American Ambassador's assertion that U.S. capital has contributed to desirable structural change in the Brazilian economy is even less founded in reality. Rather, American capital has contributed to the already much too great concentration of capital in Sao Paulo to the prejudice of the other regions, especially of the Northeast. Similarly, capital has flown into the export, processing and service industries to the disadvantage of basic industries and Brazil. Tariff exclusion of relatively inessential products has drawn national, but proportionally especially foreign, capital into the production of these same relatively inessential, but protected, products. The American Ambassador's "import substitution" is therefore at best a two-edged sword. But even this substitution of specific imports does not necessarily contribute to the reduction of imports as a whole. On the contrary, if this investment goes into certain kinds of processing, it makes "essential"—as the Brazilian Ambassador observes in another context — the import of more raw materials. If it helps to shift the distribution of income to groups with higher propensities to import, it increases imports as a whole. As for increasing export capacity, to which the American Ambassador also refers, Brazilian capacity to export non-raw materials remains notoriously low. And using scarce resources to increase Brazil's capacity to export *raw materials* is certainly a most questionable policy.

5. Economic Policy for Brazil

United States: The serious problem for Brazil is the expansion of export earnings. Since Brazil cannot hope to regain the predominant position in the coffee, cacao, and sugar markets already lost to new producers, Brazil should follow the example of Japan which, when faced with declining earnings from textile exports, expanded into shipbuilding and electronics. Following a similar policy, Brazil could expand its exports of iron ore, meat and manufactured products. And in order not to cut itself off from technological progress and thereby from economic progress, Brazil should continue to invite foreign investment.

Comment: Brazil's urgent need at this time is not still more outward-directed, but rather inward-directed, economic development. Far from emphasis on exports, as the American Ambassador suggests, this requires regional and sectoral economic integration and additional basic industry for national needs. Least of all does it imply or permit using the resources urgently needed for that national task to expand two lines of raw-material exports — iron ore and meat — to serve the needs of the already industrialized countries.

It is difficult to see how the American Ambassador draws the lesson he does for Brazil from the example of Japan. Japan expanded into shipbuilding and electronics, but Brazil is to expand into iron ore and meat. Moreover, Japan is at a quite different stage of economic development than Brazil. The export market Japan was losing was in textiles, not in coffee. How did that country achieve this degree of industrialization and development? Not by pursuing the policy the American Ambassador prescribes for Brazil, but by doing precisely the opposite. In fact, Japan is the crucial example among the capitalist economies, as the Soviet Union is among the Socialist, which, in order to achieve the take-off into economic development in a world of already industrialized and imperialist countries, began by isolating itself substantially from foreign trade and totally from foreign investment and control. Neither country found it necessary, let it be noted, to permit such foreign investment in order to take advantage of the technology of the industrially more advanced countries. Only *after* they had forged an economic structure and their own control thereof, which permitted them to take advantage of more intimate economic ties with already advanced countries, did Japan and the Soviet Union enter into such relations. Thus, Japan indeed does provide the example most relevant to Brazil's present economic organization; but the national stance it points to is one of independence, not one of dependence. Let it be noted, however, that on this road Japan also became an imperialist power itself, with all that implies.

Conclusion

The two Ambassadors, although both highly reputable economists of similar training, evidently have quite different official views of Brazilian-American economic relations. As they themselves imply in their reference to the diplomatic schizophrenia of defending abroad what one denounces at home and vice versa, their differences may probably be traced to the circumstances and interests of the two countries, of the two worlds, of the rich and of the poor, whose diplomatic representatives they are. The American describes a relationship in which Big Brother selflessly provides much of the capital, technology and good advice (like that of the Ambassador himself), which the little brother, Brazil, needs to grow up into an independent industrialized adult. Though Americans do not really owe Brazilians anything, they incur considerable sacrifices on Brazil's behalf; and any gains they may derive are quite accidental and extraneous to the relation. Finding it difficult to accept this rosy picture, the Brazilian suggests instead that the real importance of U.S. aid is to the U.S. economy itself, that the hand-in-aid gives only little and that even this and more is taken away in trade by the other hand. Still, being the official diplomatic representative of, among other influential groups, Brazilian groups which benefit from current Brazilian-U.S. relations, the Brazilian Embassy paints a picture that is not altogether dark.

Dispensing with diplomatic polity, but still confining the discussion largely to the topics selected by the Ambassadors, the comments of the present author suggest that, in its current form, this relation is neither "very" nor "slightly" beneficial, but instead definitely prejudicial to Brazil. Far from contributing capital to, and improving the structure of, the Brazilian economy, the United States draws capital out of Brazil and with what remains gains control of Brazilian capital and channels it into directions that increase Brazil's dependence on the United States and hinder Brazil's economic growth. The terms of trade form neither an accidental nor an extraneous but an integral part of this process. Far from pointing the way to Brazil's industrialization and development, the American Ambassador's recommended policies — emphasis on private enterprise, foreign investment, more raw-materials exports, etc.—would maintain Brazil's position as an underdeveloped, dependent economy. It appears, thus, that the United States takes away with both hands; the picture is neither rosy nor neutral, but quite dark.

The picture would emerge still darker or pitch-black if the analysis were extended beyond the selected topics to include the entire economic relationship between Brazil and the United States. Consider, for instance, the imposition, on threat of withholding short-term credits, of the policy of the International Monetary Fund. Supposedly to reduce balance-of-payments deficits, this policy calls for reducing exchange restrictions and thus permitting more transfer of capital out of Brazil; Brazilian devaluation to make the cruzeiro cheaper and the dollar dearer; supposedly anti-inflationary measures which shift income from the poor to the rich, thereby weakening domestic production and increasing the demand for imports—all of which results in new balance-of-payments deficits, new loans and new dosages of the same IMF medicine.

One might ask, if all this "aid" is really so damaging to Brazil, why does Brazil permit and even seek it? Again, the answer is to be sought in the very Brazil-U.S. relationship itself. First, of course, the relationship does reward *some* Brazilians with profits and power. These groups then apply this same power to efforts to maintain the relationship. Second, with time Brazil becomes so dependent that breaking away involves such high costs in the short run — whatever the long run gains—that many other groups, and especially any government, are loath to accept them. Thus, in the short run, failure to receive credits to refinance the already existing debt would force a cut of imports that are necessary in the same short run, because in the meantime the same economic relationship has destroyed or prevented the creation of productive capacity that would obviate these imports. If, going a step further out of the relationship, American investments are threatened, the short-term cost, as the case of Cuba demonstrates, is the stoppage of all trade. In a word, Brazil and other countries find themselves in a kind of debt-slavery relationship not unlike that of the peasant with his moneylender-landlord the world over, a relationship in which the very exploitation appears to make its own continuance necessary.

Finally, for what it may be worth, and as the analysis by the American Ambassador and in part that by the American-trained Brazilian Ambassador demonstrated, the United States also supplies the economic science—and the ideology as well—that tries to pretend this exploitative relationship is really necessary and desirable.

Our Quaint Political Folkways . . . Jerome Ellison

If we could look at the American scene with less involvement — pretending, say, we were historians sizing up today's events a century hence — one thing that would leap to our notice would be the grotesque and potentially disastrous ambivalence in our national attitudes toward change.

We are passably flexible in accepting new developments in literature and art. We are possibly too pliable in matters of morality, and anything but hidebound in our notions about raising kids. In technology we not only accept the new but run eagerly to meet it. But let the slightest hint of political change appear and we brace ourselves. We dig in. We resist. This change shall not be. What was good enough for 1776 is good enough for 1976.

This is dangerous. It is also, if we take the ideas of the founding fathers to be characteristically American, most perniciously un-American. Politics is the business of governing. Its work is, in the words of the preamble, to "form a more perfect union." Unless the political machinery integrates and coordinates the explosive social changes in progress, it fails to unify.

The kinds of changes our politics have signally failed to accommodate fall under two headings, geographical and jurisdictional. The first embraces situations where political boundaries are no longer related to the present realities of the size and activity of the population, like Hamtramck, the one-time suburb of Detroit that is now surrounded by Detroit. By "jurisdictional" is meant those areas of our corporate life, such as the poverty-delinquency - ignorance - unemployment syndrome, in which nobody has the authority to take effective action.

Let's begin with a simple case; air pollution. Air is air. It is continuous, enveloping the entire planet, following a well-charted circulation pattern. It's ridiculous to speak of Illinois air or Missouri air; it's everybody's air. New York City's air was being used in New Jersey a few hours ago. The air I breathe (in Connecticut) was in New York State last night. Air pollution is a matter of world concern. Control of pollution should, therefore, be administrated by a world agency or, in the absence of such, the next largest political unit, the nation. Our political folkways, however, place such concerns among the powers residing in the states, which delegate them to towns, villages and cities.

Consider the matter of education. Democratic theory holds that education is a national asset. When one child becomes educated, the whole nation is richer; when one is denied an education or shortchanged in the transaction, the whole country is poorer. But public school education is, by our custom, a local affair. It is worth $562 per pupil year in New York, $283 in Maine, $424 in California, $369 in Indiana, $206 in Mississippi. A large, influential body of citizens protests that to correct these in-

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equalities by federal action is an invasion of "States' rights," and its offshoot, "local option."

Certainly there are things that ought to be settled locally — concerns important to those within a half hour's walk of one's home, and to nobody else. But exactly what is of exclusively local moment needs redefining in contemporary terms.

The concept of States' rights has been abused. Whenever a racist wants to keep the oppressed under heel, or an oil company coalition wants to put over a new steal, or a vested interest wants to block a forward stride in conservation, public housing, public health, or regulation of the insurance monsters, the wail goes up, "States' rights!" Our state legislatures are the least competent and most corrupt of all our constituted political bodies. Their members are as a general rule the least educated, the pettiest, the most readily bribed of all public officials.

Actually, looked at in one way, the states have no rights except those left over after the prime purposes of the Constitution are achieved: forming a more perfect union, establishing justice, insuring domestic tranquility, providing for the common defense, promoting the general welfare, and securing the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. When all this is accomplished, *then* come the rights of the states.

Geographically, the states are obsolete. Their boundaries were drawn on bases of political realities of fifty to 300 years ago. The extreme case is the New York City metropolitan area, where 1,500 municipal units frustrate one another in an attempt to cope with the political business of an area that is by its nature a single political unit, and an interstate board is necessary to cope with pollution in New York Bay.

The states are as obsolete politically as they are geographically. Despite every federal effort to support the dignity and replenish the treasuries of the states, they have more often than not proved to be failures as political units. They have rarely been able to carry through administrative jobs more complicated than mailing out license plates. There is no rational basis for the system of state, county and local government as now constituted. It is folklore, impure and devious.

The seventy-two-year record of the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws is a kind of long-drawn-out obituary for state governments in anything like their present form. In a commendable effort to straighten out the worst tangles of conflicting laws and concepts among the states, the commissioners have drawn up a grand total of 118 uniform and model acts. Fewer than one-third of them have been adopted by more than one-third of the states. As a result, a man can be legally divorced in one state and arrested for bigamy in another. Desertion may be simply a matter of walking out the door in one state, a penitentiary offense in the next. One state rules the loss of a limb is worth $5,000, another $150,000. In one state you needn't lose your vote in a national election if you have to be out of town on election day, in another you do. Because these are all matters of national, not local, concern, they have been made the content of uniform, model laws. The failure of the states to act on them is another indication that in many aspects state government is dead, and ripe for burying.

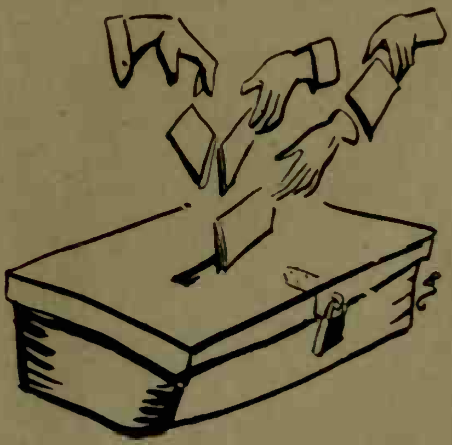
That the national Congress stands in need of drastic reform is admitted even by the national Congress. There is almost always a resolution in the hopper to establish a commission to study the Congress and recommend reforms. This is at least an indication of a living, if sluggish, conscience, and may be taken as a sign of political life. Because most of the power combinations in Congress have an interest in the *status quo*, nothing much has ever come of these stirrings. But a growing restlessness over the worst of the Congressional evils — the seniority system in committee appointments — may ultimately bring some action. Too many people are growing unhappy about a system that maintains in positions of decisive national power, representatives from thinly populated areas quite outside the main stream of the national life, men who have gained seniority by decades of appeal to local prejudices. As Chester Bowles is fond of saying, "Any system — even throwing up a baseball bat and playing hand-over-hand — is better than this automatic guarantee of incompetence at the highest level!" How long must we pay the price of our quaint political folkways?

Our political anachronisms seem even more baffling when we consider how progressive we Americans are in other fields. For example, Dr. Benjamin Spock tells of our shifts in child-rearing policy from extreme rigidity, to extreme permissiveness, back to a belief that a certain structure in the management of children might after all be advisable. In each case, allowing for a cultural lag, a good part of the literate child-raising public followed cheerfully along with whatever was currently regarded as most progressive.

Our progressiveness in industry has long been the talk and envy of the world. It has now leaped so far ahead that its newest offering, automation, has presented us with what may turn out to be the biggest *political* question of the century: How can you keep a society happily, creatively and profitably occupied when 20 per cent of the labor force can do 100 per cent of the work? In transportation, we see the possibilities of a new idea and make a big thing of it. We exploited the possibilities of the bicycle, the automobile, the railroad, the airplane, promptly and to the limit. We were flexible about it, too — we junked our railroads, and now, as it becomes evident that under certain conditions railroads are efficient, are bringing them back again. In recreation the sky's the limit for progress, we'll try anything that might turn out to be fun. In America, change is everywhere the rule. Except in politics.

It has not always been so. Our Declaration of Independence and Constitution, our Bill of Rights and invention of a two-party system, gained us a world-wide reputation, one that stood for more than a century, as political innovators par excellence, models for emulation by peoples everywhere struggling toward progress. Arnold Toynbee, in *America and the World Revolution*, asserts that every revolution since the eighteenth century, including the Russian revolution, was inspired by the American example. A lot of people all over the world — even in the United

States — still think the U.S. Constitution is a great document. They are wondering why we have stopped taking seriously its stated purposes of forming a more perfect union, promoting the general welfare and securing the blessings of liberty. They ask why a great tradition has been allowed to degenerate into a collection of antique folkways. They ask why a people once noted for its genius in political innovation has reached a pass where its political development is so far behind its technological development that it often appears unable to manage its own national affairs.



Why this dichotomy? Why are we so keen on progress in every field — *except* the vital one of political science?

We need not look any further than Mississippi, I suggest, for the answer. In that state, the blessings of liberty cannot be bestowed because vested interests of great power oppose it. To people who live outside the state, the Mississippi case is obvious, clear-cut, shocking. The same mechanism is everywhere at work in a bland form that often escapes notice. The steady pressure of lobbies at every level of government, the readiness of job-holders who never had it so good and will go to any lengths to prevent its ever getting (for them) any worse, the generic dislike of every big frog for a new tadpole with new ideas in his pond, the fascination of neighborhood conflict, however petty its level, all combine to stifle political inventiveness.

The implications — to a country comprising only 6 per cent of mankind, in an era characterized by a world-wide fever of search for political methods suitable for the times — are so serious their importance cannot be overstressed. We now have resourceful and imaginative rivals. We have lost our political leadership. Sophisticated foreigners have come to think of us as quite naive in political matters, not really "with it," a century behind the times.

It is not yet too late to recoup. Through the same kind of political awakening that has led us belatedly to insist on civil rights for all citizens, we can re-enter the world as a nation able to devise a politics for contemporary needs.

I would propose, as a starter, two amendments to the Constitution: Article XXIII would place all govenmental powers in one United States Government; state governments and other jurisdictions could be chartered to act in such territories and exercise such powers as may be delegated to them by Congress. This would allow enormously greater scope to meet the developing political needs of a burgeoning country. It would permit a new "state" to be created to serve the New York City metropolitan area, carved to one jurisdictionally sane unit from the present states of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. A similar jurisdiction could be created for Chicago, made from parts of Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana; and one for Washington, D.C., taking in portions of Virginia and Maryland. The wheat states, cattle states, oil states, cotton states and lumber states, having common interests and needs, could have common jurisdiction. State names might be retained as reminders that the past, though colorful, revered and instructive, is past. Besides increasing the efficiency and reducing the expense of government, the amendment would bring local politicians to enforced awareness of national need.

Article XXIV would impose certain qualifications for service in the national Congress: members would be required to pass qualifying examinations in national and foreign affairs. Applicants for membership in Congressional committees would be given similar tests in committee specialties. Chairmanships would go to members achieving the highest examination scores in their chosen areas of legislative specialization. Elected Congressmen failing to pass the qualifying test would be tutored at government expense and required to qualify before being seated.

Join a Committee of a Million for Modern Politics, anyone? There are no dues or fees. An oath of loyalty to the preamble to the U.S. Constitution is not required, just kind of genially presupposed.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

of a Kennedy-Rockefeller contest, in that this would be one in which two supposed liberals of their respective parties would fight for the liberal vote. By doing this, their platforms would necessarily be expressive of their viewpoints.

Secondly, it is my opinion that it would not be so easy to defeat Goldwater if he ran. As an example, in a recent Congressional election in North Dakota, a Goldwater-supported candidate won over a Kennedy-supported candidate despite a split in the Republican Party. This may be a minor incident, but it is known to be a fairly good indication of the President's strength in that area of the country.

Another point illustrating Goldwater's power is his stand on integration. The Senator advocates States' rights unequivocally, and this makes him the darling of the South. Nixon would have won if he had carried the South, and Goldwater might well be the first to break the Democratic Party's long-time stranglehold on the South.

Next we must consider the consequences of Goldwater as President. *The Nation* is well aware of them, and they have been explored in your pages many times. . . .

Harold Tobman

Bounties are the bunk

Lombard, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Thanks for the article on "Wolves and Congressmen" (*The Nation*, Oct. 12) by David Cort. It is true that bounties are the bunk, and the National Wildlife Federation and other groups of conservationists have fought this waste of tax funds. Hunting the magnificent golden eagle by airplane is now *verboten* due to a recent amendment of the Bald Eagle Act of 1940. Senator Tower led the battle in behalf of the ranchers.

Raymond Mostek
President, Illinois Audubon Society

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Glossy Rats

David Cort

You will have noticed leaking into the popular press and the science-oriented magazines various stories typified by one in *The New York Times* of September 22, 1963, headed "Stress Is Called Population Curb." Since these unastounding stories are generally cautious drippings from a massive single work embodying a new general theory of animal (necessarily including human) life and organization, why don't we trace the driblets back to the general reservoir? The *Times* story did not even mention the book: *Animal Dispersion in Relation to Social Behaviour*, by V. C. Wynne-Edwards.

The theory is that mass communication runs right through the animal kingdom and is primarily geared to signal population control well before food resources are seriously threatened. The whole society gives its members the signals "Go!" and "Stop!" in an infinity of ways.

Before we go into these, let us note that what we call "wild life" must on these terms be much less wild, disorganized, unrestrained, uncommunicative and wanton than civilized human society. And yet we are more or less aware of the unconscious signals that the members of a human group, like any other animal group, must exchange in periods of success and, again, those of failure. The margins of success or failure are typically very small and appear in any group or team in a human society: e.g., a professional baseball team that is consistently winning and then, after a few losses, is consistently losing. It is the exceptional or, as Wynne-Edwards calls him, the dominant individual, who is impervious to the mass mood of defeat, and who rallies the group again toward success. This individual, as will be developed, can be described as "the glossy rat."

The warning seems to come to a species as a sense of being crowded. The whole group then takes drastic means to level off population. Among these measures are the excluding of inferior males from breeding, the deterioration of females' ova, a general neuroticism of males and females, sterile eggs or quick-dying young, cannibalism of the young, desertion, harassment of competitive families, emigration, prolonged adolescence, reduced breeding, reduced litters, abortions or uterine resorptions.

ANIMAL DISPERSION IN RELATION TO SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR. By V. C. Wynne-Edwards. Hafner Publishing Co. 653 pp. $10.25.

There is massive documentation that all creatures are members of local, specific societies. A society is defined as "an organization capable of providing conventional competition," and where there are two sexes, this is conducted by the males. The competition gets more complex in the "higher animals," the insects and vertebrates. But it is always conventional competition, and conformity is not so much compulsory as automatic.

Among laboratory rats, mice and voles the competition of crowding produces three types: large, glossy-furred males; large, tattered and scarred males with overactive adrenals; and small, recessive males. The first type does all the successful breeding.

The first requirement of a society is that its members become aware at some point of one another's existence. This is accomplished in a thousand ways: by flocks and herds and schools; congregations of mating males; dancing of gnats and midges; milling of whirligig beetles; choruses of birds, bats, frogs, fish, insects, shrimp; defense of family territory, conventional nest sites, conventional roosting sites, regular dunging places (spotted hyena, several antelopes, all rhinoceroses), the use of odors, etc.

Many of these behaviors, such as singing, scent, herding and schooling, actually attract predators and might therefore be considered a liability. The reasonable inference is that their social function is so important within the species that the danger from predators must be accepted as incidental.

Thanks to all this communication, the local race eventually begins to feel that it has reached the optimum population for the habitat (this is far short of any possible maximum). It then puts into effect its population controls, of which a few examples must be cited from Wynne-Edwards. In Dutch titmice, population density reduced the number of second broods and of eggs per nest. In Lapland voles, first-year animals bred only in low-population years. Among brant geese, more crowded nest areas averaged 3.77 eggs per nest, less crowded 4.41. When crowded, bees, wasps, ants and termites eat their eggs. British buzzards stopped breeding when plague wiped out the rabbits; pomarine jaegers did the same in low lemming years. Welsh doe rabbits resorbed two-thirds of their litters around the twelfth day of pregnancy. Aquarium guppies cannibalized until population was down to a given figure. Goldfish in a small bowl stop growing; then resume growth if moved to a larger bowl. Crowded tadpoles excrete a substance that inhibits growth of all tadpoles in the water. In general, only dominant members of a race breed in time of famine.

An apparent exception is the ungulates, which do not check their increase. They seem to rely on their predators. Where these have been destroyed, as in America, a disastrous rise and fall of deer populations is customary. Elsewhere, it is noted, predators act to keep the prey stock at an optimum-yield level; they are careful to "crop" it, not annihilate it.

The sequence seems to be: prosperity, more population, more competition, feedback signals, population brakes, less population. And, of course, around again on the upswing of the cycle. This takes place in each local society indigenous to a given area, all with a common descent, and intent on self-perpetuation. Where a society fails, nomads from other colonies will move in and found a new society.

Competition leads to virtually no killing within the species. And it is not practiced directly for food, but for substitute goals such as territory, status or females. The male mating threats are essentially bluffs, except where the older males are immensely more powerful than the young ones, as in the seals, walrus, rabbits and big apes, and where these monopolize the females. In some birds, as the sage grouse, a single male, the master

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David Cort's latest book is Social Astonishments *(Macmillan).*

cock, does all the breeding, and is supported by a squad of guard cocks. Even when several hens are lined up waiting for the stud to regain his vigor, the guard cocks are reluctant to understudy him. Breeding is an elite function in many species, and denied the less dominant males. Male ruffs congregate, each on his own little hill, and vibrate, now and then sparring harmlessly with neighbors. When a female approaches, all the males present "bowed themselves to the ground, and remained in this devotional attitude for some seconds after she left." Surely this is the last refinement of social behavior. The great age of chivalry never did so well.

Wynne-Edwards is making the very important point that all animals have a built-in social instinct and procedure, primarily geared to population control. It contradicts Darwin at some minor points, and is therefore in anguished controversy among biologists. It also constitutes by analogy a terrible warning to mankind, and that is why the press is toying with it so gingerly. But to an outsider (though not outside mankind) it would seem that Wynne-Edwards has proved that animals do communicate and do control population long before they have exhausted the ecology. If this had not always been so, given the astronomic reproduction potentials of many creatures, the animal population of the earth would long ago have stripped the planet and extinguished itself.

This brings us to human society. Wynne-Edwards restrains himself on this subject, but occasionally permits himself an observation. "The elaborate and highly perfected self-regulating machinery, which man used to possess like other species, has all gone by default. . . ." "If the [consumption conventions] are broken, serious consequences will follow, not at once and not necessarily affecting the actual law-breakers, but only ultimately when the population mounts or the resources decline. . . ." "If the increase [of Man] is not controlled . . . a crash seems certain; and even if some fragments of the human species were to survive . . . with the fossil fuels — coal and oil — largely gone, there might be no second chance." "When we consider the animal kingdom at large, long life — over thirty years, say — is seen on the whole to be a sporadic phenomenon; and this implies that in the long run its adherents have been more likely to become extinct."

Conclusion: the species reading this is in peril. The human "crash" referred to is not a theory; man has already gone beyond the optimum and is crowding the fatal maximum, the point of no return. That is why we are now looking to the legendarily inexhaustible oceans and outer space.

The curious fact is that man, if we accept him as one of Wynne-Edwards' animals, knows his peril, instinctually if not consciously. Nearly every vice of modern human society, so carefully diagramed by our social scientists, is paralleled in the lower species in times of crowding. Man's present vices represent his attempt to save the species, in spite of himself.

In Wynne-Edwards' proofs we can see reflected the breakdown of relations between parents and children, the male's and female's diminished attachment, the constant migration of peoples, the female's objection to being just a breeder, the male's resentment at being just a provider, smaller families, divorces, desertions, minorities escaping from "ghettos," elites struggling to keep out the invaders, the increase of homosexuality and neuroticism, alcohol and drugs, and above all, the evidence that young people, the group most sensitive to social stress, desire violence, especially if it is unprofitable and senseless: in all this we see that human society is reacting just as Wynne-Edwards says a crowded society should. It is giving a warning which nobody heeds; even when they see the Sunday cars jamming the highways, as in a dance of gnats, or swarming of locusts.

Wynne-Edwards may have made all the social scientists superfluous if it is true that, after a mere 100,000 years of formal socializing, man still retains the more basic social instincts of the rest of the animal kingdom.

Surely we can see in 1963 the tattered beatnik rats with overactive adrenals, the withdrawn rats, and the glossy breeders on the commuter trains. The first dominate the literary fashion, with Mailer, Beckett, John Osborne, James Baldwin, Kerouac, James Jones, Edward Albee; the second are epitomized by Salinger; and the third glossily run the society: Kennedys, Roosevelts, du Ponts, Rockefellers, Adam Clayton Powell, Goldwater.

These patterns have been confirmed in laboratory experiments with crowded rats performed by John Calhoun, and cited by Dr. René A. Spitz in a paper he read last spring at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association. Here again were the withdrawn, hopeless males, eating alone, avoiding females. Here were the rattled beatniks, forming packs to chase females, deviating into rape, homosexuality and cannibalism, producing some litters but unable to raise them. And here, in favorable corners, were the big glossy rats with their successful harems. However, their healthy descendants, moved to roomy living quarters, could not raise surviving young. That race of rats had reached extinction.

Dr. Spitz, visiting professor of psychiatry at the University of Colorado Medical Center, has a psychological theory to explain these effects of crowding. He believes that an excessive number of contacts among the rats overloaded their capacity to react properly. Each contact was broken off by a new contact before the rat could complete its reaction to the first; thus action and reaction became chaotic.

He presumes that all creatures are disturbed by undergoing incomplete or frustrated action cycles. This theory seems a small parenthesis within Wynne-Edwards' grand theory, but it transports itself even more obviously to human behavior and modern city life. Even though most other creatures do not react in this same way to overcrowding, the result is the same: cutting off of reproduction.

People, of course, are not rats. Ordinary city people have perhaps 10,000 "contacts" every day, hardly noticing the passers-by (but the men notice the attractive women: an incomplete cycle here) and suffering no apparent stress or confusion. The modern city's don't-get-involved syndrome seems necesary to remain a glossy city rat. The human defense against overcrowding (or overloading) is the healthy ego whose foundation is laid in infancy. But where the mothers are increasingly neurotic, the child's ego is damaged in infancy, and it will behave in some of the ways of the laboratory rats.

Other papers written on this subject feebly echo and fractionally duplicate parts of Wynne-Edwards' work — which, it should be added, is completely fascinating reading for the layman. If mankind is actually carrying out some of the prescribed patterns of overcrowded animals, the fact should appear in our political thinking. The present search for a "good" conservatism is probably an uncon-

The Weather of Poetry

A Part of a Longer Poem

Argonauts pace the prow by a gull
waving its beak
to shake off the wind that spreads its feathers —
Below the keel
the anemones dance
and the sea worm is a decorated flute
that pipes in the most ancient mode
to the full flowers and fish —
Though above
only the bird doesn't move
in its stalemate
with the fir forest of wind —
under the sharp spray
even motion is stillness accompanied by silence
and the land's decaying turf
would be glad
to be shot there by a hoof

Joel Sloman

The Walkers

Touching that road
from pines to sea
after the rain

white footprints
cut out of moonlight
in the rain-
black sand

stroke of the wind
thrust of the water
the blow of spray

blind swirl
deaf lightning
tongueless thunder

a dialogue not
yet a language

still, the gull must
have slept under
the rock, the scup
beneath the swaying weed

and the return, foot-
prints mother-of-pearl
under the moon

a moon of curious
journey, spoken
only much later.

Donald W. Baker

The Trees

The trees inside are moving out into the forest,
the forest that was empty all these days
where no bird could sit
no insect hide
no sun bury its feet in shadow
the forest that was empty all these nights
will be full of trees by morning.

All night the roots work
to disengage themselves from the cracks
in the verandah floor.
The leaves strain toward the glass
small twigs stiff with exertion
long-cramped boughs shuffling under the roof
like newly discharged patients
half-dazed by the end of resignation
moving to the clinic doors.

I sit inside, doors open to the verandah
writing long letters
in which I scarcely mention the departure
of the forest from the house.
The night is fresh, the whole moon shines
in a sky still open,
the smell of leaves and lichen
still reaches like a voice into the rooms,
my head is full of whispers
which tomorrow will be silent.

Listen. The glass is breaking.
The trees are stumbling forward
into the night. Winds rush to meet them.
The moon is broken like a mirror,
its pieces flash now in the crown
of the tallest oak.

Adrienne Rich

One Summer Night

The great sea of the crickets
Chirruped sullenly.

The turtle of sleep descended
On my chest.

I dreamt of a man, who climbed
The side of a mountain,
To reach the waterfall.
He drank, and was swept away.

Outside,
For a mile around me,
Nothing moved.

Richard Deutch

How Many Bones! How Many

this dawn is a yellow desert, —
a sunrise over the rim
of dull yellow mountains

the floor of the desert is cold
yellow slate, with bony
little bushes and bone white

and salted mirrors, oval shaped
are let into the ground;
the sun is flooding over them.

Norman Porter

scious and garbled expression of Wynne-Edwards' theory. The tattered rats with overactive adrenals are, to most Americans, the Communists. But neither the Communists nor the conservatives are much interested in conservation of resources.

One may ask whether the natural world, as described by Wynne-Edwards, is closer to the communistic or democratic forms. (Man's right to make his own world, whatever God hath wrought, is not questioned.) Under communism, conformity of group planning for group survival is certainly enforced, and that is the whole point of Wynne-Edwards' theory. However, the natural society is anarchically competitive, with ample room for private initiative within conventional and traditional patterns. Successful males often win oligarchic status. Freedom of movement is largely permitted. Talent is rewarded. Within a species or race, death is not the penalty for failure. Whatever the system, the underlying instinct of the race can only be described as patriotism.

The death of true patriotism may be what we really see in human society, and there is no doubt that it will be paid for, and before many more decades have passed. It would be useless to bring the "certain crash" which Wynne-Edwards foresees to the attention of the political mind. Politicians are not in the business of reading the handwriting on the wall for a whole society. Certainly the glossy rats know about the tattered and beaten rats, but they still do not know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for the children unto the second and third generation, and then there is no one to hear the bell.

And nobody even told you about it.

Historians on Themselves

IN RETROSPECT: The History of a Historian. By Arthur M. Schlesinger. Harcourt, Brace & World. 212 pp. $4.50.

MOORINGS OLD AND NEW: Entries in an Immigrant's Log. By Paul Knaplund. State Historical Society of Wisconsin. 276 pp. $4.

John Higham

At the request of the editors of an almanac, Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger once summarized the history of the United States in 3,500 words. On another occasion he formulated, edited and partly wrote a thirteen-volume *History of American Life* (1927-1948). The first venture testified to the laconic and summary form of thought and expression that has often enabled him to catch up a great sweep of history in a phrase. The second displayed the astonishing breadth of view that impelled him far beyond the limits of orthodox scholarship and equipped him to map out, as no one had done before, the immense terrain of American social history.

Both the conciseness and the wide range of his mind characterize this genial autobiography. The circumstances of a busy, happy life are smoothly told: the early years in a German immigrant family in a small Ohio town; the progressively wider horizons of Ohio State University and then Columbia University in the halcyon era of Charles A. Beard and James Harvey Robinson; the call to Harvard in 1924; the many books and articles that flowed from his typewriter; the pleasures of training able students; the leadership of scholarly organizations; the peripheral contacts with public affairs; and the constant participation in liberal causes from the day the boy shook Bryan's hand to the present service of the retired professor on various commissions.

The whole comprises a worthy and humane record of a life apparently free from crisis or anxiety. Many will wish that Mr. Schlesinger told more about his intellectual experiences — about his techniques as editor and scholar, his encounters with historical problems, and his views of other historians. Such matters lie mostly beyond the pale of his discretion or beneath the penetration of his objective outlook. Mr. Schlesinger came of age when history was too narrow and had to be broadened. Today we want to deepen it. But his task was different, and his autobiography resembles his history in suggesting the breadth rather than the depth of life.

Coincidentally, another notable historian, who retired from the University of Wisconsin about the time Professor Schlesinger retired from Harvard, has just published his memoirs. Paul Knaplund, an immigrant boy from Norway, arrived at a Minnesota farm in 1906, the year when Schlesinger left Xenia, Ohio, to go off to college. While Schlesinger moved outward and upward on the ladder of American culture, Knaplund put down new and permanent roots in the Middle West. Working first as a farm hand and then as a parochial schoolteacher, he rose eventually to be chairman of the History Department at Wisconsin and an authority on British imperial history. Whereas Schlesinger is a sunny, affable man, Knaplund has carried through life the wintry austerity of his native mountains. Nevertheless, he has told much the more personal story. His *Moorings Old and New* is a moving chronicle of the painful loss of one home and the gradual making of another. It is one of the finest accounts of Americanization in our literature.

The great Dutch scholar, Johan Huizinga, once said that historians should cultivate "soberness, restraint, a certain skeptical reserve in investigating the deepest emotions of the heart." For historians this is good advice, congenial to their judicious and circumspect habits of mind. But the qualities that arm a historian for participating in other men's lives can handicap him in revealing his own. In the end Professor Knaplund, too, maintains the detachment of his discipline. He writes of his early experience in the third person, as if it had happened to someone else long ago. And once settled in an American professorship and clothed in a new identity, the historian draws the veil.

John Higham is professor of history at the University of Michigan and the author of Strangers in the Land, Patterns of American Nativism 1860-1925 *(Atheneum).*

Search for Passion

REALITY SANDWICHES: 1953-1960. By Allen Ginsberg. City Lights Books. 98 pp. $1.50.

James Scully

Wallace Stevens once wrote that authors are actors. Well, every actor needs a stage: if the world will not provide it ready-made, one must be improvised. In the theatre of his poetry, Ginsberg is a grand and tawdry passion in search of two boards, any two, upon which it may play itself out.

And Ginsberg works at it. Wherever his ambition falters, as in "Aether," there's either a lapse of mental integrity or a breakdown of language. The former is exposed in the pompous conclusion, ascending the sennet of capital letters, that God is meaningless. In attempting to discover ultimate bedrock beneath the "Universe," he tends to fall headlong into God, Angels, Cosmos, Time, Eternity and other graveyards of the sentimental intellect. He then resembles the shade of the second-rate sociologist who stuffed all his categorical jargon into a rucksack and marched off, one day, toward bloody-gold horizons of evangelical light. An admirable move, surely, if only because any passion is preferable to none at all. In the end, however, it will not suffice. So flimsy a passion is liable to dissolve, more or less insensibly, from speech to babbling and from histrionics into hysterics.

Yet Ginsberg's metaphysical probings frequently do touch home, particularly when he ceases daydreaming of naked Eternity and concentrates instead on its "hieroglyphs." These are the only realities we can sink our teeth into. So the finest poem in this collection, "Siesta in Xbalba," embodies neither Hell nor Heaven but a strangely palpable, pulsating world in which both those extremes are implicit; it recalls not Blake, but the quieter vision of Henry Vaughan. At indefinite moments the real becomes unreal, even while the persistent sensation of reality swells and envelops one's mind:

palms with lethargic feelers
rattling in presage of rain,
shifting their fronds
in the direction of the balmy wind,
monstrous animals
sprayed up out of the ground
settling and unsettling
as in water . . .

"And later in the night," it continues, "a moment of premonition / when the plenilunar cloudfilled sky / is still and small." How often do we find such an image, one undergoing such dramatic metamorphoses, which yet remains precise and inviolable throughout? It makes our ordinary distinction between illusion and reality seem piddling or even perverse. Nor is this an isolated moment in the poem: it spreads out and sustains itself, before and after.

Ginsberg, too, sustains himself. One wonders how, for he is the unacceptable human being whom the Brahmins thought they had transformed into a bearable, if not entirely acceptable, screwball. What was it that unnerved them? The brain, the ego, the extravagant wit, the obscenity, the broadly humorous self-perspectives, the oftentimes cauliflowered inner ear? Perhaps they were disturbed by the humanity which informs so much of the poetry, especially the *Kaddish* volume. In *Reality Sandwiches,* he manages to imbue even a scatological insight with that sense of humanity. For "even the ugliest will seek beauty," and of a crippled girl, "her hips askew":

let her roll her eyes in abandon &
camp angelic through
the campus bouncing her body
about in joy —
someone will dig that pelvic energy
for sure.

Such a joyously obscene suggestion hardly undercuts the cripple; in fact, it catches her radiance. In a crazy way, what might have been merely pitiable has become desirable: an agony has evolved into a celebration. This is what a sense of humanity does. And in a society of cliques Allen Ginsberg is one who has made an attempt, more apparent in his poetry than in his publicity, to uncover a community. It is in this, not in the religious or sexual abstractions, that the passion realizes itself. Then the Allen emerges from behind the Ginsberg; the man breaks through the paper wall.

James Scully is a poet; he has recently completed A Survey of Contemporary British and American Poetry *to be published in Italy in December.*

Second Impressions

REVIEW OF PAPERBACKS

Robert M. Wallace

Communism

The Roots of American Communism and *American Communism and Soviet Russia* by Theodore Draper (Compass, $1.95 ea.), sponsored by The Fund for the Republic, trace the movement from the late nineteenth century to 1929. The narrative is lively with formerly obscure details about the persons involved. From the start, personal ambition and disagreement on dogma or action created uninterrupted but variable tensions among leaders and factions. Mr. Draper documents these, the struggles of the war years and the early Bolshevik period with great authority in the first volume. Conversions and disillusionment of such men as Lincoln Steffens, Max Eastman and James Freeman illustrate the idealism of many early supporters of the Russian Revolution—a revolution at last which succeeded. The doctrinaire planning and reversals under Soviet domination of the period 1923-29, which fill the second volume, are well illustrated by a meaty chapter on the Negro question. At Stalin's insistence, Mr. Draper says, the party supported American Negro nationalism against the best judgment of the Americans, white and colored. The awkward adjustments to conform with this distasteful (ultimately abandoned) policy were symptomatic of the American party's subservience. It is a dreary tale, but vividly told.

Conversations with Stalin by Milovan Djilas (Harvest, $1.65). Djilas' gripping account of his progress from catechismal orthodoxy through a kind of Pyrrhonistic doubt to disillusionment with the leadership and practice of communism.

Justice in the U.S.S.R. by Harold J. Berman (Vintage, $2.45). The Soviet legal system as an outgrowth of Russian and Marxist traditions and a reflection of Soviet society; extensively revised.

Chinese Communism: Selected Documents, Dan N. Jacobs and Hans H. Baerwald, editors (Harper & Row, $1.95). Backgrounds of the Russian-Chinese split in statements by Mao and others dating from 1927; useful introduction.

The Nature of Communism by Robert V. Daniels (Vintage, $1.95). A helpful explanation of communism as it has actually operated from Czarist times under the influence of dogma, circumstances and national ambitions.

The United States

The Road to Independence, a Documentary History of the American Revolution, John Braeman, editor, and *The Reconstruction, a Documentary History: 1865-1877*, James P. Shenton, editor (Capricorn, $1.65; $1.75). Contemporary accounts from varied sources with useful, brief links.

Political Thought of the American Revolution by Clinton Rossiter (Harvest, $1.65). This is *Seedtime of the Republic*, Part III, slightly revised; an excellent analysis of the strictly political bases of the break with Britain.

America and the Atlantic Community, Anglo-American Aspects, 1790-1850 by Frank Thistlewaite (Harper & Row, $1.45). An enlightening, current-

DID YOU READ THE ARTICLE?

Snick: The Battle-Scarred Youngsters

(In *The Nation*, October 5, 1963)

Many people wrote saying they were moved by the account of the 17-year-old youngsters who had been in Parchman Penitentiary in Mississippi.

> But a few days ago I stopped in at the *Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee* office in Atlanta, and Jim Forman was pacing the floor. I asked him what was wrong. He looked up, **"We got no bread, man. No money."**

Here are a few lines from a letter by Joyce Barrett, *SNCC* field secretary in Southwest Georgia:

> **. . . So here we are. Many of our people are in jail. Three of our staff are facing death by execution. The Justice Department has done nothing about police brutality in Americus, Georgia, although a fellow has had his leg broken and several people have had to have stitches.. . . . And finally we have no money—we literally have $2 or $3 with no prospect of any coming in. We're not eating very much these days. . . .**

So we're running this ad hopefully.

Howard Zinn

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ly relevant analysis of the mutual adjustments between England and the United States, their reformist and conservative traditions, their economies.

The United States and the Unity of Europe by Max Beloff (Vintage, $1.65). A Brookings Institution study of American efforts since the Second World War to encourage close economic and political integration in Western Europe.

The Supreme Court in the American System of Government by Robert H. Jackson (Harper & Row, 95c). The Godkin lectures of 1955, but not actually delivered, on the court as a unit of government, a law court and a political institution.

American Ethics and Public Policy by Abraham Kaplan (Oxford, $1.25). Urges the combination of moral and material standards in a pragmatic approach constantly reassessed in light of changing political actualities.

The Death and Life of Great American Cities by Jane Jacobs (Vintage, $1.95). A substantial, provocative, dissenting report on current patterns of urban renewal.

John Paul Jones, a Sailor's Biography by Samuel Eliot Morison (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $2.45) and *The Revolutionary* by Lawrence Schoonover (Popular Library, 95c). The Pulitzer Prize, standard biography and a vivid, convincing novel of the life of the nation's first naval hero.

Tom Watson, Agrarian Rebel by C. Vann Woodward (Oxford, $2.50). A cogent, readable analysis of the backgrounds, motives and career of the notable Georgia Populist; provides background to many current tensions.

LETTERS

The Meditative Poem, Louis L. Martz, editor (Anchor, $1.95). Seventeenth-century "metaphysical" poetry, largely religious, particularly well chosen and edited in the context of Mr. Martz's penetrating study, *The Poetry of Meditation*.

Hamlet (in two volumes), *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet* (Dover, $2.25 ea.) begin paperback reissue of the complete Furness New Variorum Shakespeare. These durably sewn volumes on good paper may be hard-bound by the purchaser.

A Preface to Eighteenth Century Poetry by James Sutherland (Oxford, $1.50). A perceptive, balanced antidote to narrow romanticism.

Boswell's London Journal 1762-1763, Frederick A. Pottle, editor (McGraw-Hill, $2.45). First of four Boswell journals to be issued in attractive, only slightly reduced page size, from the Yale edition. Here Boswell explores London, meets Johnson, gains his friendship and sets out for Holland.

Henry James: The Major Phase by F. O. Matthiessen (Oxford, $1.35). Still a standard study of *The Ambassadors*, *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl* in their thematic and technical accomplishments as the cream of his work.

FICTION

Stephen Hero by James Joyce (New Directions, $1.70). *In Parentheses* by David Jones (Compass Books, $1.45). *A Severed Head* by Iris Murdock (Compass, $1.45). *All the King's Men* by Robert Penn Warren (Bantam, 75c). *So Red the Rose* by Stark Young (Popular Library, 75c).

MISCELLANEOUS

The Collected Papers of Sigmund Freud, in ten volumes, Philip Reiff, editor (Collier, 95c to $1.50). Includes case studies, psychological theory and the social and artistic implications of Freudian psychology.

The Economics of Trade Unions by Albert Rees (University of Chicago Press, $1.35). A useful, clearly written introduction, conservative in tendency but not hostile to unionism.

Community Power Structure by Floyd Hunter (Anchor, $1.45). A classic analysis of how decisions affecting significant community affairs get made, who makes them and how they are put to work to advance or block action.

The Addict, Dan Wakefield, editor (Gold Medal, 50c). An informative anthology including five articles on the "British System" of control by the medical profession and other experiments and hopes.

Suffer, Little Children by Dr. Max Rafferty (Signet, 60c). The controversial attack on progressive education by the California state superintendent: florid and generalized but provocative.

The Bible and the Public Schools, Arthur Frommer, editor (Liberal Press-Pocket Books, $1.25). All opinions in the June, 1963, Supreme Court decision in the Schempp and Murray cases with some testimony, background and analytic comment.

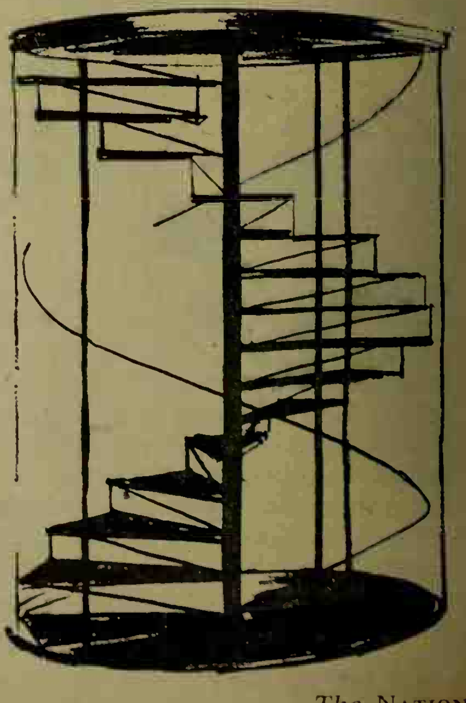
ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

Stairs, the photographic exhibition in the snug cellar of the Museum of Modern Art, is a triumph of its type, which is the unpretentious, portable photographic display. Credited to designer Bernard Rudofsky and the museum's staff, it offers a collection of pictures of interesting architectural ascents, sets of risers and treads, extraordinary solutions to that ordinary old problem of getting people up and down from floor to floor.

There are but few words accompanying the pictures, and no heavy ones. Rudofsky's captions are pleasantly incidental; "If we ever learn to walk again, stairs may once more find their place in architecture" is about the sum of his philosophic message. Few exhibitions, however, better isolate the element of talent in architectural design—a quality that has become more difficult to detect as the going architectural styles have become perfected to the state where they can sometimes be run on taste rather than talent.

Stairways are not only difficult to design (almost as difficult as chairs), but they can also be infuriating to construct, as so many home carpenters have discovered. In fact, they are almost as restricted a form as the sonnet, what with the relationships of riser to tread, the need for safety rails and rigidity, and the frequently uncamouflageable, naked structure. Yet even with all the rules and restrictions, or perhaps *because* of these strictures,



the staircase remains one of the most revealing duties the designer performs, exposing both his daring and the real quality of his craft imagination. A frequent denunciation of modern architecture has been lack of imagination, the impression of excessive control, the totalitarian feeling. Norman Mailer, for example made this his main point earlier in the year when he spent a couple of columns in issues of *Esquire* excoriating the modern movement, and what he wrote was quite undeniable. Most new buildings do have that totalitarian tone, but the reason is hardly political, in the heavy, culturally downhill sense against which Mailer is a valuable prop. The reason may be only a matter of supply and demand. Perhaps there is not enough design talent—or design time—to meet the need of industrialism, which is to place its dumb blocks in arrangements significant to human beings, to add to cubic space a rhythm of mind and heart. Most of our buildings, including even our houses, are assemblies of factory-made components. I expect someone very soon to program a computer to turn out the blueprints for an office building on any given Manhattan site. (The only likely obstacle to this is that there will still be architects willing to work more cheaply than the computer.)

But this totalitarian flatness, while it characterizes too many of our buildings, is not true of our high architecture—an art form as subtle as any. Mailer's mistake is that he condemns an art on the testimony of a mass environment, which is like applying the highest literary standards to movie magazines. Most of our buildings are slick and gaudy. But they are not architecture. A sorry thing for architects is that even as sharp a critic as Mailer fails to sort out the work of art from the packaged product.

One way to do it is by means of those revealing stairways. It must be admitted that most staircases around New York City, in even the most widely promoted buildings, are pretty bad, but that is because the buildings are bad. This exhibition shows some staircases that are grand in both solidity and spirit, such rapturously dignified creations as Michelangelo's steps to the Senate in Rome, a gigantic piece of subjective sculpture with the stern intensity of force of a dying Pope. The flamboyant Spanish steps are also included, of course, and later in history come such striking photographs as that of the sweeping staircase in the Dufayel Department store in Paris. This staircase is, incidentally, a psychological reverse of the contemporary department store's selling instrument, the slow escalator, which is intended to present the rider with a panoramic temptation of merchandise as he descends from floor to floor. Instead the Dufayel staircase was clearly intended for the exhibition of the human beings using it. The modern stairways include some of L. Mies van der Rohe's, the best of which is the starkly beautiful entrance to the Arts Club, a Chicago organization which occupies the second floor of a quite routine building on a typical city street. However, a long wall of glass reaches down to the first floor, to become the fourth wall of an otherwise stone-paneled well accommodating just one thing—a white steel stair, darkly carpeted, restrained but absolutely sumptuous. More gymnastic examples from abroad are those of Scandinavian Arne Jacobsen (the sketch on the previous page is one of his fire stairs in a Copenhagen office building), and the work of several fine Italian stairway hands is particularly elegant. It is a good show, designed to be seen swiftly, but to stick in the mind.

Up the Modern Museum's own excellent stairs from the cellar to the main floor (quite a high rise, but with an enticing turn, nice interruptions, a soft feeling underfoot and a witty ceiling) is another interesting show of photographs: Landscape Photography — great American sites, still, thank God, without buildings. This may put the exhibit a little out of my realm, but the technique of its display does call for comment.

The difficulty with showing photographs is, usually, that people do too much designing *with* them. In museums, photographs are frequently enlarged far beyond their proper focus, so that they are startling to see from across a room, but lose force as you eagerly approach them. Or they are combined into "compositions"—splattered over a wall in some tense order that drains tension from the photographs themselves. A sequence of photographs, well presented, is fine; but it should be kept fairly blunt.

The temptation to compose with landscapes is especially high. Landscapes are so big, and landscape photographers use such long exposures that they *can* be blown up. It is to the credit of the Modern Museum people, however, that in this show most of the photographs are merely good-sized prints, well framed, deep with discoveries which the viewer has to approach and realize for himself — not defend himself against. The photographs in this show are not oversold; but are presented with calm, correct confidence, and they are as moving as only the land, in its moods, can be.

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MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

Benjamin Britten is the most artful and accomplished of the fabricators of those collections of sonic effects and gestures that have an immediate impact of great inspirational communication, and are the popular "masterpieces" of our time. In the context, Britten stands out as master, with a range of techniques and resources, and an instinct for their precisely appropriate manipulation, whose virtuosity is fascinating in itself and completely unapproached by any other composer of the genre. Britten's musical manner is concise, alert and sophisticated—traits that are disarmingly attractive in a realm dominated by the windy pretensions and clumsy monomania of such composers as Sibelius, Vaughan Williams and Shostakovich. His music exhibits a broad musical literacy, a willingness to turn even the esoteric, complex and challenging resources of any period to his own advantages, that make self-imposed primitivisms like those of Orff's various *Carmini* seem even drearier; and his ability to provide the semblance of connection and continuity among the moments of an extended work, often through quite elaborate, cunning and multi-layered juxtapositions of widely varying devices of association and reference, are simply beyond comparison with the transparently superimposed consistencies of, for example, Menotti, Dello Joio or Hovhaness, or the crude successions of jarring contrasts that serve as the sole means of progression in works like Barber's *Vanessa* or Robert Ward's *The Crucible*. In a way, the composer whom Britten most resembles is the Hindemith of the twenties and thirties, but Hindemith was at once far more deeply involved with real compositional concerns, and far less capable of producing such interesting and attractive-sounding scores.

Within its limits, moreover, Britten's cleverness is quite genuine. Even a demanding listener can enjoy at least a first hearing of music in which all the standard tricks and tools of the musician's trade are deployed with consummate deftness, and without the least distraction by abrasive (and what in this context would be pretentious) dilemmas of original composition. And the knowledgeable music lover is apt to be delighted by the sly and appropriate allusions that Britten works into his pieces—a technique which, combined with much of his surface rhythm and texture, immediately invokes the shadow of Stravinsky (thus providing an extra allusive fillip). Indeed, Britten in many ways seems to satisfy the popular image of Stravinsky that Stravinsky himself always frustrates.

At the top of his form, when he is able to maintain a continuous flow of bright ideas as in works like *The Turn of the Screw*, *Serenade*, the *Spring Symphony* and the *Cantata Academica*, Britten provides musical entertainment of a civilized kind that has practically vanished from the "serious"-music domain since the days of Offenbach. When he fails, because of a precious affectation of naïveté, as in *Noye's Fludde*, or an apparently cynical indifference to a potboiling job, as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (done last season at the City Center), or an attempt to tackle a real compositional task beyond his capabilities, as in the Donne and Michelangelo Sonnets and the *Sinfonia da Requiem*, the results are predictably catastrophic; for in the absence of the tension of real creative aspiration, one is left only with auditory boredom and embarrassment.

In the *War Requiem*, whose New York première was given by the Boston Symphony under Erich Leinsdorf last month, Britten's methods are put to a particular test by the need to sustain interest over ninety minutes of music without the cooperative ingenuity of a stage director to get past the dead spots. The process obviously begins with the title, with its solemn promise of elevation and special message, combining man's eternal concern and our century's particular vexation in a single stroke. This promise, moreover, is heightened by the interspersion of Wilfred Owen's poems among the verses of the Latin Requiem, a touch of unmistakable "originality." Britten fulfills the duality in his musical setting, not only in the obvious opposition of the male soloists and prevailing bass timbres of the Owen poems against the chorus, soprano and boys' choir in the liturgy; but also by the divergent "styles" of the two levels: the Latin texts are bound into a "traditional" rhythm and phraseology, while the Owen settings have sometimes a suspended motion, sometimes a vacillating rhythmic pulse that clearly establishes a "modern" reference. These are given constant motivic connections, and as the work proceeds they "converge" until, presumably, they "merge" in the final *In Paradisum*. The illusion of progressive forward motion is guaranteed by motivic connections that undergo simple changes that are flatteringly easy to perceive as "structural" events, and grand conceptual unity is provided by many literal cyclic recurrences, particularly the bells at the beginning and end of the first half and a prominently returning interval or two.

The correct attribution of pathos and profundity is assured by the adoption of the manners of Mahler, Beethoven and other appropriately evocative composers, and the unfailing presence of the right solemn, brilliant or sad noise required at any moment by the text. And Britten is not averse to borrowing a good dramatic idea even from a source as esoteric as Berg's *Altenberg Lieder*; thus a "drone" chord (in fact, very close to Berg's chord in Berg's registration) is sustained through an entire texture of fluctuating density in the tenor solo, "It seemed that out of battle I escaped," as a signal of eternity. Perhaps such an adaptation, in which the bare "idea" of the original is presented without its encumbering subtleties, is a reasonable means of transmitting some of the qualities of an urgent twentieth-century classic to the general audience; but it was curious to reflect that most of those who found Britten's passage so remarkably original and effective will probably never hear, or even hear of, the Berg original.

But the best connoisseur's game in the *War Requiem* is the series of direct allusions to the famous Requiems of the literature, as well as to such contemporary "war" pieces as *Histoire du Soldat* and *Alexander Nevsky*. These are often matched textual section for section, even using the original pitches, but always ingeniously worked into the "motivic" scheme of the whole. Thus one hears Berlioz's *Requiem* in the legato-staccato opposition of the opening, in the *Dies Irae* with its Gregorian parody and opposing brass choirs, and the shimmering high-register orchestration and vocalism of the *Sanctus*. The *Hosanna* sounds like a collage of interstitial patches from Berlioz's *Hosanna*. The bass of the *Confutatis maledictis* is precisely the same as the ostinato bass figure in the Mozart *Requiem*, and the *Lacrymosa* has the prosody of its counterpart in Mozart, and the Mozart melodic curve in inversion, while the texture and harmony are like the middle section of Berlioz's *Lacrymosa*. Even Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* appears, in the Hindemith fugue in the Offertorium, and the final chorus is so closely modeled on the *Dona nobis pacem* of Bach's *B Minor Mass*, with the same curve, rhythm, layering of choral entrances, and even the same use of trumpet and tympani, that the words (here *Recquiescant in pace*) seem incongruous. A subtler way of evoking a familiar response is the characteristic use of Baroque-like word-painting, which in Bach was a convenient way of giving the surface of his music a semblance of accessibility that shielded the complexities within; Britten's use of it here to engender such an imputation is thus a curious and precise reversal of function.

Britten's consummate professionalism is perhaps most admirable in the way the *Requiem* builds to all the right kinds of climaxes, resourcefully holding enough in reserve to insure that sufficient volume is available to make the last climax the "culmination"; this, too, requires a superb orchestral and choral know-how that also remembers the conventional "characters" of individual instruments. And the prime requisite of such pieces, that they be capable of giving the large audiences the impression of being "in" on something great and important, is admirably accomplished by Britten in the simplicity and directness with which everything is presented, so that even the "esoterica" come from the best-known places in the best-known pieces (which Stravinsky did in quite another way by quoting the *Barber of Seville* Overture in *Jeu de Cartes*, but then quickly overmastering the original), and the "complex polyphony," "motivic development" and "cyclic recurrence" are calculated to give a warm sense of superiority to anyone who has attended a music-appreciation class. On the other hand, the *War Requiem*'s obtrusive message of profundity, the broadness and familiarity of most of its strokes, and the sense of great overextension that one gets during the last third, where Britten ran out of fresh patterns, make it rather less diverting than Britten's frankly theatrical pieces, where the visual distractions and plot lines tempt him to dare more intricate "inside" fun.

As far as the performance was concerned, the *Requiem* obviously fulfills the requirement of all such potential repertory pieces, that their effects remain effective even when performed by a semi-professional orchestra and chorus while lying on their backs. Sitting up, the very professional Boston Symphony, with the aid of the Boston Pro Musica Chorus, the Princeton Columbus Boychoir and vocal soloists Phyllis Curtin, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Tom Krause, did it so superbly as to obviate any extreme urgency of further performances in this vicinity.

RECENT BRITTEN RECORDS

Cantata Academica (and other choral works). London-Oiseau-Lyre. 50206 (mono), 60037 (stereo).

Noye's Fludde. London. 5697 (mono), 25331 (stereo).

Serenade for tenor, horn, strings. London. 5358 (mono).

Spring Symphony. London. 5612 (mono), 25242 (stereo).

Turn of the Screw. London. 4219 (mono).

War Requiem. London. 4255 (mono), 1255 (stereo).

ART

Max Kozloff

Wandering up and down the ramp of the Francis Bacon exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum, on a sunny afternoon, is a grisly experience. The joys of painting, the presence of a brilliant mind, are not enough to dispel one's morbid embarrassment, as if one had been caught, and had caught oneself, smiling at a hanging.

If these canvases are so frequently about guilt, and unerringly the guilt of aberration and cruelty, they are also confessional. Admitting crime, and probably madness, they intimidate precisely because they are so candid. What I have in common with this English artist, Bacon, what his other spectators have, varies; but anyone, when he leaves this exhibition, will share, I think, a darker and more dreadful view of our condition.

Painting has sought in many ways to impose a pessimistic view of life and death upon its audience. Ordinarily far more important than the subject matter, the paint itself acts out, or becomes infected with, an equivalent of the felt emotion: pain, disease, passion. Bacon's paint, too, functions dramatically. But it almost indecently caresses the surface, and apes a preciousness and rarity whose outrage of the tragic sentiment induces a response totally disproportionate to its physical power. His pleasure both compensates for, and justifies, his self-exposure. The paint, indeed, alienates by its freakish narcissism, which is precisely what Bacon wants. In his state of moral lucidity, in which revelation but not judgment is possible, this is his only means of asserting his superiority. Only upon the closest examination does one realize how very gingerly, indeed squeamishly, his paintings are brushed.

But this doesn't happen, or it didn't with me, until the end—when I finally caught up with Bacon's deepest uncomfort. Earlier, I was aware only of his velvety, featherlike white strokes which tickle the navy blue ground, and form an urgent image all in their own time, as an irritant. It is irritating, that is, to be cajoled, wheedled and finally seduced into an enjoyment of a painted scene whose nature connotes only horror or repulsion. Such are his various tableaux of crucifixion, and murder, although his merely voyeuristic glimpses of

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male orgies arouse guilt in this same way.

Behind it all, however, is the most uncanny intuition of art. Bacon's split of consciousness may be involuntary, but it enables him to live vitally in two worlds; to sense what is real, but to feign his sense of it. That I perceive his distance from the horror makes his figment all the more persuasive. If I experienced these intense pictures with the intensity they seem to demand, then I ought to be out of my mind. Rather, what I feel is a sustained illusion of intensity, for there is a silent covenant between us: Bacon is not to strain me, and I am not to unmask him. In that manner, the muteness of painting allows his license, while the erected frame of consciousness—the sheer vicariousness of his art—permits me to participate in his emotional sphere more deeply. Painter and spectator build their own climate of belief. Certainly the perception that art is different from life is not exclusive with Bacon. But he is perhaps unique in levering it so *diabolically* into his work.

These ideas came generally to mind, but were transcended by two particular canvases in the exhibit. They are seen side by side, forcing an analogy tellingly anticipated by the director of the exhibition, Lawrence Alloway. In one, on the left, two pink nude bodies, clenched together off to the left margin, sink rapturously into the grass of an indoor hothouse. Above (not beneath), the black blue void of stained canvas is relieved only by spectral white strokes suggesting a grid, or bars ("Study for the Human Figure," 1954). In the other work, two naked men are sprawled on a bed, one in a grotesque, slipping crouch above the other. Their cadaverous white flesh is set off by the dazzling white sheets. Behind, is the same profound blue, pierced by luminous lines that indicate a room. And suspended in the atmosphere are faint, vertical striations of light that penetrate the figures and smear their faces and limbs ("Two Figures," 1953).

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Like so many of Bacon's things, these pictures have in common their restricted range of color, their deadpan, muffled flatness of surface, and the powdery, fragile stroking of the imagery. In addition, the subjects are set off by contrasted zones of light and dark, much as if they were jewels on a black cloth platform. There is no source of illumination other than the dead light which, however, emanates fiercely from the protagonists themselves. Finally, the images are in frantic, yet only barely decipherable, bled out, motion.

But immediately after this, the differences assert themselves. For one thing, movement in the former painting is optically perceived and transcribed, by a concatenation of blots and swishes in the writhing bundle of flesh, and by rhythmic drooping flicks in the vegetation. One sees the movement before quite interpreting what it is that moves. It is like a squirrel in high grass, a kind of inspired pussyfooting in paint. In any event, I feel myself, like Bacon, outside, looking in, past the erotic blur, upon an actual incident. All this crumbles in the other picture, which is at once much more explicit and less real. Here, the vibration of contours, a runny film over the hyenalike faces, is a free act of the mind. Bacon is in there somewhere, pretending blindness, but with his senses wide open to the tactile and glandular fantasy. And willy-nilly, nightmarishly, I am emotionally subpoenaed to follow him.

As in an old dream, however, there is something familiar about this hallucinated world. I am not in a dark room at all, but, it seems, looking at a photographic negative. The white on black has a context which reverses the shadows and makes the modeling meaningless. Unfortunately, though, or perhaps ingeniously, Bacon returns much of the latent chiaroscuro relationship to normal, and thus flusters the new expectation that he alone has set up. Besides, the catalogue has already informed me that the source for this picture comes from the late nineteenth-century photographic studies of men in motion by Eadweard Muybridge. And as if this weren't baffling enough, it is difficult to escape the impression that the painting itself, with its only two values which are nevertheless so chromatic, is like a color photograph of a black and white. Insinuated, then, into this airless pictorial vision, are the reflecting and impinging echoes of the camera lens.

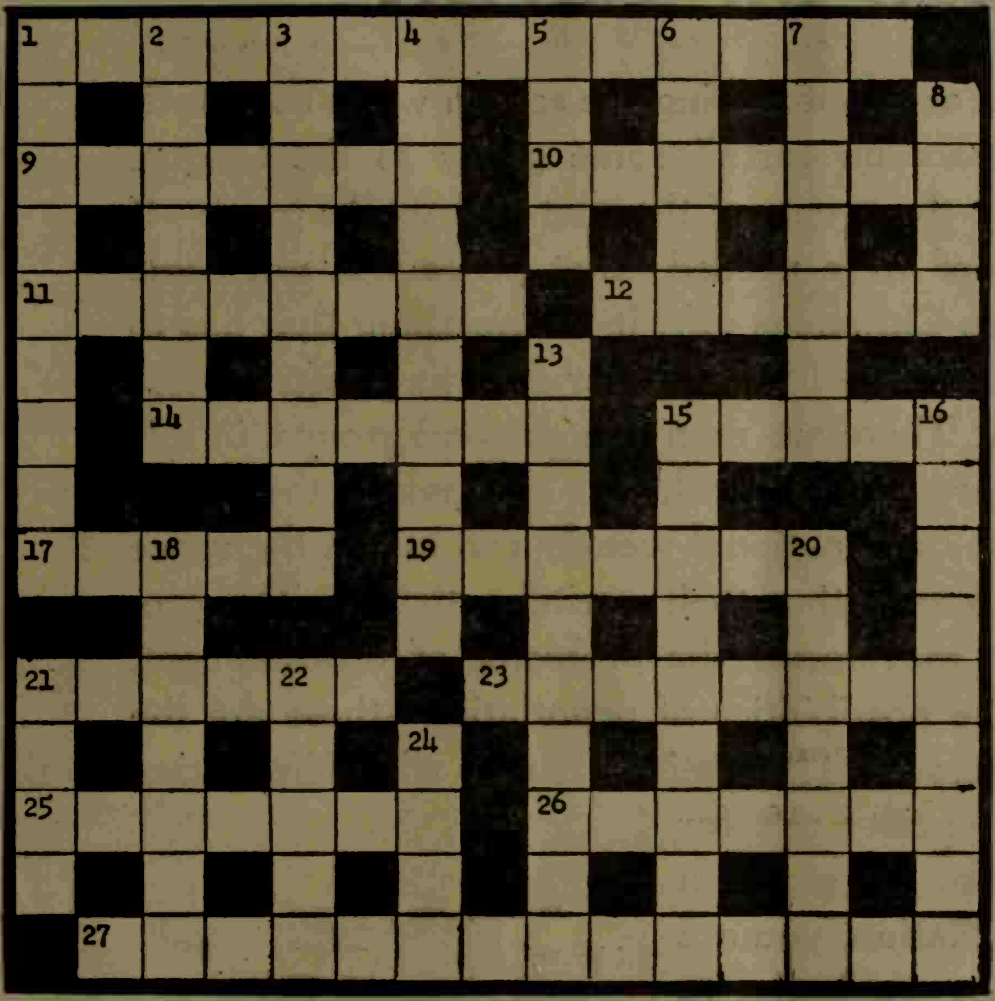
It is not perhaps farfetched to think of these photographic references as credentials for the violent world Bacon explores. In the "Two Figures" they lend a spurious actuality, as it were, to a real fiction. But above all, in view of the monstrousness of what he is showing, they introduce an impersonal documentary note that re-establishes the observer's distance from the image.

In the end, I feel much closer to the "Study for the Human Figure," chiefly because it stimulates the observed, and places me in some tangible relationship with the event, no matter how glamorous and shivery in itself. Its companion, on the other hand, overwhelms the emotions, and then careens like a hit-and-run driver into the vacuum of a tabloid flash. The picture I prefer yields itself slowly, bit by bit in time; the other goes off in an instantaneous florescence. After a certain point, however, the major sensation in both is of a hairbreadth escape from chaos. "He paints," as one critic put it, "from a sense of the impossible, as though he were driving flat out into the dark," and then goes on to speak of this as being linked to certain obsessive targets, rather than as being, in any sense, a lyrical response to the creative act. Behind the luxury, therefore, is an extreme anxiety, not even concerning the subject, but about bringing the picture itself into existence. Whether one is deflected from this to the nightmare, or back, however, Bacon loses—that is, he wins.

Next week I want to discuss broader issues raised by this painter.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1032

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Wood product with two domestic models that suggest an older foreign style. (8, 6)
9 Make a big thing out of the general confusion? (7)
10 Virgil associated with a rise of Mercury. (7)
11 One might consider it Apache herb mixture. (8)
12 Gives the edge to reverses in athletic endeavors. (6)
14 Well-pleasing muse. (7)
15 and 21 down Not the tuning type that one holds in 1 across. (9)
17 How the way, though hard, may be prepared. (5)
19 Things that do are concluded at length. (Neither side is prominently presented.) (7)
21 Wall of presently unproductive construction. (6)
23 The way to confuse an order to be out of control? (8)
25 Might be useful in the kitchen if the religious teacher doesn't get an ounce in return! (7)
26 Are they reputedly found right under vessels? (7)
27 Forbode strange behavior for the officials of some universities. (5, 2, 7)

DOWN:

1 The poem an old Egyptian composed. (9)
2 The intervention of a satellite caused one recently. (7)
3 Behaved rashly? (9)
4 The place in church where the last word comes first, as in 1 down. (4, 6)
5 Should we keep silent after being subjected to such jokes? (4)
6 Dickensian character of the dance?
7 North is not the right way, briefly! (2, 5)
8 A most unusual beginning for a prophet. (4)
13 At heart, not a lively description, though it's hard to get off it sometimes. (4, 6)
15 Conditional implication of what the bread-winner should be doing.
16 A dress the dentist and the barber use, if properly designed. (9)
18 Ante up, it might be. (7)
20 Sea creature, dug up and gone wrong. (7)
22 This burn might have been fatal for some a long time ago. (5)
24 A bloody mess, therefore? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1031

ACROSS: 1 Deterrent; 6 Tutor; 9 Reading; 10 Reeling; 11 and 23 Denmark; 12 Run-off; 15 Surfaces; 16 Purser; 18 Ouster; 20 Trumpery; 24 and 25 Black spot; 28 Onerous; 29 Stipend; 30 and 6 down Royalties; 31 Alpinists. DOWN: 1 and 13 Daredevil; 2 Trainer; 3 Railroaded; 4 Engineer; 5 Thrift; 7 Thieves; 8 Regularly; 14 Submission; 15 Storm door; 17 Cracks up; 19 Surgery; 21 Express; 22 Plasma; 26 Tides; 27 Goal.

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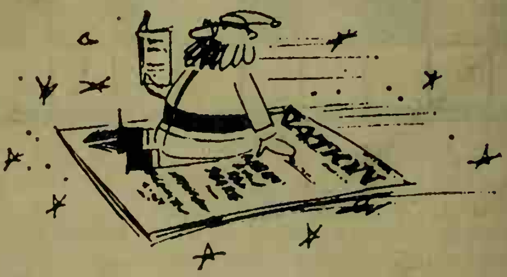
Peace on Earth?

We are approaching the season when the words "peace on earth" come glibly to the tongue. But the events of the past few weeks prove—if proof were needed—that peace will not come as a Christmas gift. It is something that has to be worked for, day after day, week after week, all through the year. There are many people and groups, in this country and elsewhere in the world, who are making the effort. It is doubtful whether any national weekly can match the space **The Nation** gives to reporting their varied activities. The programs of the peace movement, the problems of disarmament, the probings into the possibilities of negotiation—these are the bread-and-butter issues for **The Nation.** That is why **The Nation** is a peculiarly appropriate gift for the Christmas season. By giving a subscription to **The Nation,** you are contributing, however modestly, to the end that the efforts of those who work steadfastly for peace shall not go unnoticed.



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LETTERS

Policies for peace

London

Dear Sirs: What is happening in the British peace movement? Is it ruptured? Is it losing steam? Is it becoming irrelevant?

These questions are hard enough to answer here, in an office in London, but they must be even harder to answer in New York. I am not sure if J. B. Priestley's article (*The Nation*, Oct. 26) will have helped very much.

Mr. Priestley describes the various different groups in CND at some length . . . but leaves unanswered the central question of what CND should be. He refers simply to "the task of educating public opinion," as if this in itself were an adequate basis for a long-term campaign. But what are we educating public opinion in? Mr. Priestley uses this phrase three times, but never says quite *what* CND is supposed to be telling people.

It is not just enough to go round saying how dangerous war is; we must also offer some realistic, thoroughly worked-out proposals. CND at the moment, insofar as it makes positive proposals, advocates a mixture of unilateralism (for Britain) and multilateralism (for the U.S.A. and USSR); it did advocate positive neutralism, but has practically ceased to push this policy since the Sino-Indian conflict a year ago. Is this an adequate policy? I think it is not, and that the policy weakness of CND is its central problem. . . .

Adam Roberts
Peace News

New York City

Dear Sirs: The idea of evaluating various peace organizations at this moment in history is a valuable one, especially since one stage of our activities has concluded with the ratification of the test-ban treaty, although the next stage must begin immediately if nuclear war is still to be prevented.

The story J. B. Priestley tells about CND (*The Nation*, Oct. 26) appears to us from our experience to be accurate. However, Priestley is premature in writing off the work of the International Confederation for Disarmament and Peace. This organization was conceived last January in Oxford, formally organized only in August in the Netherlands by twenty-six organizations (including SANE and the Fellowship of Reconciliation) of a number of countries (including Yugoslavia, India and Ghana). The Confederation will not officially get under way until this coming January at an inaugural conference somewhere in Western Europe. Perhaps "a hodgepodge of peace movements" is impossible to confederate, but Priestley ought to give us a fair chance to begin.

Homer A. Jack
Executive Director, SANE

By any other name

San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I have just finished Bruno Bettelheim's wonderful feature (*The Nation*, Oct. 19) entitled "Class, Color and Prejudice." I compliment Mr. Bettelheim for this enlightening article, and also *The Nation* for the printing of it.

I find myself compelled, however, to disagree with one statement Mr. Bettelheim made: "Above all, it obscures the fact that precious few well-to-do people rob or rape." Could it be they have another name for it? Shakespeare has said, "What's in a name? . . ."

Robert W. Hanson

Washington and AFDC

Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs: Having read Mr. Haitch's article, "The Twenty-Fifth Child" (*The Nation*, Oct. 19), I agree with him wholeheartedly. The scanty aid these families receive under the AFDC Program is not enough in far too many cases. As a resident of the Washington, D.C., area, I have seen the deplorable condition of families in the slums of our country's capital city. How can the politicians on the Hill, who also see this, let the situation continue by not supporting more aid to the worthy cause of the AFDC?

Peter Trawicky

Simplified statements

Halifax, N.S.

Dear Sirs: There are, of course, scientists and scientists. I know some who do not opt out of their political and social responsibilities and who speak carefully on public questions if not scientifically (the latter word having, perhaps, too specialized a meaning). But many do opt out. I seriously doubt if Dr. Siekevitz (*The Nation*, Nov. 2) has put his finger on the most usual reason. The very fact that they opt out is evidence enough that they have not given the matter careful or scientific thought. And many who do opt out show no hesitation about making, in private, simplified statements about politics that an experienced politician would blush to make.

The real reason why many opt out is, I suggest, that they think that politics is a dirty game and beneath them and that they fully discharge their obligations to the society that sustains them by ignoring it and getting on with their scientific work. No doubt it is a comforting assumption. And the single-minded pursuit of science is a fascinating preoccupation.

J. H. Aitchison

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The Nation, Nov. 23, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 17

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Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

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Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

'Change in Personnel'

President Kennedy said that South Vietnam needed a "change in personnel," meaning specifically the ouster of Ngo Dinh Nhu and Mme. Nhu. Mr. Kennedy now has his change of personnel with President Diem included, but it will avail him little unless it is supplemented by a change of policy. The President talks like a thinker and by comparison with some of his predecessors he is one. In the South Vietnam situation it is time to think, and think hard.

The objective of the American presence in South Vietnam has never been spelled out. It is said vaguely that we are there to "win the war." What war? The civil war inside South Vietnam? History suggests that outside interference in a civil war often is the kiss of death for the side the outsiders want to help. Are we fighting to contain Red China? Aside from the fact that the current and prospective troubles of the Red regime serve as a pretty efficient container, at least for the time being, Mr. Kennedy might consider that the Vietnamese and the Chinese (of whatever political complexion) have been hereditary enemies over a much longer period than the existence of the American Republic. With a little encouragement the Vietnamese, North and South together, might serve as a bulwark against the great bogy. Are we there merely to train our forces in counter-insurgency? If so, it is getting rather expensive and complicated; they should be proficient by now. Or is it our unquenchable desire to establish democracy in the rice paddies, to improve life for the South Vietnamese masses? If so, who will believe it, and since when has such a far-out altruism, to the tune of $1.5 million a day and well over a hundred American lives so far, been sanctioned by the American taxpayer? If he reads the papers, he knows, moreover, that the war which we support in South Vietnam has only made the people of both Vietnams more wretched.

The change in personnel will not necessarily improve matters from *any* of the above standpoints. At the same time, complicity in the coup itself has increased our measure of responsibility for what happens in South Vietnam.

General Eisenhower's memoirs scarcely reveal him as a great statesman, but he did carry out his campaign promise to end the Korean War and the world has been the better for it. The American public must be getting as sick of the Vietnamese war as it was of the Korean one, and if Mr. Kennedy wants to hand a similar campaign issue to his Republican opponent in 1964 — assuming a Republican nominee who would have the sense and courage to make something of it — all he needs to do is to continue on his present course. The alternative is constructive statesmanship, and here Mr. Kennedy might do worse than to reread General de Gaulle's proposal of last September on which *The Nation* based an editorial proposal (September 21). In barest outline, the idea was to talk with Ho Chi Minh through suitable intermediaries, with a view to ending the civil war and effecting a federation of North and South, the North to remain Communist, the South capitalist, with free intercourse between the two. Each has what the other needs, and neither is getting it. If the border were unsealed, the flow of commerce would help solve some problems. Others would remain, but they could be dealt with by those principally involved — the Vietnamese people and leaders whom they might select if given a voice. A United Nations presence would be needed to insure that Red China and the United States alike kept their hands off. The headaches involved in such a course could not possibly equal those that await Mr. Kennedy if he puts his trust in a new organization chart, filled with schemers no whit better than those he has just helped to oust.

One Man, One Vote, Two Offices

How many elective offices should the same man run for at the same time? The question was raised in 1960 by the then Senator, now Vice President, Lyndon Johnson. The voice of the people may be the voice of God but, the forehanded Mr. Johnson reasoned, you never can tell till the votes are counted. The Texas legislature, always glad to oblige a great native statesman, passed a law enabling Mr. Johnson to run simultaneously for the Senate and the Vice Presidency. He won both. Mr. Johnson was severely criticized by Mr. Goldwater for this duality. Now Mr. Goldwater is apparently preparing to take out election insurance himself.

The plan is for Senator Goldwater to file for re-election to the Senate shortly before the Republican national convention. If worse comes to worst, he will remain a Senator, since his re-election to that humble office is very likely if he runs. Barry's Presidential campaign manager, Denison Kitchel, says that if his man is nominated in San Francisco, he will not run for the Senate. This is pure forbearance on Barry's part, for there is nothing in the Arizona constitution to prevent him from running simultaneously for dogcatcher of Phoenix, Senator from Arizona, and President of the United States.

Mr. Kitchel assures the press that Mr. Goldwater has no such intention. If the Republicans inconceivably fail to nominate him for the highest office in the land, he will indeed run for the Senate; but if he is nominated for the Presidency and accepts, a substitute will be found to try for the Senate. This involves some complications, however. Unfortunately the filing period for the Senate ends before the national convention, so if he wants his insurance Barry must file before he can be sure that the convention will designate him to save the country. In fact, he intends to file on the very first day—June 10. Presumably, then, his name will go on the Senatorial primary ballot even if he wins the Presidential nomination. Just how the stand-in's name would get on the ballot, and when, is not clear.

It is comfortable for a candidate to operate under the built-in insurance scheme that Senate membership affords. He is certain of a consolation prize instead of having to travel from one law firm to another, like the unfortunate Dick Nixon, for instance. This system, however, shortchanges the voters who, after all, should have some rights in a democratic election. If Goldwater should do as Johnson did—run for both offices and be elected to both—he would in effect be naming his successor, since the Governor would hardly ignore the wishes of the Presidential nominee of his own party. Republican voters, having elected one man, would be served by another. Again, if the entire body of voters were given the choice between a Democratic nominee and a Republican other than Goldwater, the result might not be the same as when the Democrat had to buck the puissant Goldwater.

The principle would be the same if Joe Doakes were looking for a soft spot to land. The tendency for politicians to run for dual office should be curbed before it becomes an accepted practice. Since Senator Goldwater wishes to be esteemed as a particularly virtuous politician, he should take the lead in curbing it.

Decline of the Ostrich

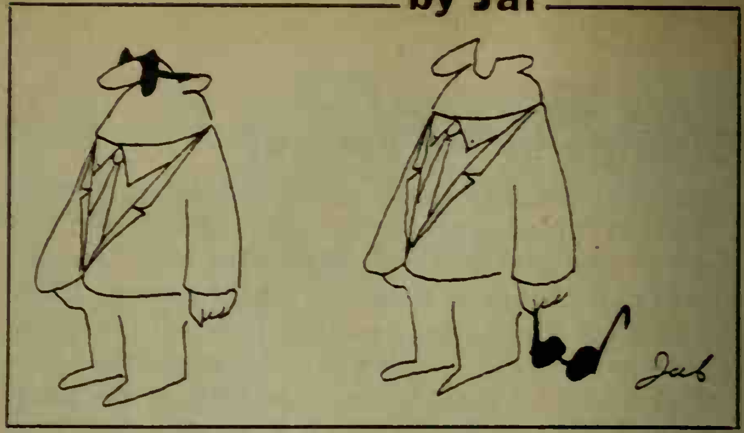
City by city and state by state, the American public is awakening to the fact that, assertions of civil defense to the contrary notwithstanding, modern man is not a troglodyte, nor can he seek wisdom of the ostrich. The latest outbreak of sanity on this issue has occurred in Baltimore.

Early this fall, a number of Baltimore citizens, including leaders of SANE, Cary Ramsey (1962 peace candidate for Congress) and a real estate man named Leon Shapiro, talked the city's largest television station into carrying a special program on civil defense. Appearing as star witnesses for the opposition were Arthur Waskow and Stanley Newman, co-authors of *America in Hiding* (Ballantine Books).

This program (it should have been on a national network; perhaps it still can be) stirred an intensity of local controversy that moved the Baltimore City Council to call a special meeting on the subject. Baltimore is both a major city in its own right and within easy blast range of the national capital, so civil defense director Steuart Pittman decided he had better attend this September 23 meeting. On arriving, he found himself confronted by Dr. Donald Michael of the Institute for Policy Studies and Dr. Thomas Stonier of Manhattan College, both eloquent opponents of burrowing to security. They gave Mr. Pittman such an exceedingly difficult time that Mayor Theodore McKeldin continued the debate in his private office.

Mayor McKeldin pondered this donnybrook for a month and then, on October 26, announced that he was reorganizing Baltimore's civil defense under the fire department, a move calculated to save 60 per cent on CD expenditures. The mayor in his message took note that "many people" consider civil defense "one of the nation's greatest boondoggles." One gets the impression that he is among those many; but he is also a politician and practices the art of the possible. It is at least a step in the right direction to save the taxpayer 60 per cent on the cost of pursuing safety down a hole in the ground.

by Jaf



He Thought Big

Bobby Baker's real misfortune was that he was only secretary to the Senate majority, not a Senator himself. A United States Senator may be censured by his peers but cannot be impeached (an ordeal reserved for Presidents, Vice Presidents and Chief Justices). Senators can get away with anything short of daylight robbery. Mere breaches of taste or decorum, like raising their own salaries 50 per cent or soliciting special favors for radio stations in which they have a financial interest, are accepted practice.

The only charitable way to look at Bobby, therefore, is as a poor Southern lad who rose in the world, but not quite high enough. He was never big time. Compared with Billie Sol Estes, Bobby was only a small operator. His assets seem never to have exceeded about $1 million; his own reckoning of his net worth is $800,000 at the peak. He has not been accused, much less found guilty of, outright crookedness, only of violations of ethics, propriety, conflict of interest — what Tim Sullivan, the celebrated Tammany politician, called "honest graft." Bobby's motel operation in Maryland is certainly not actionable; Senator Benjamin Everett Jordan, who is in charge of the investigation, has been a motel owner himself. Other than Bobby's interest in the motel, some vending machine operations in the plants of government contractors (no United States war, cold or hot, could be carried on without cola drinks), living in a $125,000 home on his $19,612 annual Senate stipend and what he could make on the side, owning another Washington house which he obtained on dubious representations to the FHA and which was occupied by his handsome twenty-three-year-old administrative assistant and other charming young women, what is there, really? On the face of it, all the guy is guilty of, if he is guilty of anything, is thinking big, and is that a sin?

Project Apollo

WASTEFUL SPECTACULAR . . Hilbert Schenck, Jr.

In the spring of 1963, a modest murmur arose from a few spokesmen of the scientific community regarding the real point and purpose of Apollo, the man-on-the-moon project. These scientists took a "can we really be doing this?" view that was, alas, two years too late. Most outspoken was Dr. Philip Abelson, a chemist and editor of *Science*, published weekly by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Other "no" votes on Apollo came from Dr. Polykarp Kusch, a physicist from Columbia; Sir John Cockroft, British physicist; Dr. Vannevar Bush; Fred Hoyle, British astronomer; and assorted letter-writers to periodicals. Arguments ranged from the suggestion that the money for the project be spent to cure the sick and feed the hungry to the more modest complaint that it's cheaper to send machines to the moon than men.

Such heresies were not, of course, to be borne in silence, and a variety of big guns were wheeled out to support the program. Nobel physicists and chemist Lederberg, Libby and Urey issued a joint statement in which the "urgencies of the response to the national challenge" were invoked. Electronics job-shop executive Simon Ramo of Thompson Ramo-Woolridge noted before a Senate committee that "A space program without a man has much less useful prestige appeal . . ." and Ramo went on to refer to the $40 billion project as the "science Olympics." Dr. Lee Du Bridge, president of Cal Tech, pulled out the usual commencement platitudes about the space program's incalculable impact on mankind.

None of the people engaged in this debate are engineers; and it is well known that physicists and research chemists are often fuzzy in planning a project of greater magnitude than taking the family to the beach. The whole NASA effort reeks of the bailing-wire and quick-fix approach. So by the time these "scientists" have hacked their way to the moon, taxpayers will be saddled by a gorgeous junk pile of useless hardware, plenty of goofs and fiascoes and a fiscal hangover.

How might a sane space-development program proceed? First, it would have a series of interlocked, broad-based plans. Enchanting projects like growing algae on a simulated Mars or making robots that look like great screws to bore through moon dust (wonderful for Sunday supplement public relations) would be tossed out as luxuries to be examined later (maybe). Basic, long-term scientific effort would center on propulsion studies involving both "exotic," high-impulse chemical fuels and nuclear-heated rocket motors.

Research would not follow the NASA formula of "let's get it on the stand and take a picture" approach. For some years, heavy support of basic metallurgical and heat-transfer research might have to be the main direction of this effort. There would be no firm hardware design required by a given date, based on the hopes of some administrator who spends much of his time watching for press deadlines. The work would be undertaken with the realization that it is broad and important enough to benefit both a space flight program and the development of efficient power-producing stations on the earth, *as should befit an engineering effort massively funded with public money.*

In addition, a flight program would try to establish the best size of vehicle for the only extraterrestrial mission for which low-grade chemical propellants are really suited—the moderate-altitude satellite. It might be a three- or four-stage device having a lift-off weight of around a million pounds and capable of putting fifteen or more tons in orbit. The vehicle would be flexible, able to use improved motors as they became available; a major design aim would be minimum launch and down-range facilities and rapidity of launching set-ups.

Top priority in all early flights would be to perfect orbital docking techniques so that any desired mass could be assembled in orbit using multiple flights. Once these capabilities were firmly established, *all* manned flights for several years would involve the assembly of a station plus fuel depot that included a major astronomical observation platform, communication and weather-surveillance necessities and various geophysical apparatus. The station would belong to the American people, not to a half-dozen astronauts, and would carry out a wide variety of theoretical and applied research programs. The entire American astronautical program would be integrated in such a way that small satellite and sounding-rocket shots would interlock with the main satellite location. Intramural shots in which needles or other garbage are scattered about the ionosphere would be permitted only if the entire scientific group of the station agreed that no program would be damaged. If the Air Force, A.E.C. or other agency did not want to play in this kind of game, they would be asked to take their toys somewhere else — possibly to another planet.

At this point, there would be a two-pronged possibility for a moon trip. If the basic research in high-energy rocket engines had progressed rapidly, a prototype engine of very high thrust might be available, one that would be utilized in our one-million-pound "workhorse" with which so much experience had already been gained. With this new and better engine, more weight in the rocket could be given over to payload so that a direct moon flight from the earth's surface might be possible. On the other hand, if progress were not so rapid, we could assemble our "lunar bug" in orbit, fill it up from the orbiting fuel depot and zip to the moon. On the return, it would not have to negotiate the risky atmospheric corridor. Our bug would dock back at the satellite and be ready for another try.

This type of program has the advantage of flexibility, since it can make use of breakthroughs in the

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propulsion area at any stage but is not totally dependent on them. It involves not a series of TV-oriented shots but a coherent, onward-moving program in which emphasis is shifted from the totally useless "the-moon-or-bust" game to a general multi-disciplined research effort involving many thousands of people, numbers of them actually in space. There is nothing original in these suggestions. They have been offered in a variety of forms through the years by most persons who have thought about how a sensible, tax-supported space effort should progress to maximize human benefits and minimize waste.

NASA, unhappily, is not going to do things at all this way. The NASA approach is a series of relatively unrelated "space spectaculars" plus occasional giant raids on the public treasury. Following the long hiatus after the Mercury astronaut phase, the next fun-in-space is due to be Gemini, a two-ship docking experiment. But this docking experiment is not going to lead to a satellite assembly of useful size. Gemini appears to be a partial try-out of the subsequent docking to be completed after two astronauts leave the moon and link up with their buddy, who has been in a moon orbit while they have been prowling the craters. The trouble is that the Gemini test in earth orbit and the later junction of the lunar crafts are so different in concept and equipment that it is difficult to understand the point.

Sometime during the period 1967-68, NASA may get together a very small, four- to eight-man space station which, since it is expensive, they hope to split with the Air Force. Too modest to be worth much for a series of major research efforts, it could presumably become the well-publicized orbiting command post from which senior officers could direct an H-bomb holocaust.

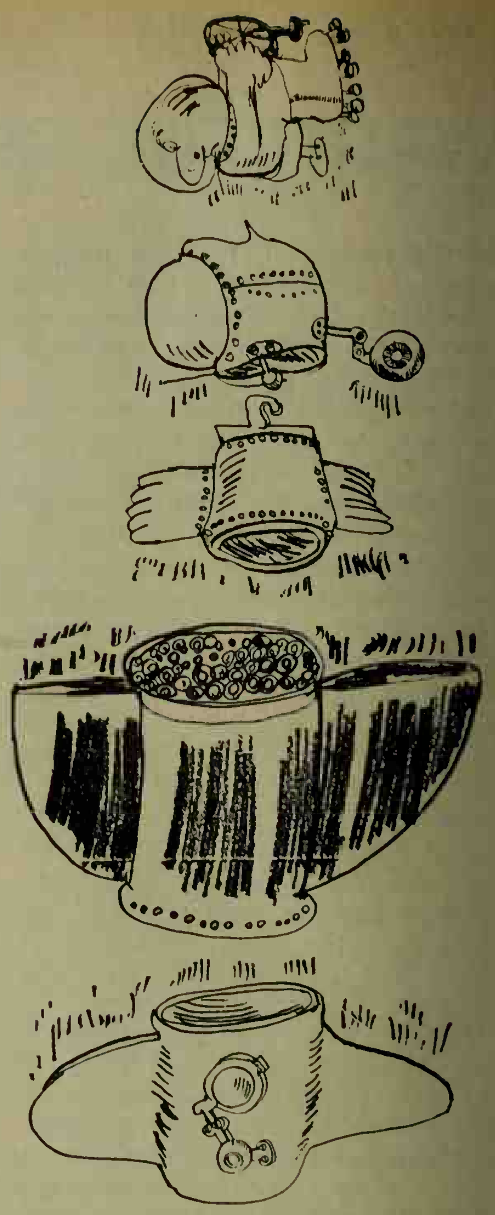
Finally will come Apollo — maybe. A monster six-million-pound rocket having in the main stage five F-1 engines will propel two smaller stages plus the three-stage lunar craft into the sky. This will be followed by a dazzling array of disconnects, course and attitude corrections, a moon landing, lunar orbital docking and other neat maneuvers that will culminate in a wild ride into the earth's atmosphere. When and if they make it, the public will have paid out over $20 billion, and the entire space program will have nothing to show for it. There will be no series of "stepping stones" swinging in space and permitting more and more flights to be made with ever-increasing safety and ease. All we will have is the knowledge that it worked — once — and might again.

In the laboratories, nobody is spending much money on basic nuclear-engine research or high-temperature materials because a new and even larger chemical beast is under development. This is Nova I, a thirty-million-pound vehicle; its first stage is still burning the same oxygen-hydrocarbon fuel that Dr. Goddard used successfully in the field outside Worchester, Mass., in 1926. Nova development will take eight to ten years and cost $3.5 to $6 billion. Yet even the most sophisticated member of the family, Nova III, will not use really advanced concepts such as nuclear propulsion.

The main features of the best Novas are the recoverability of the lower stages after they fall in the ocean and the possibility of external air augmentation and a special nozzle that adjusts to the local outside pressure during the upward flight. One imagines that most taxpayers would wonder why recoverable stages have not been an integral part of NASA's engineering plans from the beginning.

Huge rockets of the Nova order are necessarily restricted to one or two firing locations. High-altitude stations, where considerable efficiency gain occurs during the initial rise of a rocket, cannot be used. Multiple shoots that might be needed in rescue missions become doubtful. A true "workhorse" rocket, engineered for launch simplicity, could be located in a dozen stations around the world and flights made at any moment desired, whereas a Nova at Cape Canaveral might fail to pass its countdown, have to be dragged off the pad or be interdicted by weather or accidents or — who knows? — a wildcat strike.

The vast sums of money spent on projects like Nova are mostly wasted, since they are not really much *newer*, but only *bigger*. NASA claims that Nova will



decrease the present "direct operating costs" of $1,000 per pound of payload in orbit to under $100 per pound. What exactly does this mean? If Nova development cost $5 billion, and this $5 billion were spent instead on $1,000-per-pound orbiting flights using smaller rockets, we could put up 2,500 tons of hardware, about the mass of a large cargo vessel. The dishonesty of these cost arguments should be obvious. If a totally new and larger vehicle like Nova is going to make a great many flights carrying thousands of tons into orbit, then it may be permissible to ignore development costs. But when these costs represent from one-half to 90 per cent of the sum total costs of all orbital flights, then failure to amortize them is scandalous.

Of course the funding of Apollo itself poses a question. NASA chief Webb recently estimated the moon round-trip tickets at $1 to $3 billion, rather than the $20 billion-plus generally quoted in the press over the past couple of years. With an annual NASA expenditure of $5 to $6 billion in 1964-69, Webb's latest figures suggest that Apollo is a mere bagatelle, a modest lark involving 3 to 10 per cent of the space budget during this decade. Actually, any study of the NASA budgets shows that over half of all monies go to direct or indirect cost relating to manned-flight operations, of which the primary example is Apollo. One needn't be a very astute Kremlinologist to divine Khrushchev's problem in sitting in on this poker game. If it were merely a matter of a couple of billion dollars spread over six to eight years, K. might deal himself a hand; but the Webb estimate ignores the vast back-up effort without which the Apollo flight is impossible. Aside from the monster bets required even to open the hand, there is always the expectation of unlimited raises, with old mother nature holding all kinds of wild cards in the hole. It is probably also true that K. and his cohorts are aware of the profound distortion of technological methods, direction and education policies produced by a program of this magnitude in a country that is increasingly concerned with growing pains at the consumer level. As far as the United States is concerned, research-and-development funding leading to a manned moon flight will deal a staggering blow to our balanced technological establishment. Those who think we don't have enough city planning engineers or experts in pest control or conservation ecologists should wait until 1970 when the NASA megabucks will have worked their will on our finite pool of youngsters able to master a scientific career.

Taken altogether, the most disturbing characteristic of Apollo is its obvious lack of multiple purposes. The rationale that our Nobel Prize experts and the men heading electronic and airframe outfits use for having a manned flight is that public interest is thereby stimulated. They seem to be saying that there would be no flights and no research in space at all without a massive spectator type of program where all eyes are on the man in the nose of the rocket. But the presence of the astronauts in the Apollo capsule so exacerbates the already formidable problems, so increases the number of extra pads and vehicles, so increases costs in all sorts of specialized areas, that there is little left over for the potentially fruitful and worth-while areas of research and development. In other words, the scientific "public relations" experts have saddled us with a program so wholly committed to a single objective that, instead of promoting space research in its broadest sense, it may actually hinder the proper development of this most interesting technological area.

Of course, not all scientists believe that publicly financed research should necessarily be for the public good. Speaking at the spring meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Urey complained, according to *Aviation Week* (April 29, 1963), that NASA could not show the single-mindedness of purpose common to most scientific research because of increasing outside pressure for divergent, and therefore conflicting, goals. About a similar speech by Dr. Thomas Gold of Cornell, *Aviation Week* reported that Dr. Gold pointed out that significant scientific achievements have always been unexpected, and that scientists could not extrapolate future gains from space research out of presently insufficient knowledge. Political pressures on NASA, Gold noted, were forcing extrapolations of this kind from the scientific community.

Such arrogant nonsense has gone on long enough. Somebody should point out to Urey and Gold that this is no college-basement, super-pure research project involving Professor X and his devoted graduate students. It is an open-ended engineering effort involving $40 billion, every dime of it from taxpayers who have no choice but to trust to people like Urey and Gold that their money will do some good. If NASA can't give a damned good estimate of how applied research in weather prediction, communications, astronomy, high-vacuum technology, geophysics and half a hundred related areas will be improved, then we had better form a posse pretty quickly. The trouble with Congressional probes of NASA has not been that they ask too much about the future use and meaning of this work, but that most members of Congress ask too few questions. A properly planned, multipurpose and multipronged space program just might show a human profit over the long term. NASA's program, whatever the organization men of science may call it, is jerry-built and phony, and lush with public relations stunts better left to circus barkers fronted by astronauts clipping bank-stock coupons.

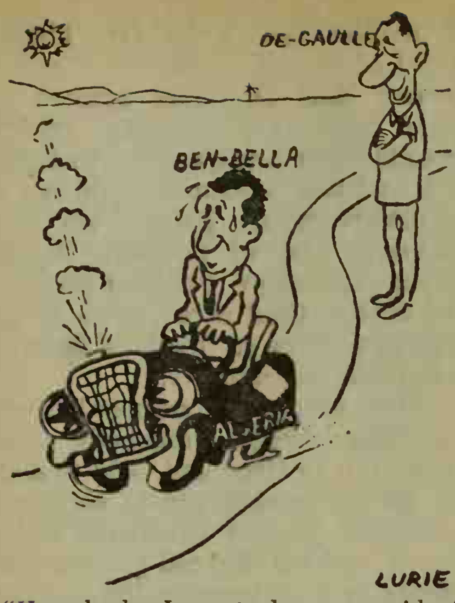
ALGERIAN CRISIS . . . .

Alexander Werth

Paris

It was M. de Broglie, de Gaulle's Minister in charge of Algerian Affairs, who, in speaking recently to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the National Assembly, used this phrase: "We wouldn't like Algeria to become to us what Cuba is to the United States." The phrase caused something of an uproar but, curiously, having been mentioned once in the press, it has no longer reappeared in any paper. I gather that de Gaulle expressed his displeasure with his minister's "unfortunate formula." "Cuba" implied the breaking off of diplomatic relations, blockades, embargoes and all kinds of other economic sanctions. And this does not enter into de Gaulle's plans for Algeria. His own private view appears to be this: the "Socialist experiment" Ben Bella is carrying out in Algeria, including all his various nationalizations of both French and Algerian property, is of no great interest to France. The French owners of nationalized property are receiving a certain amount of compensation out of the sums granted to Algeria and specially earmarked for the purpose.

There are two questions on which de Gaulle will not compromise with the Algerian Government: (1) the French oil interests in the Sahara



"How lucky I am to have got rid of this junk!"

Ben Roth Agency

are to be left intact, whatever Ben Bella may say "for the gallery" about Algeria's being entitled to a fair share of the profits; and (2) the Algerian Government may, for all France cares, protest against the Sahara's being used by France for her atomic tests, but these protests must remain purely platonic. A friend of mine who had a long talk with Ben Bella about a month ago came away with the impression that these were the two questions on which the Algerian president was going to tread very warily indeed.

Apart from these two delicate questions, however, there is no doubt that Ben Bella's Algeria is carrying out a Socialist experiment; and this in itself gives her an exceptional place not only in North Africa, but in Africa generally. As one French journal recently put it: "We don't know yet whether Ben Bella will be the Castro, Nasser or the Tito of Algeria, but he is certainly not a Hassan, a Fulbert Youlou or any other neo-colonialist king or president." No doubt Ben Bella has not been spared criticism on all kinds of counts: first of all, he is accused of dictatorial ambitions and of "totalitarianism"; he is charged with having developed his own "personality cult," and of suffering no criticism from either inside Algeria or outside. Hence the elimination, in a variety of ways, of nearly all the "old guard"—whether the "bourgeois" Ferhat Abbas, now living in more or less forced retirement at Setif, since his break with Ben Bella two months ago; or Boudiaf, Ben Bella's fellow prisoner in France, who has been jailed for allegedly plotting against Algeria with "foreign interests"; or Ait Ahmed, another close associate of Ben Bella's, who started his rebellion (so far, apparently futile) against Algiers in the mountains of Kabylia. Hence also the nationalization of three French-language newspapers in Algeria and, more serious, the expulsion of several French and American newspaper correspondents in Algeria, presumably because they stressed the totalitarian and intolerant nature of Ben Bella's regime. Ben Bella's reply is that he has "the overwhelming majority" of the Algerian people behind him, as the recent elections and referendum showed.

The other criticisms relate to the thorough incompetence and inefficiency of the New Algeria. This is unfair. The war ended only a little more than a year ago. Practically all the French technical cadres left; having lost in the war the great majority of Algerian technicians (and there were mighty few at any time), the new Algerian state had to carry out its Socialist experiment, complete with the nationalization of the large *colon* estates, with an absolute minimum of properly qualified people. Bottlenecks and other organizational difficulties inevitably arose: whereas, in a purely agricultural sense, the large farms taken over from the *colons* have shown no drop in output, there have been enormous marketing difficulties; thus, thousands of tons of tomatoes in the wealthy domains around Algiers were wasted through the lack of a proper marketing organization. But everywhere, under the Ben Bella regime, training courses for skilled labor capable of handling agricultural machinery are being set up; marketing and canning organizations are being built up and, in Ben Bella's view, a reasonably efficient social and economic system will come into being, complete with accountancy organizations, now existing in only the most rudimentary state in the cooperatives, state farms, etc. In his view, the "self-management" experiment in both agriculture and industry will prove a success within the next two years. Ben Bella is also placing great store on education and on the emancipation of women.

The major question that has, of course, often been asked is what kind of "socialism" Ben Bella has in mind. In a recent interview with Claude Estier, representing the near-Communist *Libération,* he said:

> *I am neither a Marxist nor an anti-Marxist. But I realize what our liberation owed to Marxist ideas. . . . When I dissolved the Algerian Communist Party, I made it clear that I was not an anti-Communist, and I continue to be on the best of terms with the Algerian Communists who cooperate loyally with us.*

In other words, the Algerian Communists, to be acceptable, have to integrate themselves into the single party, the FLN, this being, in Ben Bella's words, "the rallying point of all the elements determined to take Algeria along the road of socialism, and avoiding a situation whereby a bureaucratic apparatus would act independently of the popular will." Commenting on this, Estier says that Ben Bella is "an empiricist, rather than an ideologist" but that, by and large, Algeria seems to be moving in the right direction, and that, given sufficient aid from outside (and this includes not only French aid, but also American aid—particularly in food—and Soviet aid — particularly of a technical, economic and financial kind), it ought to be a reasonably well-run concern in two or three years.

This may or may not be so; Algeria, despite heavy casualties during the war, is suffering from overpopulation and unemployment; there are also some particularly "depressed areas" like overpopulated and war-devastated Kabylia, where the feeling that it is being neglected is at the root of the hitherto abortive Kabylian rebellion; the fact that many thousands volunteered for the army the moment the trouble with Morocco started points to a frantic desire to get away from the miserable, unemployed status still shared by more than a million people.

There are half a million Algerians working in France, but the French economy at present cannot absorb many more. As it is, the French have succeeded in the last year in integrating, with a minimum of difficulty, about 800,000 French Algerians when they did not expect, at the time of the Evian Agreements, many more than 200,000. Finding work and houses for a population that size has been one of the major achievements of the de Gaulle regime. More significant still, most of these people have adapted themselves surprisingly well to their new environment, and are not the major political problem it was thought they would be. They were generally given long-term credits, jobs and housing priorities, which reconciled most of them to de Gaulle, their "enemy number one."

True, there is still some bitterness left among these people, and no desire to settle in Algeria again; but, as against this, quite a number of French-born Frenchmen have taken jobs in Algeria, particularly in various technical and educational capacities, and are well paid. I know, for example, a secondary schoolteacher who, as head of a technical college in Algeria, earns nearly three times more than he earned in France. Whether, under a proper Socialist regime in Algeria, such an anomaly will continue is, of course, doubtful. But at present the Algerians, like the Russians in the 1920s, need skilled people at almost any price.

Whether Ben Bella's Socialist Algeria proves a success or not, it is now quite obvious that this kind of regime is beginning to worry its more conservative neighbors seriously. The "reformist" or, as the Algerians call it, the *immobilist* Tunisian regime of Bourguiba is worried, but the monarchist and ultra-capitalist regime of Hassan II's Morocco is even more so.

This is fully recognized in France by both Morocco's sympathizers on the Right and Algeria's sympathizers on the Left. Thus, the conservative *Figaro* speaks of "the incompatibility of the two regimes," with Ben Bella's socialism "exercising its powers of seduction on certain Moroccan and Tunisian oppositions toward Hassan II and Bourguiba." It also says that the "artificial frontier conflict" between Morocco and Algeria played into the hands of both Hassan II and Ben Bella in that they can divert public attention from their internal difficulties and appeal to the jingoist and nationalist sentiments existing in both countries. What is more, *Figaro* goes so far as to confirm the stories put about in the left-wing press in France that, since the disputed desert territories "may contain some valuable petrol and mineral deposits, all kinds of other interests may well be involved in all this." What the left-wing press, notably *Libération*, says is that the big capitalist mining interests in Morocco are particularly eager to acquire certain Algerian areas rich in coal, iron ore and other mineral deposits.

Although Moroccan troops have been occupying various points inside the Algerian border, and Algerian troops have been occupying one or two points inside the Moroccan border, it seems clear that the frontier operations were started by Morocco on the excuse that in 1961 Ferhat Abbas, then head of the "rebel" Algerian Government, agreed that the administrative border drawn by the French military should not be accepted as the definitive frontier between the two countries after the proclamation of Algeria's independence. But the present quarrel is clearly ideological rather than geographical.

Ben Bella has proposed that the dispute over the frontier be submitted to arbitration by the Addis Ababa United Africa Organization. Bourguiba, on the other hand, is calling for a local settlement of the dispute within the framework of the Maghreb countries, i.e., Tunisia, Morocco, Algeria and Libya. Nasser and the Arab League have meanwhile shown their support for Algeria; Ben Bella, in any case, has refused to talk until the Moroccan troops have pulled out of Algerian territory. Haile Selassie's attempt at mediation came to nothing. But this is only one side of the story. Ben Bella, with the support of Nasser, is trying to isolate Hassan from the rest of the African countries, and particularly the Arab countries. To the Algerian leader, capitalist Morocco is not only enemy number one, but is also highly vulnerable in view of the great opposition in Morocco to Hassan's "feudal" regime.

Now, the case of Morocco has given rise to a great deal of comment in France. Both Left and Right are agreed on one thing: if, between the independence of Morocco in 1955 and the summer of 1963, the country was following a policy of democratic reforms, the great turning point came last summer when Hassan II, scared of the growing opposition, took a sharp turn to the Right. The 1962 constitution seemed to provide the framework for a democratic regime. But on the eve of the municipal elec-

tions of July, 1963, the Moroccan Government discovered a more or less genuine "plot"; as a result, hundreds of the most important members of the main opposition party, the UNFP (Union Nationale des Forces Populaires) were arrested, and the municipal elections — which, indirectly, were also elections of the Second Chamber — proved a complete mockery.

There is also overwhelming evidence that the UNFP candidates and other oppositionists arrested have been suffering months of ill treatment and torture. A. P. Lentin, one of the best authorities on North Africa in the French press, has published pages of the most lurid details in *Libération*, complete with stories of French torture experts and even old S.S. men taking part in these operations. Even the liberal *Le Monde*, generally favorable to Morocco and King Hassan, has been urging him to abandon his Fascist and absolutist path, totally incompatible with the Moroccan constitution of 1962. The question raised by Prof. Maurice Duverger in *Le Monde* is whether King Hassan will allow Parliament to meet, complete with the opposition deputies now under arrest, or whether the constitution will simply be scrapped and replaced by a more or less official Fascist dictatorship. In addition to the "progressist" UNFP and the Communists, the moderately liberal Istiqlal party (which had played so important a part in Morocco's struggle for independence) also recently became an opposition party; but Hassan, by appealing to their middle-class nationalist sentiments, partly regained their support when he ordered his army to invade Algeria. What is significant, though, is that he should have attacked Algeria and not the Spanish enclaves in Morocco, such as Ifni and Rio del Oro. General Franco is not Hassan's ideological enemy as Ben Bella is. For, despite Algerian poverty and mismanagement, Ben Bella has succeeded, with his "socialism," in building himself up as a major revolutionary force in the eyes of the depressed and oppressed multitudes of the Moroccan opposition.

The war between Morocco and Algeria has amounted to no more than a few frontier clashes (in which a few lives have, however, already been lost). There is also the still somewhat obscure story of the five Egyptians who were captured by the Moroccans. Had Nasser sent them to help the Algerians?

Whether Ben Bella is going about it well or not, he is at least trying to do something that neither Morocco nor Tunisia has done. In the opinion of many French observers his effort is all the more praiseworthy since he embarked on his experiment in conditions far more difficult than any that ever existed in either Tunisia or Morocco—that is, after a particularly devastating seven-year war. And one thing is certain: throughout Africa, Algeria has become the object of the greatest interest and curiosity. If France, the United States and even Russia (with a $100 million program) are all helping, it is not, of course, out of sheer kindness of heart; 80 per cent of Algeria's foreign trade is with France, and both sides enjoy preferential tariffs and benefit from prices above world prices; most of France's oil comes from what is technically Algeria; and France has a monopoly in the shipping between the two countries. And, as in so many other cases, the United States and the Soviet Union are, by helping Algeria, limiting each other's influence in that country.

Although Russia has, on the whole, sided with Algeria rather than with Morocco, she also is anxious to bring about a peaceful settlement, if only because she would be reluctant to break her many useful contacts in Morocco.

DIAL 2122428180 . . . .

Wesley Marx

Not only the New York Yankees were found vincible in October. Another organization accustomed to having its own way, American Telephone & Telegraph, was temporarily enjoined from spreading its latest technological plague, all-numeral calling (ANC) or digit dialing, in California. A modest citizens' group managed this feat, and the group's success suggests that time and arrogance are finally catching up with A.T.&T.

Only an IBM machine can truly appreciate the decision to go to ANC. The telephone company predicts that by 1985 the United States will have as many phones as people —280 million. The company feels the present dial system does not provide enough telephone number combinations to accommodate this ringing future. In addition to providing more combinations, an all-number dial provides uniformity. No more BUtterfields, YUkons or SYcamores, just numbers. And uniformity, as any IBM machine will tell you, is the soul mate of efficiency.

Growth, Progress, Uniformity — it's enough to convince anybody — except the person who uses ANC. He discovers that the numerical nightmares of ANC are neither simple to remember nor efficient to use. Besides aiding the memory, those obsolete letter prefixes are very efficient in identifying telephone numbers that lie outside one's toll-free area. The telephone company commiserates, but we all know what Growth means. "Growth means Change and a Population Explosion means ANC (A Necessary Change)," lectures one telephone brochure. For remaining doubters and/or dunces the phone company makes available an eighteen-minute film entitled "Mr. Digit and the Battle of Bubbling Brook." But even Mr. Digit can't enlighten some people. They complain—get this—that VAlencia, ORchard and LUdlow are just nice and aesthetic to have

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Wesley Marx, a California reporter, has contributed to a number of West Coast magazines.

around instead of serial numbers. But then there's always one or two in a crowd, isn't there?

Despite the company's patient efforts to educate the telephone public, a group of San Francisco people formed an Anti Digit Dialing League. Today 3,500 members pay $2 annual dues and wear a black-and-white lapel button shaped like a telephone dial—without numbers. Who are some of the finks who would stop progress, the population explosion and A.T.&T.? President of the league is Hiram Johnson, III, grandson and namesake of the Senator who campaigned against the Southern Pacific Railroad when it was known as the Octopus. S. I. Hayakawa, the noted semanticist, is a director. The volunteer counsel is a San Francisco lawyer of national repute, Melvin Belli (YUkon 1-1849). An insurance trade journal refers to Belli's success in personal injury suits—in one six-month period his clients won $1.5 million in damages—as "one of the real threats to the automobile insurance industry."

The league got the busy signal from Pacific Tel, A.T.&T.'s California subsidiary. According to Belli, the company repeatedly refused "to discuss this new scheme (ANC) responsibly and to present valid reasons for it." After being told to Think Bigger, Think Ahead and see Mr. Digit if there were any more questions, the league went to see the California Public Utilities Commission, empowered to regulate Pacific Tel. The commission was also receiving complaints about ANC from the Utility Users League, a Los Angeles group led by Edward Blincoe. The commission ordered public hearings on ANC.

Pacific Tel turned from Mr. Digit to its legal department. "The telephone company has never pretended that it [ANC] is the only solution [to growth]," testified Pacific Tel attorney, Francis Marshall, "but it has presented a case showing that it is the least expensive and the least disruptive solution." But for whom? At the hearings Los Angeles printer Chester Lydai estimated that Los Angeles professional people—doctors, lawyers, dentists — spent $200,000 to change their business ads and letterheads to the new ANC listings. Many were forced to make another costly printing change back to the old letter prefixes. (The numbered prefixes correspond on the dial to the old letter prefixes, a fact which the league stresses would facilitate the return to the old system.) Confused clients couldn't tell by the numbered prefix where the doctor or lawyer was located and whether the call would be out of their local calling area. Los Angeles contractor Terry Garabedian said his phone bill went up $30 to $50 a month with the advent of ANC because of "many salesmen dialing the wrong numbers and dialing into zones they have no business dialing into, because they don't know where they are dialing."

ANC seemed to disrupt memories as well as phone bills. "I've got a helluva good memory for telephone numbers," testified semanticist Hayakawa, "but with all numbers I can't even remember a prefix across the [San Francisco] Bay." A Pacific Tel attorney kindly confirmed such human difficulty by accidentally transposing an ANC number in his notes during the hearings. An observant James Oppen, an attorney joining in the action against ANC, immediately called the attorney to the stand to testify to his difficulty with ANC. Observed Johnson, "You make one little mistake and the whole thing is out of kilter: 801 (area code) is Canada, 808 is Hawaii and 805, for some unknown reason, is Bakersfield, California." As Belli was careful to point out, the telephone company profits by, rather than pays for, such errors of complex uniformity.

Faced with this critique of ANC, Pacific Tel reverted to the dogma of uniformity. "We feel that all phone numbers should be the same, of the same type, in order to keep dial errors at the lowest possible level," explained a Pacific Tel traffic engineer, Neil Calderwood. Calderwood added that the majority of telephone users, in contrast to the league, seemed to accept the gift of uniformity willingly. Belli wondered if Calderwood arrived at this conclusion by polling people who have to use ANC. He was told that Pacific Tel does not run its business on popularity polls. Belli turned to some organizations that have a higher regard for public reaction. After asking readers to send in ballots indicating approval or disapproval of ANC, the *San Francisco Chronicle* found that 66 per cent were opposed to ANC. The *Chronicle* also found out that someone or some organization enjoyed sending in sixty to seventy ballots of approval in one envelope. The newspaper then conducted a telephone poll and the percentage of opposition rose to 80 per cent. In Los Angeles County, the most populous county in the state, state Senator Thomas Rees reported, "To date I have not found one private citizen who is for all-digit dialing."

Belli wondered if there were other dialing alternatives to the Population Explosion that might be palpable to the public as well as A.T.&T. Calderwood admitted that adding exchanges like AQ or AZ would provide the needed increase of combinations while retaining letter prefixes. But such a system just couldn't be. "It would eliminate the simplicity of the uniform system," lamented Marshall. Commented Johnson to the commission, "Apparently the telephone company, like so many great corporations, is obsessed with the curse of bigness; they have a desire for uniformity."

The company was so obsessed that conversion to ANC continued while hearings on ANC's future or lack of one progressed. By early September of this year 70 per cent of California was ANC. "I am shocked beyond words," Belli wrote to the commission, "that a litigant [Pacific Tel] would arrogantly advise the public that it is going ahead with its program . . . while the program is under specific judicial review." On October 1, the commission ordered a halt to ANC conversion pending "final decision on the issues raised by the complainants." The commission has concluded the hearings and is now faced with 3,200 pages of testimony to review.

The restraining order is the first

of its kind. A.T.&T. has converted about half the nation to ANC and expects to finish the purge of letters by 1965. The league is out seeking more such orders and less conversion. After a phone official told him New York would be the last to convert to ANC, New York *Herald Tribune* columnist Jimmy Breslin wrote, "The last? The word is never. Belli is in town and we have leadership, mister." Belli told the inspired Breslin that the league is presently working on a booklet titled, "How to Murder the Telephone Company," and the attorney then outlined one tactic of active nonviolence.

> *At a prescribed time people all over the country will dial an operator and demand that she connect them with Mr. George Funkernicke, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio. If he is not at home, find out where he is and reach him there. No, we don't want to be connected with information. No, we don't want area codes. We are through doing the telephone company's work. We want to speak to our party in Dayton and if he isn't there, find out where he is.*

Whether or not the league succeeds in halting ANC, it is congealing growing resentment against A.T.&T.'s ignorance and arrogance about public needs. The company that can devise Telestar can't seem to devise a device that would allow a person to alert the police to a lewd or suspicious call. The private home is also open game for another breed of dial-happy souls. A.T.&T. obligingly lists telephone subscribers by street address to aid phone-blitz warriors in converting the home into a positive Pavlovian delight. Yet the resulting phone bills from health hucksters, dance mongers and cosmetic canvassers apparently don't satisfy the telephone company. In addition to the complaints against ANC, the California commission is reviewing charges by its investigative staff that Pacific Tel made $32 million in excess profits last year. In suggesting where some of this excess might be cut, the Los Angeles City Attorney has urged that toll-trap barriers which criss-cross metropolitan areas be lowered.

Meanwhile Pacific Tel, complaining about the high cost of Progress, Telestar, etc., has requested a rate increase that would bag an additional $44 million a year. But the fellow who uses the phone couldn't care less about having a direct line to Smolensk or the moon. "Do you make direct digit-dialing calls to Afghanistan, Turkey or Arabia?" was the rhetorical question addressed to witnesses by Blincoe at the ANC hearings. As the Anti Digit Dialing League and the Utility Users League point out, the public, particularly in this day of traffic-congested cities, depends on the phone much more as a local (rather than international) means of communication and would appreciate having such communication made easier rather than obstructed by toll traps, phone-blitz warriors and seven-digit memory breakers.

There is even some indication that A.T.&T. is getting the message; last year its public relations budget was hiked $51.4 million. But A.T.&T. already devotes too much attention to salving its corporate ego. Chairman Frederick Kappel, bridling over government meddling, characteristically griped to a *Look* reporter, "It's the one-legged ex-motorcycle cop and the ex-drugstore clerk who get to be [state utility] commissioner who know all about it." Fortunately, when A.T.&T. doesn't pay attention to people who use phones, the one-legged ex-motorcycle cop does.

RED TRAWLERS

Encroaching Fishermen . . . .

William S. Ellis

Suddenly, Congress gets the picture: the seas have parted to reveal a nasty Red monster, ready to blow its fiery breath on free enterprise. Quickly and dutifully, Congress reacts. As a result, more attention is now being paid to the commercial fishing industry than at any time since Spencer Tracy squeezed a concertina in *Captains Courageous.*

It has all happened in the past year. A procession of bills designed to aid the industry has moved in both the House and Senate; newspapers have attempted (with little success) to untangle for their readers the vast complexities of geography and law that apply to competitive fishing on an international scale; and television has taken us directly to the scenes at sea.

As recently as last year, I wrote (*The Nation,* April 28, 1962) that this country's commercial fishing industry was in danger of dying, and that the government didn't seem anxious to do anything about it. Some, notably Benjamin Smith, former Senator from Massachusetts, made heroic efforts to cut through the apathy, but their voices went unheard.

What is responsible for the sudden marked improvement in the climate for fisheries legislation? More than anything else it is the continued presence of the Russian fishing fleet off New England. These vessels, numbering more than 200 at times, are like a rash on our cold-war-conditioned sense of security; and no amount of itching, it seems, will make them go away. They are big, modern, well-equipped fishing boats, capable of making a shambles of any grounds they work. And they are working the rich fisheries off our northeast coast as if they were on the last day of a five-year plan.

At first, Washington tended to ignore the Russians. In fact, the rude but not unlawful invasion of our traditional fishing grounds was accepted as a painless concession to the cause of better Soviet-American relations. The reasoning seemed

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William S. Ellis, a former New England newspaper reporter, is now a free-lance writer.

to be that as long as the industry was dying anyway, why not mark the grave with an olive branch rather than an arrow? The government was correct, of course, when it pointed out that it could not stop the Russians from fishing there; they were close to our shores, but not close enough to violate our three-mile territorial water limit. It could also be said that by condemning the Russians for competing against us in an open economic situation like commercial fishing, we would be condemning free enterprise, the quintessence of America's ideological arsenal.

Resentment of the Red fleet, which is vastly superior to anything ever seen at any of the North Atlantic fisheries, began to mount when it was disclosed that trawlers out of New England ports were being harassed. One boat was rammed; others became entangled in discarded Russian net material; and a ninety-foot redfish dragger out of Portland, Maine, snagged a Russian submarine (submarines and helicopters complement the might of the uninvited visitors) in its nets, and suffered damages amounting to thousands of dollars.

At the same time, a new voice was being heard in the Senate. It expressed concern about the Soviet fishermen and asked the State Department to file a "strong, formal protest" over the "exploitation" of international waters off New England. Senator Edward M. Kennedy was speaking. About a month later, Kennedy announced that the State Department had assured him it was moving to obtain international controls over fishing in the Northwest Atlantic.

A new image of the American fisherman—long the embodiment of a fierce, founding-father type of resourcefulness—was etched on the conscience of Congress. It was one thing for him to be in trouble of his and his own government's making, but quite another to be pushed around by the Russians. Thus, the following actions were quickly taken:

— A bill to arrest, fine and jail foreign poachers who fish within the territorial waters of the United States was passed by the Senate and sent along to the House. It provided for fines up to $10,000 and a year's imprisonment, and also made the foreign vessel and its catch subject to seizure. Edwin J. Rowland, commandant of the Coast Guard, terms this "an excellent tool" to combat intruders.

— A bill to increase federal subsidies for construction of commercial fishing vessels, from 33⅓ per cent up to as much as 55 per cent of the cost, was passed by the Senate and is now awaiting action by the House.

— Senate bill S627 calls for an annual appropriation of $5 million to establish fisheries research programs. The money is to be parceled out to individual states. Passed by the Senate, the bill is now in committee in the House.

— Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall in late October announced that a ten-year program, designed to revitalize the fishing industry, will be conducted by the Interior's Bureau of Commercial Fisheries. The program will concentrate on three areas: research, development and services to the industry. (In Washington's memo-writing circles, the overall program will be known as "Trident," after Neptune's three-pronged spear.)

Yet none of this action will have a direct effect on what is chiefly responsible for its introduction: the presence of the Russian trawlers. The only course open to this country in that respect is to extend its boundaries of territorial waters.

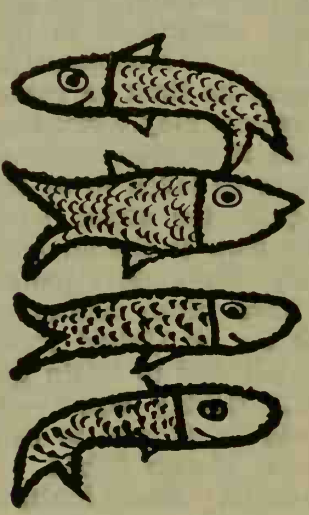
There is nothing to limit the number of nautical miles a nation can claim for its territorial waters, other than its ability to patrol the area effectively. Twenty-eight nations enforce a broader limit than our own three miles—Chile, Ecuador and Peru, for example, each claims jurisdiction over 200 miles. Of more importance to this country is Canada's announced intention to extend its limit to twelve miles starting next May. Since many New England fishermen now work the waters to be taken in by the Canadian grab, the action would deal another blow to the already reeling industry. However, Canadian officials have given assurances that vessels out of United States ports will be allowed to retain their "traditional" fishing rights — that is, they will be allowed to fish where they have always fished.

Territorial offshore limits throughout the world are marked by buoys of confusion. Some are rigidly enforced (witness Iceland's firing on British fishermen in 1960), whereas others are meaningless lines on dusty charts. Some nations allow certain other nations to violate their limits for the purpose of fishing; still others permit "innocent passage" within claimed boundaries—meaning, for instance, that if a Russian trawler wants to pass more closely than three miles to the Florida coast while going to Cuba, it can do so, provided it doesn't send someone ashore to drop poison pellets in the drinking water supply at Port Charlotte.

Incorporated in the Senate-approved bill to increase subsidies for construction of fishing boats is a proposal to extend our territorial limits to cover the waters of the Continental Shelf. This would indeed be a major departure from the traditional three miles, since the Continental Shelf extends as much as 180 miles into the Atlantic at a point off Massachusetts, and as far as 125 miles into the Gulf of Mexico off the Texas-Louisiana border. At other points, such as offshore along the Florida coast, the shelf narrows to about ten miles.

Under the proposal, it would be left up to the President to define the limits beyond which Russian and other foreign vessels would have to operate. The confusion and complexities wrapped in such a move are immense, and the likelihood of its working out to anyone's advantage is remote. A more realistic action would be to set a standard twelve-mile territorial limit for all nations, as was proposed at Geneva's 1960 International Convention on Laws of the Sea (where it failed ratification by one vote).

No matter what bills are passed by Congress, it is difficult to conceive of meaningful fisheries action on a single-country level. The problem is too international in scope. There is even a pressing need for consolidation of the multi-nation fisheries treaties now in effect. For example, Japan is signatory to a treaty with Canada and the United States, the terms of which govern much of the multimillion-dollar North Pacific commercial fishing industry. It also has an agreement with Russia concerning the number of Siberian-spawned salmon it may catch. By getting the catch restrictions of the former relaxed, Japan would be in a better position to negotiate the latter. And that is what it has recently succeeded in doing, much to the dismay of those who realize the importance of not only maintaining but increasing conservation practices in the fisheries.



The sharpness of the competition in commercial fishing is like a knife piercing the heart of conservation. The Russians alone took almost 450 million pounds of fish from Georges Bank and the Gulf of Maine in 1962. To do so they used large quantities of net with inner-lining mesh of less than half an inch. The minimum mesh size authorized by the International Convention for the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries, of which Russia is a member, is four inches. The Russians, then, sweep up everything — baby feed fish, cigarette-size herring, even mud. Nothing is thrown back. "They don't even give handouts to sea gulls," said a fisherman on a trawler out of Boston.

As harmful as these fishing methods are, it must be remembered that fish is an essential part of the protein diet for the people of most nations. And mounting populations and growing world hunger are turning more and more to the sea for food. The Russians did not come 4,000 miles to Georges Bank simply to strut their rudders in some teasing, exasperating cold-war choreography. They came for fish—fish desperately needed in a country troubled by food shortages.

Russia is not alone in this far-ranging search for protein. A Japanese fishing vessel was sighted this summer trawling along the South Atlantic coast of the United States.

"We have cause to suspect there are plans for it [the Japanese boat] to fish for shrimp in the Gulf," said Frank P. Briggs, assistant secretary for fish and wildlife, U.S. Department of the Interior. "There can be no doubt that fishing in the Gulf of Mexico will be greatly intensified in the near future."

Still, this plundering of the fisheries must stop if the sea is to continue to be harvested in the years ahead. It will not be an easy thing to accomplish, since neither Russia nor Japan is conservation-minded. What Russia is doing in the Atlantic (and what Japan would like to do in the Pacific) has shocked fishermen in this country, although they, more than anyone else, should know that effective conservation measures seldom succeed in an economic situation where the basic product is free for the taking. It does little good for Titus Peavy of Gloucester to cut down on his catch of cod if Vladimir Karamazov is going to work the same grounds and double his catch.

It has even reached the irrational point where in some fisheries more fish can be caught only by cutting down on the number of fishermen. It has been estimated that if the fishing efforts on the North Sea were cut in half, allowing the stocks to recover, the catch would increase as much as 30 per cent. Then, too, there is the puzzling spectacle of massive fleets covering the waters of the North Pacific in search of salmon. In a situation of less cutting competition, the expense of going to sea might be saved by waiting for the salmon to return to the rivers of their origin.

There seems to be only one way in which reduction of fishing activities can be accomplished: the successful mating of international law to more realistic objectives in commercial fishing. The result will have to be an all-encompassing, enforceable agreement demanding rigid adherence, and it can probably best be drafted within the framework of the United Nations. Until this is achieved, the long-range outlook remains shadowed with doubts; meanwhile, the new-found expressions of Congressional sympathy for the commercial fishermen of this country do little more than provide the industry with a second wind in the mad race to grab off as much fish in as short a time as possible.

So that the United States fishing industry can take the lead in searching for a workable agreement, as it must do if a lead is to be taken at all, it must first clean the cobwebs out of its own house. It needs to fill the management vacuum that for so long has branded the industry as undisciplined. It needs to abandon its dedication to a once splendid, but now moldy, system of rough-and-ready commerce. It needs to learn to use political tools. It needs, in short, to learn to live with the times.

There are those who seem anxious to have the industry hide its shortcomings behind a cold-war cover. It is easy to say that the Russian trawlers off our shores are responsible for bringing the industry to its knees. But commercial fishermen in this country were in that position long before the Russians came; only now, as they try to straighten up, are their joints cracking for all the world to hear.

Crusade in America

MANDATE FOR CHANGE. The White House Years, 1953-1956. By Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday & Co. 650 pp. $6.95.

George G. Kirstein

It is a rare literary event when a book is published which one can predict with certainty will be read by historians and scholars as long as men speak the English language. *Mandate for Change* will so survive, not because of its intrinsic merit, but because of the eminence of its author and the power inherent in the offices he held. Recognizing that posterity will judge this book by different criteria than will the author's contemporaries, I feel that the reviewer has an obligation to reveal his prejudices, if any, so that the prospective purchaser of this volume may judge whether he is reading a book review or a political essay.

My own conviction is that no American alive today deserves better at the hands of his fellow countrymen than the victorious General of the Armies who became the twice-elected President of the United States. From the time he entered West Point as a cadet to the moment of the inauguration of his successor, with the exception of a brief interval as president of a great university, Dwight D. Eisenhower devoted his life to government service. During his administration, while this magazine was under my direction, we declined to indulge in the fashionable but tasteless references to the frequency of his golf games or to tease about his often-confused grammatical syntax. While we frequently criticized his actions and those of his administration, we made an effort to treat the man editorially with the dignity and respect he so richly deserved. While we did not support either of his Presidential candidacies, our reasoning, in his second campaign at least, was based more on fears for his health than on any profound preference for his opponent, particularly as Mr. Stevenson revealed himself in the 1956 campaign. I disclose these possibly irrelevant attitudes because as a reviewer I must confess that this book did not strengthen my high regard for its author. Indeed, it had the opposite effect.

In the first place, his account not only lacks entirely the grandeur of literary style that distinguished his good friend Winston Churchill's memoirs of wartime leadership, it does not even approach the stylistic quality of the author's own previous fine book, *Crusade in Europe*. Possibly General Eisenhower felt more at ease discussing military matters, as contrasted to political events, or perhaps the passage of years since the earlier volume has sapped his energies; or — and from internal evidence this is the most likely supposition—perhaps he wrote *Mandate for Change* without sufficient professional help. Whatever the reason, this book, viewed purely as a literary effort, is without distinction.

Quite apart from the author's shortcomings, the publisher does not seem to have treated the book with the care one would expect. Certainly most editors would have suggested changes in such sentences as, "During the campaign the Vice President carried on a vigorous effort to . . . give visibility to Republican accomplishments. . . ." —or called the author's attention to the awkwardness of, "Then, quickly and partially extemporaneously, I turned to our new proposal." In addition, the proofreaders missed at least one typographical error (page 493), and several of the appendices carry neither title nor date.

Turning from trivia to what the reader may hope to learn from this book, it is easier to start with the negative. The most careful reader will not gain any new view of known events nor discover that any significant facts are here disclosed for the first time. For example, take the revolutions in Iran and Guatemala, the outcomes of which were both of prime interest to the United States. With respect to the Iranian Premier's downfall we are told, "Then, suddenly and dramatically, the opposition to Mossadegh and the Communists—by those loyal to the Shah—began to work. The Iranian Army turned against officers whom Mossadegh had installed." See! No CIA —no American intervention—just a self-igniting and spontaneous reversal of political mood by the masses and the Army. With respect to the overthrow of a duly elected government in Guatemala we read, "The major factor in the successful outcome was the disaffection of the Guatemalan armed forces and the population as a whole with the tyrannical regime of Arbenz." Now General Eisenhower knows, as we all know, that Ambassador Peurifoy and the CIA are entitled to the credit — or the blame — for this revolution. I can readily understand that an ex-President, just as much as an incumbent, is bound by security considerations when discussing the operations of a secret governmental agency like the CIA. None the less, General Eisenhower is less than forthright with us in these two cases, and throughout the book he adds little to what is already public knowledge.

Where he is enlightening—and the reason that the book is well worth study—is that a leading world figure in the history of his era gives us a deep insight into the qualities that endeared him to the American people. The many extracts from his personal diary and the several letters to his close friend, Everett ("Swede") Hazlett, reveal the author at his sincere and warm best. An example of the inherent decency and honor of the man is his attitude to the party platform which the Republicans adopted at the 1952 convention and on which he successfully conducted his Presidential campaign. He describes his very first White House meeting with leaders of his own party less than a week after his inauguration as follows:

> *In this first meeting I said first that it was my intention to redeem the pledges of the platform and the campaign. To my astonishment, I discovered that some of the men in the room could not seem to understand the seriousness with which I regarded our platform's provisions, and were amazed by my uncompromising assertion that I was going to do my best to fulfill every promise. . . .*

Two years later at a meeting of Republican legislative leaders, he records:

> *. . . though I did not consider my views sacrosanct, I did believe that the party had to redeem its platform pledge. . . .*

Of this same meeting, he explains:

> *I just wanted all Republicans to keep working for every single item we, as a party, had promised the nation.*

One can almost see the barely suppressed grins of the attending hard-nosed politicians. But here is a man of honor—of naïveté no doubt—but an essentially honorable man.

There is no purpose in laboring this point. No one who lived under the Eisenhower administration and pretended to objectivity doubted the inherent decency of the man. Nor could we doubt the sincere desire of an old soldier, who had seen too much bloodshed, for peace. His book confirms that within the somewhat narrow framework of his convictions, the search for peace was his dearest endeavor. He describes his well-remembered speech to the American people on the eve of his departure to the abortive Geneva Summit Conference as follows:

> *We want peace, I said, and pessimism never won a battle. Peoples everywhere wanted peace, I said—a peace in which they could live happily and in confidence. To show the world America's earnest desire for peace, I asked that all Americans, on the next Sabbath, crowd the places of worship. . . .*

Peace he wanted, an abstract peace—a peace to be won more by prayer than through any negotiations with an enemy which, by all tenets of Eisenhower's morality, should be willing to concede its own basic and instrinsic evil.

His views on communism are so typically American that one can only smile at the insanity of the Birchites who charge him with being "a conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." Here are only a few typical descriptions of the forces with whom he was seeking peace: "Soviet conspiracy," "Communist enslavement of millions, "Communist aggression" and "the diabolical threat of international communism." He was convinced that this conspiracy was not only an external threat but internal as well. He cites with the pride of accomplishment the statistics of terminations from the government service which resulted from his effective loyalty program.

> *During the course of 1953-54, 8008 cases of security risks were identified by properly appointed boards. As a result 3002 were dismissed as security risks, and 5006 resigned before their cases were acted upon.*

One's eyes fill at the thought of the family tragedies encompassed by these barren statistics. Peace he wanted and peace he hopelessly sought, but he neither believed that we could negotiate effectively with our untrustworthy antagonists nor did he even have faith that federal employees would necessarily make a wise choice as between our own and the rival system.

One aspect of the book will interest his contemporaries rather than future historians — his attitude toward his vice president, Richard Nixon, who is again emerging as a potential Presidential candidate. During his tenure of office, rumor persisted that President Eisenhower, despite his frequent protestations to the contrary, disliked his understudy. Of his choice of Nixon on the 1952 Republican ticket, the author writes:

> *But the feature that especially appealed to me was the reputation that Congressman Nixon had achieved for fairness in the investigating process. Not once had he overstepped the limits prescribed by the American sense of fair play or American rules. . . . He did not persecute or defame. This I greatly admired.*

I'm speechless.

With respect to domestic matters President Eisenhower took pride in the fact that he stood squarely in the middle of the road. He sums up his political credo:

> *The generality that I advance is merely this: excluding the field of moral values, anything that affects or is proposed for masses of humans is wrong if the position it seeks is at either end of possible argument.*

As I said at the outset, this book will live into the boundless future; this review will be forgotten next week, even by those few who read it. Yet if I could communicate with future readers of *Mandate for Change*, I would say to them, "Study the book well, for this man, more than most, had the virtues of his country and his era. He was trusted, and because he was trusted he was loved. He was chosen by his countrymen as their leader in war and in peace because he typified them—in both their virtues and their faults. If you do not think well of him, you would not have thought well of us, for the vast majority of us believed as he did, and his leadership reflected our composite views." So would I say to future historians. To my contemporaries I say that General Eisenhower is a man completely without guile, a man of consistency in action and predictability in thought. The reader of this volume will search in vain for any evidence of meaningful self-criticism or of any deep understanding of the real problems that confront us. And because he is so much what he is, so predictable, and so steadfastly true to his own concepts of morality, he suffers one minor flaw. The man, like his book, is a bore.

Prophet to the End

THE PROPHET OUTCAST: Trotsky, 1929-1940. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 543 pp. $9.50.

Harry Braverman

In 1940, as King Haakon of Norway and his ministers waited despondently for the British warship that was to take them into exile, their talk turned to an incident of four years before. Leon Trotsky, stateless and pursued not only by Stalin but by right-wing extremists and Fascists, had found refuge in Norway. After only a year, the Norwegian Government, harassed by both Stalin and the Nazis, moved to expel him on a charge pressed by Vidkun Quisling's small pro-Nazi group. At the Ministry of Justice, surrounded by officials and police, Trotsky thundered at Trygve Lie:

> *This is your first act of surrender to Nazism in your own country. You will pay for this. You think yourselves secure and free to deal with a political exile as you please. But the day is near—remember this!—the day is near when the Nazis will drive you from your country, all of you together with your* Pantoffel-Minister-President.

This was the prophecy which the king and his ministers, one of them struggling "to keep back my tears," now recalled.

Many others were compelled to come to terms with the words of the oracle. Russian oppositionists who had capitulated to Stalin as the successes of Soviet industrialization mounted, later pondered Trotsky's warnings while they awaited the executioner's bullet in the cellars of the GPU. Germans and Europeans of every nationality, caught in the toils of Hitlerism, reflected whether even the most desperate measures urged by an anguished Trotsky in the fateful years of the Nazis' ascent to power would not

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Harry Braverman, whose The Future of Russia *(Macmillan) has just been issued, is an editor in a New York publishing house.*

have been better. American and British editors who, early in the summer of 1939, rejected as "without news value" an article by Trotsky warning that Hitler was about to make a pact with Stalin, had second thoughts about matching their judgment against that of the formidable soothsayer. Liberals who had endorsed the Moscow Trials later had occasion to cover up their confusion by demanding to know why Khrushchev did not speak out against the purges in 1937. And in Moscow itself, Stalin's heirs in power have found themselves forced, after many decades, to come to grips with the heretical issues raised in the twenties and thirties by the banished revolutionary.

"All armed prophets have conquered, and the unarmed ones have been destroyed," wrote Machiavelli in a paragraph from which Isaac Deutscher took the titles of the first and second volumes of his massive and brilliant biography. Now, in the final volume, which takes the story from exile on the Turkish island of Prinkipo to the final episodes in Mexico and the assassination by a GPU agent, the prophet outcast remains prophet to the end.

Trotsky's biographer has confronted a task of incredible difficulty. Historians tend to express the consensus of an age, but about Trotsky there is as yet no consensus. From the start of his last exile to the present, he has found no haven in a divided world. In the West, his message of classic Marxism and revolution is scorned, and such sympathy as has been granted him focuses on his heroic personality, astounding deeds and powerfully expressive literary style. In his "own" Soviet camp, his name is still anathema, uttered in public only with curses. The outline of his life and ideas has been buried under a mountain of calumny contributed by both sides. Since the first requirement of objectivity is the restoration of Trotsky as actuality in place of Trotsky as ogre or myth, the task called for a biographer of strong sympathies with the man and his work.

In filling this role, Deutscher is by no means uncritical. As one of the leaders of an anti-Stalinist Communist group in Poland during the thirties, he disagreed at that time with Trotsky's view that a new International was practicable, and disagrees with him in retrospect on other issues. What is most important, he is himself a first-class exponent of classical Marxism, and brings to his task a long immersion in Socialist politics of the period between wars. Adding to these qualities those of a conscientious researcher and scrupulous historian, a penetrating comprehension of the issues under discussion, and a style as vivid as it is lucid, he has produced a biography of Trotsky that is at once exposition, critique and tribute.

What distinguishes these three volumes above all is that, almost alone among historical writings on the Soviet Union, they have utilized the rich experience of the post-Stalin era intelligently and with full appreciation of its historical relevance to light up the dark and tangled struggles of earlier years. For this reason his trilogy transcends biography and history to stand as one of the major political works of the postwar period.

Having been granted access by Trotsky's wife to the closed section of the Trotsky archives at Harvard, Deutscher, in this final volume, has been able to paint a portrait which in depth and complexity, pathos and humanity, will surprise even those who have followed most closely the Trotsky record and the Trotsky legend. The man who emerges from these pages concealed weaknesses and tremors beneath the indomitable exterior — human flaws

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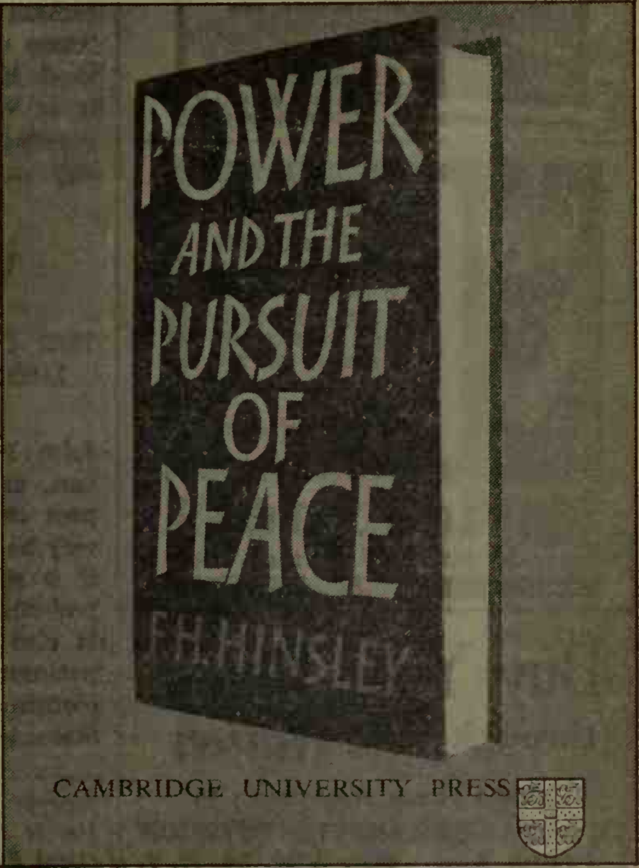

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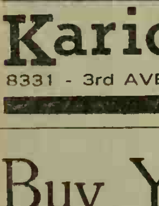

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In his years of exile, Trotsky set himself the related tasks of keeping alive the tradition of classical Marxism and breathing life into a new Communist movement based upon that tradition. Brilliantly successful in the first of these undertakings, he failed altogether in the second. In retrospect, it is clear that his success and his failure are closely bound up with each other.

Trotsky staked all on the ability of the working classes of the Western countries to create a new society through their own direct revolutionary action, and to rule that society themselves, without bureaucratic trustees or political surrogates. This vision, inherent in Marxism, was raised to exalted heights by Trotsky against both bourgeois and Stalinist opponents. On it, he tried to base his new world party. But it is precisely this vision which the past half-century has not brought closer to realization. Of Trotsky's supreme goal Deutscher realistically notes that the "advanced West," instead of moving toward socialism, has formed itself into a bulwark against it where it has arisen in the "backward countries." To this he can only add a footnote: "Whether Trotsky's prognostications about the 'advanced West' will look as unreal towards the end of this century as they did at its middle, must, of course, remain an open question." It is on this "open question" that the fate of classical Marxism ultimately hangs, and it is with this question which new generations of Marxists, if there be any worthy of the name, must deal.

Worn Elastic

THE COLLECTOR. By John Fowles. Little, Brown & Co. 305 pp. $4.95.

Morris Renek

John Fowles writes poetry when he can, and anyone who wants to be a poet deserves to make a living any way he can this side of the law—even if it means writing such pretentious potboilers as *The Collector*. Mr. Fowles is also the head of the English Department of a large college in London. Nothing to complain about here. Grub Street is the longest street in the world. But, alas, Professor Fowles takes himself with deadly solemnity. This worn elastic suspense novel is cheap in sentiment, shallow in thought and crude in symbols. A drab, impotent clerk kidnaps a lovely, leftist girl and causes her death through his neurosis. It hints at being quite sexy, but the miss is as good as a mile. This is the fable of the dragon and the damsel in modern psychological undress, only the dragon in this fable has his fire ditched.

To read *The Collector* is to appreciate Graham Greene. Mr. Greene has the good sense and fair play to label his books of this sort "entertainments," and they are superb of their kind. Greene has a nose for plot and in his best thrillers doesn't palm you off with soggy psychological probings and metaphysical flights, susceptible as he may be to this style in other areas of his writing.

The Collector reminds one of its

Morris Renek is a poet and novelist. He is the author of The Big Hello *(Dial Press).*

For Example

Sometimes you meet an old man
whose fist isn't clenched blue-white.
Someone like that old poet

whose grained palm once travelled
the bodies of sick children.
Back in the typed line

was room for everything: the blue
grape hyacinth patch,
the voluntary touch

of cheek on breast, the ear
alert for a changed heartbeat
and for other sounds too

that live in a typed line:
breath of animals, stopping
and starting up of busses,

trashfires in empty lots.
Attention once given
returned again as power.

An old man's last few evenings
might be inhabited
not by a public —

fountains of applause off
auditorium benches,
tributes read at hotel banquets —

but by reverberations
the ear had long desired,
accepted and absorbed.

The late poem might be written
in a night suddenly awake
with quiet new sounds

as when a searchlight plays
against the dark bush-tangle
and birds speak in reply.

Adrienne Rich

superior example in the field of suspense called *The Man. The Man* is a melodramatic play about the soft-hearted old lady who takes in a young man to do her cleaning and winds up with a maniac on her hands. But the playwright was a competent hack who knew he was selling old intellectual rags and who made no pretense at metaphysical philandering, not to mention the automatic dose of mail-order psychology. Fowles is not only uninteresting intellectually; he is a hack who is uninteresting as a hack. He doesn't know what to do with his perverted situation and it winds down with a disappointing thud.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

What may baffle or repel many theatregoers in Edward Albee's dramatization of Carson McCullers' *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* (Martin Beck) is what attracts me to it. The play is weird and unclear. It is like the little photograph which the hunchback, Cousin Lyman, shows Miss Amelia to prove that he is kin to her: partially effaced, it is barely decipherable. Yet it holds the attention, fascination; it speaks, almost sings.

Most of the plays offered us are so clear that we see through them at first glance; what they reveal, moreover, is unimportant. *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* may be explained without much difficulty in the jargon of psychoanalysis—in terms of inversion, for example—but to do so would be to render it banal and, by assigning it a seemingly exact meaning, would rob it of its true significance.

The title gives a clue to its artistic form. It is a ballad—perhaps a parable—of the Deep South "where there is absolutely nothing to do. . . . The soul rots with boredom. . . . Somewhere in the darkness a woman sings in a high wild voice and the tune has no start and no finish and is made up of only three notes which go on and on." There is no sustained or shaped melody, except what is heard remotely from a chain gang in the vicinity. The characters are connected through their captivity.

It is not, however, a play of local color. Though specific, its "Southernness" is symbolic. The theme is the frustration of love in a world without horizon or human dimension, a world so bound or "squeezed" in its isolation that all who dwell in it become deformed. The hunchback of the story is the evil which emerges from this constricted world. All the characters are monsters of one kind or another. This evil is also love when love has no natural outlet, no soil to give it nurture. It is a twisted love which forces its way to the light in wild contortion—a kind of noxious weed.

The better people (embodied in this instance by the lonely Henry Macy) are passive, mute, defeated and hardly perceptible amid the rank growth. The others are mean little dwarfs or misbegotten giants, full of an obscene energy that dare not pronounce the word "love," though active with its awkward gestures and an irrepressible, infantile tenderness. Where there is sufficient power the only directed impulse is greed, the only satisfaction acquisition. The result is always destruction. What ties these people together even while it separates them is a loneliness that is unaware of its name.

This is insanity. Most of our fine Southern writers evoke this atmosphere, but here, because of its far-reaching overtones, it becomes, first, generally American, then universal.

The tone of Mrs. McCullers' writing—some of it spoken by the narrator of the play—is spare and almost flat, musical only through a mournfulness and ache that rise to something like nobility by its lack of "eloquence." She avoids explanation. Her story is not "psychological"; she has dreamed it without trying to "understand" it. The narration bears a blank countenance as if its import will either be self-evident or unintelligible—in which case the listener may be someone rendered obtuse by the rattle of commonplace reason.

The tale is plainly told as an event, horrid without being astonishing, a nightmare which, like the environment in which it is set, remains a perennial norm. One cannot think of this as realism. That is one reason why the novella has so little talk. The play must perforce supply dialogue to create a story line, though Albee, through his narrator, supplies background and comment from the original source to circumvent the pitfalls of prosy exposition.

Albee's greatest success for sheer writing is the letter which is momentarily mentioned in McCullers, but which in the play becomes a searing expression of love-hate, a wrath

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arising from the lover's inability to affect or touch the beloved except in violence. This, in addition to the bitterness of his comedy, constitutes the mainspring of Albee's talent. He is also a superb dramatic craftsman, as is sufficiently proved by his treatment of this, theatrically speaking, nearly impossible material.

Alan Schneider's production and Ben Edwards' setting are sound enough. Perhaps it is being captious to add that they lack a certain removal from the literal. One misses a mood of pained yearning as if all were being seen through a veil that blurs outlines and dispels our sneaking demand for concrete causation. The "deep unnamable sadness," the essence of the Ballad, is not wholly created.

The cast is well chosen: there are wonderful faces, like that of Robert Blossom in a subsidiary role. Colleen Dewhurst as Amelia (more attractive and wholesome than McCullers' fright), Michael Dunn, invaluably keen as Cousin Lymon, Lou Antonio as Miss Amelia's wretched husband (though he seems more Mediterranean, lush and warm, than taut and bitingly native), Enid Markey—all these deserve praise. They suffer only to the degree in which the direction has not fulfilled its complete function. William Prince conveys admirably the depressed bewilderment of a gentleness that cannot even articulate its resignation.

The new program of satiric numbers by *The Establishment* (at the Strollers Theatre Club, 154 East 54 St.) is up to the sharp measure of the previous one—give or take a little. The weak spots are amply compensated for by the strong ones—some of which are not only hilarious but pertinent. But what will happen *now* to two of the most brilliant bits, in which Mrs. Nhu figures as star comedian? Carole Simpson's eyes are so beautiful that for me they obliterate her songs—which is perhaps a pity. Alexandra Berlin as Mrs. Nhu and Queen Elizabeth is delightfully apt. The gentlemen in the show are all commendable, and Roddy Maude-Roxby (perfect name!) as the inevitable, silly-ass Englishman, is considerably more than that.

Cold Waltzes

Twirled down the years
dizzying the sleet,
our fingers blue and touching.

No music thawed
the arctic smile —
that gash our faces wore.

Were quill stiff spines
in the ballroom world —
ah, such cold waltzes.

Colette Inez

ART

Max Kozloff

Francis Bacon is probably the only major contemporary artist over fifty who can claim an extraordinary breadth of vision and who is yet, quite aside from being without followers or substantial influence, estranged from all developments in postwar painting. He therefore profits—because there are none like him; and suffers solitude—since he is so foreign. For these reasons, one does not detect in his belated, world-wide acceptance any real thankfulness, or even a secure conviction. Bacon defies categorical habits of mind a little too forcefully for his reputation to be an easy one. And more than anything else, this defiance, which is involuntary and plain eccentric, causes difficulties.

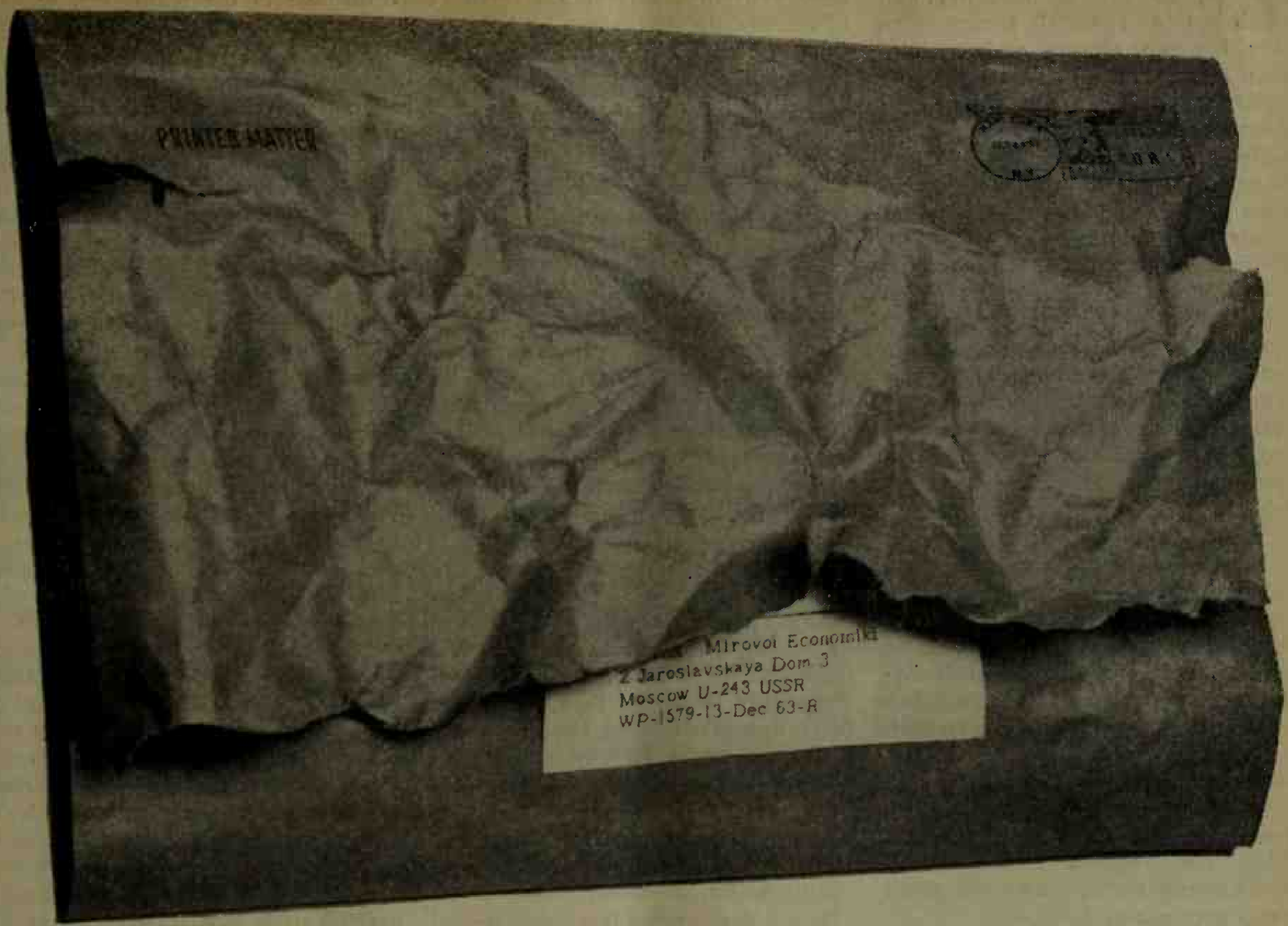
In the Mediterranean countries, for instance, his accents of shame and puritanism, his morality of exploration as risk, must seem exotic when they have any meaning at all. Only the Swiss Giacometti, who talks occasionally like Bacon, has any affinities with the English artist, and then it is as much because of their mutually thin skins, as because of their openness to pain in contemporary experience. In England, finally, Bacon is in the anomalous position of becoming the new establishment artist on the basis of work which is antagonistic to thinking even remotely conservative.

But his reception in New York is the most revealing chapter in the history of his art and perhaps our recent taste. Among painters there has been generally a warm disapprobation that has contrasted with the cold respect for Bacon in official quarters. Even if the American artists were willing to accept Bacon's world view, not that removed in itself, they would never countenance his Gothic mannerisms, his overt way of showing learning, and the finical toying of his procedures. In an atmosphere of excessive virility such as New York's, Bacon is thought to appear dainty and decadent, irrelevantly European all over again. Quite the opposite is true for the numerous people who are able to establish no aesthetic distance whatsoever, and who are merely repelled by repellent subjects. As for the popular press, and spokesmen for conservatism, Bacon is the butt of the going clichés about the alienated modern man and literary parallels concerning existentialism: all laudatory, but nevertheless managing to keep the artist at a certain distance. In short, there is enough in Bacon to displease everybody.

Behind his waywardness, however, in fact a condition of it, is his scope. What variegates his moods is a kind of frittering away of one area of the will. He has said, "I foresee the image in my mind and yet I hardly ever carry it out as I foresee it. It transforms itself by the actual paint. I don't in fact know very often what the paint will do, and it does many things which are much better than I could make it do." Welling into the paint, but always from some decorative point of departure, is a generating fancy that will take its cue from a random blot or stain.

Bacon is always spoken of either as appearing artistically from nowhere at all, or as being an eclectic who feeds upon sources (which are only motifs) such as sixteenth-century Italian painting, or Velasquez (e.g., the famous series on the latter's "Pope Innocent X"). But there are native origins for his work that, in unison with his responsiveness to the accidental, go far to explain the uprooted, and yet wide-ranging character of his vision. The intimism of Walter Sickert, whose work grew more fitfully exasperated and hermetic during the early part of this century, was an anticipation of Bacon, especially in its preference for the dark side of the palette, a sensitivity to shapes, and a certain thinness of the masses. In addition, there is both a tinge of the documentary and a hint of madness in the fastidious art of Sickert that is quite congenial to Bacon; indeed, he lets both these predilections out at the seams.

Finally, he has the most unlikely affinity with the Italian Futurists. Aside from a few coincidences of subject matter, he shares with them the technical problem of finding equivalents in paint for tracks, or sometimes even tremors, of motion. Like them,



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therefore, he invades contours and establishes a physical interpenetrability between objects and environment. Nor does one doubt that for the Futurists and Bacon, the registration of motion implies some kind of extrabodily investigation of states of mind. To project the path of an object in space is a mental gesture which not merely activates the event perceived, but endows it with a hallucinating power that defies the inertness of paint as material. The Futurists ordered this intuition by various stroboscopic conventions: they staged myriads of stops in any one object's trajectory, thereby bringing a transient motion down to earth. But Bacon views motion as illusory, at most imperfectly sensed, and instead of seeing a self-regulating flow over a trespassed space, is aware of hesitancy, confusion and awkwardness. Paradoxically, his nuances and fuzzy contours may be more visually accurate in their rendition of motion than the old-fashioned, dynamic lines of force of Futurist painting, but they are also freely created, unrationalized intuitions of chaos and dissolution. With the Futurists, patterns of movement may be complicated, but ultimately clarified; with Bacon, one's optical apparatus encounters resistance, and everything simply goes out of focus.

This is in great measure the source of his sense of horror. That the physical behavior of his subjects is beyond his control is also a metaphor for the breakdown of their civilized restraints. Within a framework of aristocratic refinement, he becomes aware of a kind of insane brutishness in which man, clothed even in an executive business suit, capers and crouches like an ape. The clash between the artist's partial surrender of will, which accounts for much of the unleashed animalism of his images, and his schematic format (rectangles, bars, railings, thrones, etc.) enhances the evocation of terror. One dimly comprehends this mechanism, even in the apparently uncomplicated expressionism of the Van Gogh series, in which the paint mimes the ejaculating fierceness of the Dutch master, but has none of its rhythmic cohesion. Something of Van Gogh's healthy obsessiveness has gotten interrupted and uncurled. Above all, the spectator is not in the least reassured that the riot of paint marks has anything to do with a felt emotion. On the contrary, he is deliberately made to sense that it doesn't—a most chilly perception. Frequently in Bacon, then, the effect is of a breakdown in the continuity between impulse and appearance, so that one constantly receives messages in the guise or voice of an agency that appears to be other than that of the artist. It is a species of pictorial ventriloquism.

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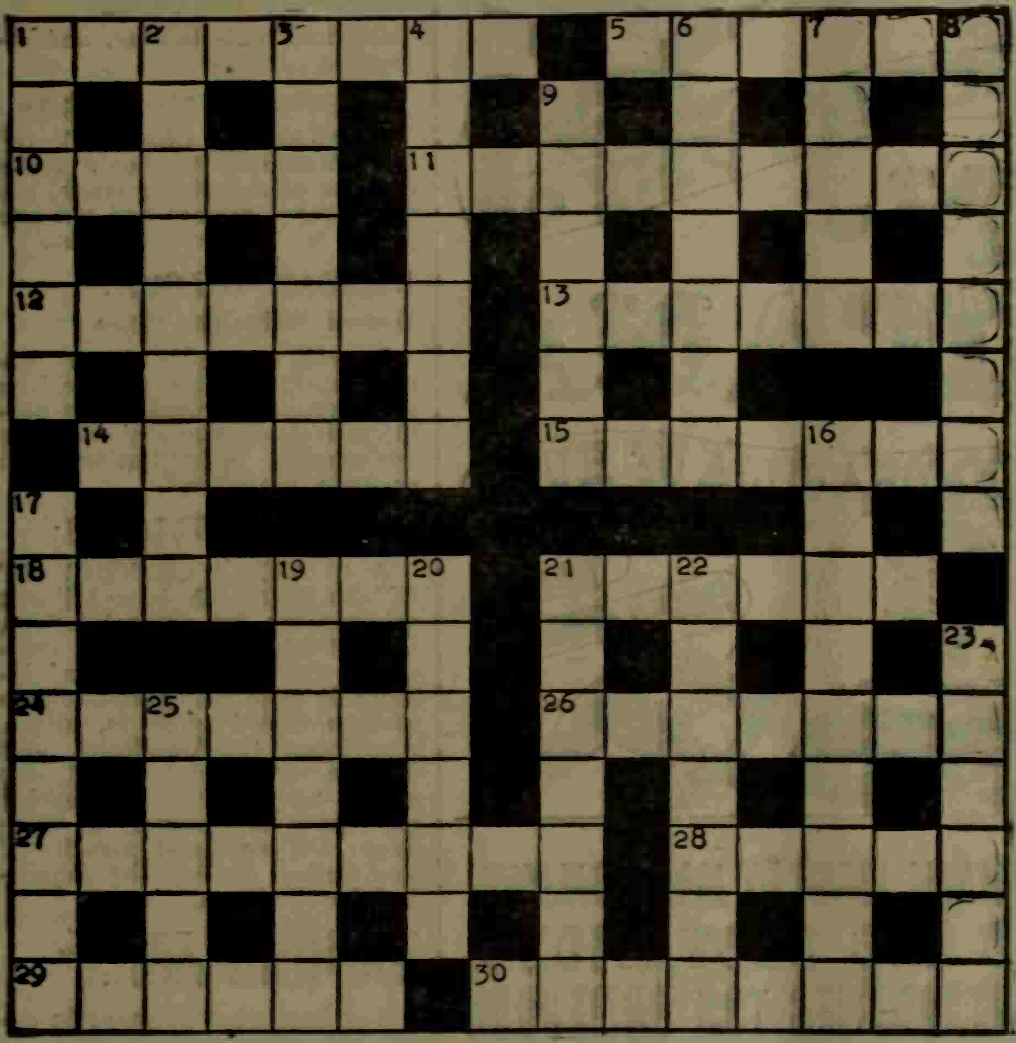
When Bacon turns this predicament, of whose effectiveness he is only too conscious, upon the phenomena of the outer world, his twisted vision grows perversely in breadth. Thus, his remarkable landscapes, his caged animals, his nameless portraits, his studies of the Pope, his lovers, his interiors and genre scenes, none of which are explicitly frightening, become terrifying in the extreme. His anxiety has no prejudice whatever, nor would it seem that anything is inappropriate or alien to it. What remains true is that most of his experiences will be shriveled into an insubstantial, panicky flicker on the black backdrop of his consciousness. Bacon, furthermore, is not above exploiting this *bizarrerie* under the considerable fullness of his theatrical instinct. But it is in the end a shadow theatre he presents and his images appear to the retina, not in themselves, but as if they were imprints on a tissue—some cosmic veil of Veronica.

Hence, the penetration and imaginative range of Bacon is assured. But it would be unrealistic to suppose that he had attained it without paying some heavy penalties. His color, for one thing, does not so much contribute to the nightmare, as stay out of its way (till 1959). More recently, in an effort to incorporate chromatics more actively into his vision, Bacon has created some of the ugliest, most disjointed color schemes (lavenders, rusts, light blues) imaginable, leading one to wonder if he is imitating someone who has gone color blind in one eye. The stigma of an overwrought fantasy — and here Bacon is not alone—consists in this inexplicable defect of sensuous equipment. But, more serious probably, is a compositional vapidness that has become more flagrant in the last years. This artist has long been hypnotized by vacuum, which is at once responsible for dwarfing and intimidating his subjects, and for their poverty-stricken arrangement—often no more than a small blob in relief against a great void. If Dubuffet is an example of a diarrheic sensibility, then Bacon is constipated. Only a very small portion of each of his paintings is operative, vibrating with a distraught attention. For the rest, there are great zones that are untransfixed, yards of canvas wasted by nothingness. These pictures are therefore containers for the isolation of some very diseased form of life, rather than pictorially functioning wholes comprised of integrated parts. This is particularly true of the high-keyed works after 1959, in which the total indifference to placement creates a situation in which nothing is held together. Furthermore, the monotonously applied paint, the grotesquely twisted anatomies, are a final burst of self-mortification, the pressure of which it is almost impossible to bear.

Ultimately, however, Bacon's achievement rests on his willingness to be vulnerable. His outlook on the present world is supremely pitiless, but his examination of himself is hardly compassionate either. He is not even capable of hiding his deceits, and his cunning. His best work is that in which he is conscious enough of both his fragmented inadequacy and his sophistication to bring them into some kind of compromised but meaningful relationship to each other. When that happens, the Baconian scream takes on voice. It is not, certainly, the most affecting statement on human life, nor can it pretend to be a complete one. But once experienced, it has a vivid pertinence that dismisses a good deal of one's peace of mind. I, for one, am overwhelmed by a masochistic gratitude.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1033

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 5 Long platform for the purpose of spreading things out evenly. (5-3-6)
10 These are supposed to catch the eye in dress design. (5)
11 Disease commonly was air-borne, by the sound of it. (9)
12 A brief description of the exit queue? (7)
13 and 29 Does one sell juicy tidbits? (7-6)
14 and 28 Is, if scalded badly, likely to produce what might be akin to butterflies. (6, 5)
15 No tears to be shed for Arnold's act! (7)
18 Teams that this, are visiting near the basement, perhaps. (7)
21 Given nourishment in return, the light type, to bear the expense of it.
24 It implies you don't like something, one short month before you return home for the beast. (7)
26 It lives in the sea by itself, to a degree. (7)
27 Hard work for those who are sixty, or sixteen, if in poor condition.
30 An illuminating drama? (8)

DOWN:

1 Play this for 13 across, though it might be a fishy lot. (6)
2 How to take your turn in the ranks concerning approved status. (5, 4)
3 Cut out of a form of index when the beginnings of science are included. (7)
4 Is she rife with the stock answer?
6 What they hope to do at 1 down.
7 A haggard one might be 2 down, ruled otherwise. (5)
8 How the dolichocephalic take flight? (8)
9 Printing the extra-curricular activity of the stars? (3-3)
16 Air may be wood, and salt is. (9)
17 Armed? (Children might be frightened by it.) (3, 5)
19 Franklin recommended thought concerning spending a penny for it. (7)
20 One might upon being pricked, if cowardly. (6)
21 Certainly no place for aqua vitae. (4, 3)
22 Get fuel? Far from it! Chicken, rather! (7)
23 Prepare yourself for the first step in radio reception. (3, 3)
25 How one might come with his admission. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1032

ACROSS: 1 American Gothic; 9 Enlarge; 10 Grissom; 11 Hepatica; 12 Strops; 14 Euterpe; 15 and 21 down Pitchfork; 17 Paved; 19 Endlong; 21 Fallow; 23 Bewilder; 25 Roaster; 26 Trivets; 27 Board of Regents. DOWN: 1 Amenhotep; 2 Eclipse; 3 Irritated; 4 Amen corner; 5 Gags; 6 Twist; 7 In short; 8 Amos; 13 Dead center; 14 Providing; 16 Headrests; 18 Volcano; 20 Gudgeon; 22 Otter; 24 Ergo.

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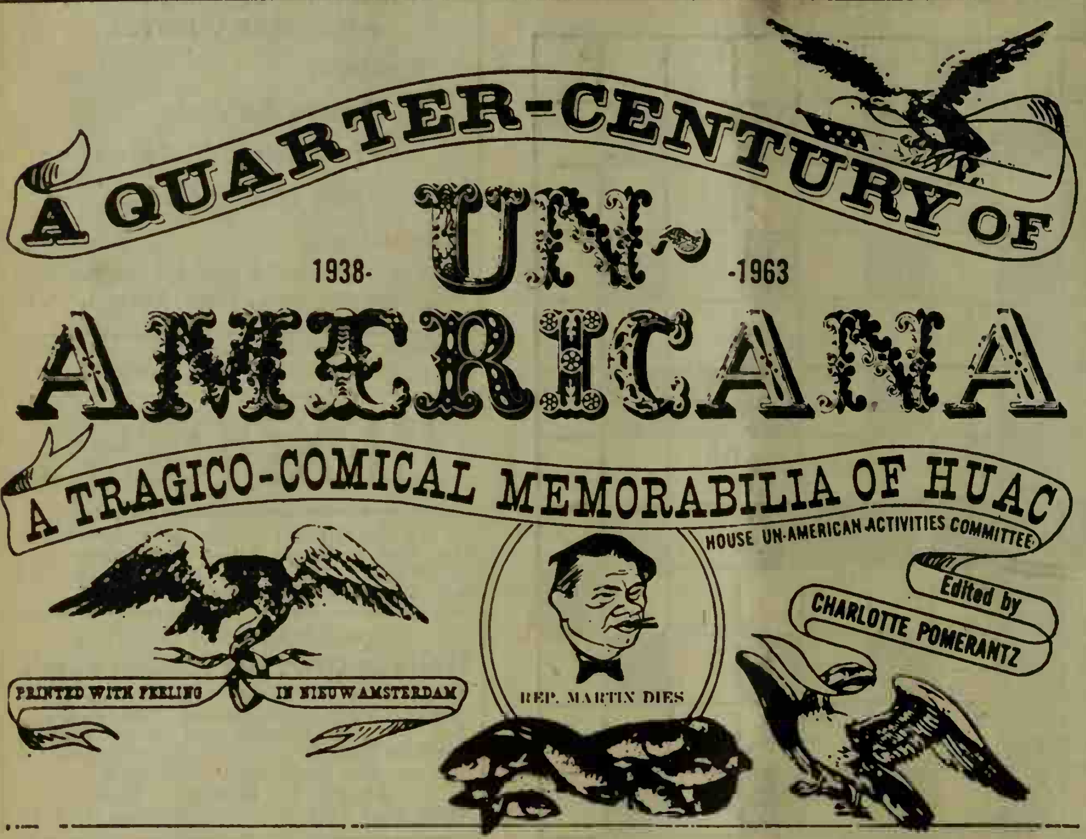

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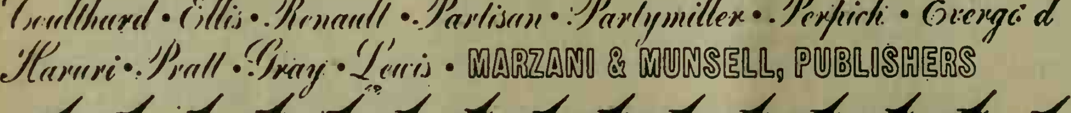

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DAGMAR WILSON:
Women Strike for Peace

I await an explosion — an explosion of laughter that will be heard round the world when people at last perceive their needless enslavement to institutions that enshrine prejudice.

CAREY McWILLIAMS:

A QUARTER CENTURY OF UN-AMERICANA is a brilliant achievement. My congratulations, in particular, to Charlotte Pomerantz for her diligence and insight in assembling this superb cartoon record which is, indeed, Americana (un-Americana, that is) of a very special kind. It is at once a surprising and refreshing experience to discover, in these pages, the scope and intensity of the feeling against the inquisitorial committees.

The Reverend FRED L. SHUTTLESWORTH:

Any book that portrays in detail the sordid and unsavory activities of the House Committee on Un-American Activities is a valuable asset to true Americanism. My impression of HUAC is that it is like a man who builds a fire on the floor of his living room and destroys his own house thereby. This fire can destroy the whole structure of our democracy if it is not stopped.

AUBREY WILLIAMS:
National Committee to Abolish HUAC

A delight—replete with indignation, defiance, essential material, and many a belly laugh as cartoonists caricature the imbecilities of this committee.

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL:

A QUARTER CENTURY OF UN-AMERICANA is a brilliant exposition of the noxious three-ring circus HUAC has always been.

Professor ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN:

Your characterization of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and your ridicule of it, seems to me fully justified and much needed. I hope the book attracts wide attention.

THE NATION

November 30, 1963 . . 35c

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PACIFICA AND THE FCC

DANGEROUS PRECEDENT

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Stanley E. Cohen

People vs. Pigeons

David Cort

ARMED FORCES IDEOLOGY

OUR MISTAUGHT GIs

William H. Boyer

LETTERS

Louisiana rights struggle

New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs: Our chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union was heartened by your November 9th editorial. Although the events you deal with began on October 4th, to our knowledge yours is the first national coverage of our plight.

Your readers may be interested in knowing that the law firm of Smith & Waltzer, now under attack by the Louisiana U.A.C., is in the vulnerable forefront of the civil-rights struggle in this area. Smith is chairman of the L.C.L.U. Legal Committee, an integrated group of New Orleans attorneys who this year alone have handled over twenty civil-rights cases—without pay. Waltzer is an active member of that committee. (An example of the committee's work is its successful New Orleans hotel desegregation action.)

It is obvious that the desperate attempt to make integration synonymous with subversion is aimed at impeding the work of our organization and those allied with us. You correctly state that the L.C.L.U. "has announced its intention to fight with all its resources on behalf of the accused." We welcome your observation that "other organizations . . . would do well to rally in support." Should anyone wish to rally with *us*, our local address is 5440 Bellaire Drive, New Orleans, Louisiana, 70124.

Leonard Dreyfus, President
Louisiana Civil Liberties Union

Best on Ginsberg

New York City

Dear Sirs: James Scully's review of Allen Ginsberg's *Reality Sandwiches* (*The Nation*, Nov. 16) was a miracle. The best piece on Ginsberg I've ever seen.

Aram Saroyan

Pressure in Iran

Urbana, Ill.

Dear Sirs: The reports from Iran indicate that the Iranian Government is increasing its pressure on the students and all the educated people of Iran.

A newsletter published by the students of the University of Teheran reports that during the last two months the University of Teheran has been attacked more than three times by the government forces. During each attack some of the students have been injured and some have been sent to prison camps.

At the present time, a military court in Teheran is trying a group of nine Iranians, most of them students and professors. The court has already asked for their execution. There are three professors among this group: Mr. M. Bazorgan and Dr. Y. Sahabi, both professors of the University of Teheran, and Mr. A. Sahabi, professor of the Institute of Technology of Teheran. Most of the remaining persons are students. The Iranian Student Association of the University of Illinois condemns the action of the government of Iran and demands immediate release of these prisoners.

Dariush Shadman, President
Iranian Student Association
University of Illinois

People or cattle?

Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Judging from recent articles in your magazine and others, there has lately been some breast-beating in the peace movement about "Where do we go from here?"

If past performance is any indication, the peace movement is going exactly nowhere and never will, unless it can somehow awaken a modicum of resentment in the public mind. As an index to public concern about this issue, President Kennedy recently stated that in one week the White House received 5,000 requests for a puppy from a recent litter, vs. 2,000 letters, pro and con, on the test ban.

To this perhaps unclever and naive observer, it would seem that the question to publicize is: "Why are you going to let them do this to you? Why are you going to permit yourselves to be passively herded into shelters and incinerated en masse as a sacrifice to a few political fanatics? Are you people or cattle?"

The answer to this is usually, "But there is nothing we can do about it." To which the rebuttal is, "If you *wanted* to do something about it, there are many, many very effective things which could be done."

Think about them.

Michael Wales

Free transportation?

New York City

Dear Sirs: Mr. Michael Quill recently was reported (on a CBS newscast) as saying that people should not have to pay to ride on the city-owned buses or subways. His remark, probably made in jest, was greeted with derision by all conservative private enterprise. Mayor Wagner said the idea was fantastic.

Mr. Quill's idea is not at all fantastic. It is just a little too far ahead of its time for the gradualists who instinctively resist any change, and for the capitalists who have convinced themselves that only through the profit motive can anything be done efficiently. Actually, we already operate several of our basic community services exactly as Mr. Quill suggested for the buses and subways.

We do not pay the policeman on the

(Continued on page 369)

THE
NATION

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The Nation, Nov. 30, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 18

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Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

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EDITORIALS

The Man in the Business Suit

Arturo Umberto Illia, a country doctor elevated to the presidency of Argentina a month ago, is a pleasantly ugly civilian who was put in office by the Argentine military and, one may be sure, was approved by the United States before his election. He enjoys the distinction of being the first Argentine president to be inaugurated in a plain business suit. His first important action, none the less, was to keep a campaign pledge to nullify the six-year-old contracts with eight United States oil companies. Before any gaskets are blown, what Illia has done, why he has done it and what he has *not* done should be carefully appraised.

The cancellation of the contracts is not a revolutionary act. Illia is not a revolutionary; he does not represent the Argentine proletariat, who rallied around Peron. He represents middle-class, specifically upper-middle-class, interests. He has nothing to do with Castro, other than to see to it that Castro influence does not gain strength in Argentina. The rough treatment of the American oil interests was a necessary prophylaxis and any other Argentine president would, at this juncture, have done the same.

The contracts were made by President Arturo Frondizi personally, without legislative sanction. In this respect the deal is reminiscent of that under which Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall leased the Navy's Teapot Dome oil reserves to American oil interests and ended up in jail. Corruption cannot be charged to the oil companies in the Frondizi case — they invested nearly $350 million in the wells (some of this came from profits when the wells produced oil) but the contracts were not, as they now maintain, legal and binding.

Also to the point: Illia is not "expropriating" anyone. He is annulling the contracts in preparation for renegotiation. All over the world, from Venezuela to Saudi Arabia, the selfsame thing has been done. The companies must be satisfied with lower profits — it amounts to no more than that. None of them has gone bankrupt yet. They remain quite good investments.

It is not likely that the representations of Averell Harriman will have much effect for the simple reason that Argentina, like the other Latin American countries, needs all the money it can get. President Goulart in Brazil is another astute Latin American who must drive a hard bargain if he is to survive. The United States is not in a position to use force against the Illias and the Goularts. They are not against capitalism. They are capitalists themselves, and they are not going to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. But they are also nationalists, and the goose must share the golden eggs with them.

Larger interests are at stake than the desire of the oil companies to maximize profits. If we should stick a gun into Illia's stomach he (and the generals behind him) will not only become more recalcitrant, but the Alliance for Progress, already wobbly, will collapse. Senator Hickenlooper, who envisions "expropriation" and is trying to tack all kinds of prohibitions onto foreign-aid legislation, is doing an ill service to American interests — including oil interests. If Mr. Hickenlooper will just keep out of what he does not understand, all concerned will be better off.

Once we could enforce a simple, clear-cut policy in Latin America — back up private American economic interest and let the chips fall where they may. That time is past and will never return. We must play along with those in charge, who are moderate and reasonable — but not pawns for our corporations. That is how things are in 1963, that is how they will remain. One can do business with the man in the business suit, and one might do worse.

Pacifica and the FCC

The Federal Communications Commission has asked the directors, officers and station managers of the Pacifica radio stations (WBAI, New York, KPFA-KPFB, Berkeley and KPFK, Los Angeles) to file affidavits in the familiar form, "Are you now or have you ever been? . . ." etc. Inferentially the FCC is not concerned about the programing on the Pacifica stations — which has been of a high order — but rather with the question of "qualifications," that is, the background, character and reputation of those operating the stations. In this area the FCC has, of course, a general right of inquiry, within proper limitations. But the FCC routinely requires a long, detailed questionnaire covering all matters deemed relevant to the question of qualifications, and such forms have, in fact, been filed by the Pacifica stations. For this reason, the requirement of a new and special affidavit has disturbing implications (see the article on p. 359 of this issue). Disclaimer affidavits have been required of radio operators, but this is the first instance, so far as we are aware, in which the particular form of affidavit has been submitted to directors, officers and station managers (although particular stations and networks, in an excess of zeal and caution, may have required such affidavits of certain employees). Moreover, it may be assumed that in requesting the affidavits from the Pacifica stations, and these stations alone, the FCC did not act on its own initiative but in response to pressures from the Congressional inquisitorial committees, various right-wing organizations and similar groups.

In itself this is a disturbing omen — for if the FCC is not concerned with the character of the programing on the Pacifica stations, the same cannot be said for those who have urged this most recent action. Should the FCC ever permit itself to be used as the licensing arm of the Eastland Committee or the FBI, it will start down a long and dangerous path. If the past is a guide, the industry itself will not question the propriety of the FCC's action; but the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Jewish Congress have already lodged protests, and the FCC would be well advised if it heeded them.

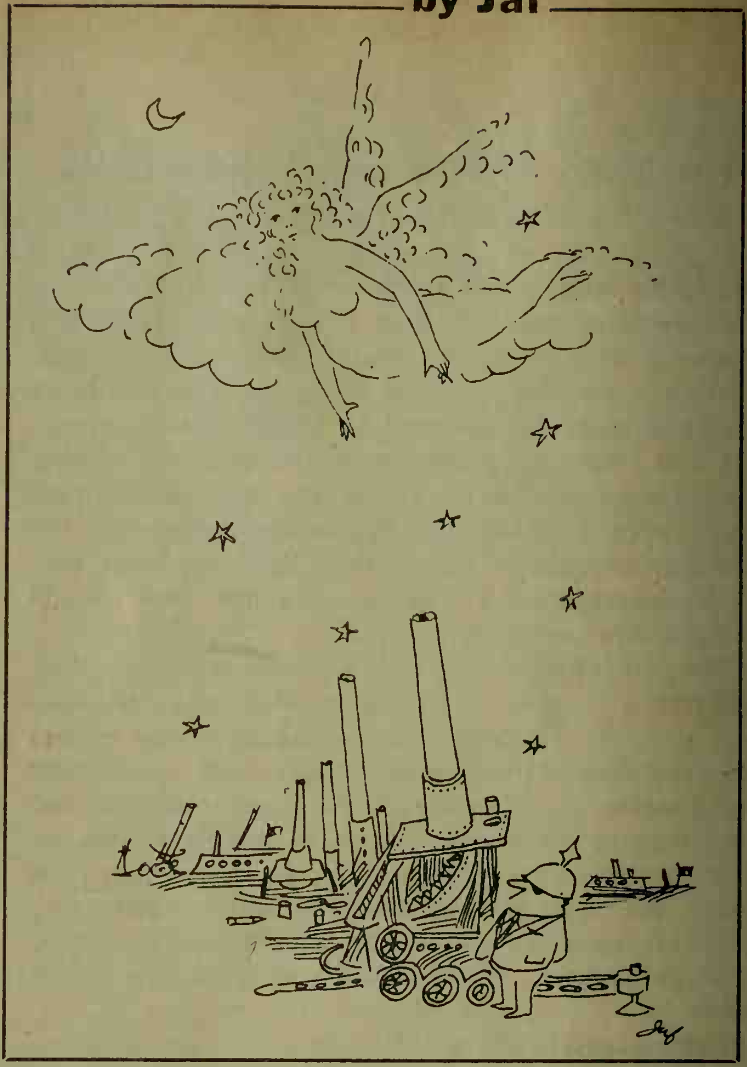
Silver of Ole Miss

One of the splendors of a democracy is that if even a measure of freedom of inquiry and expression can be kept open, the right man will say the right thing at the right time in the right accent. In Mississippi the man is James Wesley Silver, professor of history at the University, where he has taught for twenty-seven years. The White Citizens Council of the state has labeled him "Public Enemy No. 1," an honor in itself. Last year he was further honored by election to the presidency of the Southern Historical Association — the first Mississippian so designated. When his term ended two weeks ago, Silver spoke his mind. He called Mississippi a totalitarian society that cannot tolerate freedom of inquiry or "error of opinion," and which in consequence "imposes on all its people acceptance of obedience to an official orthodoxy almost identical with the pro-slavery philosophy. . . ." *All* its people, Silver said — and that goes to the heart of the matter. The Negro has made some gains, even in Mississippi, and will make more; but the spiritual victim is the well-intentioned white man who "no longer has freedom of choice in the realm of ideas because they must first be harmonized with the orthodoxy."

It takes courage even for a Northerner to go to a state like Mississippi, speak his mind and return, his duty done. To live in Mississippi, to teach at a school that has lost more than fifty of its best teachers in the past year, and still speak one's mind — this calls for real heroism and not only moral but physical courage. When Silver ate with James Meredith on the campus, played golf with him and invited him to his home, rumors spread around Oxford that the Citizens Council was out to "get" the traitor to his race. Thereupon Silver moved his thirteen-year-old daughter to a less exposed bedroom and sat up all night with a shotgun across his knees. The Citizens Council, if it had any thought of violence, seems to have abandoned it in this case.

At least for the present. Silver is fifty-six and has nine years to go before retirement; it is scarcely likely that he will serve out his time. He would like to. "Why should I be run out of my home?" he asks. "I've contributed as much to this state as Ross Barnett." It is the understatement of the year.

by Jaf



How right Silver is about the closed society was revealed in *The New York Times Magazine* (November 10) in an article by Margaret Long: "A Southern Teen-Ager Speaks His Mind." Miss Long, the editor of the Southern Regional Council's magazine *New South*, went to Oxford and spoke to the students, including an eighteen-year-old named Don Barrett. Barrett seems to have been attractive in the way of a young man of good family, i.e., of the privileged class, and he had only kindly thoughts about the good "Nigras" whom he has known. But, "I feel," he said, "as do most of the white population of the South, that the Negro is inherently unequal." He cited Africa. Where the African Negroes haven't been taken over by the whites, he said, "they're still eating each other."

For the stark ignorance and crazy rationalizations of its young people, the older citizens of the Confederacy are to blame. The Negro will take care of himself; he has already emanicipated himself spiritually and he will emancipate himself economically and socially. The longest-lasting crime of the unregenerate Confederates has been committed, not against the Negro, but against their own young. If they had hated their children, they could not have given them a more terrible preparation for the world in which they must live. Whatever happens to Professor Silver, he can console himself with the thought that he not only had no part in that miscarriage of education but did all he could to prevent it.

If Tobacco Were Spinach

One of the earliest articles on smoking as a health hazard appeared in *The Nation* (Dr. Alton Ochsner: May 23, 1953). *The Nation* has never crusaded against smoking, however. Its position has been that, following the first significant studies showing a relation between cigarettes and lung cancer, cigarette smoking had to be regarded as a public health problem. After some years, the United States stands on the threshold of that realization. *Newsweek* (November 18) writes of ten men, deep in the bowels of the National Library of Medicine in suburban Washington, D.C., struggling in quiet desperation through a mountain of paper. They form the U.S. Surgeon General's Advisory Committee on Smoking and Health, and their final report must be in by the year's end. It may not be a merry Christmas for the cigarette companies. Although the deliberations of these top medical men are as secret as the design of an anti-missile missile, the tobacco industry is braced for the worst.

Many physicians, in particular lung cancer specialists, express annoyance that the Surgeon General should require such an extensive sifting of the evidence at this late date. "I know of very few public-health issues that have been studied so thoroughly, and with such consistent results," says Dr. Michael Shimkin of Temple University. "If tobacco were spinach, it would have been wiped off the market years ago."

There is little danger of such an outcome. As they grapple with the problem, some of the members of the Surgeon General's committee puff on cigarettes. (Maybe they inhale less than they used to, though.) It is not only the strength of the habit that will preserve the cigarette industry, though perhaps on a less affluent scale; it is the simple economics of the situation. Cigarettes are an $8-billion-a-year business, and tobacco is the nation's fifth largest cash crop. Even more to the point, cigarette advertising is a major source of income for all the great publicity media — newspapers and magazines and their electronic competition. Should the report be adverse, the industry may be confident that, on the whole, the media will not be too hard on them.

The American Cancer Society has been conducting a cautious campaign against smoking, mainly on the theme that athletes don't, or shouldn't, smoke. In 1960, New York Yankee pitcher Whitey Ford was endorsing Camels; now, in magazine ads and on the radio, he is urging: "Think it over, is smoking worth it?" *Look*, however, won't run even such a soft un-sell as the ACS is putting out. It would be unfair to its cigarette advertisers, *Look* points out. When it is suggested to the networks that they should reject cigarette advertising, they throw up their hands in horror. Yet they refuse liquor advertising, although by all indications alcohol is less lethal than heavy intake of cigarette smoke.

The British, the Danes and the Russians are less gentle with their tobacco hucksters. A Soviet poster shows a skeleton lighting a cigarette; a British poster has a figure trying to break out of a cage, over the caption, YOU CAN BREAK FREE IF YOU WANT TO. Under our conditions, Sen. Maurine Neuberger's approach is probably the most practical: cigarettes should not be prohibited, but users, especially the young, should be warned against their danger to life and health. Smokers who begin early in life tend to become the heaviest smokers later; they should be told in no uncertain terms that they are headed for the autopsy table. And that step should not take another ten years.

Pacifica and the FCC

DANGEROUS PRECEDENT

. . . Laurent B. Frantz

A unique and widely hailed experiment in listener-sponsored radio is in danger of becoming a casualty to the national passion for non-Communist affidavits. This came to light recently when it was revealed that Pacifica Foundation, which operates noncommercial FM stations in Berkeley, Los Angeles and New York, had been asked by the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) to have each of its officers and station managers, and each member of its Board of Directors, submit sworn answers to two questions: Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party? Are you or have you ever been a member of any other organization which advocates the overthrow of the United States Government by force and violence?

For some time Pacifica has been before the FCC as a license applicant in connection with each of its three stations. The application for renewing the license of the original station, KPFA, Berkeley, which has been on the air for fourteen years, is pending. The Los Angeles station, KPFK, although it has been on the air for four years, is still awaiting its original license. WBAI

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in New York must receive FCC approval of the transfer of a commercial license of Pacifica Foundation. All three stations are operating on temporary FCC permits awaiting final action on their applications.

Although the stations are not primarily political (70 to 80 per cent of their broadcast time is devoted to music, drama, literature, poetry and children's programs), they have followed from the first a policy of presenting a full spectrum of political commentators, with representation for the Far Left, the Far Right and various stages in between. As part of this policy, they have occasionally aired the views of a genuine Communist, the most prominent being Mrs. Dorothy Healey, one of ten biweekly commentators on the Los Angeles station. To comply with the McCarran Internal Security Act, Mrs. Healey's broadcasts are preceded and followed with an announcement that she is "Southern California chairman of the Communist Party, a Communist organization." Occasional panel discussions and documentaries have also raised the eyebrows of enthusiasts for ideological "security." Among the most controversial were interviews with two defecting FBI agents who aired their criticisms of the Bureau and their ex-boss, J. Edgar Hoover.

Pacifica stations have occasionally subverted Mrs. Grundy, as well as the republic. An instance of this was a panel discussion on "The Homosexual in Our Society," which won Honorable Mention in the 1959 California State Fair Press-Radio-TV Awards.

As a result of these various deviations from the national mores, the FCC has reportedly been under pressure for some time to do something about this too-independent voice.

Last January (not long after the FBI broadcasts), three Pacifica officers, one Board member (Dr. Peter Odegard, former president of Reed College and a distinguished political scientist), one station manager, one commentator (Mrs. Healey) and a Los Angeles subscriber were summoned to appear before a closed session of Senator Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee. The hearing was chaired by Senator Dodd of Connecticut. The transcript, when finally published last July, proved so singularly unsensational that even the Far Right was able to muster no more than a perfunctory interest. The Subcommittee preferred no charges. Nevertheless, Pacifica's various applications before the FCC continued to hang fire, and in October the Foundation received the FCC's questionnaire.

If the FCC makes the affidavits a condition for favorable action on the license applications (so far it has not said that they are, but has asked that they be answered as "an aid to" its determinations), it is not unlikely that this will prove a virtual death sentence for Pacifica Foundation. The peculiar conditions are such that the Foundation will very probably be ruined if it requires its officers, directors and managers to sign. They are also such that it will incur, at the least, very serious risks of ruin if it does not.

To understand the consequences of the first alternative, it is necessary to remember that Pacifica is a cause operation, subsisting on a shoestring and constantly on, or not far from, the brink of bankruptcy. Like most such organizations, it is powered to no small degree by the light in the eyes of its devotees. In Pacifica's case this takes many forms, including unpaid volunteers who do work for which commercial stations would have to pay, and underpaid and overworked staff members who could do better for themselves elsewhere — and doubtless would but for their devotion to the cause. Even the listener "subscriptions" to the three stations have a large element of cause donation, since there is nothing to prevent the nonsubscriber (although he does not receive the printed advance listing of programs) from listening all he pleases.

The gleam in a Pacifica supporter's eye is not so much for the heterodox opinions that are sometimes heard on the air as for the unique and unfettered freedom of the stations. Since they are not subsidized by any institution committed to any point of view, they can say whatever they think and air whatever they think worthy of listener attention without fear that income may be jeopardized if they say the wrong thing. Since they accept no advertising, they have no occasion to worry about the reactions of advertisers. What happens to the gleam, and to the economic benefits that flow from it, if it is felt that Pacifica has caved in to conformist pressures on an issue which is felt to be one of principle and a negation of the no-man's-collar philosophy — its main reason for being? It is a reasonable guess that the result would not be good and that, given the delicate financial situation, it might well prove fatal. Moreover, though proletarian revolution is in fact not very well represented among Pacifica's top personnel, Quaker pacifism and Gandhian nonviolent resistance are. Judged by their previous reactions

French word: dove, the English) campaign, in which poisoned grain was to be scattered. Forewarned, Parisians went out with good grain and fed the pigeons to repletion, so that only a dozen birds in all Paris sampled the lethal corn. Paris also nets the birds and trucks them to the English Channel coast. *Dépigeonisation* is a funny word in France.

In London, an official replied, "Exterminate birds? There'd be no surer way of bringing down the Government."

Italian cities affect to protect the pigeons. Unwary birds, however, are regularly cropped for the pot, usually for soup, by the citizens.

Until 1962, Moscow sternly protected its pigeons. There were signs warning motorists to give pigeons the right of way, fines for molesting pigeons and stalls selling pigeon food to pigeon-lovers. These have all disappeared without any public announcement. Now men with nets scoop up pigeons and truck them away. They explain to the curious that the birds are being taken to "a better life in a zoo." What zoo? No answer. Actually, this is the classic Communist pattern of disappearing from history. The pigeons never existed. (However, much the same effect is achieved by Dayton, Ohio.)

In these cities, little attempt has been made to fix the actual size of the problem — that is, the pigeon population. So we have:

The Statisticians. The New York figure, evidently invented by the Health Department, is accepted as five million birds in the five boroughs. This figure was reprinted without question by *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*, and by syndicated columnists. The idea of a war between five million pigeons and eight million people did not seem an overmatch either way.

The logistics of this figure, however, are curious. Pigeons are hearty eaters. If five million pigeons ate three ounces of dry grain a day, the ecology of a largely concrete city would have to provide them with 468 tons of foodstuff per day. This would not only bankrupt the pigeon-lovers but strip all the parks of all vegetation.

Richard Ryan of the New York Linnaean Society and the Bronx Zoo, who has estimated pigeon populations over the years, has put the New York City figure at under 500,000 and probably nearer 150,000. Some of the press, given this figure, have elected to ignore it, evidently in the belief that it spoils the story.

But this is far more true. At Ryan's higher figure, showing about 46 tons of dry food consumed per day, the end result is that about 46 tons of wet pigeon ordure are dropped on New York City every 24 hours. After evaporation, perhaps 15 tons of fecal dust a day are added to the city's air, and a fair share of it, via air-conditioners, gets inside the apartments of the citizens. This, of course, comes to over 5,000 tons of dust a year, and the fungi involved in pigeon droppings are very long-lived.

Some dust is undoubtedly blown outside the city limits, and a good rain will take much of it down the drains and into the soil. But after the rain, the new supplies arrive — 15 tons a day.

Grand Climax. New York City's Board of Health deliberated about the pigeon menace for a month and then took decisive action. This came in two parts. First, a request to the park department to take down its "Pigeon Feeding Area" signs and put up "Don't Feed the Pigeons" signs. Second, a formal appeal to New Yorkers to please stop feeding the pigeons. After this Herculean performance, it sank back exhausted.

Apart from solving nothing, this climax had the merit of giving the pigeon-feeders a real incentive in life.

The first casualty of the anti-lover campaign was an aged retired lawyer who had been feeding Brooklyn pigeons for fourteen years. Taken before a magistrate, he was given a suspended sentence, and conveyed to reporters that if he could not feed pigeons, there was very little left to live for.

Their war was holy enough before; it is holier still now. If need be, they will take to unobserved and inaccessible roofs, windows and backyards to dispense the bootleg corn, and the birds will find the feeders. Pigeons are stupid but there is nothing wrong with their eyesight.

At a cruising speed of 30 miles an hour, a pigeon can cover the town in a morning. Cutting off his food supply on the steps of the main Public Library is not going to complicate his life much. He will feed wherever he lists and return at eve to leave his droppings beneath his traditional roosting site, where his father and grandfather sat before him.

One wonders whether the heart of the matter doesn't lie in the fact that pigeons, even when they are diseased and tough, are really delicious.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

beat each time he passes our house. Nor do we fee the firemen as they leave the scene of the conflagration they have just extinguished. The sanitation crew is not remunerated on the spot by the householder whose garbage they remove. All of these things, which are done collectively by the community because they cannot be done as cheaply or as well or at all by the individual, are paid for by the community. There is no more reason why a man should pay each time he rides a bus which has been bought and is maintained out of his taxes (and of which he is therefore an owner) than he should fee the policeman, the fireman or the garbage collector. . . .

Taylor Adams

Accidents Are Inartistic

APOLLINAIRE: POET AMONG THE PAINTERS. By Francis Steegmuller. Farrar, Straus & Co. 365 pp. $6.50.

A. Hyatt Mayor

In Paris during the legendary ten years before the First World War, artists from various places experimented with such young vigor, and broke through into so many unvisited places of the spirit, that they imposed much of their vision on us today. If that modern age of fable had a central hero, he might well be Guillaume Apollinaire, "poet among the painters," as this new biography calls him. Since he worked with or wrote about most of the inventive writers and painters of his time, his thirty-nine years of life were packed with contacts and complexity. This dense, frantic activity has found an ideal historian in Francis Steegmuller, who gathers evidence from scarce little magazines, police dockets, letters and the memories of the rare survivors from before the flood.

Steegmuller starts his story in 1880 in the slums of Rome, where a young Polish woman called Angelica de Kostrowitzky gave birth to a boy, but refused to name his father. Some of the poet's admirers have tried to make him a descendant of Napoleon, but his father would seem to have been a Swiss by the pretty name of Flugi d'Aspermont, who held a minor honorary post in the Vatican, and whose brother was an abbot in the papal court. If his mother had no paternal name to give her boy, she made up for it with plenty of Christian names—Guglielmo Alberto Wladimiro Alessandro Apollinare. He was to combine the first and the last into one of the magical names of modern poetry.

After having another illegitimate son, Mme. de Kostrowitzky reappears in Monaco as Olga—the name Angelica was perhaps a little improbable in the circumstances. The Abbate d'Aspermont paid to send both boys to an excellent school, where French became their language, and where Guillaume was trained in the fruitful discipline of French literature. When he was seventeen he left school for good, and after an unchronicled gap of two years, turned up again in a hotel in Belgium with a tutor and his brother. There Olga stranded the boys, so that they had to skip without paying the bill. Then after a desperate spell of odd jobs and near-starvation in Paris, Guillaume spent the better part of a year as secretary to a mad German countess in her Hansel and Gretel chalet on the Rhine. In the isolation of an eccentric family, he made violent love to a blue-eyed little English governess, who fought him off in terror. Out of this frustration he wrote his first series of love poems, the *Rhine Wind*. In 1903, he settled in Paris, and began his real career by breaking into the rebellious underworld of French letters. Square and strong and tireless, he supported himself with obscure clerical employments while writing for little magazines, as well as founding and directing them. In the meantime, he worked on his first two major poems—the "Song of the Poorly Loved" and the "Emigrant of Landor Road"—both inspired by the rebuffs from the little governess.

In about 1904, Apollinaire met Picasso and his attendant admirer and press agent, Max Jacob. The three at once struck up an intense intellectual dialogue, incandescing in one another's presence in what was both more and less than an ordinary friendship, one whose friction of argument and ideas made up for its lack of charity. Apollinaire took it on himself to write everywhere he could about contemporary painting. Soon he was also writing a great deal about the painting of Marie Laurencin, with whom he lived until she could no longer stand his violence. Out of this love affair he wrote perhaps his most exquisite poems, of which the most classically restrained, the most original

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My Crowns

for Dr. Pontifex

That was wings too,
like everything not rigid,
everything between two
people or a people and its city
or a cloud and its sky.

The dentist and I
worked my teeth for half a year,
the New Boston rising from its pad
outside our window.
And as he drilled deeper
the development reached higher
and I grew older
until all was capped with gold:
his fee, the sky,
the stumps that lined my jaw,
that aching row.

I am complete now
though the city is still changing.
I miss the man
whose intelligence
lay wholly in his competence,
all clouded beside.
Such friendships end
when the skill that called them up has run
its course.

Everything human has wings
(better to name it that than decay)
and flies toward an inevitable future:
a city, a body, warmth between two men;
everything has its day — except,
of course, my golden crowns.

Henry Braun

and most heartbreaking, is the "Pont Mirabeau."

In September, 1911, an Italian house painter stole the *Mona Lisa* from the Louvre and kept it hidden for a couple of years. Apollinaire was arrested for the theft because he had befriended a boy who had earlier pilfered some statuettes from a Louvre storeroom. During days of solitary imprisonment he wrote half a dozen short poems of despair that are now in every French anthology. Of course he was released, but this disturbance seems to have shaken him—particularly, perhaps, because it was one of the few major difficulties in his life that came to him without his seeking it. Accidents are inartistic.

The summer of 1914 brought the general accident for all. Apollinaire enlisted in the French Army, although, as a foreigner of Italian birth and Polish descent, he could have stayed out. During the war that destroyed his world, he was wounded in the head, had two minor love affairs, married a girl who seems to have entered his life quite unexpectedly, and died of influenza two days before the Armistice.

Remember me when I am dead.
Simplify me when I am dead.

Steegmuller has gathered remembrances from here, there and everywhere, and has arranged the complexity into a story that reads as swiftly and simply as a novel. He gives his tale the sense of life without resorting to the cheap and easy inventions that clutter so many readable biographies nowadays, for he has checked and tested every statement, and has let contemporaries take over as much of the talk as possible. So many people wrote so much about one another during those epic years, and wrote with such personal bias, that the reader feels as though he were looking at a landscape through a series of red, green, purple and yellow windowpanes. The women provide a clearer glass than the men. Fernande Olivier, Picasso's mistress during his early years, writes with a lucidity that surprises one after reading Gertrude Stein's account of her as a silly babbler who constructed monstrous hats; and Marie Laurencin disarms one with her cleareyed self-appraisal and her fright at masculine stridency. Each observer reports a slightly different Guillaume, as though one were seeing him simultaneously in profile and full face, like a head by Picasso. And yet, like Picasso's heads, the character of the man emerges bold and unmistakable.

It is curious that a writer so famous for being a friend of painters should have been, after all, a man of words and not of images. Quite unlike Baudelaire, who *saw*, Apollinaire merely used paintings to leap into rhetoric. His outpourings about art may have done as much as anything to generate the high-sounding twaddle that passes for criticism in so many places today. Steegmuller says neatly that, as an art critic, Apollinaire was like "a hound who picks up too many scents, and he did a good deal of happy, excited barking about it." Like a true writer, everything started him into words, and one has the feeling that he needed, and created, incessant disturbances to keep his motor supplied with fuel. The classic forms of poetry were the only stability he had to cling to in the buffeting and clashing of his life. The more violently events butted him, the more firmly he needed to lace himself into the corset of the eternal villanelle and alexandrine. His love life had to be unhappy, and he saw to it that it should be so in order to keep him in voice for those laments that haunt us with their unique and tender music.

No one can stand such a pace for very long. He died at thirty-nine begging to live — "I have so much to say" — and yet he may have come near to the end of his life as a writer. He had capitulated to marriage, and it had profited him with only an inconsequential poem or two.

Mr. Wilson Balks

THE COLD WAR AND THE INCOME TAX: A Protest. By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus and Co. 118 pp. $2.95.

Martin Peretz

Edmund Wilson's latest book is hardly prudent at all. At any rate, it is not what this generation of intellectuals is likely to view as responsible or even balanced. It is, in fact, according to the current canons of approbrium, a mere pamphlet.

But it is a brilliant pamphlet, a sudden re-emergence in this country of an all but moribund literary form — and it does credit to the grand tradition. It is crotchety and impolitic, imprecise and really none too cautious in its discriminations. Yet when all that can be said against it has been said — when the dreary pronunciamentos of the respectables have been invoked and duly recorded — this slim volume will still be more memorable than any of the documents of the great celebration, portentous and self-satisfied, calling for further sacrifice and promising the benign compensations of a distant victory.

Mr. Wilson is no longer as much a writer of reserve or self-restraint as once he was. His sentences are now so candid as to be just at the point of

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TWO VERY IMPORTANT BOOKS

V. C. WYNNE-EDWARDS
ANIMAL DISPERSION IN RELATION TO SOCIAL BEHAVIOR
653 PAGES — ILLUSTRATED — CLOTH — 1962 — $10.25

DR. JACQUES M. MAY
THE ECOLOGY OF MALNUTRITION IN FIVE COUNTRIES OF EAST CENTRAL EUROPE
312 PAGES — 103 TABLES — 9 MAPS — 1963 — $10.50

HAFNER PUBLISHING COMPANY
31 EAST 10th STREET — NEW YORK 3, N.Y.

the embarrassing; but as novelist, his secondary achievement, he has always told a good story. And this fragment of autobiography, moving swiftly from his simple announcement that between the years 1946 and 1955 he had not filed any income tax returns through his protracted but ultimately resolved dealings with the Internal Revenue Service, is a true narrative, even if rendered through the eyes of the criminal-hero. And, notwithstanding the Kafkaesque tales there recounted, it is also an enormously funny one.

Yet the book would certainly not merit serious attention if it were simply the memoirs of a tax delinquent, humorously chronicling his misdeeds and the conditions of his penance. Nor is Wilson straining for laughs when he writes of his settlement with the authorities and of the tax itself: "My original delinquency was due not to principle but to negligence, but I now grudge every penny of the imposition, and I intend to outmaneuver this agreement, as well as the basic taxes. . . ." This is intended neither flippantly nor callously, as what follows confirms: ". . . our country has become today a huge blundering power unit controlled more and more by bureaucracies whose rule is making it more and more difficult to carry on the tradition of American individualism. . . . I have finally come to feel that this country, whether or not I continue to live in it, is no longer any place for me." It is not an unduly difficult task for thinking men to refuse any truck with the official cant, though growing numbers appear to find that course unwise. But it is, I think, a painful experience for an intellectual, particularly one who has cared as deeply as has Wilson about the quality of his nation's culture, to discover his inner exile from a people he has late in life ceased to know.

Mr. Wilson's angry protest, already discernible in *A Piece of My Mind* a half decade back, is, then, a profoundly disturbing piece of testimony — though he has no credentials as an expert on fiscal policy and precious few more as an analyst of international politics and the cold war. Despite the legal genesis of his polemic, he is a moralist who is himself a telling witness, as Rousseau and Diderot were before him, to the unbelievable corruptions of the life of his country. Having entered into an open conspiracy against the conventional wisdom — frustrating, one hastens to add, the blandishments of our version of the Queen's Honors Lists and of the chic dinners at the seat of power — he should impel his readers, in a way that a "more reasonable" writer might not, at last to question whether our economy is either rational or humane, whether the cold war may be justified by anything save the fact that it seems to exist.

Now it might well be argued that Wilson is an anachronism, an archaic remnant, interesting as spectacle, but not as much more. If he were an Englishman, one would say that there is something of the nineteenth-century Tory Socialist in him, and leave it at that. As an American, however, he is liable to the kind of disdain heaped by liberals on those anti-income-tax praters now anxiously fixed at the Right of Senator Goldwater. But if such be the bounds of our perceptions (I know that from another side Wilson will be labedel a Communist or anarchist or worse), the prospects are hopeless indeed. For Wilson is undoubtedly correct when he argues that we are transfixed, Stavrogin-like, by the sheer sensation of spending our uneven affluence on ever more terrifying weapons, regardless, as it were, of what values they are meant to attack or defend. If, then, our apparent hypnotic state is permanent, with our actual alternative limited only to choice of tactics or strategies, then the madness at the top is now general. Or perhaps it is evil that is become general! Where that is the case, it is time to raise, as does Wilson, the old questions of social philosophy, long ignored and once again relevant, of the contingencies of obedience and the morality of political obligation.

In a moment of academic caprice, instead of assigning the appropriate readings from Professor Kissinger and Mr. Rostow, I passed on a copy of this subverting manifesto to one of my students. He is a bright young man and his thinking about world politics could even be defined, to use one of this Administration's categories of virtue, as "tough-minded." The next morning he was at my office door, book in hand and full of some refreshing ideas, which gives one reason to hope after all.

Some things in the book, he told me, had been particularly upsetting: Mr. Wilson's discussions of the "insane" Hiroshima pilot, for example, and of the Pentagon's intensified research program in chemical-biological-radiological (CBR) warfare, government publicity for which is tantalizingly known as "Operation Blue Skies." Suddenly he exclaimed quite simply that "what was wrong with all of this was that in another age this would have been written as satire." And, of course, that is true, as true as the fact that this is not a prudent book. Surely Gulliver could not have journeyed to a more fantastic destination than our own community of equally deluded Laputians and Yahoos.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

If the screen is the "cadet" branch of dramatic art, it appears today to be turning the tables on the stage. This is probably not a permanent reversal—despite the notorious difficulty of comparing pears with apples, I think that plausible aesthetic principles can be evoked to establish the greater inherent profundity of living theatre. But at the moment, the screen is in the ascendant.

Evidence is abundant. The flow of dramatic invention for the stage is at present very thin; it is difficult to fill a commercial season, and the noncommercial theatre maintains itself almost exclusively on the classics. Films, meanwhile, roll in with the regularity and power of breakers hitting the beach. In New York and other major cities, first-run houses have proliferated like mushrooms, and still the competition for screen time continues to grow. Playwrights and stage directors today appear to find their physical surroundings ill-suited to their needs. The theatre world is excessively preoccupied with mechanics, and controversy centers more frequently on matters of proscenium, apron, arena and scenic innovation than it does on the content and style of plays. The film makers, on the contrary, employ their resources with a high-spirited dexterity that bespeaks a craft at the height of its vigor.

It must be added that almost all the films I here have in mind are foreign (so, for that matter, is the overwhelming majority of the plays that have recently kept Broadway alive). For two generations, Hollywood hogged the screens of the world; in this country it also monopolized the making of pictures. Except for the big studio machine products (many of which were excellent according to their own entertainment standards), almost nothing was filmed in this country. Abroad, however, independent producers and directors have always existed—though their influence was dimmed by American export zeal—and when Hollywood crumbled they were able to move in with a type of humane and intellectually adventurous picture that was in a category entirely separate from the West Coast family package. Enterprising native film makers will appear—indeed, they are beginning to do so—but the gap is real and it will be some time before they can compete for attention with their French, English, Italian, Scandinavian and Japanese contemporaries.

Finally, there is no longer, at least in New York, a theatre audience—a group that systematically and critically attends the current plays. It is only the very occasional play that becomes part of the conversation of the times; and the public has been so far debased to a market that producers, like nightclub proprietors, live in terror of any tampering with the expense-account provisions of the tax laws. But anyone who in reasonably alert company is today unable to express coherent opinions on current movies stands convicted of cultural dishevelment. Moreover, the discussions one hears are more about directors than about stars, more concerned with styles and schools than with plots. The quickest wits among us have gravitated to the movies because that is where the liveliest minds are at work.

The Sound of Trumpets, directed by a young Italian, Ermanno Olmi, is foolishly and pompously misnamed in its English title. In Italian it is *Il Posto* (The Job), which is simple and accurate. It is the report, the account—I resist calling it the story—of how the elder son of an artisan family gains employment in a large concern that offers a white-collar security hitherto unknown to the men of his family.

The film records, therefore, one of the small, universal adventures of life, but it does so here in the context of a changing way of life. And it is brilliantly astute at finding the natural but illuminating details that contrast the sweet, earthly dignity of Milanese working-class life with the emasculated suavity of a hygienically humane corporation.

The boy has enterprise, an unfledged but sound masculinity, a reserved humor; but he is also gentle, obedient and eager to please. One feels that he hasn't a chance—not that he will greatly suffer, but that he will never sustain his individuality.

Mr. Olmi does not labor his message. He was trained in documentaries and that is a medium where, if you are any good, you let the material carry you. He keeps his tone light, he appears himself to share the audience's enchantment with the quick responses, the almost imperceptible, but blade-sharp reactions, of his talented young actor, Sandro Panzeri. The boy has a gift approaching genius for registering polite incredulity at the buffooneries of adult behavior: his deportment at an office Christmas party is mercilessly funny. He can play the older brother, the young lover, the brisk employee, the dutiful son, with variations of an integrated personality that produces, it seems almost effortlessly, a character study of substantial depth. *The Sound of Trumpets* is a lovely picture; it is also a sad one, in a quiet, reflective way.

A much more knowing, coarse-grained picture is *Knife in the Water* from the Polish director, Roman Polanski. Its ingredients are fast cars, naked bodies, sailboats, sun and storm, food and drink, wit and lust; it is a film that fully exploits the compelling sensuosity of the screen. And exploits — indeed, makes mock of — the cynicism as to human relationships that is currently a too easy style.

Polanski brings together, overnight on a small sloop, a man, his younger wife and a much younger student-hitchhiker. The three of them, for no very strong motives and certainly from no premeditation, proceed to chew one another to bits. The husband feels himself depreciated in his wife's eyes (God knows why), the boy is not going to be put down by any aging braggart, and the wife is partly irritated by the blatancy of the male ego and partly stimulated by the scent of male hot blood.

The film feints with violence in counterpoint to the flash storms that stab at the Polish lake where the trio is cruising. In fact, the knife never strikes, but it is always in one or another nervous hand; in fact, no one is badly hurt, though if this sort of thing happens very often the husband's prognosis is not good. Polanski has recast in the accents (though not the deeds) of melodrama a social cannibalism that arises from the fashionable modern complaint of not knowing one's identity. The malady is over-diagnosed by our auto-psychologists, and yet it is the fortunate man who has never felt called on to bully his ego back to par, the virtuous woman who has not waggled her bitchiness in support of her femininity. The student in the tableau is just possibly blameless—he is not a very pretty fellow, but neither is he at a pretty age. It takes a delicate sense of propriety to tell a moral tale with tongue in cheek; *Knife in the Water* gets away with it by keeping

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the scene frankly physical and electrically photogenic.

Tony Richardson's steeplechase romp through *Tom Jones* is no film for purists, though, despite its bawdiness, I think it is one for the pure in heart. It takes the most irreverent liberties with Fielding's irreverent classic, and it shamelessly substitutes speed, audacity and noise for structure and plausibility. Well, Fielding's notions of structure and plausibility were not quite what we expect today, and if Mr. Richardson had followed the original more faithfully and more deliberately we should fidget and yawn and gaze at the ceiling in embarrassment. What he has done instead is to use a wide assortment of cinema tricks—including wipes and flipovers, freezes, asides to the camera, fast motion, syncopated cuts and a mellifluous narrator, to simulate the novelist's mock crankiness; and he has worked every turn on the gross and greedy vitality of the eighteenth century that could possibly be dared in a twentieth-century public entertainment. Indeed, some of his rank detail gets by only by speed and roaring good humor.

Richardson is the only one of the three directors here mentioned who has a high reputation as a theatre man. Perhaps because he is a visitor to the screen, he has turned out the film that holds closest to the established movie tradition. He has designed a chase, filled it with blatant skulduggery, made it bloodily violent and farcically surprising, worked toward a climax so hair-trigger that the hero is actually dangling from a rope when the good guys ride up, and provided an ending blissfully happy for all but the unspeakable villains (true, Fielding originally provided it, but Richardson wrings it dry). And he has given us stars—Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Joyce Redman, glittering in a rich and picturesque crowd.

I have read a complaint that *Tom Jones* is cute, a serious charge. It's a matter of taste and I can only say that, although I was perefectly aware that Mr. Richardson was having his little jokes, he never put me off. Perhaps I was disarmed by the fact that he can shift so gracefully from a rather campy exuberance to passages of real characterization and genuine feeling: I cite the wooing of Tom and Sophie (Finney and Miss York), in which the playfulness of children and the languor of lovers are blended into an interlude of high-spirited sentiment.

Tom Jones is not in the current of contemporary pictures; it is rather a demonstration that the old war-horse methods will always work if they are applied with sufficient energy, invention and discrimination. The picture has the somewhat odd flavor of primal innocence being evoked by sophisticated craftsmen (this is the prevailing flavor of ballet). It is best seen by innocent, but knowing, eyes.

RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

BACH: Cantata No. 76, *Die Himmel erzählen die Ehre Gottes.* Ingeborg Reichelt, soprano; Hertha Töpper, alto; Helmut Krebs, tenor; Franz Kelch, bass; Heinrich Schütz Chorale of Heilbronn; Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra; Fritz Werner, conductor. Epic LC 3851 (mono) BC 1251 (stereo).

This is one of the richest of the late cantatas, in which the most astonishing events take place within a framework of apparent regularity — in direct contrast to Bach's early cantatas, where external idiosyncracies often mask an underlying squareness (in *Gottes Zeit,* for example). Thus, the real strength of the late Bach is his mastery as a phrase maker, as a builder over great spans of musical time of individual phrases into cohesive, structural balances, regardless of the intervention of many different numbers, all seemingly complete in themselves. In *Die Himmel erzählen* one's attention is held throughout not only by the unceasing invention within each of the parts, but especially by the way each movement adds a distinctive, unitary block to a gradually accruing totality that opens out further with each new event until its completion in the final chorale. Perhaps the most wonderful succession of this kind is the joining of the tentative, suspended close of the alto recitative in Part I to the ensuing chorale setting, with its strongly pulsating, swinging *ostinato* bass.

The conductor, the female vocalists, the chorus and the instrumentalists clearly know their business in this music, but the male soloists are rather fuzzy and rough, as is the recorded sound. Nevertheless, the performance as a whole is a far better representation of the cantata than Scherchen's old Westminister record, which came dangerously close to caricature in its self-important and erratic fussiness.

BEETHOVEN: Six String Quartets, Op. 18. The Amadeus Quartet. DGG 138 531/3.
Symphony No. 3, Op. 55. Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, conductor. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2644.
Symphony No. 6, Op. 68. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, conductor. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2614.
Piano Concerto No. 4, Op. 58. Van Cliburn, piano. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, conductor. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2680.

The Amadeus Quartet is evidently quite earnest in its pursuit of the ideas of Beethoven's Op. 18; it lumbers doggedly after them from the beginning of Op. 18, No. 1, to the end of Op. 18, No. 6, armed with only one apparent resource of articulation, the accentual bump. Still, the combination of this slightly bucolic approach with equally simple but quite honest string playing and ensemble (full and spread in the old middle-European manner, rather than lithe and agile like the Juilliard) seems an unobjectionable means, short of a really intelligent and precise realization, through which to perceive the qualities of quartets which are themselves couched in a rather straightforward, presentational context. In this respect, the recording itself is a great help, for it is beautifully clear and close up.

Leinsdorf's performance of the *Eroica* is as careful and detailed as is usual with his work, and also as steadily pushed and oversharply articulated to insure the sense of increasing forward momentum and cohesion without any particular awareness of individual qualities. The procedure is particularly well calculated for this symphony, since the *Eroica* will sound like the *Eroica* regardless of how it is played. The new discipline and precision of the Boston Symphony is unmistakable, even though at the stage when this recording was made they were achieved at the expense of permitting some rather unpolished execution. As far as the development of Dynagroove is concerned, it seems considerably improved in the "spatial" dimension from the early releases (this is also true of the Chicago Orchestra releases discussed below), but the bass still sounds as though produced by oscillators rather than instruments, and loud passages are sometimes quite shrilly distorted.

At the time when it recorded the Beethoven Sixth Symphony with Reiner, the Chicago Symphony was clearly still the best sounding and playing orchestra in the United States, with a purity of timbre and precise articulation unsurpassed by any present-day ensemble. The performance itself reveals innumerable niceties of understanding, execution and projection, with a refinement and intelligence that are on a level quite different from the one-sided bluntness of Leinsdorf or the Amadeus group. The same orchestral qualities are evident in the accompaniment to the Beethoven Fourth Piano Concerto, but the soloist, Van Cliburn, although mechanically endowed to a prodigious extent, seems completely at a loss to make any sense out of this complex and subtle score.

DVORAK: Symphony No. 4, Op. 88 (with Scherzo Capriccioso, Op. 66). Philharmonia Orchestra, Carl Maria Giulini, conductor. Angel (S) 35847.
Symphony No. 5, Op. 95 ("From the New World"). New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, conductor. Columbia MS 6393 (S).

Dvorak's Fourth Symphony is a work of far greater subtlety and invention than is usually recognized, especially in its multitude of bright and original ideas of orchestral sound and harmonic detail. The first two movements are especially rewarding in this respect (the last sounds more like an obligatory gesture to both symphonic convention and the folk cult). The Philharmonia, as ever, plays superbly, if without the special knowingness it seems to acquire under Klemperer.

The "New World," on the other hand, has always seemed rather too fat and sleek, larger in pose and volume of sound than anything it actually contains, despite many arresting individual details that are usually lost in the vast bosom of the whole. But since I have never heard a performance of either of these symphonies that takes a really fresh and penetrating look at what their intrinsic qualities might be as compositions, such observations must remain somewhat inconclusive.

HAYDN: The Paris Symphonies. L'Orchestre de la suisse romande, Ernest Ansermet, conductor. London CSA 2306 (stereo). CMA 7306 (mono).
Symphony No. 88 in G; Symphony No. 98 in B-flat. Berlin Philharmonic, Eugen Jochum, conductor. DGG LMP 18 823 (mono); SLPM 138 823 (stereo).

Perhaps to catch the overflow from the "London" symphonies, and certainly because of their proof that Haydn symphonies do better in sets, London has grouped Ansermet's performances of Nos. 82 through 87 as the "Paris" Symphonies, and arranged the record sides in automatic sequence, as though they ought to be listened to straight through in consecutive numerical order! But any excuse for playing these works is acceptable, for they come from the period of some of Haydn's most profoundly original compositional discoveries, the external evidences of which can be heard by every listener in the striking syncopations, contrasts and the "surprise" moves that leap far ahead of the step-by-step train of development and then seem to go back and gradually fill in the intervening space. Ansermet, given by Haydn a multiplicity of gradations of articulation and intensity to

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work with, seems content simply to turn everything either on or off all at once, with nothing in between and the orchestral playing is rather rough.

In its recording of the Haydn Symphonies Nos. 88 and 98, the Berlin Philharmonic sounds like a completely different orchestra from the one heard on van Karajan's recording of the nine Beethoven symphonies. Under Jochum (and possibly under adequate conditions of rehearsal and recording) they reveal most of the qualities of superior ensemble proficiency and sensitivity that were characteristic of their prewar playing. The performances are disciplined and proportioned, but often sluggishly slow (in spite of which the slow movement of No. 98 is played with especial timbral individuality) and quite clearly and precisely recorded.

MOZART: The "Haydn" Quartets (K. 387, 421, 428, 458, 464, 465). The Juilliard String Quartet. Epic SC 6043 (mono). BSC 143 (stereo). K. 428 and 458 also issued separately as BC 1270.
Serenade, K. 361, for 13 wind instruments. Bavarian Radio Symphony, Eugen Jochum, conductor. DGG LPM 18 830 (mono). SLPM 138 830 (stereo).

The extremely high-speed tempo context within which the Juilliard Quartet conceives its performances, and which results in such remarkable (and essentially faithful) compression in its Beethoven realizations, races right past Mozart's subtle but unassertive detail and generalizes events of prime determinant importance into figurational incidents within whole phrases, thus missing the inflections through which the individual qualities of a Mozart piece are generated. In Beethoven, the approach works spectacularly well, given mechanical precision in complex passages at high speed, because the profiles of Beethoven's original ideas are so explicit and pronounced that even a simple tracery of the lines without much care or thought will project them unmistakably and produce an extraordinary impression. But the finales of the Mozart quartets, for example, might be any fast Mozart pieces of a certain type. Even the Juilliard's intonation is not up to the razor's edge of accuracy that Mozart's lightning moves require, and the timbral qualities in the upper register are often quite coarse. But Claus Adam's cello playing is almost incongruous in this milieu, with its admonishing gravity and musical maturity that come through the entire texture, along with a sensitivity to sound and pitch notably absent elsewhere.

The Serenade for 13 winds is so much better than wind-ensemble performers ever seem to discover that a conductor is clearly required. But instead of guiding his performers to project an integral shape for the work, Jochum simply imposes his typical ponderousness on a piece that should be shot through with endless degrees of light and space. Mozart, of all composers, is most easily destroyed by a merely conventional, willfully idiosyncratic, virtuosic, or any but a totally aware and precisely considered approach. For a performance of this kind, listen to Hans Rosbaud's recording of *Don Giovanni* on Vox OPBX 162-3, which is surely one of the most memorable musical experiences available on records.

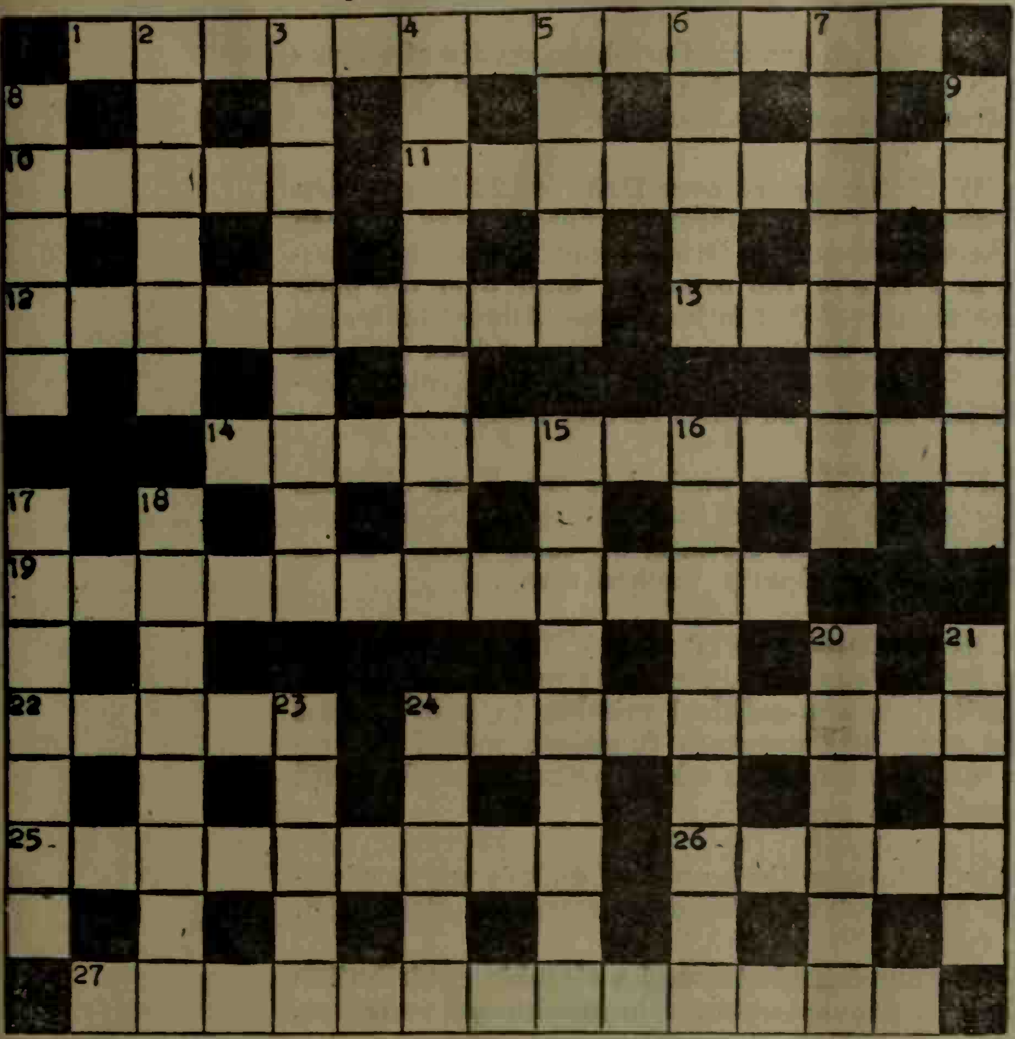
STRAUSS, Richard: *Death and Transfiguration*, Op. 24. *Metamorphosen* (1945). Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor. Angel (S) 35976.

Klemperer has been able to find whatever pure *Liebestod* and *Liebesnacht* are scattered among the loose ends of *Death and Transfiguration.* To the work's unsuspected virtue, it appears that it can be *played* magnificently, and that some of the orchestral ideas suggest the ingenious mastery of later Strauss. And the performance is a fascinating demonstration of Klemperer's control over the total unfolding of a stretch of musical sound.

Metamorphosen, on the other hand, is certainly Strauss' most subtle composition, a tour de force of continuous exposition, beginning from a thematic configuration that joins the *Eroica* funeral march to the King Mark scene in the second act of *Tristan*, and developing through a profound re-examination of traditional compositional resources in Schoenberg's, rather than Stravinsky's sense. Strauss' remarkable achievement in this gesture of his oldest age is in the way the line of development and the listener's ear are guided firmly and unambiguously through immense complexities of texture and harmony, in both the small and the large. In this performance, at least, an unbroken, continuously variable fabric of music for 23 solo string instruments, based on blatantly familiar material (even arriving at the end at a complete statement of the Beethoven theme), and interrupted only once, near the end, by a caesura of any kind, projects a wide-ranging sonic structure of such originality that it seems more a challenge to the musical future than a last stirring of the musical past.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1034

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 They keep waiting for the seconds to indicate "break"! (5, 8)
10 With this, work should be play. (5)
11 Did such workmen make the charts and take care of the overhead in the old days? (9)
12 Long Rhein operatic production. (9)
13 Cantor knew her well. (5)
14 Chairman? Someone to be saved, evidently! (3, 9)
19 Thanatophobia? Good business for some! (5, 7)
22 How to get a measure of quiet, at least. (5)
24 Refreshment queue? You might laugh at it. (5, 4)
25 Bad odors get a dramatic opening, for some. (5, 4)
26 Amy Lowell said this was in her because she was New England. (5)
27 A new strain in mice for pets, though showing a few weak points. (13)

DOWN:

2 Feel aversion at being in the head of 12. (6)
3 Rather outmoded road-mending equipment. (5, 4)
4 It might be played in the second half incorrectly. (5, 4)
5 A track runner and a long distance man might have to. (5)
6 Joints where wines might be obtained. (5)
7 Does it control the current needed to turn the roast? (8)
8 Figures in a solid mixture? (5)
9 Scales, perhaps. (7)
15 One's practice may not be recognized. (9)
16 Responsible for a world-enlightening liberty. (9)
17 Montaigne was perhaps the most eminent one that ever appeared in the world, according to Addison. (7)
18 Could one so deny it's a record mail-sorting job? (8)
20 He was concerned about melted snow. (6)
21 Such fruit might be quite inexpensive. (5)
23 They sang over this during W.W. I. (5)
24 Strength of spirit. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1033

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Share-the-wealth; 10 Hooks; 11 Influenza; 12 Outline; 13 and 29 Scandal-monger; 14 and 28 Caddis flies; 15 Treason; 18 Areaway; 21 Defray; 24 Decrial; 26 Abalone; 27 Exertions; 30 Gaslight. DOWN: 1 School; 2 About face; 3 Exscind; 4 Heifers; 6 Educate; 7 Lined; 8 Headlong; 9 Off-set; 16 Seasoning; 17 Bad dream; 19 Whistle; 20 Yellow; 21 Dead Sea; 22 Fearful; 23 Get set; 25 Clean.

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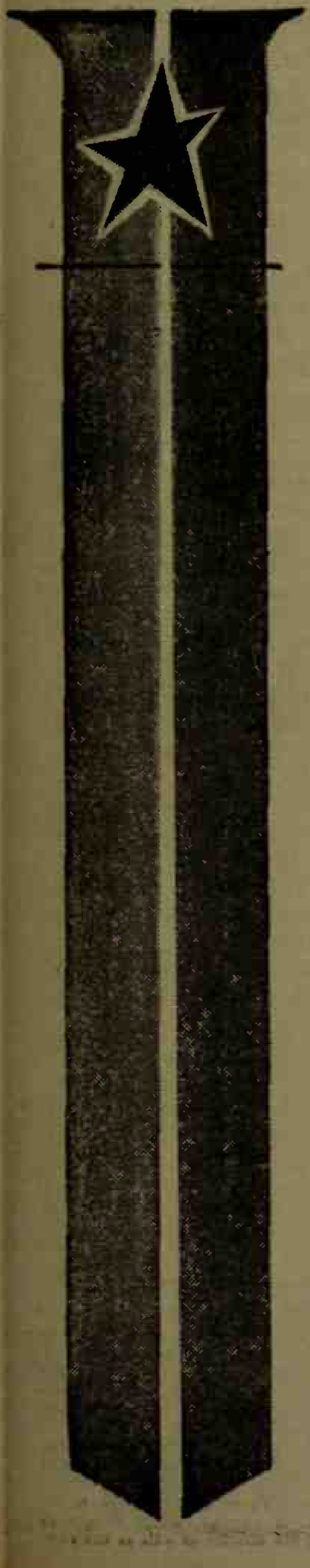

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REVIEWS:

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LETTERS

Rats and people

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Perhaps someone should tell David Cort ("The Glossy Rats," *The Nation*, Nov. 16) about an experiment in *human* overcrowding carried out in Hong Kong: the densities, by American standards, are staggering. Yet the results are not what Mr. Cort would lead us to expect; incidence of divorce, crime, murder, juvenile delinquency and mental illness is lower than that for any American city. (Mr. Cort can check into this in *The Journal of the American Institute of Planners*, current issue.) The conclusion I draw from this is that people are not rats, at least not always.

Richard M. Titus

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: I doubt if you have served the interests of enlightenment, your own reputation or David Cort's by spreading his "Glossy Rats" piece so thick and so prominently. It is unfortunate when important conclusions are drawn from analogies. A half-baked understanding of Darwin led, by analogical reasoning, to the justification of man's exploitation. Analogy at one time built a celestial hierarchy modeled on the feudal system. There are many other examples of false analogical thinking. Few if any careful scientists would draw conclusions from the facts gathered about one species and apply them to another. Yet here is Mr. Cort strongly suggesting that the present human situation is a manifestation of impending overcrowding, simply because Wynne-Edwards has observed certain animal behavior under conditions preceding and during a state of overpopulation.

Because rats in overcrowded cages develop certain differentia types, Mr. Cort seems altogether too eager to find parallel types among human beings. The ruling elite becomes "the glossy rats," while the Communists and beatniks are the rats with overactive adrenal glands. Surely it would be a relatively simple matter to obtain data on adrenal activity among at least some beatniks and Communists. But this approach would hardly appeal to a book reviewer.

Instead of clarifying man's problems, pieces like this can only serve to muddy our intellectual waters the more. There is a strong suggestion of some "mystic" force here which turns man to various social attitudes in some automatic, reflex-like manner in response to a threat which is still somewhat in the future. One more step and we are back to the Middle Ages.

Is it too much to ask of a journalist, especially one who reviews scientific material, to understand that no sweeping conclusions about one species are warranted from data observed in other species?

Albert Kaplan, M.D.

Steffens wasn't converted

New York City

Dear Sirs: In your issue of Nov. 16 in the "Review of Paperbacks," reviewing Theodore Draper's books on communism, Robert M. Wallace says "Conversions and disillusionment of such men as Lincoln Steffens, Max Eastman and James Freeman. . . ." Lincoln Steffens was neither converted nor disillusioned. And who is James Freeman? Joseph Freeman? Is Mr. Draper or Mr. Wallace at fault?

Ella Winter

Brilliant on Brazil

New York City

Dear Sirs: There are times when I become quite exasperated with *The Nation*, but Andrew Gunder Frank's article on Brazil (*The Nation*, Nov. 16) renewed my faith in it.

With all the whitewash junk that I have read recently on Brazil (the latest, a two-part article in the Olympian *New York Times*), this piece was nothing short of brilliant. Congratulations.

G. A. Caparelli

Abolishing civil defense

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs: An article in *The Nation* (by Charles Bolton, Nov. 2) emphasized the importance of working for the elimination of the civil-defense shelter program if the American peace movement is to achieve any progress. . . .

I headed a project here in Baltimore to accomplish this very goal, and the strategy used was successful. . . . The achievement of this goal was a result of coordinating the efforts of every available peace organization, recruiting volunteers from their ranks, developing a coordinated plan of strategy as to how we could most effectively influence political leaders and the press, etc. [See "Decline of the Ostrich," *The Nation*, Nov. 23.]

I would be happy to share our complete strategy and method of operation with any individuals who might be interested in attempting similar efforts in their cities, and will mail them all necessary information.

Leon Shapiro
4215 Colonial Road

THE
NATION

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The Nation, Dec. 7, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 19

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Why?

The strangeness of the Barghoorn case has been emphasized by Professor Barghoorn himself and by the press. Professor Barghoorn remarked that he would probably never know why the Soviet Government "decided to take an action which by non-Soviet standards was strange and indeed bizarre." It cannot be said that his revelations have cast much light on the affair. After his release, he seemed at first reticent and inclined to minimize the repercussions; after his briefing at the State Department he furnished material for such headlines as that in the New York *Herald Tribune*: STORY OF RUSSIAN VILLAINY. He says that a roll of papers was thrust into his hands by a stranger, he "foolishly" put the papers in his coat and immediately two men emerged from the shadows and hustled him off in a car. He believes that the papers contained military information, but he does not say (the newspapers say that for him) that there was a specific frame-up. He suggests, indeed, that the stranger might have been trying to slip him information for some purpose that is not clear. This thought also occurs: why did the Russians need to plant incriminating material on him? The secret police are free to arrest and question anyone without catching him red-handed. It is hard to see what they could expect to gain with such a clumsy maneuver involving a man like Barghoorn, prominent, well-informed and with a record as an intelligence evaluator for the State Department. They could simply have grilled him on unspecified grounds and let him go after they had obtained, or failed to obtain, whatever information they were after.

Since the circumstances are so obscure, everyone is speculating on what the Soviet motives were. According to *The Nation's* Kremlinologists, such an arrest could not have occurred without the sanction of the highest authority. Assuming that the Central Committee, probably including Khrushchev, gave the order, or at any rate did not countermand it, what were they up to? It was certainly not an act of sheer irrationality. The Soviets make mistakes, sometimes bordering on idiocy, but they have reasons which, according to their calculations, give promise of furthering their aims.

In its September 12, 1959, issue, *The Nation* ran an article by Frederic W. Collins titled, "Can Khrushchev Swing the '60 Election?" If we examine the Barghoorn affair against this background, a possible hypothesis emerges. It is clear that the Russians are in need of a *détente*; it is also clear that after the test-ban treaty had been ratified the prospects for lessened tension were excellent. Even while United States convoys were being held up on the Autobahn and Barghoorn was being held incommunicado, negotiations were proceeding smoothly in several directions: cultural exchanges, the wheat deal, rules for the use of space, including radio communications, etc. But whenever an American President, especially one with Mr. Kennedy's marginal prestige, comes to an agreement with the Soviets, he takes his political life in his hands. No President can afford not to appear tough with the Russians, least of all a President who may have to run for re-election against Senator Goldwater, a very avatar in that line. Perhaps, then, the Central Committee on the Autobahn, and with Barghoorn as an instrument, began the process of building up Kennedy as one who could reach agreements, keep us out of nuclear war and yet give no red-blooded American reason to feel shame. If that was their aim, they achieved it. On the Autobahn holdup, and even more strongly when they pushed the Yale-Barghoorn button, the President responded vehemently. In the latter episode he gave the Soviets an appropriate out, but he was no milquetoast. The headlines tell the story: JFK WARNS RUSSIANS ON ARRESTS (*The Washington Post*), NEW CHILL SLOWS EAST-WEST THAW (*The Christian Science Monitor*), RETREAT TO STALINISM, etc. And then, YALE PROFESSOR FREED BY SOVIETS ON KENNEDY DEMAND, STARTS HOME, SHARP U.S. REACTION MAY HAVE INFLUENCED KREMLIN, and so on. The Kremlin itself explained that it was bowing to President Kennedy's personal demand.

With the detachment that British editors enjoy, *The Economist* (London) headlined the incidents: BLOCKS ARE NOT BRINKS, and went on to comment: "Hold-ups on the Berlin road and dust-ups with allies do not destroy the logic that is pushing Russia as well as America to seek nuclear coexistence." It must be added that if this is the game the Soviets are playing, it has its dangers and drawbacks. Even President Kennedy, careful student of polls and adroit practitioner of the art of image-making, has encountered difficulties from time to time in managing the news and manipulating public opinion. Can the Russians, from a distance, do any better?

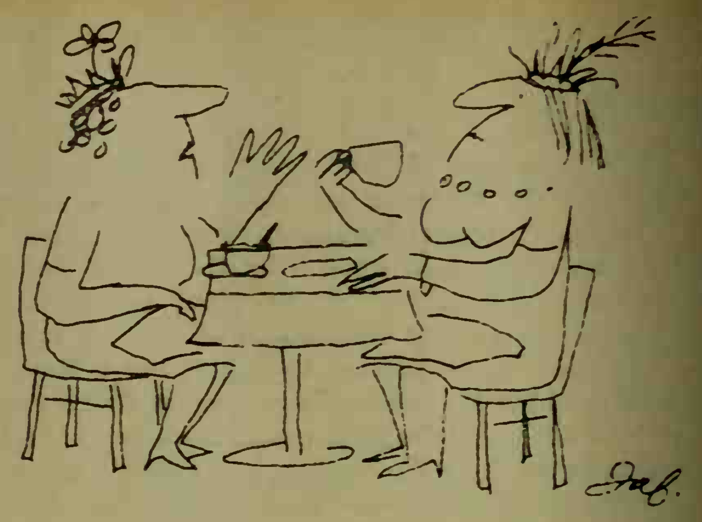
The UN and Captain Galvao

Most of the forty-nine delegates who voted to invite the colorful Captain Henrique Galvao (see "How I Seized the 'Santa Maria,'" *The Nation*, April 15, 1961) to appear before the UN's Fourth (Trusteeship) Committee as a petitioner are not in full agreement with his views on the Portuguese colonies and perhaps feel that, after such a prolonged absence from the scene, he can contribute very little to the UN's deliberations. Yet these delegates had at least two sound reasons for voting to hear him. First, most delegates are extremely reluctant to go on record against any petitioner's request to be heard; in this instance, in fact, only four did so (Australia, Portugal, South Africa and Spain). Forty-one, including the United States, the Western powers, a third of Africa and most of Latin America, abstained. In the second place, Ambassador Yates had warned that if Galvao came, "it would appear very likely that the Government of Portugal will initiate proceedings in the courts of this country for his extradition" (Galvao has been convicted *in absentia* in Portugal of treason, manslaughter and hijacking the Santa Maria). Many delegates who voted "yes" regarded this statement not only as a threat to Galvao but to the fundamental right of the UN to hear any petitioners it wants to hear. Cuba and the East European nations had still another reason for voting as they did. In their view, the Headquarters Agreement between the UN and the United States, signed in 1947, leaves too much discretion to the host country. Hence these countries felt that modification of the agreement might be hastened by Galvao's appearance. The personal risk, they felt, was a matter for Galvao to determine; all the pertinent documents have been sent to him in Sao Paulo where he has been living in exile. Few delegates, including those who voted to hear him, felt that the invitation to Galvao would provide an ideal test case. On the other hand, the fact that Portugal voted against the request and that the United States had in effect lamely supported the Portuguese position by the warning about "extradition" has probably stiffened the general feeling at the UN that some modification of the Headquarters Agreement is needed. If we know Galvao, he will accept the invitation even if he has to swim up the East River and depart, if necessary, by helicopter; or, better, simply stay on as the more or less permanent guest of the UN, comfortably bedded down in the lounge, where he would at all times be available to the press. It would be a serious mistake to underestimate his daring.

Race and Religion

The Reverend John F. Cronin, assistant director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has come up with an idea that can serve Protestant sects even more than Roman Catholics, and which can exert great influence for good in the Negro's struggle for equality. Father Cronin proposes formation in every state of interreligious committees to press for strong civil-rights legislation. The organized forces of religion, says Father Cronin, "are marching arm in arm — priest, rabbi and minister — proclaiming the dignity of man as a child of God."

by Jaf



I LOST MY HUSBAND IN THE NEXT WAR

Father Cronin is too kind. Many clergymen are indeed doing what he says, and interreligious organization would make their work more effective. But paralleling the conflict among the Roman Catholics of Louisiana are racism and segregation among the evangelical denominations, and these are worse than among the Catholics because they are not discussed in the churches most affected. The fact is that a substantial sector of American Protestantism is sitting tight on segregation. Ironically, one of the worst offenders is the Methodist church, which originated in England as a predominantly working-class sect and in which social protest has been an animating tradition. This church has a "Central jurisdiction" embracing 350,000 Negroes. "Central" is merely a euphemism for "Negro." The purpose is, of course, to keep Southern Methodist churches segregated.

The Reverend Dr. Philip Wogman, a Methodist clergyman, discusses the problem in the October 23 *Christian Century*. The failure to solve it lends emphasis to James Baldwin's observation that "the church is the worst place to learn about Christianity." In 1956, the General Conference amended the Methodist Constitution to enable local churches or annual conferences of the Central jurisdiction to become a part of the "normal connectional structure of the territories in which they were located *provided they were invited to do so by those structures. . . .*" The segregationists were delighted with this permissive wording. In the South, they just didn't issue any invitations to speak of, and the *status quo* was preserved. In 1964, the General Conference must again grapple with the problem.

Let no one cast the first stone at the Methodists, however. In the November 20 *Christian Century* Rev. Samuel Southard, who teaches at a Baptist seminary, asks, "Are Southern Churches Silent?" The newspaper headlines can blazon forth the news of riots and persecutions, but the Protestant and Jewish periodicals of Alabama and Mississippi remain silent, or comment so cautiously that they might as well be silent. Mr. Southard cites an editorial by Episcopal Bishop C. J. Carpenter in the *Alabama Churchman*, denouncing violence without mentioning segregation and assuring readers that most citizens are kind and peaceable! There are some 200 segregated institutions in the Episcopalian faith, whose clergy is as urbane, dedicated and civilized a group as can be found in Christendom. Under these conditions, obviously, the churches function as spiritual comfort stations, to the distress and embarassment of those of the clergy and the laity who take their religion seriously.

The more tightly organized Catholic Church is in a better position to discipline its segregationists. The severity with which Archbishop (now Cardinal) Joseph E. Ritter cracked down on the opposition to parochial school integration in St. Louis will not soon be forgotten. In effect, Archbishop Ritter told Catholic racists: If you want the Sacraments, integrate. Since the Catholic Church has been in the forefront of desegregation, other faiths should follow its example and welcome its help. A unified approach of the kind Father Cronin has suggested would probably have more influence than any other single factor that can be suggested.

Hoffa Again

Once more Jimmy Hoffa, the peerless scapegoat of the American economy, has sent the press into a tizzy with his plan to achieve a common expiration date for Teamster contracts. With virtually no exceptions, the press reacted resoundingly, predictably and fatuously. "Incredible as it may seem," *The Wall Street Journal* (November 13) began its editorial, "James Hoffa appears to be well on the road to dominating much of the American economy." Most of the less thoughtful media viewed the situation with greater alarm—Hoffa would dominate *all* of the economy, and the American free enterprise system was on its last legs.

Yet, if anyone other than the impossible Hoffa had proposed as sensible a measure as this, he would have been hailed as a labor statesman. Of course industry-wide bargaining is anathema to free enterprise, just as unions themselves were once anathema. But what are the facts of 1963? One of the most mischievous elements in the trucking industry is the factor of "community competition" — communities bidding against other communities and offering all kinds of special inducements, such as tax relief, etc. The trucking industry naturally wants to be protected against this demoralizing type of competition. It wants also to be protected against wildcat truckers, the small fly-by-night operators who raise hob not only with the trucking industry but with related businesses. Hoffa's proposal is designed to bring a degree of stability into this chaotic situation, dangerous alike to operators and drivers.

Hoffa is no Eagle Scout, but his misdeeds are limited by practical considerations. When one surveys the entire spectrum of his operations, one cannot reconcile the picture that emerges with the one which the press (and Robert Kennedy) has so assiduously promulgated. The power is there, and it is a very great power: a general trucking strike would shortly bring catastrophic results. It would also bring on regulatory legislation, as Hoffa well knows. In a way, Hoffa cannot use his power for the same reason that neither the Soviet Union nor the United States can use their nuclear stockpiles. But in Hoffa's case it is a power that can legitimately be used to coordinate an industry that contains so many weak and widely scattered employers.

Another thought that may comfort those who view Hoffa as the fiend incarnate is that if he called a nation-wide strike, it would not be too difficult to break. Not only would the babies of the fat cats shortly want for milk, but the truck drivers' own babies would be in the same fix. Among the tens of millions of motorists in this country, there are several million who can drive any vehicle competently and safely after a few minutes of practice on the road. They would not be quite as fast, but they would get there. When things got rough, they would volunteer, and the truck drivers would come to terms.

No Tickets for Clurman

David Merrick, producer of Brecht's *Arturo Ui* (see p. 403), refuses to supply Harold Clurman with press tickets to any of his plays. The reason Mr. Merrick gives is that Mr. Clurman is disqualified from reviewing because he is also a director. But the producer has also withdrawn press privileges from *The New Republic*, whose play critic, Robert Brustein, has no such alleged impediment. On occasion, Mr. Merrick has instructed Mr. Clurman on how Merrick productions are to be reviewed (notices should sell a play, not discuss it), but Mr. Clurman obstinately continues to write according to his judgment of what will interest his readers.

Neither Mr. Clurman nor *The Nation* intends to be inconvenienced by this one-sided feud. We shall go to the box office for tickets to any Merrick offering Mr. Clurman wishes to see, and neither the playwrights nor the casts will suffer from association with a man who appears to believe that he can control critical discussion by manipulating the traditional courtesies of his profession.

Cooper Union

The American Association of Museums, we are happy to report, will study the problem of the Cooper Union Museum. This automatically defers action on a proposal made in September to "spin off the museum as a separate entity" (see David Cort's "Disappearance of a Museum," *The Nation*, Sept. 7). The new committee consists of fair-minded experts. Mr. Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., chairman of Cooper Union's board, has announced that all proposals so far advanced about the museum's future (proposals to keep it intact, dissolve it, relocate it, etc.) will be turned over to the committee for study. This procedure, of course, should have been adopted at the outset. The trustees have wisely heeded the protests of the "friends" of Cooper Union, whose basic insistence has been that the museum's future should not be determined by the trustees without prior consideration, by disinterested experts, of all relevant alternatives.

VIETNAM

NEW FACES, MORE CHAOS . . . **Bernard B. Fall**

In the past ten years, I have written two articles for *The Nation*. The first was written on March 6, 1954, after almost a year's field research in Vietnam, where I had seen at first hand the heedless optimism of the French generals, the hopeless corruption of the Bao Dai regime and the total void of American policy. I argued at that time that the Vietnamese Government had been "divorced not only from the mass of the farmers but [also] from its most promising military cadres."

That article, since it flatly contradicted French propaganda about the military "successes" of the Navarre Plan (named after the French commander who was to lose the battle of Dienbienphu three months later), was received with restrained, albeit pained, comment from French officialdom, although it never questioned my facts or my motives. Having been in the field, I knew the war to be lost (or to be at least "unwinnable") and I advocated, even before the flower of my country's army was destroyed at Dienbienphu, a negotiation with Ho Chi Minh on the basis of the hard fact that, "deprived of the south [of Vietnam], the Ho Chi Minh regime would face either starvation . . . or a type of integration into the Red Chinese economy that would be equivalent of annexation." Nearly ten years later, *The New York Times* (November 5, 1963) quoted East European diplomats who described Chinese Communist pressure on North Vietnam as "suffocating" and alleged that Ho Chi Minh was still looking for a way out of the Chinese squeeze play.

On May 31, 1958, I wrote another article for *The Nation*, in the wake of another field trip to Vietnam. The country had changed a great deal: the French were gone as a political and military force and had been replaced by the United States; Bao Dai and his clique of mandarins had been replaced by Ngo Dinh Diem, his family and *his* clique of mandarins. My article cited chapter and verse on the resurgence of Communist-led subversion. It cited a newspaper article in the South Vietnamese press (then not yet totally muzzled) that clearly laid the problem right in front of the Diem regime's door: "Our people are fleeing the villages and returning to the cities for fear of Communist guerrillas and feudalistic officials." Those "feudalistic" officials were Diem's own mandarins whose corrupt practices were a matter of hard fact and record in Saigon—but not yet in Washington.

I warned of the "rapid spreading of ambushes and killings of minor government officials" and of the fact that "the United States cannot afford yet another defeat in Asia without losing whatever remains of Asian confidence in the West's ability to understand and cope with Oriental political, economic and social problems."

After that article, *The Nation* was swamped by an avalanche of letters originating from Diem's propaganda organization in the United States, the gist of which was that (1) I was an unreconstructed French "colonialist," (2) I "hated" the Vietnamese and (3) I did not know what I was talking about. One particular expert (who shall remain nameless, since he has changed his opinions) published a letter in *The Nation* in which he alleged that there was not an increase of terrorism in Vietnam but simply, thanks to the good works of his own organization, a *better* assassination-reporting system.

But that was merely a first reaction to my warnings. The next reaction came from Saigon itself. Apprised that neighboring Cambodia wanted to appoint me as professor to the Royal Institute of Administration, the Diem regime, via the United States Embassy in Saigon, had my appointment rescinded at the last moment. Very apologetically, it was explained to me that my views had become "controversial." I brought to the chief of the economic aid desk for the Indo-China area a large-scale map of village-chief killings in Vietnam, which I had made in 1957-58 and which clearly pointed to the fact that the United States was perhaps in for an even worse Communist guerrilla threat than the French had been four years earlier.

But unbounded optimism prevailed then. Diem had officially declared in July, 1957, that "the guerrilla threat in South Vietnam had ceased to exist," and no one was going to challenge that assertion, even as the grim statistics began to stare one in the face. Diem himself admitted in October, 1957, that the Communists had killed 412 persons (mostly small officials) during the previous year—better than one a day—and by March, 1960, even the ever-optimistic and always pro-Diem *Time* reported that "deaths in this 'little war' now average ten a day."

When I returned for a third time to Southeast Asia in 1959 (under a SEATO grant to study the effects of Communist subversion on the local administration of South Vietnam, Laos, northeastern Thailand and northern Malaya), the Diem regime agreed to my entry on its territory only if I refrained from field research—a rather curious way of helping the anti-Communist struggle, but one that was to happen later to other researchers from American universities. That did not prevent me from getting my information anyway; and my report to SEATO, entirely based on openly available sources, was transmitted to Bangkok a few months later. It warned of imminent disaster in South Vietnam.

At SEATO, however, there was the same blind optimism about the Vietnam situation. In fact, a report produced by top-level security experts in 1959 (at a time when the Communists were killing well over 1,500 small Vietnamese officials a year) blithely asserted that the Communists in Southeast Asia had switched to "legal-struggle" tactics in the face of increasing Western military effectiveness in the area! Obviously, one was not supposed to be more "anti-Communist" than Diem; and when my report openly

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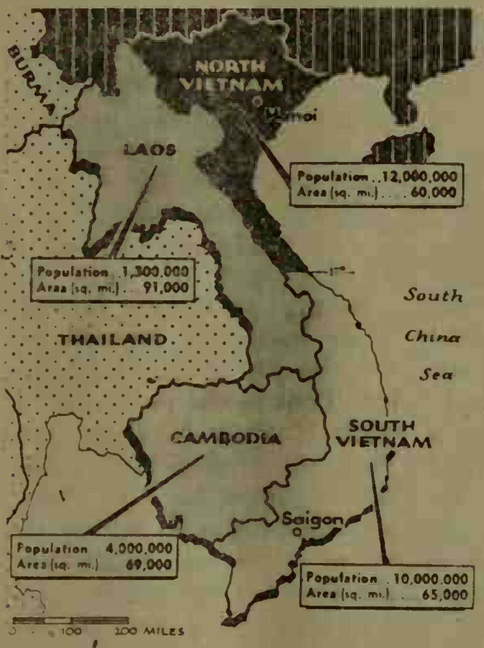
questioned the validity of official optimism, it was promptly "classified," and I was requested to turn over to SEATO the stencils used to reproduce the report. As far as I know, the report is still on SEATO's classified list. (This was not the fault of SEATO itself, for the organization must have the permission of all its member countries before such a report can be released. Some members, obviously, had no interest in bringing the worsening South Vietnam mess to public attention.)

However, in spite of the official hush-up which was taken over lock, stock and barrel from one administration in Washington to the next, the brutal facts of revolutionary war began to inscribe themselves on Vietnam's maps: more and more village officials killed by the day; more and more schoolteachers kidnaped or murdered (the whole malaria-eradication program stopped for awhile because of concentrated Viet Cong attacks against the sprayer teams); and, finally, massive attacks against South Vietnamese military targets. On May 25, 1961, President Kennedy finally admitted, in a message personally delivered to Congress, to the frightful price of that kind of war—in the past year, 4,000 small officials had been killed in South Vietnam. But the President failed to draw the clear implication of that fact for his Congressional audience—for example, that with the killings of the previous years since 1956-57, close to 10,000 such officials had been murdered by the Communists, and that the whole village structure of South Vietnam was therefore largely in the hands of men who trembled in fear of Viet Cong reprisals — unless they were Viet Congs themselves. In other words, the Diem regime had lost a large part of the battle for South Vietnam before it had even begun in earnest, and before Washington was even willing to admit that it had a war on its hands.

But the official mythology went on unchecked, both in Saigon and in Washington, the more absurd as the disparity between the facts and the myths became more and more obvious. Diem, who had falsified every election since the one that had put his republican regime into place (he won that one with returns of 98.5 per cent in a country where he controlled only three-fourths of the population), was still hailed as the "Winston Churchill of Southeast Asia" by Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson during the latter's visit in Saigon in May, 1961. And the two years of "getting along with Diem at all costs" that were to follow were probably the grimmest example of cooperation between two essentially incompatible regimes since Churchill and Stalin fought the Nazis together prior to Pearl Harbor. How much of what was said by American officialdom during that period was news management or simple error will never be fully explained. The Ngos at least—and particularly Mme. Nhu and her husband—never really wavered in their phobia of all things American, for they fully realized that their basic incompatibility would sooner or later result in a head-on clash. Yet the myths marched on to the bitter end. When Secretary of Defense McNamara and General Maxwell D. Taylor returned from Vietnam in October, 1963, the official communiqué asserted that the "repressive actions" of the Diem regime had "not yet significantly affected the military effort." Less than three weeks later, Diem's own most faithful officers led the military coup against his regime because, as they explained later, "we would have lost the war under Diem" as the South Vietnamese Army's morale had fallen to the point where mass desertions were feared.



Yet on November 1, the very day of the *Putsch* in Saigon, the *Pacific Stars and Stripes*, which styles itself as an "authorized publication of the U.S. Armed Forces in the Far East," gave front-page play to an interview of senior American military commanders in Vietnam, in which the latter calmly asserted that victory was "just months away" and that the South Vietnamese Army (which was shooting at its own President with artillery and tanks by the time that issue of the *Stars and Stripes* arrived in Saigon), "just like the American soldier [is] loyal to [its] government." It is obvious that it is as impossible to get a clear picture of what is going on in Vietnam in the face of such myths as it was ten years ago in the face of similar French myths.

Perhaps the worst myth of all is that a simple change of leadership in Saigon will of itself change the character of the second Indo-China war. It is exactly the same illusion that the French generals had in Algiers on May 13, 1958, when they overthrew the Fourth French Republic in the hopes of thus "winning" the struggle against the Algerian nationalist rebellion: the struggle for power within their own ranks in no way changed the size or tactics of the enemy units, nor their appeal to the local population. In other words, the question in South Vietnam today is not "What has happened?" but, "Where do we go from here?" It is in the cold facing-up to the various alternatives, pleasant or not, that the next phase of the Vietnamese problem as a whole will lie.

In very brief, the alternatives are *grosso modo* as follows: (1) keep fighting as before "until victory"; (2) keep fighting until the basis for a negotiation can be found; (3) negotiate with North Vietnam more or less tête-à-tête; (4) negotiate with North Vietnam within the framework of a Geneva-type international conference.

Officially, all but the first are considered distasteful. In fact, in its first foreign-policy statement since the coup, the junta on November 12 ruled out any contacts with North Vietnam along the lines suggested by various neutral and French sources, and which Nhu, if not Diem, is alleged to have initiated a few months ago. However, "victory" according to the first solution must again be subdivided into several unpleasant possibilities: (a) Victory by *military attrition* of the adversary may—if at all obtainable—be far away and very costly: the Malayan war lasted thirteen years, the Algerian war eight years, the Huk war six years. (b) An "escalation" of the war to include American ground forces on one side and Red Chinese and North Vietnamese forces on the other may still yield nothing more than a Korea-type cease-fire (also negotiated with the unmentionable Reds, incidentally); but it will surely make a shambles of all Vietnam; it will transform North Vietnam into a total Chinese satrapy, and may even (at the worst) heal part of the Sino-Soviet rift. (c) A gradual reduction of the Communist threat where it becomes little else but acceptable banditism (like the Dacoits in Burma or the Communist remnants in Malaya) seems to be the ideal solution that Washington appears to aim for at present, but it does not seem to take into account the various crucial factors that make the Vietnam war different from those in Malaya and the Philippines.

The second solution resembles what the French aimed to do in 1952-54 and what the United States and UN did in Korea in 1951-53. While at first glance the most palatable (for it can at least be delayed until politically least onerous), it usually runs into the following seesaw: each victory of one's own side diminishes the ardor for negotiation ("we've got them on the run"), while each defeat of one's own side leads one to say that one should not "negotiate from a weak position." The risk is that one may have to negotiate from a Dienbienphu, but in South Vietnam today that is not very likely.

The other two solutions are not as difficult in the "how" aspect as in the "what." No one is interested in simply "giving" South Vietnam to Ho Chi Minh no matter what the color of the silver platter. Yet, if Ho were only interested (as he keeps on saying he is) in establishing economic and cultural relations with South Vietnam at the level of those existing between the two Germanys in spite of the Berlin Wall, then he surely would not be paying the awfully steep price of perhaps 50,000 casualties a year—even though many of them are innocent South Vietnamese farmers rather than hard-core guerrillas—simply for the joy of driving home that point. That is the point that is being made, mainly to show that North Vietnam makes such overtures for negotiations for propaganda purposes only; to which the partisans of at least exploratory talks reply that we will never know the real answer until we ask the questions first.

But all this preliminary sparring will be of little importance within a few weeks. The present civilian-military regime in Saigon will of necessity undergo some pretty wide-ranging changes as the non-Communist but anti-Diem Vietnamese leaders return from exile and from the concentration camps. They have scores to settle and views to express, and in many cases they will not accept collaboration with some of Diem's own stooges who turned their coats around at the last moment. The political views of those non-Communist Vietnamese leaders go from outright neutralism, in the case of former Premier Tran Van Huu, to those of ultra-conservatives who simply want a Diem regime without Diem. Some of them, such as Dr. Phan Quang Dan who spent the last three years in Diem's torture chambers, were democratically inclined and wholesomely pro-American. What Diem's jails have done to their outlook I do not know. All those people will make their views felt in Saigon in some way or another, and it would be another example of fatal official blindness to simply hope for a business-as-usual continuation of counter-guerrilla operations.

In South Vietnam, the time has come for building policies on elements that are somewhat more solid than myths and unbounded optimism, unless that new Vietnamese revolution should go to waste and with it, the last hopes of saving some sort of non-Communist Vietnam from the shambles.

PITFALLS AND BENEFITS

THE SHORTER WORKWEEK . . . Jack C. Rothwell

John F. Kennedy, candidate, summed up his program in the following terms:

> *The new frontier of which I speak is not a set of promises; it is a set of challenges. It sums up not what I intend to offer the American people, but what I intend to ask of them. It appeals to their pride, not their pocketbook; it holds out the promise of more sacrifice instead of more security.*

The point was made with equal eloquence in the President's inaugural address:

> *And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.*

Perhaps with less eloquence (but certainly with as much conviction), the President's running mate, Senator Johnson, called in 1957 for a lengthening of the forty-hour workweek in order to meet the Russian missile threat:

> *Either we tighten the belt around our waist or the Communists will tighten the noose around our throat.*

The nation seemed ready, even inspired, to get this country moving again, even if it *did* mean "more sacrifice instead of more security." One can imagine the surprise, then, when the modern-day minuteman was asked by his leader to pick up a consumer durable at the corner store instead of man the muskets.

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The sacrifice was to be a cut in taxes—more take-home pay. This was the keystone of the Kennedy program.

Yet the paradox of the affluent sacrifice was more apparent than real. It can be explained in simple terms: the economy of this nation is capable of producing (1) the men and arms needed to defend itself at this stage of the cold war and (2) the goods and services effectively demanded by its citizens without (3) any kind of forced-draft production methods, so that (4) the real sacrifice becomes one of (5) shelving the orthodox economic idea that (6) any decrease in taxes should be accompanied by a decrease in spending so that (7) we can put more people to work.

Indeed, the tax-cut proposal is based upon the fact that this economy is capable of producing a *far greater* quantity of goods than its people are capable of purchasing at current levels of income and employment. It is hoped that the cut will provide the additional purchasing power needed to bring the economy up to higher levels of output, employment and income. And it is hoped that the greater national income thus generated will swell the federal coffers (higher income = higher tax receipts despite lower tax rates) so that the federal government will be able to buy the things our economy is more than capable of producing without running a budget deficit in the process.

The all-out Administration effort on the tax bill virtually has precluded (from a political standpoint) any serious consideration of the increasingly voluble proposal to cut the standard workweek.* On economic grounds as well, the Administration's attitude has been thumbs down.

The President has taken the position that it is more desirable to absorb the unemployed into the labor force by increasing output than by sharing the present work load. On his September swing through the West, Kennedy spoke of possible reduction in the workweek, but explained in his October 9 news conference that his thoughts were of the longer run.

> *I think that the needs of American production are such that we ought to stick with our 40-hour week.*
>
> *I see the time coming, as I was saying, at the end of the century—perhaps sooner than that—when there may be a change in that. Not now.*

Despite the President's lack of enthusiasm, labor continues to push for the thirty-five-hour week. The pressure comes from deep down in the labor movement, from rank-and-file members with deep feelings of insecurity and frustration over the high rate of unemployment and the possible impact of automation on their jobs. The pressure shows up in the increasing number of negotiated settlements which are turned down in local union votes. And it has prompted top labor brass to act, even though it is reported to be less than enthusiastic over near-term prospects for a cut in the workweek. In a recent AFL-CIO pamphlet, George Meany wrote with unusual candor:

> *No one—certainly not the AFL-CIO—maintains that under ordinary circumstances 40 hours a week are excessive on grounds of health, safety or undue restriction of leisure time. On the contrary, the labor movement would be delighted if 40 hours of work were available to all who wanted them . . .* [but] *it seems clear beyond question that 40-hour jobs will not be available to all Americans under presently foreseeable circumstances. This means a continuation of the intolerably high unemployment we have suffered for five full years. . . . These points . . . lead us to believe that a 35-hour week, with increased penalty pay to discourage overtime, is essential to the present and future economic health of the United States and therefore the free world.*

Whether or not Mr. Meany is correct in his prognostication, the record of recent years does indeed leave much to be desired. For each of the past five years, unemployment has averaged 5½ per cent or more, the result of some undefinable admixture of demand deficiency, automation, change in consumer tastes (as from coal to oil), rank racial discrimination and many other factors. Emphasis, however, has been on the first two factors enumerated above, and the pressure from within the labor movement is primarily linked to automation.

The term "automation" applies to the development and linkage of three different technical processes: (1) The integration of conventionally separate manufacturing processes into continuous production lines; (2) the use of servomechanisms or "feed-back" control devices which, with electronically sensitive "fingers," are able to compare the way work is actually being done with the way it is supposed to be done and then make any adjustments needed in the work process; (3) the application of computers

Punch: Ben Roth Agency

"They seem to have revived unemployment"

**Forty hours with time-and-a-half for overtime, a product of the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938.*

which, through programed instructions, are able to direct the entire production process.

The upshot is fast, efficient production with a considerable reduction in labor requirements. In manufacturing engine blocks, for example, rough castings enter at one end of a production line and go by a series of machines that perform boring, broaching, drilling, honing, milling and tapping operations with electronic nerve centers directing the block from machine to machine. Compared to previous nonautomatic performance, the automated engine plants of the Ford Motor Company had doubled production and were employing only 10 per cent of their previous work force by 1959.

Some feel that automation will ultimately increase employment by (1) lowering costs and prices and thereby increasing demand and (2) by providing jobs in the new industries which make the automatic devices that make goods. Others retort that manufacturers don't always decrease prices when costs decline and that, so far at least, the expansion of new jobs in new industries (such as the manufacture of computers) has been less than the decline in jobs in firms using the devices.

A cursory glance at employment statistics is enough to dramatize labor fears. There were one million fewer production workers employed in manufacturing in 1962 than a scant half-dozen years earlier. Despite the decline, output increased 20 per cent during the period. Shortly after World War II, it took about 311 production-worker man-hours to build a car. Recently, the figure was down to 153. It now takes about eleven production-worker man-hours to make a ton of steel—down from fifteen at war's end. The number of miners required to supply the nation with coal has dropped from 425,000 in 1947 to the present 130,000. And the time necessary to produce a ton of coal has been cut in half. On top of this, agricultural employment has been falling by about 200,000 a year.

The employment increases occurring in recent years have been mainly in service activities. But these increases have been insufficient to offset declines elsewhere and provide employment for new additions to the labor force.

The root of the technology issue was succinctly put by Mr. Kennedy in his *Manpower Report of the President*, transmitted to the Congress in March of this year.

> *In the earlier decades of this century, technological change developed mass-production, mass-assembly techniques with great expansion opportunities for semi-skilled workers with relatively little education. In the fifties, the new technology was increasingly devoted to automating production and materials-handling processes, with concomitant increased demand for more highly skilled and trained manpower and lessened demand for workers in semi-skilled occupations. The signs in the early sixties are that extension of automatic data processing is also limiting manpower needs in some office and clerical occupations, further compounding problems of adjustment.*

And what of the future? Mr. Kennedy continues:

> *From 1953 to 1962, investment in scientific research and development tripled. The rapid flow of technological innovation promises a future in which material want is all but unknown. But this future can only be reached by change, often with dislocation. In the process, the manpower requirements of the nation will be profoundly altered.*

And not only technical change is in prospect. The number of new job-seekers is expected to grow more rapidly in the sixties, resulting in a net addition of about 13 million to the labor force. This is more than 50 per cent greater than the addition in the fifties. If we were to add new jobs in the next five years at a rate comparable to that in the last, we would have over 5½ million unemployed by 1967, over 7 per cent of the labor force.

Little wonder, then, that the unions should be concerned about job security and should be pushing for shorter hours. And the push has not gone unheralded. Already there has been a Congressional study of the issue. At mid-year, the House Select Subcommittee on Labor held hearings on the *Hours of Work* and scheduled another round for November. There are three major bills before the Committee now: One introduced by Rep. Elmer J. Holland (D-Pa.) which would require time-and-a-half after thirty-two hours; a second by Rep. Roland V. Libonati (D-Ill.) and Adam Clayton Powell (D-N.Y.) to require time-and-a-half after thirty-seven-and-a-half hours, beginning two years after enactment, and after thirty-five hours two years later; and a third by Rep. James G. O'Hara (D-Mich.) to require double time after forty hours in mining, most construction, communications and public utilities.

Prospects for Congressional approval of the bills are dim, given the opposition of the Administration. But the hearings will at least spotlight some of the important merits and demerits of the proposed legislation. And the witnesses scheduled to appear will doubtless reveal the multitude of uncertainties associated with a reduction in work hours.

These uncertainties, in fact, are the bedrock of opposition to the workweek proposals. No one knows exactly what would happen if hours were reduced; hence there are several areas of controversy concerning the hours of labor. One of the most important is the decline in productive potential which a cut in the workweek might bring.

With respect to the nation, there is a certain output potential associated with full employment at a forty-hour week. A decrease in the average workweek would tend to reduce this potential and thereby limit the range of increase in our standard of living. In other words, the nation would forgo the consumption of goods it might otherwise enjoy if the workweek were cut. And to forgo consumption is a social cost.

On the other hand, one might question such a materialistic philosophy on the grounds that leisure, too, is a desirable commodity, and to give up leisure in order to consume an ever-growing proliferation of goods is also to incur a social cost. Indeed, the nation could work a sixty-hour week, as it did at the turn of the century, and have even more goods; but there would be precious little time to enjoy them.

A second argument with regard to the social cost of forgone consumption is simply that we may never *reach* the theoretical potential associated with full employment at forty hours — never reach it because we may never *achieve* full employment without a reduction in

the workweek. And if the potential is never to become a reality at the forty-hour week, we forgo nothing but a dream by cutting work hours.

The case for the affirmative encounters a bit rougher going when international politics is brought into the picture. For the fact is we don't live in a comfortable little world all to ourselves but must share the sphere with Mr. Khrushchev who has threatened to bury us — not literally, he assures us, but figuratively — with production of goods.

International power politics thus would seem to throw a monkey wrench into the workweek proposal. The reasoning is that the nations which have retained their sovereignty have usually been the powerful ones. The powerful ones have power because they can defend themselves. They can defend themselves because they can throw a lot of lances, arrows, lead or bombs at an aggressor (or at a peaceful neighbor, for that matter). They can throw a lot of lead because they can produce a lot of lead. Thus sovereignty equals production, and anything that decreases productive potential undermines sovereignty.

Of course, there is a lot to be said for this argument. To a very large extent sovereignty in today's world probably does equal production. But is there some point in modern-day power politics where an increase in the rate of addition to productive potential adds to sovereignty at a significantly decreasing rate? Are there diminishing returns to scale?

It is quite possible that such diminishing returns do exist. One reason is the changing technology of war. Delivering destructive fire power does not require such a massive marshaling of resources as it once did. And already we possess the nuclear weapons and delivery systems to demolish the Soviet Union. The "overkill" potential of this capacity has been widely noted. Tactical atomic weapons have also come into their own. Today several men in a truck can set up and fire a weapon that will demolish a division — and they can do all this in a time span measured in minutes. There is even talk at the present time of a *reduction* in the defense budget. Indeed, some businessmen are taking this possibility into consideration in planning their capital budget for the *next few years*. And government economists are already calculating the impact on the economy of such a cutback.

But the fact is that our economy is capable of providing for our military needs at the present time without physical strain on the nation's resources, and it is quite possible that it could continue to do so even if a cut in work hours were to decrease the rate of addition to our productive potential. If at some future time it appeared that we were failing to meet our military needs, it would not be impossible to *reverse* our course and *increase* work hours.

As for our relative position vis-à-vis the Russians, we have been concerned about the Soviet economy's rate of growth for some years. The concern is heard less often now that Khrushchev is turning to the West for wheat and since China has failed to secure her Great Leap Forward, but it will doubtless be heard again as the Soviet economic situation improves. When we hear concern about growth, we would do well to keep it in perspective. Growth per se does not necessarily mean a deterioration in our military strength relative to that of the Soviet Union, given the technology of modern war. Moreover, the Soviets will have to grow a long time before they reach our absolute level of production, and before they do, past experience and economic theory tell us that their rate of growth should decline under the pressure of diminishing returns.*

Probably no one *really* knows whether a reduction in work hours would diminish our ability to defend ourselves. Yet the issue should be explored. In the literature on the workweek there is a good deal of passive acceptance of the national defense argument with little searching exploration.

A second large area of uncertainty associated with a cut in the workweek is cost. Labor's goal is to obtain a cut in hours without a reduction in weekly pay. This means a hike in hourly pay rates. The per cent increase in hourly pay required to maintain existing weekly payrolls varies (as shown below) with the magnitude of the reduction in hours.

Cut from 40 hours to	Per cent increase in hourly pay to maintain same weekly pay
39	2.6
38	5.3
37½	6.7
36	11.1
35	14.3
32	25.0

Critics of the workweek proposals say that wage-rate hikes might bring both domestic and international difficulties. On the home front, an increase in hourly labor costs could cause anything from recession to inflation, according to the timing of the increase and the size of the wage-rate hike relative to gains in productivity.

If the rise in hourly wages exceeds increases in hourly output, then labor costs will rise per unit of output. When unit costs rise, management is faced with an important decision: whether to absorb the increase in costs (thereby decreasing profits) or to pass the increase along to the consumer in the form of price hikes. This is where timing comes in.

If hours are cut during a period of brisk business expansion — when demand for goods is pressing business to produce near-capacity, and when competition to

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For those concerned about the enhanced capacity for international subversion and economic aid that growth will bring to the Soviets, it should be remembered that our own capacity in this direction is limited, not by our industrial capacity, but by our annual appropriations.

sell goods is not intense — then business may raise prices. This would mean that the worker's wage would buy less — his standard of living would fall — he would have reduced his hours of work at the cost (to him) of a reduction in his effective ability to consume goods. This situation, in turn, would probably cause union leadership to press for wage hikes, which would mean (under the assumed conditions) further increases in business costs and another round of price increases — the familiar wage-price spiral accompanied, most likely, by labor-management unrest, strikes and lost production.

On the other hand, if the decrease in hours (and increase in unit labor costs) occurs during a period characterized by lax demand, troublesome unemployment and more intense competition (a time much like the present), then much of the increase in costs probably would be absorbed by employers, resulting in a fall in profits. If pressures on profits did indeed develop, employers might respond in at least three ways.

First, some marginal firms might be forced out of business and unemployment would result. Second, since prospective profits are an important determinant of business investment, business might cut back its capital outlays on new plants and equipment. The result would be a decrease in the number of new jobs available to an expanding labor force and again, more unemployment. Third, with pressure on profits, business would try to shave costs as much as possible. Instead of hiring more workers to maintain output after the cut in the standard workweek, many firms might put in more productive equipment or simply pay overtime to keep the existing labor force working the same number of hours. Overtime pay might prove less burdensome because of the cost of fringe benefits for new employees: contributions to pension funds, payments to the state for unemployment insurance, etc.

On net balance then, if the cost of overtime is less than the cost of additional fringe benefits for a large segment of business, if new and more productive equipment is installed and if the rise in unit costs forces a substantial increase in business failures and a sizable decline in the rate of investment, then a cut in the workweek might actually result in an *increase* in unemployment and might even send us spiraling downward into a recession. But so much for the domestic situation. How about the critical area of foreign trade and the balance of payments?

Internationally, a hike in wage rates might raise costs to the extent that it would no longer be profitable for many American firms to compete with foreigners in foreign markets. Moreover, if United States prices increased, Americans might increase their purchases of foreign goods. Such a decrease in export receipts and increase in import payments would mean a deterioration in our balance of payments with the rest of the world. We would earn less from foreigners and, among other things, we would find it a great deal more difficult to keep troops and bases abroad.

This is a pretty dark picture. And it serves well to illustrate the range of uncertainties associated with a cut in the workweek. Yet is this *all* the story? Is there not some way out of this cost dilemma? The answer is yes. For the argument above rests on one key assumption: that the cut in hours proceeds at such a rapid pace that increases in wage rates are proportionately greater than increases in output per man-hour, producing rising unit costs. What if the cut in hours occurs at a slower pace?

Historically, productivity has increased at a rate of about 2½ to 3 per cent a year in the United States. In other words, a man-hour of labor that produces, say, 100 bobby pins in '63 will probably produce 103 in '64. Given these conditions, if the workers in the bobby pin factory desire a decrease in work hours, and if they agree to cut hours by an amount roughly proportionate to the increase in

As shown in the table below, the workweek has tended to compensate for changes in demand (Gross National Product) since the early part of the century. When demand increases and unemployment declines, the workweek tends to increase (or decrease relatively slightly) to facilitate the increase in production.

PERCENTAGE CHANGES FROM FIRST YEAR IN PERIOD TO AVERAGE FOR PERIOD

Period	Unemployment as a per cent of the labor force	Gross National Product	Average workweek
1939-45	— 57.6	+ 38.0	+ 10.0
1922-29	— 45.0	+ 20.9	+ 1.0
1900-10	— 22.0	+ 51.1	— 2.3
1911-19	— 16.1	+ 8.8	— 2.6
1946-55	0	+ 16.4	— 0.2
1956-62	+ 44.7	+ 7.0	— 1.2
1920-21	+ 100.0	— 4.3	— 4.4
1930-38	+ 110.3	— 5.6	— 9.3

Source: U.S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census, *Historical Statistics, Colonial Times to Present*, 1960.
__________, *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, 1961, 1962.

When unemployment increases, the adjustment process works in reverse. The workweek tends to decline by larger amounts, thereby inhibiting further increases in unemployment.

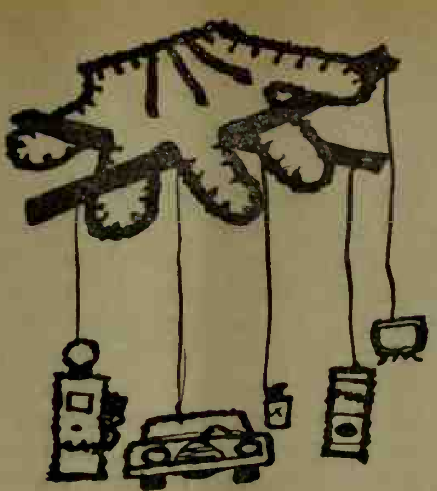
Yet for the most recent period, 1956-62, unemployment was up by 44.7 per cent, demand (GNP) increased by the smallest amount for any of the periods of increasing demand and the average workweek (instead of registering a significant decline to compensate for the small growth in demand) showed the second *smallest* decline of any period.

And the pattern is not the result of the particular periods chosen. The same type of pattern prevails, for example, if simple five-year changes are examined—(1901-05, 1906-10, etc.).

productivity — then they will produce the same number of bobby pins at roughly the same cost and unit costs will not rise.

Thus one way to cut hours and avoid the cost difficulties is to spread the reduction in hours over several years. Instead of dropping hours from forty to thirty-five in one jump and increasing hourly pay rates by 14.3 per cent (as shown in the table), do it over a period of around five years. Of course, the impact will be different on some individual firms and industries than on others because of individual differences in productivity, cost structure and peculiarities in equipment, methods and products. But average unit costs in the nation should stay relatively stable.

Yet two important caveats remain even under these conditions. Keeping the decline in hours in line with productivity gains would tend to make existing jobs more secure and might require hiring new workers to increase production, but it is possible that the new workers required could be obtained from new entrants into the labor force so that no dent would be made in existing unemployment. Other measures would then be required to cut the existing unemployment rate. The hours reduction would serve only to keep the rate from rising. And to be sure that new workers instead of overtime hours were added in order to raise output, it might be necessary to raise the penalty overtime rate—say from time-and-a-half to double time for overtime.



A second important caveat is this: there is strong pressure in this country for increases in wage rates when unemployment declines and output approaches capacity. Yet it would be necessary to forgo wage hikes at a time when hours were being cut if stable unit costs were to be maintained. Thus some type of formal or informal agreement between labor, management and perhaps the President would be necessary to prevent wage rates from rising, the President bringing the full weight of public opinion to bear on any offending union or other group of workers. And no one can be sure, of course, that this type of arrangement would be completely successful. Hence we have another of the many uncertainties associated with workweek legislation.

Whether or not the standard workweek is indeed reduced in the next few years will be dependent in large measure upon the success of the President's tax reduction proposal. Will it pass? Will the resulting increase in expenditures be sufficient to create employment opportunities for an expanding labor force and to reduce the present unemployment rate? If not, the pressure for a workweek reduction may become irresistible.

Most economists agree that the workweek will probably decline in the long run. For the fundamental advance in technical know-how is rendering the labor force increasingly productive, and we will probably desire more leisure to enjoy the goods we produce.

If the tax reduction is indeed unsuccessful in getting unemployment down to tolerable levels, then it would seem desirable in the *short run* to implement what we expect in the *long run*—to reduce the workweek, providing we can keep the cut in line with productivity gains and keep a lid on wage demands.

Mississippi

UNDERGROUND ELECTION . . . Jeannine Herron

Jackson, Miss.

Bullets, beatings, arrests and fines drove the campaign of Aaron Henry, a Negro, for Governor "underground" as the 1963 gubernatorial campaign neared a climax in Mississippi. The outrageously "uppity" plan for a mock campaign of unregistered Negro voters to dramatize the flagrant totalitarianism of Southern politics was taken seriously by the white power structure. As a result of this, harassment and intimidation plagued Henry's campaign workers all over the state.

Despite the unexpected severity of these difficulties and a disappointing blackout by local news and national wire services, the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) polled a highly significant 82,000 votes. COFO (consisting of NAACP, SCLC, CORE and SNCC), working on a state-wide project for the first time, managed to total the margin of difference between the Republican and Democratic votes in only three weeks of campaigning.

Two things undoubtedly worried Southern traditionalists. First, the integrated ticket — Dr. Aaron Henry, a Negro pharmacist, and Reverend Edwin King, white Tougaloo College chaplain — confounded their argument that Negroes, if allowed to vote, would "take over" the state.

Second, the platform of the Freedom Party raised issues at the heart of the depressing problems in Mississippi, a state that seems to rank fiftieth in almost every field. It is unprecedented to speak of justice, free elections, economics and education even in a game of "Let's Pretend We Have the Vote." In the official gubernatorial race. Rubel Phillips, the first Republican candidate since Reconstruction, repeated monotonously, "K.O. the Ken-

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nedys!" while Paul Johnson's Democratic pamphlet warned darkly, "Danger, Two party system in Mississippi would End Our Way Of Life. Vote November 5 to stamp out Republicanism!"

But the final tally for Henry and King proved that Negroes are capable and willing to engage in the political affairs of their state, that they are vitally interested in a better society for *all* Mississippians and that they will have even greater resistance to overcome before the make-believe becomes real.

The unusual protest technique of a "mock ballot" was augmented and modified by the flexibility of such resourceful leaders as Robert Moses, campaign manager, in meeting unpredictable problems. In areas where threats had genuinely frightened local leaders and no churches or stores were available for polling places, he contrived "votemobiles," mobile ballot boxes carried in cars by campaign teams. Where even votemobiles were forced out and ballots confiscated, the campaign encouraged underground ballots, or mail-in votes. The committee made skillful use of an amazing contingent of more than seventy-five out-of-state students, mostly from Yale, who joined local workers to canvass and poll nearly every little town in the state.

The power of local authorities in exercising their whims was effective insofar as it kept the Negroes from realizing their goal of 200,000 votes. Nearly everyone actively working on the campaign was arrested, detained or fined. There were at least seventy arrests for everything from littering and vagrancy to sodomy. Bonds went as high as $1,000 for fictitious traffic violations. With only three or four lawyers daring to take civil-rights cases in all of Mississippi, several cases that should have been appealed were not contested. Had Negro citizens been free of fear, the vote most surely would have been doubled.

Among the particularly hazardous areas was Natchez. Bruce Payne, a Yale student, was pulled out of his votemobile and beaten by four white men in a gas station. They warned him to "stay out of Natchez." The next day Payne and George Greene, a SNCC worker, were forced off the road by the same men. Making a crucial decision! Greene reversed suddenly and got back onto the highway as three shots hit the car, one puncturing a tire. Speeding away on the slowly leaking tire, he somehow managed to lose his pursuers. The following day, in the same area, another votemobile was chased at speeds up to 115 mph.

In Picayune, three Hattiesburg Negroes and two white Yale students were detained by police for questioning. When they returned to their car, they found the gas tank full of water. The local garage could not repair the damage. A crowd of men and boys followed them while they hired a car and driver to take them out of town. Police and members of the crowd stopped the car north of Poplarville, and officials took the driver away in their car. In the confusion one boy was separated from the others and walked from 1 to 7 A.M. when he was picked up by a SNCC search car. The other four finally managed to flag down a Greyhound bus, which took them to New Orleans.

It took remarkable courage to enter a town like Belzoni where two Negroes have been shot in the last eight years for registering to vote. Willie James Shaw (they call him "preacher Shaw" at SNCC) was not going to be turned around. He sat on the hood of his votemobile and started singing freedom songs. The local Negroes stood in a silent, fearful group, not daring to vote in the presence of several police officers. Then Shaw got angry and began to preach.

"What's wrong with you? Negro, don't you know you got nothing left to lose? White man's got everything. Stand up and tell that white man you gonna be FREE!" The atmosphere of fear got thicker, but Willie preached on, seeming to have mesmerized himself, the crowd *and* the police. Then, miraculously, two women and a little girl joined Willie's singing. One by one they began to vote. Thirty-eight ballots were polled for Henry and King in Belzoni, but the police confiscated them as they took Willie off to jail for parking too close to a fire hydrant.

It may have all been make-believe, but both sides read it as a true story and as a portent of the future. Although the outcome of the Freedom Campaign had no effect on the actual gubernatorial race, the image of thousands of Negroes casting ballots for the first time for candidates they believed in could not be taken lightly by the white elite. With the issue of schools looming ahead next year they will let no challenge go by without battle. Their frantic efforts to submerge a mock campaign reveal their fear. They have left hasty, inadequate trenches behind them as they have backed away.

The confusion of a retreat sometimes leaves little time for consideration of where the next line should be drawn. Desperation and impotence create poignantly humorous scenes, such as the public library in Selma, Ala., that has no chairs, or the benchless Jackson zoo. In some places where selective buying is crippling local businesses, the Citizens Councils are threatening anti-boycott boycotts.

The campaign had its moments too. A votemobile driver so infuriated a state trooper that in a dramatic seizure of frustration he snatched the boy's license and scrawled "Aggitater" across it. Several times students were arrested for resisting arrest. No other charge. In Hattiesburg, police tried various means of stopping a campaign rally. After sulking because they could not tell the difference between Yalies and local whites, they triumphantly decided to admit only whites who could produce Yale I.D. cards! Outside, in a final burst of petulance, they blew horns and fire sirens to drown out the speaker, but Aaron Henry broke his rhythm only long enough to shout, "There's a fire burning in here, all right, but those firemen will NEVER put it out." The sirens were silenced by cheers.

Norman Thomas, who spoke for the Freedom Party in Greenwood, and who narrowly escaped harassment himself, summed it up in a letter to President Kennedy: "We have in Mississippi a state obsessed with maintenance of segregation in support of white supremacy. It is a religion which, like communism to its believers, cleanses and sanctifies lies, perjury, perversion of law, perhaps even murder to maintain itself. This situation is America's business. I do not write as a sensationalist but as a veteran campaigner who has frequently covered the United States without finding a parallel or precedent for what I found in Mississippi."

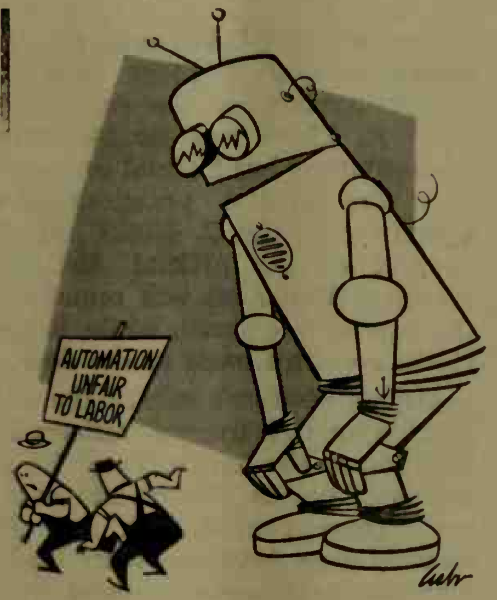
LABOR DUCKS THE FUTURE . . . B. J. Widick

New York City

Perhaps the chief obstacle to the understanding of the contemporary American labor movement is that it is difficult to separate the myths from the realities. This difficulty was reflected at the biennial convention of the AFL-CIO. The task is rendered more difficult still by the nature of the current debate between the "disenchanted liberals" and the "tired bureaucrats." Both groups abounded at the convention here and occupied the center of the stage. However, in the long run, their views were about as important — and their tone as vicious — as some of the sectarian arguments of the 1930s.

To begin with, in simple recognition of the reality, the title AFL-CIO should be changed by dropping the letters CIO. There is no such latter bloc of unions, and retaining the fiction only confuses; the AFL-CIO is a heterogeneous group of unions fulfilling more the traditional legislative role of the AFL than a unified labor movement reflecting a dynamic social institution. What this means is that after the convention, each union powerful enough to go its own way did so, although paying lip service to convention decisions. Three important cases in point are the civil-rights issue, organization drives and relations with the Teamsters Union.

Union conventions have increasingly become settings for creating a proper public relations "image," and less forums for discussing ideas about the pressing problems facing the trade unions. When real life does protrude into the deliberations, it usually does so in spite of all efforts to exclude it. This convention was no exception.



The mood and tone of the convention were set by George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, its dominant figure and its personification. Meany's mood was a combination of anti-intellectualism and frustration over the perplexities of our times. His targets were the critics of labor (especially, friendly critics of labor) and the "curse" of automation. His first task was made easier by the journalistic exaggerations of some critics: the theory that collective bargaining is only twenty-eight years old and already obsolete was a godsend for Meany; it enabled him to avoid facing up to the crisis in collective bargaining. Meany could deride that theory with a simple recital of facts: bargaining is much older — railroad and building trades industries are major examples—and collective bargaining contracts do number 150,000, do cover over 13.5 million workers and are a permanent feature of our industrial relations system. Debatable are the limited scope of the collective bargaining process and the impact of automation on current contract relationships.

The flavor of Meany's remarks makes intelligent discussion difficult, if not impossible:

> *I wonder if these writers would care to take such a backward journey themselves, to leave the comfort and security of their universities, their foundations financed by fortunes gained at the expense of working people and their editorial departments of conservative newspapers and go back to the days when their daily bread and beer came from the WPA projects or anemic union payrolls, and when their audiences did not extend very far beyond the meetings of the Young Peoples' Socialist League.*
>
> *I regret very much that I know of no way to recapture for our friends the romance and excitement and adventure of those good old days, but life being what it is, we will just have to grin and bear the trials and tribulations and tortures of success.*

Meany added to the applause of the audience. His targets of the moment were Paul Jacobs and A. H. Raskin, but his polemic was even more pointed toward some of the past criticisms of the AFL-CIO, made by a man sitting on the stage at that very moment: Walter P. Reuther.

A few minutes later Meany himself sounded like a soapbox orator of the 1930s predicting the early doom of capitalism.

> *There is no longer any question in my mind as to the direction in which automation is going today.*

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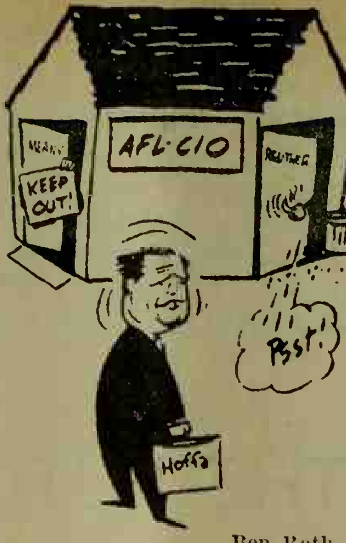
> *There is no element of blessing in it. It is rapidly becoming a real curse to this society. When you study what's happening, you realize that this is a real threat. This could bring us to a national catastrophe. Every big corporation in America is in a mad race to produce more and more with less and less labor without any feeling as to what it may mean to the whole national economy.*

The irony is that this last viewpoint is dismissed by labor as "ultraleftism" when uttered by any critics of the new and widely heralded innovations in collective bargaining on the issues of automation, but becomes proof of dynamic militancy of an individual who never has negotiated a contract in his life.

Of course, the frustration of Meany and this convention was aggravated on the issue of automation because their political idol, President John F. Kennedy, ignored their cries of anguish and rejects their program of a thirty-five-hour basic workweek as a partial answer to reducing the impact of automation. And Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz pointedly disputed Meany's gloomy views about automation.

Having A. Philip Randolph lead the discussion on civil rights was a personal tribute to the grand old man of the Negro revolution who only a few years ago was castigated by George Meany. "Who the hell appointed you spokesman of the Negroes?" Meany asked in 1959. But the building trades are still going to drag their feet unless social pressures against them continue, and everybody at the convention knew it. There was no indication that anything but a ritual ceremony over the ethical practices code would occur. Hal C. Banks has the support of the official AFL-CIO. Maurice Hutcheson will remain on the executive council, while Jimmy Hoffa cools his heels at the door.



Ben Roth Agency

Walter Reuther's role at the convention, or lack thereof, reflects his isolation in the bureaucracy. He remains boxed in. Meanwhile everybody (except Paul Hall and Joe Beirne) does business with Hoffa, who keeps seeing more and more resolutions passed urging his readmission into the AFL-CIO by people who simultaneously support Meany. The philosophy of each union for itself dominates; this is the reality, as against the myth of labor unity so frequently proclaimed in the speeches.

Membership of trade unions remains stagnant, with gains in one sector and losses in another. But 17 million workers in unions are a basic fact of American industrial society, and their permanence is assured.

The symbols of trade-union material success are real. The union leadership can afford a convention at the Americana Hotel. The public relations department of the AFL-CIO can buy a beautifully done supplement to the Sunday *New York Times* in which both the myths and the realities can be found by close scrutiny. Unions do have money, except for the small ones that together face a need for unification. Most contracts will be renegotiated without the necessity for strikes.

Lacking are new leaders and new ideas. The delegates are just older and more tired. Unionism-as-usual dominates, and labor projects a poor image as a force seeking to preserve the *status quo*, rather than vividly attracting a new generation with new ideas. How long will it last? Longer than is good for the democratic health of the nation. The fresh air on the American scene remains the new, vast social movement of the Negroes' struggle for full citizenship. And labor is far from being integrated into this struggle.

The Pathology of Affluence . . . . **Terence Morris**

When Harold Macmillan, in one of his speeches, used the phrase (by which many Conservative politicians have since been sorely embarrassed), "We have never had it so good," he was attempting to say that under his government the standard of living in Britain had never been higher. Politics apart, he was probably right. The memories of the ordinary British man in the street, stretching back over the last thirty-five years, are of thin times. The depression years of the 30s witnessed indeed a decline in the living standards of the unemployed and under-employed, and if the war years brought work and full bellies, they brought few luxuries. The postwar period of Socialist administration from 1945 to 1950 did not seem to bring much, either—except high taxation, fuel shortages and a continuation of food rationing. At least that is how many erstwhile Labour voters saw it in 1951 when they voted the Conservatives back into office.

What happened between 1950 and 1955 that the austerity of the early postwar years was replaced by the "affluence" of the late '50s and early '60s? Full employment had kept money in the industrial worker's pocket, but the concentration on production for the export market had maintained an acute shortage of consumer goods. In 1950, twenty-year-old family cars were selling for as much as $900: waiting lists for new ones were up to two years' long, and legally binding covenants attempted to restrict

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their speculative resale. **TV** was a middle-class luxury; refrigerators and washing machines were virtually unknown outside the homes of the traditionally well-to-do. Ten years later, all that has changed. Prewar cars are mostly worthless scrap, new ones can be had on immediate delivery; a forest of TV aerials has altered the skyline of every working-class neighborhood; refrigerators, washing machines and hi-fi sets are a commonplace. Switzerland, Spain and the Riviera coastline, once the haunts of the wealthy middle and upper classes, are packed with artisans and their wives on packaged coach tours costing sometimes as little as $150. In a word, the domestic economy is characterized by consumption, and life for many is comfortable beyond the dreams of a generation ago.

Economic policy and technological progress have not been wholly responsible for this change. Social legislation, broadly termed the "Welfare State," has played a major part. The Education Act of 1944 brought about far-reaching changes in the structure of secondary education, and the university student population of Britain, in stark contrast to the prewar years, is dominated by first-generation college men. National Insurance and National Assistance Acts in the late '40s provided the first comprehensive guarantee against unemployment and destitution, and the Health Service provides free medical care and drugs at nominal costs to all who need them. These social services are not, of course, "free"; they are financed from taxation and compulsory contributions and to this extent represent a dramatic redistribution of income within British society.

But not everyone likes things the way they are. Critics on the political Right complain bitterly of "penal taxation," the "sapping of personal initiative" and the arrogance of industrial strikers who "need a dose of unemployment to get them to work"—to say nothing of the impossibility of getting domestic servants. On the Left, it is pointed out that the unemployed, widows and old people (who are living longer) are far from well off at a time when the gap between welfare and average earnings is actually greater than in the years before World War II. It is argued that the rich have got richer, that expense accounts, housing, cars and dining offset taxation; that economic prosperity and takeover bids have brought vast hauls in capital gains (untaxed until the budget of 1962) and that national income statistics purporting to show a redistribution of wealth conceal a multitude of trusts and covenants designed to cushion or even thwart the effects of taxation.

Quite apart from those who feel that social changes have either been too radical—or not radical enough—there are the critics of the affluent society who see it as an embodiment of all the values of crass materialism, as an immoral, sick and delinquent society. Now it is undoubtedly true that affluence is by no means a guarantee of excellence.

The well-fed, well-heeled society is no more automatically the good society than the well-dressed man is a good man, unless one subscribes to the curious view of the early Calvinists that material success is a divine mark of identification for the Elect. The problem is whether the social pathologies manifest in the relatively prosperous societies in the West are an inevitable concomitant of affluence, like the "hangover" that follows indulgence in the pleasures of alcohol or the lung cancer that befalls the heavy cigarette smoker.

The affluent societies of Britain and America in the sixties are beset by a host of social problems—crime, juvenile delinquency, alcoholism, drug addiction and mental illness, to say nothing of the vexed issues of housing, education, industrial and (in certain instances racial) conflict. That these social issues exist is undeniable; whether they are peculiar to the affluent society is quite another question.

The nineteenth-century social reformers in Britain were faced with a range of social pathologies not altogether unfamiliar today. Poverty and its attendant evils—crime, prostitution, drink and child neglect probably headed the list of causes for which these humanitarian citizens labored. Poverty in its urban setting came to be seen as the root of almost every social evil that affronted the middle-class conscience; and in Britain, political radicalism and social reform often, though not always, went hand in hand. With the abolition of want, the coming of universal education, the revival of religious faith and the defeat of the demon drink, a new Jerusalem was to be founded in "England's green and pleasant land."

But in Britain things have not turned out that way at all. Among the biggest social problems (in the sense of those which attract most frequent public attention) is crime. The numbers of serious crimes known to the police (so called "indictable" offenses) have risen steadily from 500,000 a year in 1947 to over 800,000 in 1961. Around a million people appeared in court last year (about one in every fifty of the population), and although some 65 per cent of these appearances were for traffic violations, even these included a fair proportion which were serious in that they involved reckless, dangerous and drunken driving — sometimes of a homicidal character. A further large chunk of the people in the dock were there for not taking out radio and TV licenses, cheating the railways and bus systems by evading their fares and similar activities. These offenses, if not as serious as larceny, burglary or armed robbery, at least indicate a disregard for the rules made for the ordering of a democratic society. One of the ironies of the situation is that only some 16 per cent of those before the courts were charged with any of the three-quarters of a million *serious* crimes known to the police. According to official statistics, the average "clear up" rate for crime is in the region of 46 per cent, and all the forensic skills of law enforcement seem to have made little impact on detection.

Enough criminals are being caught, nevertheless, for Britain's prisons to be bursting at the seams. At the moment there are more prisoners in jail in England and Wales than in all the institutions of the U.S. Federal Bureau of Prisons, though British prison administrators can at least take comfort from the fact that if the crime problem in Britain were of the order of that in the state of California, the prison population would not be 30,000 but near 90,000.

Possibly more important than the problems posed by the overcrowding of adult penal institutions is the vexed issue of juvenile delinquency. The bulk of offenders who actually get caught are aged fourteen to twenty-one, with young adults up to twenty-five and school children between ten and thirteen achieving a good second place. Here the issue is not simply one of numbers, for if delinquency *rates* remained constant, the increase in the size of the youth population would still produce more work for the police, the courts and probation officers and put pressure on space in juvenile institutions. The unpalatable fact is that the "criminality" of the young, as measured by the proportion of each age group being convicted before the courts, is increasing as well. The so-called "delinquent generation," born immediately prior and during the early years of World War II, is more delinquent than the one which preceded it. The generation following, born from 1943 onward, has a slightly better, though by no means optimistic, prognosis.

The "delinquency generation" might in one sense be termed the "ungrateful generation," for it has inherited a society blighted, not by poverty, unemployment and want, but by rising living standards and (until very recently) full employment. Surveys of teen-age spending have indicated that these youngsters have more money in their pockets than their counterparts twenty years ago. They also have more leisure, and this may be a critical dimension of the problem. The vast majority of juvenile delinquents in Britain are educated in a system geared to put them at work at fifteen. The system of selection which operates at age eleven effectively denies them real opportunity to improve their chances in the market in a society in which education is the prime avenue to social mobility and economic security. The affluence which they enjoy as teen-agers is highly vulnerable to market fluctuations in the demand for unskilled and semiskilled labor, and the development of automation, together with an increasing demand for technical skills, may continue to erode the basis of their temporary prosperity.

The behavior of the contemporary delinquent must be seen then, not against the traditional backdrop of poverty, but against the alienation induced by current trends in the educational and economic system. He grows up in a society in which social mobility is accompanied by status anxiety. His offenses against property seem to spring not from subsistence needs, but from acquisitiveness, a value which is reinforced by all the mass media of an economic system oriented towards status-giving consumption. Sociologists like Albert Cohen, Lloyd Ohlin and Richard Cloward have explored modern delinquency in terms of adolescent attempts to solve their problems by setting up status systems of their own. If they are excluded by educational and social handicaps from achieving status in a predominantly middle-class society, they evolve criteria of their own ranging from predatory attacks upon property—which may be at best acquisitive and at worst destructive—to the negativism of internecine gang warfare and the retreatism of drug addiction.

A major topic of a UN congress on crime in 1960 was "new forms of juvenile delinquency," though from the discussion of delegates it was far from clear what was meant by "new." Traditional delinquency problems remain, but in a new and enlarged dimension. Whereas in the past juvenile crime could be interpreted as an inevitable consequence of poverty, in an affluent society it appears bizarre. What is more, many of the kids getting into trouble are not slum-dwellers at all, but from allegedly respectable suburban areas. Wattenberg and Balistrieri, studying the problem of auto theft and joy riding in the United States, have actually called it a "favored-group delinquency." Gibbens, working on Borstal boys in London, found car thieves to be surprisingly often from homes in which material standards were high.

Various theories have been put forward to explain this pathology of affluence; one set sees the "aimless," destructive behavior pattern of adolescents as an attempt to prove masculinity in a reaction to the mother-dominated family. Another explanation is that these youngsters belong to a mobile class that has merely moved from blue- to white-collar occupational status and has as yet not assimilated the law-abiding norms of traditional middle-class culture. The middle-class delinquent is not "alienated" like the boy who grows up in a slum, but it is clear that he is discontented about something to the point of being pushed to revolt.

So far we have little more than a list of symptoms of trouble in the affluent society: more juvenile delinquency of the traditional kind, more destructive behavior and more retreatism in the form of addiction (which, though not entirely absent in Britain, is fortunately a mere shadow of the problem in the United States). Among adults, too, there are problems, as evidenced by the numbers of people seeking psychiatric help. How much of all this is a consequence of affluence? The answer would seem to lie not in affluence itself, but in the nature of the economic system which has made it possible. Rising living standards are the result of an expanding economy which depends upon a constant stimulation of consumption. For the system to work we have to consume more, and go on consuming more. "Built-in" and "planned" obsolescence, the modern counterparts of Thorsten Veblen's "conspicuous waste," means that many of the material artifacts of our civilization are on the scrap heap scarcely before the paint has worn off them. When society ascribes status in terms of material consumption, we have a situation of constant impermanence; and the social order, far from providing the individual with stability and security, provides a constant source of anxiety and confusion.

But the affluent society is also an achievement-oriented society, an ideological legacy from the days of laissez faire. To achieve in a situation in which the competition is unequal is difficult enough; to achieve where the goals are being continually shifted is to induce the kind of frustration that psychologists produce among the rats in their laboratories. One of the key men in the affluent society is the salesman. Though not the author or the villain, he is one of the agents of an ideology of discontent. It may well be that the pathology of the affluent society is the pathology of discontent.

The Passion of 'Scrutiny'

SCRUTINY: A Quarterly Review, 1932-1953. Edited by F. R. Leavis and others. Reissued in 20 volumes. Cambridge University Press. New York. 7,763 pp. Set, $125; single volumes, $6.50.

J. G. Weightman

No one interested in English literature needs to be told that *Scrutiny* was the quarterly review which appeared in Cambridge, England, from 1932 to 1953, and whose guiding spirit was Dr. F. R. Leavis. Not everyone, however, has read it; I confess that during the later years of its career, when I might have been studying it consistently, I was too absorbed in French literature to give it more than an occasional glance. But an unprecedented thing has happened. It has been reissued as a single work in twenty volumes by the Cambridge University Press, as if it were a classic that ought to be available to all, and Dr. Leavis has added a "Retrospect" summing up its significance. We have here, then, a critical undertaking resuscitated ten years after its demise as a positive, creative force which has now taken its place in history.

After browsing through the volumes over a period of weeks, I agree that the claim is in many respects justified. There is very little in these pages that is silly or topical, and their astringency has no doubt contributed in no small degree to that sharpness of expression which has at last become a feature of English writing. The small, passionate band of seekers after critical truth who formed around Dr. Leavis and his wife, Q. D. Leavis (the author of one of the first major sociological studies of literature, *Fiction and the Reading Public*), and who kept their nonprofit-making, nonpaying review alive for so long, can feel the pride of the founders of a minority religion which has influenced a whole culture.

It is remarkable how many authoritative voices were first raised in *Scrutiny* — and how alike they sound. The undertaking was clearly inspired by a metaphysical passion; yet it would be wrong to say that the principal figures wanted to turn the study of literature into a religion or a political doctrine, because, in the earlier years at least, they were not so much concerned to propound a body of belief as to disinfect an unhealthy situation by the vigorous application of skepticism. But certain religious or political parallels suggest themselves. There was a Critical Testament — the essays of T. S. Eliot — to be explained and developed, although their author was, from the start, something of a Lost Leader. Leavis says as much in Volume I: had Eliot's *Criterion* been satisfactory, it would not have been necessary to found *Scrutiny*. There was a Prophet, already dead, who had produced major literature about the modern situation; this was D. H. Lawrence. Eliot did not approve of Lawrence, but a proper understanding could reconcile what was best in both. Also, within the *Scrutiny* circle, no punches were barred: the contributors could review one another as fiercely as puritanical Communists pointing out their comrades' doctrinal weaknesses.

Leavis was fighting against two main tendencies. The first of these was the gentlemanly, dilettante, *belles-lettres* approach to literature, represented in the earlier years of the century by such figures as Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Such people Leavis considered to be decadent, middle-brow and frivolous, confusing the practice of literature with upper-middle-class convention; his quarrel with the "Bloomsbury Group," the Auden-Spender-Day Lewis generation, the Sunday newspapers and the *Times Literary Supplement*, was based on the conviction that they were all tarred with the same brush. Leavis' second target was the pseudo-scientific, academic approach, which is doggedly serious about the wrong things because it lacks both the intelligence and the courage to read literature as literature. The chief villain here was Bradley, who discussed Shakespeare's characters as if they had actually existed and prompted the classic rejoinder by a *Scrutiny* man, L. C. Knight's, "How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?" The aim was to replace these two vicious trends by criticism proper, i.e., the careful appraisal of works of literature, not as cultural decoration or entertainment, nor again as subjects for pointless analysis, but as organic expressions of the social and individual reality from which they sprang.

The majority of the articles live up to this high standard. No other review that I have read — and certainly no French review, in spite of the reputation of the French as critics — contains so much sensitive, intelligent yet common-sensical writing about literature. Particularly impressive are the long revaluations of certain classics from Chaucer to Henry James. Two or three different critics try their hands at Jane Austen and are all brilliantly successful, perhaps because her sensitive yet common-sensical genius had a special appeal for the *Scrutiny* group. The occasional excursions into foreign literatures seem to be equally valid; French writers are treated only spasmodically, but very intelligent things are said, for instance, about Baudelaire, Sartre and Camus. In view of all this, one is tempted to conclude that everything is fine; *Scrutiny* was a splendid institution and the only cause for regret is that it is no longer in existence to continue its work.

There is, unfortunately, a major reservation to be made, but whether the reason for it lies entirely in *Scrutiny* itself is perhaps a matter for debate. Dr. Leavis' "Retrospect," an essay several thousand words long surveying those twenty years of critical effort conducted from one private house in Cambridge, should have been a satisfactory piece of literature, indeed a work of high civilization, since a point reiterated all through the volumes is that the purpose of a sound, critical atmosphere is to foster good literature. Alas, if we apply *Scrutiny's* own standards to it, we must pronounce it a graceless, self-contradictory, even self-indulgent diatribe. It shows that Dr. Leavis' famous attack on Sir Charles Snow, which for some unfathomable reason he chose to publish in the *Spectator*, one of the despised, middle-brow weekly papers, was no temporary lapse outside *Scrutiny*, but part and parcel of the *Scrutiny* ethos. The trouble with that piece of writing was that,

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in dealing with a contemporary, Dr. Leavis did not analyze Snow critically but simply denounced him with passion, as if anathema from the purest part of Cambridge did not need to be supported by argument. (This quite shocking performance can be profitably compared with Richard Mayne's excellent critical appraisal of Snow's work in a recent number of *Encounter.*) The main weakness of the "Retrospect" is that it is a vulgar boast, worthy of the kind of literary politician Dr. Leavis claims to be fighting against. He does not appear to see how distressingly Oxford-and-Cambridge he is in claiming that his unofficial Cambridge is the true one and that *Scrutiny* could not have occurred elsewhere. He argues once again that the London "literary establishment" (an extraordinary myth for which I have never seen any justification in all my years in London) and the reactionary forces in the universities are against him, yet in the same breath he points out how many of his contributors now occupy eminent official positions. And, what is most sad, he congratulates himself on the achievement of *Scrutiny* without lamenting the fact that during the twenty years of its existence it found practically no contemporary English literature worth serious consideration. This makes me feel that Dr. Leavis, in the last resort, is less interested in the creation of literature than in being a critic.

I am not saying that many masterpieces appeared between 1932 and 1953 and failed to find adequate mention in *Scrutiny*. Very probably, there were few or none. But I am suggesting that something in the *Scrutiny* tone was actually hostile to the production or encouragement of literature. This something is not always present, and is less noticeable in the earlier volumes than in the later. It is a sort of schoolmasterish impatience with nonsense, a contemptuous dismissal of most contemporary works, as if their badness were a foregone conclusion, evident to the pure in Cambridge although camouflaged by the corrupt hedonists supposedly wining and dining in London. Now, one may be all for critical astringency and yet feel that literature cannot exist without a margin of nonsense, pure fun, irresponsibility and even sheer badness. The critic's business is to analyze the badness clinically (Q. D. Leavis, incidentally, does it very well in examining the thrillers of Dorothy Sayers) and, if necessary, at length, and to pick out any good bits that can be salvaged. No reader of *Scrutiny* can be unaware of the fact that the production of literature is a very complex affair, but the *Scrutiny* critics as a whole, particularly in their dealings with contemporaries, seem to forget that good authors have often fed off bad ones, and that a bad book may not be, in every instance, a moral crime, nor humorless indignation a suitable substitute for explanation. One closes the volumes with the sad feeling that that remarkable private house in Cambridge must have contained most of the virtues except humor, modesty and charity.

Generations on the Gallows

THE ROOTS OF EVIL: A Social History of Crime and Punishment. By Christopher Hibbert. Little, Brown & Co. 524 pp. $6.95.

Sybille Bedford

The Roots of Evil is a history of punishment, an admirably able and coherent account of the treatment of crime and criminals in Great Britain and America from the Middle Ages to 1963; a history, inevitably, of man's barbarity to man, of appalling cruelty and unenlightened self-interest gradually mitigated by generously inspired but often floundering and always grudgingly opposed reform. Torture to decide guilt; mutilation; branding; flogging; confinement in filth and squalor, hunger, chains and irons; nightmare voyages of deportation; body-breaking labor; the treadmill, the crank, the stocks, the cat, the gallows (in the New England colonies twelve offenses were punishable by death; in England in 1810 there were 223). Senseless petty theft, brutal robberies and callous murders were followed by public quartering, disemboweling, hanging; and these in turn were followed—*of course*, some of us, and still only some of us, would say today—by more senseless thefts, brutal robberies and callous murders, to be paid for in yet more torture, confinement, deaths.

The burden of Christopher Hibbert's book is summed up by the epigraph he chose for it, a dictum from the nineteenth-century legal reformer Sir Samuel Romilly: "I call upon you to remember that cruel punishments have an inevitable tendency to produce cruelty in the people." Mr. Hibbert (the author of *Il Duce* and *The Destruction of Lord Raglan*), who modestly calls himself "no more than an amateur historian with an interest in contemporary crime and punishment," has put some hard thinking and a prodigious amount of reading into a book that is informed, though never distorted, by his own humane and balanced views. He records a large range of criminological facts, events and ideas with clarity and forcefulness. As well as the sections on Prisons, Police, Capital Punishment, Law Reform, Causes and Cures, and Present Problems, there are sections dealing at length with such subjects as Gangs and Syndicates, Cops and G-Men, Criminal Psychology, the Young Offender, the Sexual Offender, Crime Detection. The whole is a well-written compendium; and it is much more than that—an incentive to our consciences, an incentive to seek solutions to problems that, morally as well as practically, concern us all.

For one of the major obstacles to penal reform (which costs a great deal of money) is that the public is not seriously concerned. How much better are we in fact than the ferocious British and the puritanical Americans of the eighteenth century? How far have we advanced from the self-righteous rigidities of the nineteenth? The death penalty has been abolished in Scandinavia, in Holland, Switzerland, West Germany, Austria and Italy with no accompanying rise and some accompanying fall in the murder rates. It is still retained in forty-three of the United States, in Britain (for a reduced number of capital offenses) and in France. None of the methods of execution, the electric chair, hanging, the guillotine, is instantaneous or entirely painless, although great efforts have been made in that direction. Most English prisons are still squalid and degrading; some American reformatories still inflict mind-crushing disciplines and brutal punishments.

Yet we also have open prisons, experimental prisons, probation, parole and, particularly in the United States, research ("the most important attempts to discover the various causes

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Sybille Bedford is the author, among other books, of The Faces of Justice, The Trial of Dr. Adams *and* The Legacy *(all Simon & Schuster).*

of crime have been continually made in the United States since the First World War"). Mr. Hibbert holds that, considering the appalling injustices of the past, it is impossible not to feel grateful. And the Webbs's maxim that the most practical and most hopeful of prison reforms is to keep people out of prison, is gaining recognition, even officially. At the same time all of the things which have been seen as the causes of crime for centuries are still with us,

> . . . *The restlessness and vigour, impatience and frustration of youth, alcohol and drugs, thwarted sexual desires, insanity, biological and psychological anomalies, poverty and squalor, the decline of religion and moral standards, broken homes, illegitimacy and the birth rate . . . racial factors . . . wars, revolutions, undue severity or careless insufficiency of punishments, inadequate penal institutions and methods of reform. . . .*

Here are some of Mr. Hibbert's side lights on specific questions. On the delinquency of the young:

> *It is hard to say why public opinion is shocked by the fact that a large proportion of crimes are committed by the young. It is an indication that people find it easier to accept the demands of society as they grow older.*

On the anarchic character of some American crime:

> . . . *the cause is to be found in all the conflicts that have characterized her history, such as those resulting from immigration and from the strong tradition of individualism inherited from the early pioneers, which reflects the dynamic quality of American civilization.*

On frequency of crime determined by occupation:

> *Female servants, lawyers, bankers, brokers and doctors were disproportionately criminal in the United States as well as in Europe. The crimes of ministers of religion were nearly always sexual. However, in France the greatest tendency to sexual crime was found among shoemakers, a fact which could apparently be referred not only to their alcoholism but "to the effect upon the genital organs of their position when at work."*

On the murder rate among foreign-born American citizens: from 5.8 murders per 100,000 born in Denmark, to 17.5 born in Ireland and 58.1 in Italy. All nationalities, with the exception of the French and Italian, are apparently twice as liable to be murderous in the United States as in their native countries. And on crime: is it truly increasing at a rate which may threaten the future of society?

> . . . *in 1961 there were 132 murders in England . . . but it is impossible to believe, on the basis of what few figures have come down to us, that in 1461 there were not, proportionally, fifty times as many.*

Crime may well have failed to keep pace with the increase of population. But Mr. Hibbert considers it as dangerous:

> . . . *to feel satisfied as to be unjustifiably alarmed. There are now well over 2½ million serious crimes known to the police every year in America, including between ten and twelve thousand murders, and in 1962 there were more than ever before. . . .*

Mr. Hibbert's final advice to us is to learn the lesson of history, that to punish criminals without attempting to understand them or to change the soil which continues to produce them is as dangerous as it is short-sighted.

The Quest for Gide

GIDE. By Germaine Brée. Rutgers University Press. 302 pp. $6.

THE YOUTH OF ANDRE GIDE. By Jean Delay. Translated and abridged by June Guicharnaud. University of Chicago Press. 498 pp. $7.95.

Henri Peyre

It is no mean tribute to the brilliant critical work on European literatures now being accomplished in America to claim, with ample justification, that the two most perspicacious and least anecdotic volumes on Gide available anywhere are those of Jean Delay and of Germaine Brée, who both teach in the United States. Both eschew the tale of Gide's childhood, liberation, sexual, political and literary vacillations, already told far too often; they concentrate on the works themselves. Protean, Gide lavished contradictory statements on the spirit in which his works should be interpreted, now asserting that their primary merit lay in

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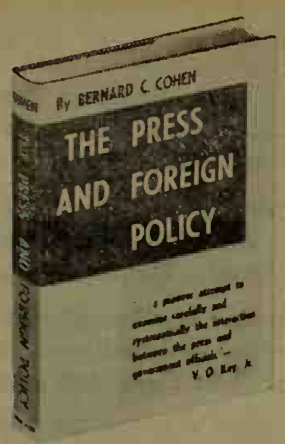
Henri Peyre, chairman of the French Department, Yale University, is the author of The Contemporary French Novel *(Oxford) and* Literature and Sincerity *(Yale University Press).*



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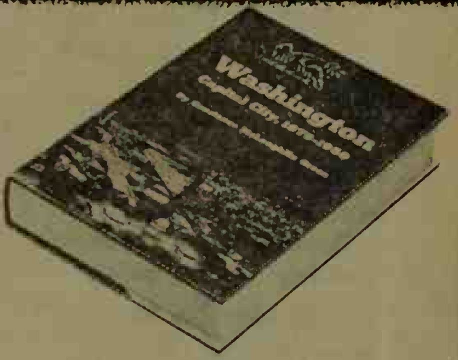

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Definition

The scream Running The distance Running
The trees dark bent upon their branches
Full under the wind

And finally The place was safe And finally
When the wind stopped and the place was safe
And finally The distance gapped And finally

Loneliness is a symptom they said And meant it
The wind sketched upon their hands Their voices
faint Their faces chill under the cold March rain

There is a place of too much safety There is a place
of too much death Close as the flesh of your own arm
Its elbow shrinking taut against the waist

Your hands as they grope Your hands as they move the
air As they move smooth across its surface Like
chords As they slant past the sharp spring air

"Process" The lack of it Or the fullness
Existence itself no more than a symptom
The burnt smell circling under the wind

Susan Sherman

Poem

(from the Maximus Poems)

after the storm was over
out from his cave at Mt. Casius
came the blue monster

covered with scales
and sores about his mouth
flashing not too surely

his tail but with his eyes
showing some glare
rowing out gently

into the stream, to go
for Malta, to pass by
Rhodes and Crete

to arrive at Ireland
anyway to get into the Atlantic
to make up a boil

in northeastern waters
to land in a
grapevine corner

to shake off his cave-life
and open an opening
big enough for himself.

Charles Olson

Parting

White morning flows into the mirror.
Her eye, still old with sleep,
meets itself like a sister.

How they slept last night,
the dream that caged them back to back,
was nothing new.

Last words, tears, most often
come wrapped as the everyday
familiar failure.

Now, pulling the comb slowly
through her loosened hair,
she tries to find the parting;

it must come out after all:
hidden in all that tangle
there is a way.

Adrienne Rich

On the Front Porch

"Did you know
your eyes can live
after you're dead?"

"No mam.
That's
your soul, I thought."

"Ha ha. Well,
it says here your eyes
can be removed

immediately after death
and transplanted
into another person."

"Wouldn't that be
horrible!
My

conscience! — to
see through a
dead man's eyes!"

Wendell Berry

Anonymous

Ants scurry away from the cloudburst of fiery piss.
What does he know of their poems & rites & deaths?
His head opens: his teeth crash through the walls
of apple city.

Anselm Hollo

their quest for a sincerity which fused the man and the author into one, now that their fabric was essentially ethical, at other moments that the aesthetic point of view was the one from which he should be judged. The three approaches, psychological, moral and literary, cannot in fact be separated from one another. But if Gide is destined to survive, long after his desire to disturb has been overfulfilled and his once dreaded venom has turned innocuous and faintly wearisome, his ultimate place will be that of a polished artist. With a limited experience of life, a poor creative imagination, an obsession with his own egocentric anxieties, he managed to make the most of his gifts and to wield a powerful influence over the years 1910-1940. In that time he displaced, not only Maurice Barrès, of whom he always was jealous and whose reputation he belittled to the point that only now may Barrès receive his due from English-speaking readers, but also Anatole France. Was that a Pyrrhic victory? Did not Gide absorb much of Anatole France, so much that his posthumous fame may suffer a fate similar to that of the most savagely mangled idol in French literary history? The question is not asked in either of the two objective studies just published. But it would be cowardly to evade it.

Germaine Brée's volume is the recasting of an earlier work in French, enriched and deepened by twelve years' meditation on the subject. It is a model of academic criticism at its very best and at its most liberal. The search for subtlety through the forests of psychoanalysis and the glades of symbolic interpretation, which mars many a recent critical work in France, is tastefully avoided. The best subtlety, abundantly to be found here, is that which is not aware of itself and makes no attempt to impress the reader. Out of sixteen harmoniously organized chapters, only two or three deal with Gide's life. The others go straight to the heart of the works themselves. Their directness, their brushing aside of all unessentials, their blending of a discussion of ideas latent in the works with a perceptive analysis of their structure and their style set most of those chapters above anything else written on Gide. The method of approach perhaps errs in granting too much importance to Gide's early treatises (*Narcissus*, the *Amorous Attempt* and especially the pretentious and stilted *Urien's Voyage* and *El Hadj*); it dwells complacently on near-failures like *Isabella*. It forces the author to pay more attention than their merits warrant to the execrable last *récits* of Gide and to some of his very undramatic dramas. On the other hand, the position which Gide would have liked to occupy in European literature as a Goethean spirit, absorbing influences from Nietzsche, Dostoevski, Blake and Whitman is not sufficiently defined. Miss Brée exaggerates Gide's "Frenchiness" when she states that "he was impervious to anything foreign." She attempts to trace the origin of the all too famous "gratuitous act" in Gide to Bergson's early work and underrates the revolution wrought in Gide's middle years by the discovery of Dostoevski's *The Idiot* and *The Possessed*.

But such divergencies on the relative emphasis to be given to Gide's books are minor matters of individual temperament. This writer would be inclined to stress, far more than is done here, Gide's long debate with religious obsessions, his struggles with the thought (often distorted) of St. Paul, then his loss of spirituality, of fervor and of focus after he had attained placid unbelief. But Miss Brée undoubtedly has good grounds for slighting Gide's thought as separated from his art. His letters to Valéry, Claudel and others, and the indefatigable and often inconsequential jottings in his overpraised *Journals*, show how brittle were the abstract reflections of an author who was primarily a moralist and an artist. By far the best chapters in the book are those which come to grips with *The Immoralist*, *Strait is the Gate*, the admirable but overcondensed *Pastoral Symphony* and the provoking and exasperating failure of *The Counterfeiters*. Miss Brée also hails in Gide a humorist of the first order, in *Marshlands*, *Prometheus Ill-bound* and *Theseus*, though not, regrettably, in his pallid theatre. Proust, Gide, Sartre and in his drier, more pungent and trenchant way, Valéry, have been greater comic talents than they were original thinkers.

Jean Delay is a medical authority, a psychiatrist of international reputation, a sensitive author of imaginative works in his own right; he revealed in a bulky and thorough two-volume work on *The Youth of André Gide* an acute sensitivity and a rare gift for literary research. The two volumes have been expertly abridged and condensed and translated into English by June Guicharnaud. They read admirably well in this new rendering. Dr. Delay's exhaustive study, which opened for him the august portal of the French Academy, is probably the first one which, devoted to the psychoanalytical interpretation of a French author, is not guilty of gross dogmatism and does not make a caricature of science as applied to the most unpredictable and the freest of human activities: literary creation.

Dr. Delay knew Gide personally and well in the latter's old age; he had access to unpublished letters and other documents; he knew many a friend of Gide and scanned unweariedly every page written by the author at all stages of his sixty-year-long literary career. He does not attempt to prove any psychiatric theory. He rightly distrusts many of Gide's assertions, which have become clichés too uncritically accepted by several of Gide's biographers: his being torn between Normandy and Languedoc, between Protestant and Catholic heredities, between provincial, even bourgeois, security and a passion for exotic roaming. It is not even certain, as Dr. Delay shrewdly hints, that the key to Gide's problems and to his originality lies in his homosexuality. Many readers, not guilty of prudishness, have regretted the intrusion of the theme in *The Immoralist* and yawned over Edouard's elephantine coquetry toward the ephebi of *The Counterfeiters*. The Greeks and the Elizabethans could touch on the theme of "pedophily" with more grace.

Dr. Delay's design led him to an extremely detailed study of the early and, in truth, horribly mannered and dated *Poésies* and *Cahiers d'André Walter*, Gide's first timid incursion into literature. Symbolism cramped and waylaid Gide's early talent as it did that of many of his contemporaries. In the subsequent narrative of his youth, Gide ascribed his liberation to his North African expedition and his discovery of what set him apart from other men, and even more from women. That romantic view of his career may well be exaggerated. His liberation owed more to Nietzsche than to Wilde or to a lived experience; the volumes which first emerged out of it, from *Fruits of the Earth* to *The Immoralist*, are permeated, if not surfeited, with literature.

The most acute chapters are those which Dr. Delay devotes to the relationship between André Gide and his overpowering mother through many hitherto unpublished letters. Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Proust and a dozen other great Frenchmen likewise suffered from either too loving a mother or from one who hated her son. "It's not everyone who can have the luck to be an orphan," as Jules Renard's Poil de Carotte wryly remarks. The French, with all their advantages over the Protestant Anglo-Saxons, as de Gaulle calls them—their freer resort to wine with their meals, their mistresses and their priests—do not, after all, invariably make a success of sexual adaptation. French sanity, like French logic, can conceal a great deal of repressed folly.

Along with Mme. Gide *mère*, Gide's wife is the mournful heroine of this psychiatric analysis. She apparently read more than we thought into the strange attitude of her fiancé, first refused, then accepted as an adoring but "unfunctional" husband. She agreed to replace her husband's mother and play the part of a protecting witness to Gide's quest for himself through unorthodox loves. It seems clear, to this reader at any rate, that there lurked a good deal of sadism in Gide's selfish obstinacy in inflicting pain upon his overrespected Madeleine. On the other hand, and while the author of *The Immoralist* himself never confessed it (he always contended that the truest value of a book lies in what it does not say, what it hides), she must from the start have guessed André's true nature and consented to the blank marriage which he forced upon her. Even in provincial France in the last years of the nineteenth century, women were not that ignorant, naive or self-restrained. Alissa, in *Strait Is the Gate*, is Gide's best feminine character, perhaps the sole one who is alive: she clearly owes her tragic truth to the model (Mme. Gide) whom she dramatizes. It is to be regretted that Gide did not again attempt to weave cruel fiction out of the constant secret drama of his private life and reserved his confessions for a posthumous little book, *Madeleine*, in which he failed grossly to do his wife justice. Not many men can have led such deceitful lives as the high priest of sincerity. A volume as tactful and searching as Dr. Delay's corrects and completes the self-portrait which the writer elaborately prepared for posterity. Will the writer Gide long survive the inevitable passing away of most of his fictional attempts into semi-insignificance? Proust, Claudel, Malraux and Mauriac may well loom greater and greater, while Gide's "*inquiétude*" ceases to disturb us.

Name Pricking

THE McCLANDRESS DIMENSION. By Mark Epernay. Houghton Mifflin Co. 126 pp. $3.75.

Bennett M. Berger

As everybody seems to know, this little book of satire is written by John Kenneth Galbraith, economist, diplomat, wit and man of many affairs. The book is a spoof, but of what and exactly why is not terribly clear. By inventing Dr. McClandress, an "eminent Boston psychometrician," all full of scientific schemes and techniques with immediate applications in business, politics and public affairs, Galbraith is apparently out to kill two foolish birds with one satirical stone: pretentious social scientists and fatuous public figures, neither of whom he suffers gladly.

Dr. McClandress is extraordinarily fertile with empirical techniques. His "dimension" is that aspect of human behavior which reveals an individual's identification with his own personality, and the McClandress Coefficient is the score which represents the intensity of that identification. A specific numerical score is the average length of time an individual's thoughts remain centered on something other than his own personality, and Galbraith does not draw back from naming names. Thus, Richard Nixon's rating of three seconds is one of the lowest on record, but Nelson Rockefeller's is not much higher at forty-five. Martin Luther King and Robert Oppenheimer have very high scores (between three and four hours); Billy Graham and Edward Teller have low scores. Political leaders, like theatre people, tend to have low scores; a notable exception is Charles de Gaulle, whose extraordinarily high coefficient is misleading since it is a result of his almost exclusive preoccupation with "France"—a surrogate of his own personality. And so on. Political figures, stage celebrities, scientists, educators, journalists, businessmen, publishers stand revealed in the degree of their self-centeredness.

The good doctor has also developed a statistical technique for rating the prestige of members of the "American Sociometric Peerage." It takes into account such factors as the differential rank of an individual's primary field of operation, his own rating within it, his eminence in fields other than his primary one, with plus or minus adjustments dependent on whether his star is rising or falling. McClandress has also developed a program for fully automating foreign-policy statements on every possible event of international significance. These statements almost always contain sincere dedication to contradictory principles, a dedication which is the relentlessly logical result of applying the McClandress Solution (involving such smaller ideas as "the principle of overlapping moderation" and the position of "permissible originality"). It is a way of coping with internally contradictory policy either by identifying it with Responsibility or Moderation, or by systematically diverting attention from the contradiction by means of "the third-dimension departure," which directs discussion into "some new and responsible channel." The third-dimension departure is the technique most frequently utilized by the really Responsible man, since "he gets credit for thoughtfulness and even originality and no one thinks him reckless or dangerous."

Although the book is authentically funny in spots, especially in the chapters on The McClandress Solution and The Fully Automated Foreign Policy, it is also a little confusing and chi-chi in others. The ratings on the McClandress Dimension, for example, make little sense on any political or moral scale, and many of the scores apparently require for properly acid enjoyment some personal knowledge of the rated individual. The esoteric character of several of the evaluations is likely to blur the meaning of the satire to readers who happen never to have met or talked with, for example, Dean Acheson, Kenneth Tynan or H. R. Trevor-Roper. But more important than this is the tendency of the book to become farce, rather than satire, because—beyond the utter disdain that a man of intellect and sensibility must feel toward the absurdity of public figures and public rhetoric—it is difficult to define the moral ground on which Galbraith stands. His satire cuts gently much of the time, and when it cuts to the bone, it is with the savagery of a man whose

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cognitive sense is violated, not his moral sense. Galbraith, in short, is in Parkinson, not Swiftian, territory. The reluctant conclusion one comes to on the basis of Galbraith's joke book was stated just last month in a column by James Reston (McClandress Coefficient: ten minutes), who said that, in spite of the sunny, optimistic face it shows in public, the government privately feels that most of the problems it is wrestling with are insoluble. Insoluble problems mean either resignation and despair or revolution. Which of those alternatives Galbraith has in mind is not made clear.

England's National Theatre

Clive Barnes

London

What is a national theatre? Certainly it is *not* simply a building. To say it is a company of actors is closer to the truth; but more accurately, it is a predominantly national repertory acted in a specifically national style. It is, for good or ill, the Comédie Française, the Berliner Ensemble and the Moscow Arts Theatre. These theatres have their good and bad periods, but their continuity allows variations in quality to exist within the fixed demarcations of an accepted pattern.

In Britain we have been desultorily trying to form a national theatre since 1848. Several weeks ago we succeeded. The actual building is not erected yet; in sober truth, it is not even designed. But we got tired of waiting for bricks and mortar and, after having laid a foundation in 1951, we have plunged *in medias res* and started the company at the Old Vic Theatre.

Directed by Sir Laurence Olivier, the first season opened on October 22 with a production of *Hamlet*, starring Peter O'Toole. As befits a national theatre, the piece is played virtually uncut from the First Quarto version, with a few readings taken from the Folio and some rearrangement of scenes adapted from the Second Quarto. It played for slightly less than five hours, and the audience, unused to such fidelity, started to shuffle in their seats like people at a religious ritual. This was unjustified, as were a few of the more carping notices in the daily press the following morning. The production was not a shattering experience, but this could hardly be expected. It will take years of effort to build the National Theatre to a position where it is worthy of its name. But a decent start had been made.

O'Toole is not one of your fashionable Hamlets, all poetry and intellect. He presents an angry boy of action, roaring with frustration at his tragic inability to act. The contrast with Laertes — the archetypal Elizabethan revenge-hero who would kill in church, if need be — was admirably pointed. O'Toole, passionate and cuttingly ironic, gives us a fine, virile Hamlet reminiscent of an older school before Gielgud shadowed the role with the pale cast of thought and fancy.

Surprises were hardly the stock in trade of Olivier's production. His appointment as artistic director of the National Theatre was perhaps unimaginative, although at the outset the venture possibly needs someone of his prestige. His warmest admirer, however, could claim hardly more than competence for him as a director, and in *Hamlet* he seemed content just to keep things moving and clearly spoken. His two innovations — he made the players in the play scene wear "young Hamlet" and "Claudius" masks, and Gertrude, panting with melodrama, was allowed to overhear Claudius and Laertes plotting to poison Hamlet — were ill-considered, making mincemeat of the text.

No expense had been stinted. Although *Hamlet* is intended in this inaugural season to play for only twenty-seven performances, the production has been conceived with a sense of permanence usually associated with the great opera managements. Here, one felt, was the beginning of a repertory, a production intended to last not just one season, but many. This is one of the crucial differences between the National Theatre and any other theatrical institution we have known.

We have created many semi-national projects in the dramatic theatre, but no fully institutionalized organization comparable to our lyric theatre. The Old Vic (now disbanded), the Royal Shakespeare, the Bristol Old Vic, some of our more enterprising provincial repertory companies, even certain nonprofit-making, non-repertory organizations, such as the Royal Court or Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop, with no fixed company but a steady policy, all fall into an ambitious pattern. But essentially they must operate on *commercial* lines. Each year they have to provide a complete set of new productions, and usually the company changes from season to season, although the Royal Shakespeare Company, anticipating rivalry with the National Theatre, has placed some key actors on long contracts.

More significant is the niggardly nature of their subvention. Last season, for example, the Royal Court received a subsidy of only $60,000, the Theatre Workshop got $9,000, the Old

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Clive Barnes is dance critic of The Spectator, *writer on dance for* The Times *(London) and executive editor of* Dance and Dancing. *He also reviews plays and music regularly for the* Daily Express.

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Vic (with two companies, one in London, one on tour) had only $250,000, while the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, again with two companies, one in Stratford and one in London, received not a cent from the government, apart from $30,000 earmarked specifically for touring.

The National Theatre is getting $364,000 a year for its initial four years. After that, when it moves to its own theatre, this will be substantially increased. Peter Hall's Royal Shakespeare Company, which is still threatening to disband from lack of funds, has also been given a small national grant, amounting to $120,000 per annum. This disparity has caused some ill feeling, particularly as many think that Peter Hall should have been invited to make his company into the National Theatre.

The two theatres, the National and its rival, the Royal Shakespeare, will function both as museums for our classical repertory and provide standards for our actors. Their fringe activities will be to provide a stage for experimental drama and a school for young actors. The presence of two companies is essential, as we have already discovered in the fields of opera and ballet. One state company can get stale and complacent if it is not continually harried by another. Thus, the Covent Garden Opera competes with the Sadler's Wells Opera, and the Royal Ballet vies with the Ballet Rambert.

The National is not restricted to British plays, and certainly not to Shakespeare or classical drama. The only Shakespeare planned for the first season, apart from *Hamlet*, is *Othello.* Other productions include *Saint Joan* and *Uncle Vanya* (both revivals from the National Theatre's pilot venture at the Chichester Festival), Farquhar's eighteenth-century comedy *The Recruiting Officer*, an old regional comedy by Harold Brighouse, *Hobson's Choice*, Ibsen's *The Master Builder*, Sophocles' *Philoctetes*, Beckett's *Play* and Max Frisch's *Andorra*. Among the plays to be added in the second season will be Brecht's *Mother Courage*, Noel Coward's *Hay Fever* and Granville-Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance.*

Who needs a national theatre, anyway? (Why does no one ever ask who needs public parks, public libraries or public art galleries?) At last, after literally centuries of struggle, Britain is now persuaded that the public needs a theatre as much as it does a zoo. After all, Britain is only doing what every other civilized nation in the world does — or to be accurate, every other civilized nation except one.

LETTER from SAN JUAN

George G. Kirstein

Is international understanding improved by bringing together artists from different countries in the hope that, by reason of their common gift of creativity, they will surmount the differences of nationality, language and culture to gain awareness of and sympathy toward one another's problems? The answer is: "Perhaps—a little," according to my observation of The Second Inter-American Committee Symposium held recently in Puerto Rico. The question that I have posed was not before the conference, but it interested me more than the formal agenda. The discussions centered upon the role of the artist as a political citizen and as a social critic in the United States and in the various Latin American countries. What emerged from the several round-table discussions was more a delineation of the differences between the roles of the artist in the two hemispheres than any common definition of his functioning.

The United States delegation included writers Lillian Hellman, William Styron and James Baldwin, and painter, Peter Blume. This group was supplemented by a number of journalists, scholars specializing in Latin America, industrialists and government employees, bringing the North American delegation to approximately twenty people. A delegation of similar size from the Latin American countries included the poet, Rafael Squirru of Argentina, and the painters, Jose Cuevas of Mexico, Fernando de Szyszlo of Peru and Miguel Arroyo of Venezuela. As in the case of the United States contingent, this nucleus was augmented by journalists, philosophers, scholars and industrialists who are patrons of the arts.

The very first interchange disclosed the fundamentally different problems that separate the North American artist, working in our affluent society, from his Latin American counterparts, who must contend in their variously underdeveloped countries with the ever-present crushing poverty that engulfs the vast majority of their fellow citizens. The South American artist is a political person, not because he is fundamentally any more interested in the day-to-day manipulation of power than is his North American counterpart, but out of his natural humanity and personal reaction to the social ugliness and human misery that surround him. Salvation lies in change, in reform, in redistribution of land and wealth, even in revolt if all else fails. Thus, South American artists are engaged and committed at an entirely different level of political activity than are ours. The South American painter, for example, prepares election campaign posters, not because he wishes to convert his easel to this purpose, but because he must in order to face himself as a man. The South American poet becomes a sometime political pamphleteer for the same compelling reason, with the result that several of the delegates to the symposium were all too familiar with the interior of their countries' jails.

South American artists are well aware that reform and progress in each of their countries is largely the responsibility of the people of these countries. However, they see so clearly their own monstrous economic and social problems that it is hard for them to understand the average United States citizen's indifference to their plight. Their general attitude toward the United States (which at the symposium was never expressed this precisely) is roughly: "Help us for God's sake. But help us without hope of reward, without strings, without military intervention, without behind-the-scenes manipulation—or help us not at all. The tasks of reform, and if need be revolt, are ours and we know it. If your good will urges you to help us accomplish our purposes, so much the better. But we do not want your help to accomplish your purposes, your great corporations' purposes, or your politically astigmatic purposes. If this is all you will or can offer, keep your aid."

As to the internal problems of the United States, the South Americans were both interested and concerned. When James Baldwin delivered his by now well-rehearsed account of the black man's struggle to save the white man's soul, they were respectful and they were moved. Indeed, while on may have one's own judgment of Mr. Baldwin's abilities as a novelist, it is impossible not to respect him as an effective polemicist. Furthermore, his abilities as a performer, narrating the conflicts confronting American citizens of both races, are unsurpassed. Because Mr. Baldwin was more nearly akin to the South American artists in the sense that he is engaged as they are in political activity—not because he wishes to be, but because as a man he has to be—the Latin Americans gained a respect for North America's effort to respond to its reawakened conscience.

But the prevailing attitude of the Latin Americans was more a politely expressed frustration at the ignorance and indifference of their Northern Hemisphere counterparts than a respect for their efforts or for their accomplishments. Generally, we believe their governments, their military dictatorships and their juntas are too strong a political form to permit of necessary reform. The Latin Americans know full well that it is not the strength of these governments but their inherent weakness that dooms hope of improvement. We think that our government's economic aid as well as our large corporations' investment are generally calculated to be helpful to the economic development of these countries; the Latin Americans have quite a different view as to who is being aided by these expenditures. We believe that our military aid programs encourage the stability of democratic regimes in Latin America; the Latin Americans feel that these programs make unstable military dictatorships inevitable. They point out with bitter amusement that when we had in the White House a general who was largely indifferent to their plight, they had more civilian governments operating with some approximation of democracy than they do now when our President is a civilian who expresses deep concern toward our Latin neighbors.

To return to my opening question: Do such conferences encourage international understanding and good will? Certainly, they do no harm. But the gulfs that separate our cultures are too deep to be bridged by the mere interchange of ideas, and the problems that face us are so different as to render sympathetic understanding very nearly impossible. At one round-table discussion of the role of the artist as a social critic, an American scholar suggested that the classic role of the artist had always been to render a co-

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herent interpretation of the realities of his society. A Mexican theatre director, struggling with the difficulties of speaking in unfamiliar English, responded somewhat as follows: "You talk of realities—of interpreting reality. Let me tell you, my friend, I spend most of my life trying to escape reality. For you, reality may be beautiful—an encouragement to the artist to create. In Latin America, my friend, reality is not beautiful. No, no, it is ugly—ugly."

Art

Max Kozloff

Robert Rauschenberg will continue to be dismissed by many as a belated Abstract Expressionist, one whose dribbles and splatters of paint have merely thinned and shrunk to give way to objects or reproduced images of daily life. Others consider him to be a decorative practitioner of the collage technique originated earlier in the century in the *Merzbilder* of Kurt Schwitters. Perceiving that he is neither the one nor the other, a third group—one could already have guessed — makes him out to be a compromised talent who vitiates none too original ideas by sheer facility. This, however, still leaves those spectators, among them myself, who find something far more poetic than additive in Rauschenberg's sensibility, and who are kindled by an inventive genius they would never confuse with mere slickness. I am convinced that his is the most significant art now being produced in the United States by anyone of the younger generation.

It has only recently become evident that Rauschenberg is using his famed concept of "combine painting" (in which there had been a dialogue between actual objects—coke bottles or pillows, and the easel picture) as a point of departure for a whole new field of inquiry. Or rather, it is a frame of reference for an imagery that now recedes into the fibers of the canvas, from which it once had protruded. This is accomplished by the silk-screen transfer to the canvas of photographs, originally black and white, and now filtered by as many as four colors. That the new presences do not have the immediate, yet enigmatic, impact of real things is as obvious as that their range in time, space and memory is infinitely greater. Even while surrendering a good deal of physical substance, the artist remains faithful to his original premise that formal relationships alone are an insufficient reflection of reality; at the same time, he refines his intuition that raw artifacts need some further projection into the pictorial life of the work of art.

The difference between what Rauschenberg now does (which was anticipated by his rubbings, "frottages," illustrating Dante's Inferno, 1959) and his earlier bipartite constructions, is like the difference between the cinema and the theatre. Only two years ago, in *Pantomime*, two opposed fans, plugged into the picture, blew up gusts of paint between them. But at his present show at the Castelli Gallery, the air currents have been cut off, the sound of the motors has ceased, and there is only a flickering, grainy, shadowy ballet of newsprint ephemera, colliding bodilessly with one another on a surface whose continuity their disruptions refuse to acknowledge. Compared to the behavior of these vicariously perceived figurations (which are the traces of things rather than the things themselves—not even such things as pasted photographs would be), the once complex tactics of collage seem primitive and simple-minded indeed.

Initially, one is aware not so much of the contained, visually recorded, objects as of their baffling removal by reproductive means from the sensing eye. The echoing series of negative, print, plate and re-photograph almost duplicate the infinity effect of anything caught between faced mirrors, and there are at least seven (and conceivably ten) stages between Rauschenberg's image and the object "out there." It is doubtless as a comment on the way we receive news of the outer world, on how we have automated all communications as mechanized afterimages — the kinescope, the delayed broadcast—that Rauschenberg presents these works which are neither graphics, paintings, nor collages, but a piquant metaphor of all three.

And yet his statement is not unfriendly toward our technological packaging of sensations, but rather welcomes the inherent language possibilities of the mass media. He wants to make one aware of interference, of visual static for its own sake (just as in *Broadcast*, with its two radios concealed behind the surface, he once did the same with aural static). But now the effect is not cacophonic because the spectator has long been inured to the conventions of photography in tabloids, films and television, and has come to accept them as adequate substitutes for reality. Rauschenberg takes advantage of this comfort, but refreshes and vivifies it by coarsening the visualization and changing its context. If our vision is attuned to photography, even to the extent of expecting to experience paintings in that medium, then, by reconstituting the photograph within his opened-up perimeters Rauschenberg ironically arrives at a new work of art. What was once the echo has become the substance—but a substance exquisite because, and yet despite the fact that, it is fossilized.

More than in any of his previous paintings, reality fades from sight, literally and figuratively. But it is the great paradox of the latest work that its physical energy is kept whole. Each of these tableaux is part of a continuing badinage between the assertion of paint and the claims of the outside world, now carried on through the mediation of reproductive processes. Thus, in *Windward* there is the following, rather breath-taking archetypal sequence: among color-photographed oranges, the sudden appearance of a painted orange circle; beneath are black-and-white transferred photographs of oranges, the same orange circle, and then a painted black-and-white orange, modeled in gray. Furthermore, all this is done in extremely close values, so that one is forced to discriminate hues optically with great finesse, as well as identify the actual level of existence among the competing artifacts. In assimilating the re-created matter, therefore, one is compelled to absorb the paintings both visually and logically, processes which go at two different speeds in the mind.

Far more dramatic are the analogies, say, between drips and the feathers of a photographed eagle (which recalls the real, stuffed one, in 22 *Canyon*, 1959), or between frequent rainbows and the four-color separation process. Like an oblique reference to Abstract Expressionism, these analyses and syntheses reveal how a "painting" is made. But even further, they go back, past Schwitters, to the discipline of Cubism, with its suggestion of multiple points of view. Finally, a black-and-white orange is inconceivable without Surrealism and, behind it, Dada. Hence this Rauschenberg exhibition is a tribute to the insights of all the great movements of twentieth-century art, but it is also a remarkable extension of them.

Within this general framework, whose implications are inexhaustible, Rauschenberg elicits some very particular associations of his own. Scenes of flag-waving patriotism, the Statue of Liberty, vignettes of sports events, the roof tops and water tanks of New York, aircraft instrument panels, capsules and nose cones, and interspersions of fluttering birds, evoke the excitability of a mind agog with a welter of current events, and vulnerable to the relentless pressure of the urban environment. But it is no inchoate mentality that presents us, in a daring stroke, with a clocklike electrical diagram superimposed upon Michelangelo's Sistine *Last Judgment.* This is, after all, the artist who has illustrated Dante, who punctuates his imagery with stop signs, and who shows the light going out in a series of four photographs of a glass of water (almost like a lamp dimming behind a film strip). It may be too vulgar to think of the overall *mélange* as hellish, but bright hints of disaster and dissolution are certainly not excluded from Rauschenberg's inconography.

Even the format he chooses—fragments, bleed outs, separations, repeats, superimpositions — mocks the integrity of any object that is caught within the field of attention. One has glimpses of the same image, in different sizes and colors, scattered over the surface, in a Marienbad simile of *déjà vu.* In fact, the whole procedure is reminiscent of the flash-backs, subliminal blips, filters, cut ins, pan shots and dissolves of the modern film, so that the spectator is forced to "read" the picture as if it were on a screen, its narrative consistency perhaps shattered, but its nostalgic poignance thereby heightened.

Other than Rauschenberg, no artist I know (even including Jasper Johns) takes such a polyvalent and imaginative inventory of modern life. It is this fullness of response which gains respect, and which is deeply moving. He stands ultimately aside from the pop art which owes so much to him, not by his methodology—the interjection of a banal motif into a new context—but by his ambition to derive as much sensuous profit from it as he can. One never feels in his work the complacent sentimental attachment to a subject, however evocative, which so easily degenerates into the frequent sado-masochism of what one apologist has recently called "anti-sensibility" painting. Such are the beauties of Rauschenberg's new colors, eliciting a chromatic transparency midway in effect between Titian and color television—that it would take another article merely to do justice to them. He satisfies an appetite for the contemporaneous, for an explicit crystallization of what art must respond to at this moment, which few can claim even to excite. But he does so in a way that is not only far from self-defeating, but gives every evidence of becoming a classic of our time.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

The incoherence of the American theatre was oddly exemplified by the production at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre of *Arturo Ui.* Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui,* written in 1941, was never produced or published during the playwright's lifetime. It could not have been produced in Europe during the war and he probably thought it inappropriate to the immediate postwar period. When the play was finally presented in Berlin it was directed by two of the Berliner Ensemble's younger directors. I was scarcely aware when I saw that production that its language was a parody both of passages from Goethe's *Faust* and from Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare. What was inescapable was the effect: a parable which, though blatant and madly hilarious in spots, was also full of terror, an infernal vision. A group of American and English theatre folk who saw the play with me would not allow the slightest criticism of it. To them, the production was a masterpiece, a perfect wedding of content and form.

In Warsaw, where I again saw the play, the production was even more grim; it retained hardly a trace of farcical caricature. The set appeared constructed of steel, a vise in which all the characters (and the audience) were caught. When at one point I laughed, members of the audience glared at me as if I were a Fascist or a fool. In Paris, too, the play attracted a large popular audience, not as a fun show or as an exercise in style and scenic virtuosity, but as a revelation

Eugene
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of something the audience had experienced, something in which it had been and might still be implicated.

Why was the play produced in New York? Because the remarkable English director Tony Richardson convinced the canny producer David Merrick it might be as great a hit here as it had been in Europe—besides being very "artistic"? Because it was high time that Brecht made it on Broadway, and of all his plays this light one on a familiar theme (the rise of Hitlerism) had the most salable elements? Was this, moreover, a chance to show what that excellent actor Christopher Plummer could do with a character part?

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I sat in the audience frustrated, exasperated, very nearly prostrated. In many ways Plummer's performance was brilliant. His crippled (Brooklyn-Bronx, Third Avenue) speech was accurate and funny, his voice as moldy as his diction, his body bent as if he had been living most of his life in a dank cellar. He was a wanly pathetic crumb of a man, dismally charming, almost lovable. As an isolated portrayal, the performance could inspire nothing but admiration.

There were clever directorial touches. The sets, though too spacious and placed too far back from the curtain line (so that much of the text, though shouted, was hard to hear), were drawn in cartoon fashion and were not without point. The costumes were grotesque vaudeville; the make-ups were masklike, though neither funny nor macabre. The doggerel translation was agile, but failed to convey the mock heroic associations with classic models which justified Brecht's use of verse.

All this might be applauded by folk in search of something different and "experimental." It certainly was not commonplace Broadway fare. But what exactly was the purport of it all?

Brecht's play continues a line which may be traced back to his early *A Man's A Man.* That play was a fable of the brain-washing process. "You can do with a man what you will. Take him apart like a car, rebuild him bit by bit. . . ." A mitelike creature is transformed into a killer. In *Arturo Ui* a psychotic creep becomes the scourge of an entire community through the ferocity of his hysteria, the savagery of his henchmen, the depravity or cowardice of its rulers, the fright of its citizens. Ui, a microbe injected into the nonresistant pulp of a debilitated society, spreads disease and disaster. He infects by the intensity of the fever that possesses him. He mesmerizes his fellow men through the reverberations of his screaming wretchedness in their sick souls. His success makes him seem shrewd and grandiose to the crowd he has stupefied. This happens in a mythical "Chicago" which is a real Germany and, by extension, Europe. Brecht's epilogue sounds the warning, "The womb from which this beastly thing issued is still fecund." That is the meaning of *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* for its audiences abroad.

In New York, the play was intended as an entertainment. The production set out to prove that Brecht can be funny, as good a showman as any in our neighborhood. Every one of the production's employees improvised his contribution independently of any objective other than that of putting the show over. Thus, facile local jokes were introduced as well as snatches of old-style "liberal" propaganda. (A Negro woman hurled obscene imprecations against the evils of our times; there were allusions to the John Birch Society, etc.)

The production made no *statement* because it had no central theme or valid motivation. The "fun" was spoiled because somewhere in the hash there were fragments of Brecht's bitterness. The effect was therefore not only confusing but at times embarrassing and painful. For *theatre* to exist there must be something clearly at stake in which the audience, both as protagonist and chorus, can play a role. Our *Arturo Ui* was an exotic circus in which each participant provided a side show of his own. It was a display that never became a play.

If the *Ballet Folklorico of Mexico* (City Center) is more "folklorico" than ballet, it is none the less a thoroughly delightful feast. A lady in the audience called it "pure candy box," and, true enough, it is good enough to eat. It gladdens the eye with its color and gratifies the spirit with its youthful bounce (many of the dances resemble a coltish prance), its innocence, its good humor. The performance is beautifully produced.

The Messengers

for Allen Ginsberg

The huge dog, Broderick, and
the smile of the quick eyes
of Allen light a kind world.

Their feelings, under some distance
of remote skin, must touch,
wondering at what impatience does

block them. So little love
to share among so many, so much
yellow-orange hair, on the one,

and on the other, such a darkness
of long hanging hair now, such
slightness of body, and a voice that

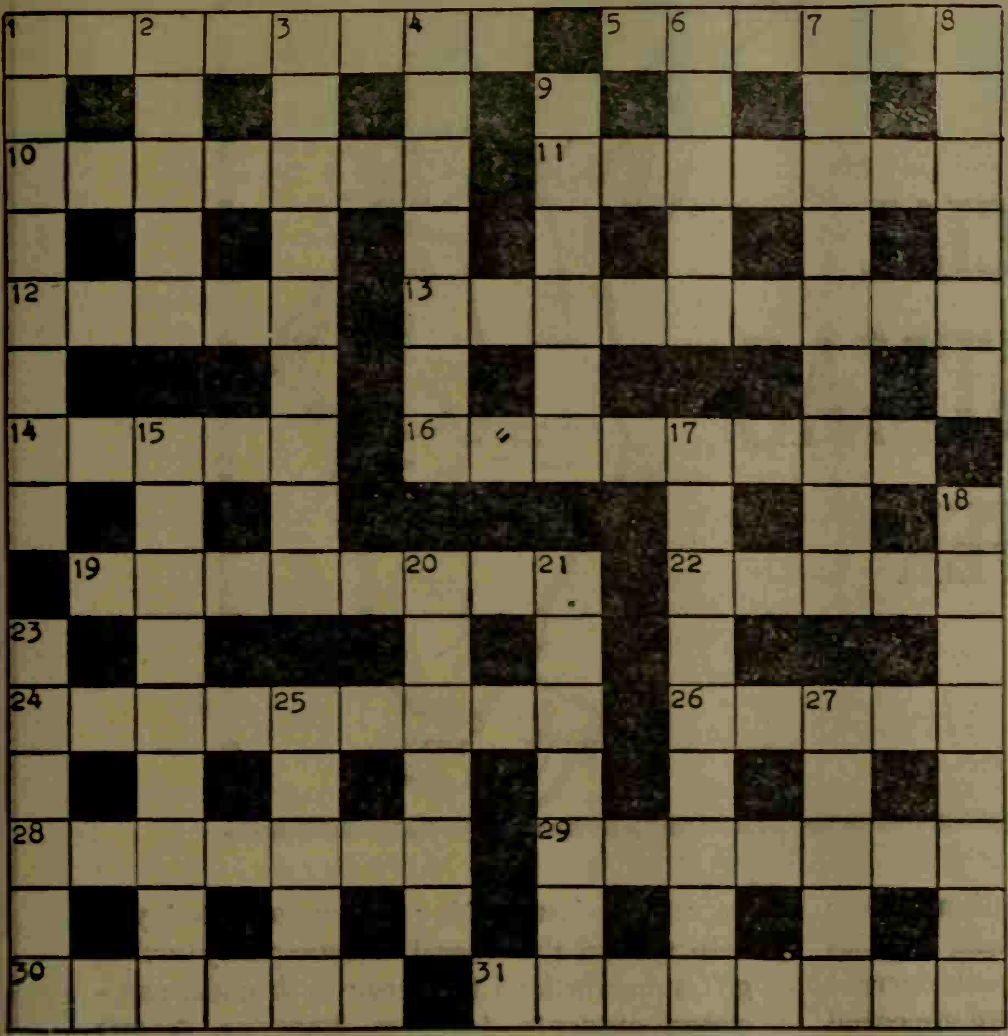
rises on the sounds of feeling.
Aie! It raises the world, lifts,
falls, like a sudden sunlight, like

that edge of the black night sweeps
the low lying fields, of soft grasses,
bodies, fills them with quiet longing.

Robert Creeley

Crossword Puzzle No. 1035

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 No need to ask what such a figure is doing while he's being shot! (8)
5 Tends to be like our British sisters, perhaps. (6)
10 and 11 Though it suggests highly affected earnestness, many at last desire it. (7, 7)
12 It might be dangerous to provide transportation for the upper class only. (1-4)
13 Alice, possibly, is underweight and moody. (5, 4)
14 and 23 down Business College? Not necessarily! (5, 6)
16 Showing a false card is no expression for the undiplomatic. (8)
19 and 4 down They were reputedly kept busy during revolutionary executions. (8, 7)
22 A major happening one might expect to view in the seventies. (5)
24 Just in case you might need him?
26 Where the harp hung around one on the headdress. (5)
28 Head back. (7)
29 How information might be obtained was the problem of Dutch youth. (7)
30 Pertaining to certain young nuisances, it could be measured in dollar value. (6)
31 Put yourself in someone else's place, if you want to spot something. (8)

DOWN:

1 Where to find certain actors? It's not fair! (8)
2 Was court held during the Occupation? (5)
3 Not sugar-cured ham — rather dainty. (9)
6 Still standing in the long version. (5)
7 Is there reputedly hope in such a picture? (5, 4)
8 A torpedo is potentially familiar to both fishermen and baseball players. (6)
9 Cervantes claimed there was no sauce in the world like it. (6)
15 Two different stations are associated with his calling. (9)
17 One couldn't say it was an imperceptible precipitation—you'll not be in best form if you do. (9)
18 If the tray gets broken, it's probably planned. (8)
20 The little places which sound as though some people give them a lacing. (6)
21 Such a version might be misleading, but clothes came first obviously. (7)
25 Fish pie, as it might be drawn. (5)
27 Well-known string family. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1034

ACROSS: 1 Clock watchers; 10 Drama; 11 Thatchers; 12 Lohengrin; 13 Susie; 14 Man overboard; 19 Going concern; 22 Tacet; 24 Punch line; 25 Stage door; 26 Lilac; 27 Imperfections. DOWN: 2 Loathe; 3 Chain gang; 4 Water polo; 5 Train; 6 Hocks; 7 Rheostat; 8 Idols; 9 Ascends; 15 Eccentric; 16 Bartholdi; 17 Egotist; 18 Disclaim; 20 Villon; 21 Peach; 23 There; 24 Proof.

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Robert S. Hirschfield

THE TV IMAGE

Paul T. David

JOHN F. KENNEDY: In Memoriam

Washington, D.C.

To *The Nation:*

The world has suddenly lost America's leader—a man of youth and vitality and strength. A man of a happy mixture of idealism and practicality, of charm, of wit, of intelligence. A friendly man committed to the causes of peace, of freedom, of equal opportunity for all.

In his Inaugural Address nearly three years ago, he said: "Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world."

No madman's bullet can be permitted to stop this memorable march of America as a part of the human race toward peace and freedom, compassion and justice under law.

The brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God call upon us to reach out loving hands across barriers of race, religion, color, bigotry and belligerence, to all who feel as he did.

Joseph S. Clark
United States Senate

To *The Nation:*

President Kennedy's assassination is a tragedy—not just to our country, his family and friends, but to our whole world. I pray that our country continues on the course he set—one of domestic growth and fairness and of external peace.

My wife and I extend our utter sympathy to his wife and family.

I mourn the loss of a friend.

Claiborne Pell
United States Senate

To *The Nation:*

The shame and guilt for the assassination of the President is too great to be borne by the assassin alone; too great to be borne by the city of Dallas or by the state of Texas. It must be shared by all who through the years have excited and stirred the simple and the anxious; those who have raised questions and turned them until they became suspicious; those who nurtured doubt until it bore the fruit of accusation; those who spread themselves to make a shade for fear, to save it from the light until compounded it became the fear of fear and desperate despair. The shame and guilt belong to all who stood by in silent acquiescence and to those who protested too little and too late.

The empty-sounding words of poets and politicians of the past come back: "The country will survive," "The government will stand." They are not wrong, but for some days—not soon—Americans will not walk as firmly or as straight as in the past. This is a time of truth for all of us.

Eugene J. McCarthy
United States Senate

To *The Nation:*

Jack Kennedy will be remembered for many great achievements. His Inaugural Address will rank with our history's inspired utterances. Through the generations, Americans will and should remind themselves to ask what they can do for our country. His indefatigable quest for peace lighted the candle of the test-ban treaty. His fight for civil rights will lift our nation to a new level of justice and racial equality. A Catholic, he did not hesitate to differ with the hierarchy on the separation of church and state in our public school system. Jacqueline and he made the White House the cultural citadel of America: art, music, poetry, creative expression and intellectual achievement found a new welcome there. Articulate, witty, gay, gallant, courageous, his untimely death leaves a tragic void in the lives of all of us.

Ernest Gruening
United States Senate

To *The Nation:*

As Mrs. Lindsay and I paid tribute to the late President in the East Room of the White House, in the Rotunda of the Capitol and in Arlington Cemetery, our thoughts were with Mrs. Kennedy and the family and with all our countrymen. Our tribute was made and in the name of the people of the Seventeenth Congressional District and for them we said a silent prayer. President Kennedy died in action. A young man at the height of his powers, he gave his life for his country. May God help and guide President Johnson in his constitutional tasks. In this most critical hour for our country and for a world in peace he has my resolute support.

John V. Lindsay
House of Representatives

San Juan, P.R.

To *The Nation:*

The world and free men lose a champion and an illustrious and admired defender. The people of Puerto Rico lose a profound friend deeply interested in their life and well-being. I have ordered our flags to be placed at half-mast for a long time; long as it may be, it will never be long enough to express in its symbolism the deep sorrow of our people. I ask all churches of all denominations to toll their bells in memory of this illustrious leader of liberty, this good and religious man, and in recognition of his worth. . . .

Luis Muñoz Marín
Governor of Puerto Rico

THE
NATION

Saturday, December 14, 1963
Volume 197, No. 20

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The Nation, Dec. 14, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 20

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

EDITORIALS

John F. Kennedy

A young President, John F. Kennedy must have known or sensed that he did not have all time and eternity to accomplish his major objectives. He was in a hurry to reach the top and he was not long in reaching it. Once there he wanted to get things done, to spin the wheels faster, to move along. It was as though he kept hearing at his back "Time's winged chariot hurrying near." But long before his tragic death he had learned that great as is the power of the American Presidency—and of the American nation—our ability to shape the course of events is not unlimited. He had the misfortune, too, to inherit a set of bankrupt policies and dead-end situations not of his making; he never could break free of the mesh of accumulated errors and miscalculations. The momentum of previously determined courses of action and commitments carried him along despite his efforts to change and modify them.

And his sense of social urgency was not shared by the public. Of late months he had been contending with a lethargic Congress that reflects a stalemate in public opinion; there has been no clear American mandate for anything of late other, perhaps, than to be let alone as much as possible and to accumulate a few more surpluses—of nearly everything from foodstuffs to uranium concentrate, from unemployed youth to stockpiles of obsolete weapons. But as the President came to understand the limitations of power as well as its uses, he had begun to chart new directions and to redirect the nation's thinking toward them. The test-ban treaty was the turning point. He was not given time to carry these policies very far, but fortunately he lived long enough to set them in motion. We had begun, under his maturing leadership, to cut back arms spending, to reduce some military commitments, to explore the possibilities for a gradual reduction of tensions—in a word, to make the great turn toward peace. John F. Kennedy will be remembered with affection and admiration for many fine qualities and achievements but above all for the fact that, after some false turns and starts, he set in motion the great task of directing American power toward broader objectives than deterrence and containment. The new course he had charted is implicit in these words from his address at the University of Maine (October 19, 1963):

> *While the road to . . . peace is long and hard, and full of traps and pitfalls, there is no reason not to take each step that we can safely take. It is in our national self-interest to ban nuclear testing in the atmosphere so that all of our citizens can breathe more easily. It is in our national self-interest to sell surplus wheat in storage to feed Russians and Eastern Europeans who are willing to divert large portions of their limited foreign-exchange reserves away from the implements of war.*
>
> *It is in our national self-interest to keep weapons of mass destruction out of outer space, to maintain an emergency communications link with Moscow, and to substitute joint and peaceful exploration in the Antarctic and outer space for cold-war exploitation.*
>
> *No one of these small advances, nor all of them taken together, can be interpreted as meaning that the Soviets are abandoning their basic aims and ambitions. Nor should any future, less friendly Soviet action — whether it is a stoppage on the autobahn, or a veto in the UN, or a spy in our midst, or new trouble elsewhere — cause us to regret the steps we have taken. Even if those steps themselves should be undone by the violation or renunciation of the test-ban treaty, for example, or by a decision to decline American wheat, there would still be no reason to regret the fact that this nation has made every responsible effort to improve relations.*
>
> *For without our making such an effort, we could not maintain the leadership and respect of the free world. Without our making such an effort, we could not convince our adversaries that war was not in their interest. And without our making such an effort, we could never, in case of war, satisfy our hearts and minds that we had done all that could be done to avoid the holocaust of endless death and destruction. . . .*

That he had brought us this far—and the polls would seem to show that he had struck a responsive chord—was the President's finest achievement.

The New President

Few Americans have a more intimate or expert knowledge of the legislative process or have had more skill in manipulating it than the President, Lyndon Johnson. He is also a professional politician in the best sense of the term. For a time he will enjoy immense public — to a degree bipartisan — support. While this tide of opinion lasts, he should be able to secure enactment of a major part of the Administration's legislative program, including a strong civil-rights measure which is now more or less obligatory as a memorial to President Kennedy. As the first Southern President in nearly a century, President Johnson should be able to carry all but the most intractable Southern opinion with him on most matters and to win a large measure of support from the Dixiecrats in Congress who, in times past, have been his close allies. Southern pride and Southern shame should compel a large measure of regional support for the new President; he may even be able to keep the volatile Texans — who, in times past, have spat on him as well as on Adlai Stevenson — in line. He has, moreover, the immense advantage of being able to appeal to national opinion in the name of the martyred President.

The liberals in the Senate know him well and were endlessly frustrated by his leadership tactics. But while they will watch his every move with care, he should be able to carry them along, as well as many liberal Republicans, if he will press hard for prompt Congressional action on the major pending measures. Congress will doubtless be the last to learn what the public thinks about it; but some measure of public dissatisfaction with the morale, if not the performance, of both houses must have found an echo there. The conventions are not far off and the new President does not have much time to make a record and evolve a Presidential style; but no one needs to tell him this — he is, one may be sure, acutely aware of his political problems. On balance he should succeed in salvaging much of the legislative program in the upcoming session.

The central question of the succession, however, is whether President Johnson, and the advisers he will select, will press to continue the policies of *détente* which President Kennedy initiated. Given time and the measure of public support that these policies enjoy, President Johnson is likely to carry through on them, too. He is not in the position of Mr. Truman, an "outsider" who suddenly found himself saddled with responsibility for carrying out policies that he had had little voice in formulating and with which he was not wholly in agreement. President Johnson is closely identified with the Kennedy policies and program, both in planning and execution, and it is reasonable to assume that he accepts the underlying assumptions. An able man, lifted to high office for which he is well prepared, he is not likely to suffer from any feelings of inadequacy or initial uncertainty; he will not waste any of the limited time at his disposal in setting out to win popular support and approval between now and November, 1964. He has a great opportunity and he knows it. We wish him well.

The Succession

Little time should be lost in substituting some more satisfactory mode of establishing the succession to the Presidency than the unfortunate order that Congress established in 1947. Under this act, if there is no Vice President at the time the President dies, the Speaker of the House becomes President; the President pro tempore of the Senate is next in line. Following these, the succession is as follows: Secretary of State, Secretary of Defense, Attorney General, Postmaster General, Secretary of the Interior, Secretary of Agriculture, Secretary of Commerce and Secretary of Labor.

The present situation, in which the Speaker is seventy-two years of age and the President pro tempore is eighty-six, should be disturbing enough to all factions of both parties to prompt some reconsideration of the problem of succession. The trouble with the present arrangement, apart from the age of the incumbents, is obvious. The constituencies that elect them can be, and often are, narrow and unrepresentative. Moreover, either might well be of a different party and hence quite out of sympathy with the deceased President's policies and program. There is no easy or entirely satisfactory solution to the problem (the alternatives were explored during hearings on the 1947 act), but the present arrangement is not desirable and should be changed. An order of succession through Cabinet officers, or based on a consensus of the Cabinet, is one possibility; or some mode of succession that would require concurrence of the Senate or the House or both, would be still another.

The immediate question, however, is not what order of succession to adopt, but prompt exploration of alternatives to the present order.

The Message

President Johnson's message to the Congress was largely predictable; the tone and content were accurately foreshadowed in the articles in this issue, all of which were in type before the message was delivered. The interest of the message is to be found in its ordering of priorities and its emphasis on action. The President drew loudest and most prolonged applause in what he had to say on civil rights and the necessity of calling a halt to bigotry, hatred and incitement to violence. He could have acquiesced in the postponement of action on civil rights until the new session of Congress convenes, but he wisely insisted on action now.

Is it too much to expect the Dixiecrats to understand that the tragic circumstances of President Kennedy's death, and President Johnson's call for prompt action on civil rights, offers them a means of escape from a painful predicament? They can, of course, filibuster on civil rights and thereby incur lasting national ill will in having opposed a fitting legislative memorial to the martyred President. Sooner or later, as the Dixiecrats must know, a civil-rights bill will be passed; delay, and an embittered debate, could lead to the enactment of a stronger civil-rights measure than one which might be passed now. The success of the Democratic Party in 1964—on which the Dixiecrats' preferred legislative position depends—will largely hinge on how promptly a civil-rights measure is enacted. If the tradition of Southern tactical skill in legislative matters still survives, the Dixiecrats will recognize the necessity of bowing to the national will on the issue of civil rights while it is possible for them to do so with at least a pretense of good grace.

In his ordering of foreign-policy objectives, the President wisely placed commitment to the United Nations at the top of the list. It is perhaps significant, also, that he avoided references to "enemies" and "menaces" of the type that have become ritualistic in too many messages during the cold-war years. In brief, the message was a forthright espousal of the Kennedy legislative program with emphasis on the early enactment of major measures as a necessity of demonstrating, to a somewhat disbelieving world, the viability of representative government in today's fast-changing times.

The Climate of Violence

What is needed in the wake of the tragic events in Dallas is not a national psalm-singing, breast-beating revival. Nor will it suffice when spokesmen for the "good people" of Dallas confront the TV cameras to discuss the problem of rehabilitating the city's "image." Nor is it enough to bewail the number of "disturbed" individuals in our society and the need to help them. Rather, national attention should be focused on the disposition to violence which lurks so close to the surface, not merely in Dallas and other parts of the South, but in every section. There are always "disturbed" persons about, and of moral regeneration we will always stand in need. More to the point is the fact that much of today's violence can be related to "official" attitudes and policies. A society that dedicates a large part of its energies, and the major part of the nation's budget, to the creation of fantastic instruments of destruction, can hardly plead surprise if traditional taboos against violence begin to abate. Recently we have gravely discussed the possibility that we might have to kill several hundreds of millions of human beings. The discussion has been conducted at all levels, even by the nation's religious leaders. When theologians assure us, as they have, that it is ethically proper to "gun down" a neighbor who might try to seek entry to one's private family shelter, it is hardly surprising that a great many people might come to accept the notion that "violence" has its uses. Newsreel shots, and vividly colored picture-spreads in national magazines, about the charms of napalm bombings and other aspects of jungle warfare, including the slaughter of civilians, can hardly be expected to instill a reverence for human life. Stories of CIA cloak-and-dagger activities in various parts of the world, including successful plots to overthrow "unfriendly" regimes, are not likely to augment respect for the rule of law. One could make up a library of sermons, editorials and speeches which have not only advocated violence in international affairs, but have incited violence against citizens with whose views the inciters have not happened to agree. Throughout the South, of recent years, there has been a steady build-up of violence, with more and more incidents, each a bit ghastlier than the ones before. Girls in a Birmingham church are blown to fragments. A sniper kills a Negro from ambush. Mob violence disgraces a university campus. Acts of violence receive implicit sanction and approval by elected officials. Defiance of law and order is incited, through precept and example, by these same officials. And so it has gone. All of which suggests that it is not alone a mood of national "repentance" that is needed so much as it is a closer look at "the big picture" of war and preparation for war, of the steady preachment of violence in one form or another and in the eclipse of social idealism. It is easy enough to generate a mood of "unity" in the wake of the tragic death of the President and to call loudly for an end to bigotry and hatred and violence. More to the point would be an effort to change the social climate in which violence, if not actually encouraged, is still not generally abhorred.

Now It's 'Quality Stabilization'

In theory the cornerstone of the free enterprise system is the free market, where sellers charge what the traffic will bear or, in a more enlightened perspective, what promises to maximize their profits in the long run. For their part, buyers shop around and make the best bargain they can. Sometimes it's a sellers' market, sometimes a buyers'.

But that is only the theory. The practice is for the more powerful producers to get together and fix prices when they can. They may do this surreptitiously and go to jail for it, as did some of the officials of the great electrical combines three years ago. But why work against the law when you can get the law to work for you? This thought, like a perennial plant, flowers every year in "fair trade" bills in the Congress and the state legislatures. This year is no exception, but "fair trade" has become such a palpable decoy that the measure now before the Congress has been officially christened the "quality stabilization" bill.

"Quality stabilization" does have a sweeter sound but it is the same con game, put forward under the same old pretense—to protect the small retailer. What the bill would actually do is enable the big national manufacturer and distributor of brand-name merchandise to dictate to the small retailer and penalize him if he fails to conform. The manufacturer would be armed with federal authority to refuse to sell his goods to anyone who resold below the price fixed by the manufacturer. This technique is an improvement on the earlier method of suspending the federal anti-trust laws to the extent of permitting states to adopt price-fixing statutes. Most of the state price-fixing laws have been overthrown in the courts or simply not enforced; the proponents of price-fixing have therefore staked their remaining hopes on action in Washington.

Not a single government department favors the "quality stabilization" bill. Federal Trade Commission chairman, Paul Rand Douglas, points out that it would tend to raise the general price level but, since the bill does not attempt to regulate a store's own brands, the big chains would continue to distribute their own labels at cut-rate prices and the small merchant would be in the same plight as before. Walter Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, is opposed to the bill, and so are the Consumers Advisory Council, the Treasury Department, the Small Business Administration, the Justice Department's Anti-Trust Division, the Department of Agriculture, the Defense Department (which calculates that the bill could wipe out the $1.2 billion pay raise recently enacted for servicemen) and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, which is particularly concerned with the effect of higher food and drug prices on persons wholly or partially dependent on social-security payments.

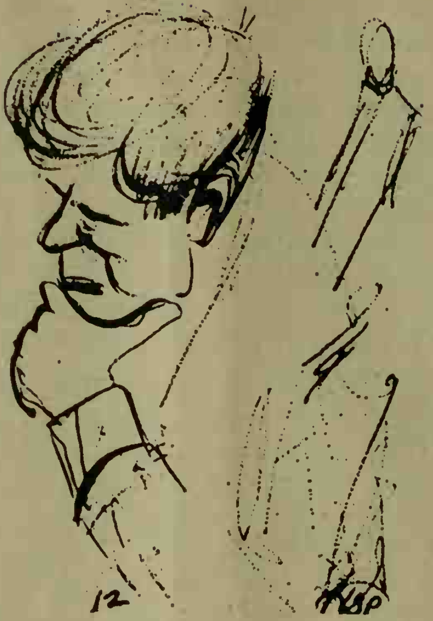
It is predicted, nevertheless, that the House will pass the bill if the Rules Committee allows it to reach the floor. Consumers are unorganized, but small retail merchants can put heavy pressure on Congressmen. All that can save the small retailer, actually, is low overhead, low prices, larger volume, personal service and efficient operation. Those who are still pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of price-fixing, and who rage against the "misguided, bargain-crazed, bait-chasing, stamp-licking consumer," need to be saved from their own credulity.

A MOST UNSTUFFY MAN . . . . H. Stuart Hughes

This has been a cruel year. In the space of six months we have lost Pope John and our own President. Together they stood for a new and better relationship in our country between Catholics and non-Catholics — for the great ecumenical hope that is hovering over us all.

This was the first of two changes that the advent of President Kennedy epitomized. His election meant that our choice was also no longer restricted by practice and unwholesome tradition to one particular category of American citizens. Now that a representative of the largest of our minorities had broken through the invisible barriers that had confined our choice of leaders, there was no reason why others from less accepted minorities should not follow him. In actuality now, rather than in civics-text platitude, the Presidency had been thrown open to everyone, regardless of religion or color — or even of sex.

The second great change was the coming to power of a new generation, the generation born during the First World War which had fought the Second War together. For them — for those of my own age — the President had suddenly and rather surprisingly become their contemporary. He was no longer a father; he was one of us, whether friend or rival. For myself, I had played football with him as a boy, and although life had completely separated us in subsequent years, I could never think of him except as Jack, long before the newspapers had made the nickname a national cliché. Even in death I find it impossible to speak of him with the usual solemn formality, and I think he would have preferred it that way. He was a most unstuffy man.



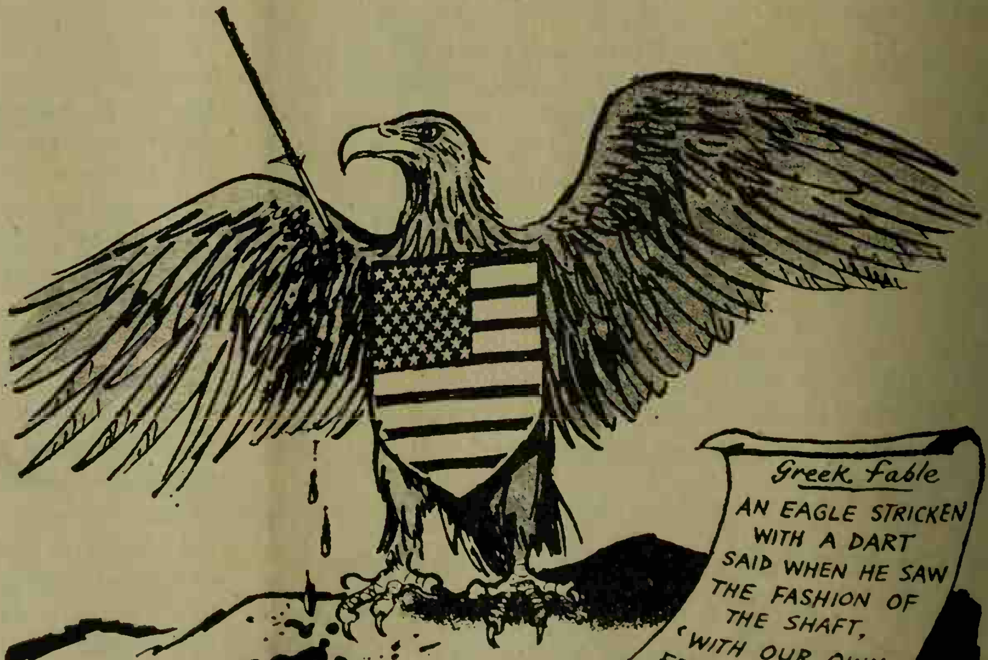
I will not here give a eulogy or recount a life. You know it all — the papers have been full of it. Nor would it be quite proper for me to do so; life cast me too often in opposition to him. Those of us who in the past years were committed to the scramble of American politics were too close up against the President to see fully who he was. Now that he is gone—now that we compare him to others — we suddenly see a void and feel our loss. It is as though we could appreciate his full stature only after his death. So we should search our consciences. Were we always fair in judging him? — or, beyond that, were we always charitable?

Like so many, I was in a public place when the news began to come in. People did not know what to do — whether to go about their ordinary pursuits or to give themselves wholly to their grief. These first moments were the most impressive part of the first forty-eight hours — the disarray, the broken phrases, the inability to say what one felt — before the TV sets began to grind and the official mourning took over.

I heard just one expression of anger. A Negro came by shaking his head and muttering in bitter irony: "Only in America."

His anger reflected what most of us at first thought: that the crime had been committed by a Southern racist. Indeed, if we look deeply into our souls, I think many of us will recognize that we were disappointed to learn that such was not the case. As I have tried to meditate on these matters, I have finally come to the conclusion that it is better this way. Had the assassin been a Southern extremist, it would have fitted our own prejudices and our own political commitment. Our grief would have been tinged with a spirit of hatred and revenge. This way, our sorrow is pure: there is no hate in our hearts.

Does this mean that what the President experienced was no more than an ambiguous martyrdom — that he died a senseless death? I


Greek Fable
AN EAGLE STRICKEN WITH A DART SAID WHEN HE SAW THE FASHION OF THE SHAFT,
'WITH OUR OWN FEATHERS ARE WE NOW SMITTEN'

Ben Roth Agency

H. Stuart Hughes, author of Consciousness and Society *and other works, is professor of history at Harvard University. In 1962 he ran as an independent candidate for the United States Senate from Massachusetts.*

do not think so. Nothing can take away the memory of courage and good humor with which he went into the South — where he knew so many people hated him — nor the sense of strength and mastery that he conveyed at the end. His death stands as a dreadful warning against the violence lying just under the surface of our bland and agreeable national character. Again and again in the past months it had broken out in mad killings. We have tried to forget them, we have tried to push it under the rug and to think of other things. Now it has struck our President; we can no longer pretend it isn't there. Now we know that we can permit such things to happen no longer — that the blind killing must stop.

As with Pope John, Jack Kennedy's last months were his best. As in the case of the Pope, he seems to have had a sense that there was not much time left. It was now or never if he was to leave his mark on history. Jack Kennedy had been a hard-driving boy; as a man he gave the impression of not being able to wait; of feeling that his every minute was counted. So it was just at the end that he made his start in the two great directions that emerged from the struggles of last summer and autumn—toward peace with the test ban, toward human equality with the civil-rights bill. Both were aimed against violence and hatred. They are his legacy to us.

Jack Kennedy died at the top of his form. There was no loss of capacity, no diminuendo, no anticlimax. I think that was the way he would have preferred to die. We saw him at the last at his very best, bearing witness against the multiple evils that beset our world, his death a symbol of our hope to still the violence and hatred in our hearts.

POLITICAL PROBLEMS

Ted Lewis

In these post-Kennedy days, the major political problem of President Johnson, looking toward 1964, concerns whether Northern Democrats and independent voters will look on him as an authentic liberal in the FDR, Truman, Stevenson and JFK tradition.

His ability to solve this problem is the key to the outcome of the next Presidential election, for Mr. Johnson is unlikely to fashion out a victory without winning a substantial share of the industrial key states of the North and East where liberal sentiment is strongest.

It is a difficult problem because Left-of-Center Northern Democrats suspect the verity of any Southerner's espousal of political liberalism. In Johnson's case, the difficulty is compounded because in his own state of Texas, the Democratic Party organization, of which he is a part, is controlled by the conservative element. The liberal faction of the party in Texas is typified by Senator Ralph Yarborough, an anti-Johnson organization critic.

Adding to the problem is the fact that he was chosen by the late President Kennedy to be his running mate in 1960 because it was felt he could hold Southern states in line for the party. This was on the basis that he could appeal to Dixie conservative leaders as a moderate, at least in contrast to JFK's determined liberal approach.

Now, facing up to Presidential 1964, the new President must, in a real sense, seek to develop his voting strength primarily in the big-electoral-vote states of the East and Midwest — east of the Alleghenies especially, where his predecessor was strongest and he, Johnson, is apt to be weakest.

It was of course primarily because Kennedy had appeared unbeatable in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts that the "Draft Goldwater" boom got off the ground. The design for a Goldwater victory was based on the idea that he could capitalize on anti-Kennedy racial-rights sentiment in the South, to win most of the electoral votes of that area. There was also the fact of Goldwater strength in the Midwestern, farm and mountain states—states for which no other GOP Presidential possibility appeared to be capable of competing.

Due to the death of President Kennedy and the Johnson succession, the key states in the East therefore become, almost unquestionably, the chief battleground of the 1964 campaign. And so the Republican Party is most likely to nominate for President a man from the East most capable of taking from Johnson the electoral votes that lie there. As a result, there has been the obvious ascendancy in the candidacy of New York Governor Rockefeller and Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton.

As this trend away from Goldwater is now developing, it will more and more accentuate the liberalism of both Rockefeller and Scranton. This is almost axiomatic. It could lead to a fall campaign in which the somewhat amazing GOP claim would be made that the true pragmatic liberal was Rockefeller, for example, while Johnson was labeled an opportunist, trying to be a liberal in the North and a conservative in the South.

At least this could be the heart of an appeal for votes in New York and Pennsylvania, leaving the preaching of a moderate middle-of-the-road doctrine in stump speeches confined to the West and South. It could happen just that way simply because the definition of a political liberal changed markedly in the three Kennedy years.

Even Goldwater has been referred to this year as a "true liberal." Kennedy himself contributed to the confusion over the meaning of "liberal." There developed a preference in the White House for the word "progressive," for the word "pragmatist." As a result, the Kennedy brand of liberalism was often questioned by Left-of-Center Democrats such as Senator Paul Douglas.

Nevertheless, had President Kennedy lived, he most certainly would have been an authentic liberal in the 1964 campaign, while still seeking to hold the strategic middle ground of moderation.

Johnson's problem, because of this semantic confusion, is even more complex. He cannot hold to the middle of the road without being vulnerable to charges that he is actually a conservative. He must, it would then appear, become more liberal than he is now — perhaps even the idealistic Adlai Stevenson type of liberal—to have a chance of

Ted Lewis is head of the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

carrying the key industrial states he needs to be elected a year hence.

This is a problem for the Democratic Party as well as for President Johnson. It has a tradition of naming for the Presidency a man who stands for liberal causes — social-welfare legislation and experimental, even daring, new policies, globally and economically. The party's success from that strategy is indisputable. It finds its proof in the so-called "me too" Presidential campaigns of Republicans, based on the acceptance of accomplishments of Democratic administrations, with a promise to do the same but more efficiently and cheaply.

However, until now the Democrats had assiduously avoided picking a Southerner, no matter how liberal, as its Presidential nominee. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee came close in 1952, but only because he was anathema to the Southern wing of the party. If it had been otherwise, his liberalism would have been suspect in the North.

That is one of the difficulties the party faces concerning Lyndon Johnson. While his record in Congress, back to New Deal days, has a clear liberal imprint on it, some of his best political friends through the years have been staunch Southern conservatives, such as Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia. These close contacts continued after he became Vice President, in spite of his constant and loyal support of the Kennedy legislative program and his tireless, effective appeals for a strong racial-rights law.

However, the party at its August convention in Atlantic City must, no matter whether it questions the intrinsic liberalism of Johnson, name the President as its candidate. To do otherwise would be to repudiate the record of the previous four years of the Kennedy-Johnson administration. It has no one else to turn to anyway, for by all odds the President is, since the tragic death of JFK, the most attractive candidate available, and definitely more likely to win than any other.

The format will obviously call for a party platform even more solidly of the welfare-state and civil-rights type than that of 1960. This will give the nominee a leverage for an appeal to independent voters and liberals of all parties.

It is also most likely that a running mate will be selected who will add strength to the ticket in the battleground East. Unfortunately for the party, there are few "name" Democrats of national stature who would give the Eastern balance a ticket headed by Johnson needs. Probably the one who would assist most in the fight for New York's significant 43 electoral votes is Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, a Jew and one of Kennedy's key supporters in 1960.

New York Mayor Robert Wagner would be a far less likely choice, for in 1964, the party convention is going to be distinctly aware of the necessity of choosing a Vice Presidential candidate with wide experience in the affairs of the federal Establishment. The fact that a Vice President is but a "heart beat" away from the White House must figure definitely in the choice, due to LBJ's heart attack.

When the showdown comes on this issue, Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota might well be the preferred choice. He has the definite liberal tag on him, which would carry weight in all the industrial states, East, Midwest or in California. Or, if not Humphrey, Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, a Catholic and a Stevenson liberal.

Despite the knotty political problems in President Johnson's immediate future, there is solid proof that he has definite national appeal, and in his own right. In the 1960 Democratic convention, the first and only ballot gave Kennedy 806 votes, Johnson 409, Symington 86 and Stevenson 79½.

The bulk of LBJ's vote was from the South, but the remainder was significantly widespread in view of pressure from the Kennedy bandwagon. For example, Johnson had 7½ votes out of California's 81 total, all of Delaware's 11, 3 out of 9 from Hawaii, 4½ of 6 in Idaho, 3½ of New York's 114, 4 of Pennsylvania's 81 and 13 of New Mexico's 17; in addition, there were die-hard Johnson supporters in the Iowa, Montana, Nebraska, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and West Virginia delegations.

It was the size and the extent of this Johnson vote, obtained after only a most perfunctory last-minute effort to keep Kennedy from being nominated, that contributed to his being offered the Vice Presidency. It was certainly obvious that the gesture was needed in the interest of party harmony.

It was desirable for other reasons than to keep as much of the South in line for the ticket as possible. Johnson had more of an appeal in the Mountain States and the West generally than the New England Senator and Catholic, Kennedy. And in 1964, Johnson's strength in the same electoral-vote areas will also have to be recognized. Additionally, as a Presidential nominee he is likely to be more effective than Kennedy would have been in securing or assisting in the re-election of a group of Democratic Senators who have particular hazards.

Most of these Senators come from states where Republicanism is on the rise, especially of the Goldwater type—for example, Senators Quentin Burdick of North Dakota, Howard W. Cannon of Nevada, Gale McGee in Wyoming and Frank E. Moss in Utah. Even Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana is in this category.

Of all the other Democratic Senators who might be defeated by a Republican trend, only a few—William Proxmire in Wisconsin, Eugene McCarthy in Minnesota, Stephen Young in Ohio and Vance Hartke in Indiana — will find a ticket headed by Johnson less preferable than one headed by Kennedy.

The logical Republican candidate to take on Johnson is New York's Rockefeller. He is the best nationally known Republican from the East. His basic weakness vis-à-vis Kennedy was that it was doubtful he could carry his own state, and that he could carry few of the others in the region out of which Kennedy fashioned victory three years ago.

Against Johnson, he is the nominee most likely to carry New York (43 electoral votes), New Jersey (17), the bulk of New England (totaling 44) and (except for Governor William Scranton) Pennsylvania (29). Against Johnson, he would probably be the preferred candidate in the Midwest, especially in Ohio (26), and in the Far West could take California (40 electoral votes).

This is on the assumption that he will begin to accent his liberal republicanism (he started out to do so but moved to the moderate middle ground to check Goldwater).

It is difficult for observers here in Washington to figure out any way Goldwater can survive the emergence of Johnson; the burden of the Arizona Senator's case was a broadside attack on Kennedy policy and errors, which in a campaign could be effective only if he were running against "the Kennedys."

His chances of winning as "Mr. Conservative" had to center on the popularity of his States'-rights views on civil rights and anti-Kennedy feeling in the South. His strength in the West and Middle West, where there has been a conservative swing, subsides against Johnson. Generally speaking, in states where Kennedy was considered weaker and Goldwater strong, Johnson is strong.

The irony of fate is that JFK's assassination set the political time clock out of kilter by five years. The Johnson-Rockefeller, or Johnson-Scranton, Johnson-Romney or Johnson-Nixon battle for the Presidency was anticipated for 1968, not 1964. Unfortunately or fortunately, depending on one's point of view, it is almost definitely not going to be fought out on ideological grounds — a staunch GOP conservative against a Democratic liberal. It will be the same old "me too" style of campaign that has fuzzed up all of our national elections since 1932. The danger is that what John Kenneth Galbraith calls "the liturgy of American liberalism," and considers corrupt, will be the central theme in the great political debate.

As Galbraith has said in an article in *The Washington Post*, all too often in the past this "liturgy" has been "trundled out at election time as once were the candidate's trains, urged in a torrent of words and then put away for four years."

This would not be so but for the fact that White House opponents insist on working the same side of the street, and because they do have to exaggerate the value of their own product.

The Party's Responsibility

James Tracy Crown

It would be typical of John F. Kennedy at a moment of tragic crisis to give full attention to bereavement and honoring of the dead and then to make decisions about the political consequences of the tragedy before events had swept decisions beyond control. Those who contributed to Kennedy's electoral mandate, not just because they were against Nixon or charmed by John Kennedy, but because they believed in the issues for which Kennedy had voted in the Senate and fought for until his death are suddenly forced to be as stoic and politically thoughtful as Kennedy, even while the consolation of suspended thought and judgment entices us all.

Unless we can think before our emotional catharsis has run its course, the most serious consequences may follow. We will all be caught up in one great political ball of wax from which we cannot escape, against which we cannot even struggle for another five years.

This ball of wax is as amorphous as President Johnson's political career, as stultifying as American "politics as usual." It is composed of two main elements, carefully blended together so that the seams do not show. First comes President Johnson's appeal for national unity and bipartisanship, of which he, to the country's great, good fortune, was a master in the Senate. It is an appeal to which, when valid, all must and should respond unstintingly.

The second element will undoubtedly be Johnson's appeal for unity among Democrats based on the fact that due to Kennedy's "balancing act" in Los Angeles in 1960, plus a rifle bullet, Johnson has been able to pre-empt the 1964 convention. All good Democrats are to fall into line reasonably, asking no price higher than jobs and defense contracts. This second element is a political appeal which deserves an unsentimental, discriminating political response.

Johnson's forte in the Senate was always to blend two such considerations into such a comforting mixture that only the most astute could extricate themselves.

The Establishment press helped in his task then, and it helps him now. Yet it is not accidental that in 1957 at the gridiron dinner, where working pressmen may impishly speak their minds, the Democratic skit was done before a backdrop emblazoned, "Dr. Lyndon B. Johnson's Jolly Pill Factory in Milltown, USA."

If this sounds somewhat harsh on a brave, hard working and heavily burdened new President, let it be noted that nothing thus far said denies that President Johnson could become a fine President. He may very well do so; but if he does, it will be in large part because of his response to issue-oriented liberal Democrats.

If Kennedy Democrats are to work along rather than merely "go along" with their able new President, they must begin now to answer the following challenging questions. Answers to these questions must be attempted right now in the privacy of one's saddened mind, in small private meetings and in public meetings by leaders and rank and filers alike. The questions that are basic to intelligent action are as follows:

What can reasonably be asked of President Johnson by liberal Democrats?

What kind of political man is Johnson?

What dangerous pitfalls are particularly to be avoided in working with President Johnson by those burdened with an emotional, as well as an issue, attachment to John F. Kennedy?

Finally, what action must be taken by liberal Democrats now?

With due respect to a still-mourning nation, the uncertainties of political developments, the frailties of individuals and the rich diversity of opinions among liberal Democrats, a beginning attempt will be made here to answer these questions, at least in part.

What Can Reasonably Be Asked? The answer to this must be the main Kennedy program—not just requested in brave words to Con-

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gress, but also in budget items and legislative bills strongly supported and achieved.

Despite the great screening of responsibility that our constitutional and political system allows, there is nothing in the American political creed that precludes members of a majority (no matter how slim a one) from insisting on carrying out its mandate. Indeed, if we want to keep the rational in politics, it is essential that we act as if carrying out an electoral mandate is both possible and urgent, even by a Chief Executive succeeding to the office from the Vice Presidency.

At present, this specifically means that President Johnson should pursue with all his strength the main issues on which Kennedy, and to some extent he, campaigned and which Kennedy pressed as President. Johnson can reasonably be asked to do this before he comes back next summer to a national Democratic convention and asks to become a national Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

He can be reasonably asked to support a Vice Presidential nominee, tested, experienced, able, who truly represents the urban Northern-liberal-labor wing of the party, and whose presence on the ticket would be definite assurance to Negroes that there would be no "pause" in the struggle to achieve full equality.

These requests are politically reasonable because their fulfillment represents the only way Lyndon B. Johnson can become President through election, as is demonstrated by the answers to the next question.

What Kind of Political Man is Johnson? For immediate and overwhelmingly important political purposes, the most salient political fact about Johnson is that he is not yet fully a national figure. Despite the enormous contributions of the press and television to the ball of wax previously mentioned, which make it seem as if overnight Johnson has become established as a truly national figure, every precinct leader outside the South knows this simply is not so. During the 1960 campaign, Johnson was largely ghettoized in the South. He has had little experience in attracting and moving urban crowds anywhere outside the South. He has superb sensitivity to the complex emotions and interests which motivate the Southern voter and invaluable ability to bring out the very best and restrain the worst in them. But he has often proved himself appallingly ignorant of the complex creature the urban, non-Southern voter is, and the art of creating enthusiasm in these men and women has thus far largely escaped him.

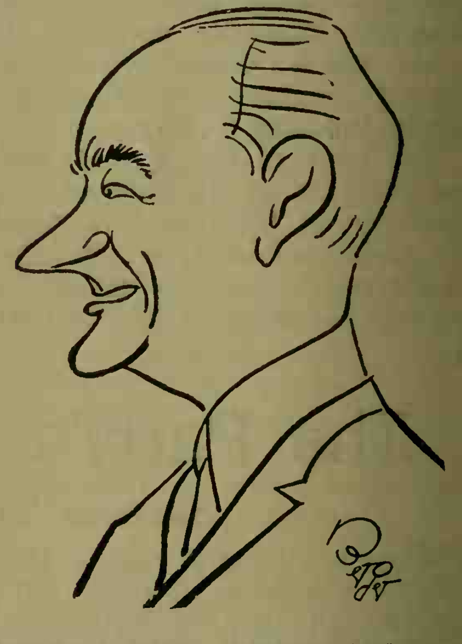
The key to Johnson politically is that he wants to be, but is not quite yet, a political realist. Johnson has always been successful to a fault in Washington, D.C., a town always willingly his, where he has been lion tamer and exalted high operator-in-chief. But Washington's precincts are the most parochial in America. The measure of Johnson's remove is that he actually believed in 1960 that with his distinctly regional voting record in the Senate he stood a serious chance of being the *elected* President of the United States. While it is true that he has taken steps to alter his "image" since then, these have been very limited steps; at the moment he needs national liberal Democrats quite as much as they need him. They would be fools to accept the newspaper gloss that he is a much shrewder politician than they. As President he can control their convention, true, but they hold the key to his victory.

From the ball of wax in front of my radio and pile of newspapers I have peered out to see what I had written about Johnson when writing *Kennedy in Power* in September, 1961, long before my emotional sympathies with Johnson and his present predicament began to take command. I had then written:

> *Vice-President Lyndon Johnson could still become President — though probably not through election. . . . Nothing so strongly reminds the country of how much, despite his caution, Kennedy is a liberal national Democrat as the contemplation of Vice-President Johnson in the top executive post.*

Was this a fair judgment? I have asked myself. Various communications media, including liberal papers, have begun to indicate that such judgments were not fair. But, alas, as they used to say at the *New York Mirror*, oververification has spoiled many a good story.

A careful searching of Johnson's Congressional record indicates that his bucolic chestnut about how "Franklin Roosevelt was like a Daddy to me" was largely rhetoric. The AFL-CIO voting record, a donkey that never forgets, shows Senator Johnson voting wrong on injunction legislation, unemployment compensation, natural gas regulations, off-shore oil, oil depletion, tax allowances and Senate rules, particularly concerning filibusters. On the other hand, he often supported social security legislation, foreign aid and a very—underscore very—limited civil-rights bill, all of which were not particularly popular with his financial backers at home.



A comparison of his with other Southern voting records (Johnson, despite pretensions, was never truly a Westerner) shows that even on non-civil-rights issues, Johnson was clearly less of a national Democrat than Senators Lister Hill and John Sparkman of Alabama — a pretty tough state from which to be national Democrats — and certainly less of a national Democrat than Senators Kefauver or Gore of Tennessee, or Yarborough of Texas. Johnson on this score ranks about with Senator Olin Johnston of South Carolina, hardly as progressive a state as is Johnson's urbanizing Texas.

On foreign affairs, Johnson at times seems to have been assigned as Kennedy's thunderer, thus taking on, perhaps unwillingly, tones of Dulles. Eisenhower notes in his memoirs that from their respective hospital beds in 1955, Johnson paired in favor of a resolution authorizing Eisenhower, if he saw fit, to make war over Quemoy and Matsu; Kennedy, much to Ike's chagrin, paired against the resolution.

Johnson, on the other hand, has supported Kennedy's test-ban treaty and shown a strong sympathy for the needs of developing countries. Yet from his general record, one could hardly conclude that the work of such groups as the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy is completed. This rather mixed record raises the next question.

What Pitfalls Are To Be Avoided in Working with Johnson? Most important, Johnson's potential for growth, while not to be romanticized, must not be underestimated; and emotional attachment to the attractive Kennedy "image" must not cause petulance toward the new Democratic President. Candidate Kennedy, seeking balance, at Los Angeles opportunistically enticed Johnson onto the ticket. (His victory, it should be remembered, may well have depended on this act.) But beyond opportunism, Kennedy believed correctly that the Democratic Party and the country could do much worse than to have Johnson as leader and President, respectively.

Johnson understands a great deal about power. Like Truman, he can face harsh realities and make hard, quick decisions—not always liberal Democratic qualities. He is decent, intelligent, hard-driving, thoroughly political and deeply patriotic. He will never spare his talents where his country's needs are concerned. He has a warm and generous side to his personality that helps him win cooperation from tough opponents. Particularly in his last years in the Senate and during his Vice Presidency, he showed considerable growth as an individual and politician — not nearly enough yet to win election in 1964, but still impressive.

It should be remembered that a strong civil-rights act issuing from Johnson is as good as a strong civil-rights act coming from Kennedy. But it must be strong, and it must be forthcoming—an act, not a bill.

Any arguments with Johnson must be over issues, not personalities. No one must be surly when, after a discreet passage of time, Johnson begins to replace Kennedy favorites with his own in administration. That is his privilege and duty. If they are mainly Texans, that does not matter; the only pertinent question must be whether they are able.

A Scripps-Howard writer has written of Johnson on the first day of his Presidency: "He has virtually no time for music, for culture, for games, for art, for small talk. His primary interest is politics." This may distress some national Democrats, but they should remember that this is a private matter. The White House has seldom been a cultural center and cannot normally be expected to be one. All that counts is whether Johnson delivers the legislation or not; never mind if it is urged in "corny" ways.

What Can Be Done Now? National Democrats, Kennedy Democrats, liberal Democrats must become witnesses and watchers. In public and private they must explain the important issues for which Kennedy stood, particularly the measures for effective civil rights, alleviating unemployment, improved education, medical care for the aged and for a secure peace. President Kennedy must not be allowed to be turned into a slick magazine's political Rudolph Valentino. He was an issue-oriented Democrat, and we must all bear witness to the fact in order to help carry his work forward.

Issue-oriented national Democrats must also be watchers, in a time of peril, when it is far from clear that America's promise will be kept. They must watch the Congressional Establishment that stands between Presidential mandates and achievement, and make clear day by day to their fellow voters how that Establishment is sabotaging the Kennedy mandate and why changes must be made in the machinery (particularly in the rule of seniority) before American elections can again become meaningful.

They must also be watchers of the military-industrial complex against whose ascendancy Eisenhower warned and Kennedy and McNamara fought. They must watch also to see whether Johnson carries on the work of overriding the contract-hungry military-industrial complex in order to pursue a nuclear *détente* with the Soviet Union. They must watch because his political life has been closely involved with the political distribution and entrenchment of enormous defense and space expenditures; outsized portions have gone to Texas and the Congressional Establishment of which Johnson was a charter member.

Above all, as John Fitzgerald Kennedy advised: "We must disenthrall ourselves!"

THE TV IMAGE

Paul T. David

The decision of the networks to omit all commercials and cancel all entertainment features, devoting themselves to coverage of events until after the Kennedy funeral, is in itself one of the most remarkable episodes of our times. Evidently there was a precedent, perhaps more than one, that existed at least in the mind of Dr. Frank Stanton, who has been in the industry long enough to have a memory. But the precedents, such as they were, were laid down in the days of radio and not television. Many of us remember well the day that Franklin D. Roosevelt died; but television was not functioning on any wide basis at that time.

Television, having committed itself to exclusive coverage of a single subject for the equivalent of three to four calendar days, had the maximum impact, both quantitatively and qualitatively, of which it is capable. Governor Albertis S. Harrison, Jr., of Virginia, for example, meeting the cameras late Saturday for comment, said, "I never in my life expected to spend six hours looking at television, but last night I did."

So did all the rest of us. It does not take a Nielson survey to suggest that very nearly the entire population was looking at television for many hours that Friday afternoon and evening, with lesser but still tremendous viewing au-

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diences on Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

The effect has been a learning experience so great and so complex that its full importance cannot easily be assessed. The only time when human attitudes change rapidly in large groups is under the sudden impact of great events. The present case has every potential for a massive change in attitudes.

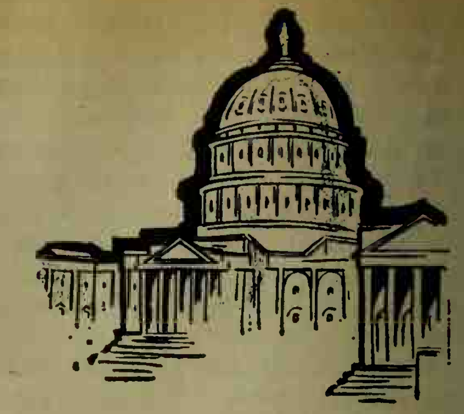
Nothing could have been more calculated to stir emotions than the Kennedy assassination and the suddenness of the Johnson accession. Television has multiplied the effect of these events by hours upon hours of sharp visual imagery. The imagery, moreover, was not confined to the events in Dallas and Washington. To fill the time, if for no other reason, there were also many hours of the Kennedy political biography — a television obituary such as has never occurred before. There was also an extensive coverage of the Johnson political biography; and all along there was the constant reporting from abroad, and the conversations with the network correspondents abroad.

What the networks did was eminently fitting and proper, and in no way calculated to give partisan advantage to anyone. I suggest, however, that it has already had immense political consequences. Those consequences are almost entirely to the advantage of the Democratic Party and the prospective Democratic nominee, Lyndon Johnson. They left me convinced that he will probably be elected in 1964.

The record of the Democratic Party for the last three years has been wrapped up as the record of a man who has already become a folk hero, a martyred President. Nothing could be better to run on in 1964.

Johnson has been revealed as a man who was an active, influential, and highly successful Vice President. This may not be how the Washington press corps remembers it, but this is how it was shown to the American people at a moment when they were prepared and willing to pay attention.

The film clips from Johnson's many speeches and appearances abroad were especially impressive. His origins in frontier America were evident, the delivery was excellent, and he made sense. If he goes forward with the Kennedy commitment to meet his Republican opponent in a series of debates — a commitment that he would find difficult to avoid, even should he wish to do so — Johnson will probably give a good account of himself in the debating situation. His whole experience suggests that he will be at his best in the direct confrontation that television makes possible.



Unprecedented Succession

Robert S. Hirschfield

Lyndon Johnson's succession to the Presidency presents the new Chief Executive and the nation with an unprecedented situation. Three Vice Presidents — Andrew Johnson, Chester Arthur and Theodore Roosevelt — have come to office as the result of assassination; four others — Tyler, Fillmore, Coolidge and Truman — upon the natural death of a President. But in none of these instances has there been so little time remaining in the dead President's term in office.

Despite the mourning for John Kennedy, politics will soon dominate the national scene. 1964 is a Presidential election year, and Presidential politics will be the dominant theme of our national life under the new Administration — as it would have been under the old — except that the struggle for the office will now be more intense and the outcome more in doubt.

Despite the pre-assassination activity of Governor Rockefeller and Senator Goldwater, and notwithstanding the probability of some Southern defection from the Democratic Party, it was generally accepted that John Kennedy would win a second term next year. Now all that is changed. Not only will there be a more serious fight for the Republican nomination (with Richard Nixon a likely contender), but there will also be a major Republican campaign effort to retrieve the Presidency. For Lyndon Johnson, now the head of his party and its nominee-apparent, the campaign has already begun.

These political realities will also largely determine the new Administration's policies and personnel. The new President has little choice but to adopt his predecessor's policies, run on his record and keep his governmental team intact.

Johnson cannot, except at great political risk, reconstitute the Cabinet, since this would impugn the character of the former administration. President Johnson was himself a leading figure in that administration, but equally important, Secretaries Rusk and McNamara, Ambassador Stevenson and especially Attorney General Robert Kennedy are now symbols of continuity in the Executive Office. Mr. Johnson will be free to substitute his own associates for the Kennedy White House "team" (the special assistants, counsel, press and other secretaries), since these relationships are personal; but even if he desired to do so, political wisdom will forbid changes in the formal structure of the office.

Similarly, the President must accept responsibility for both the positive and the negative aspects of the Kennedy record. Cuba and Oxford, Miss., accommodation with the Soviet Union and stalemate in Congress all now become part of his own Administration's record, and though he will receive neither the full credit nor the full blame for his predecessor's activities, it is the Kennedy record on which Johnson must stand.

As for policies, President Kennedy laid down the major guide lines, both in domestic and foreign affairs, to which the new Adminis-

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tration will be committed. The policy of seeking a *détente* in international relations has intrinsic value in preventing the cold war from turning hot, but for the Johnson Administration it is also part of the Kennedy legacy — which cannot be repudiated. Similarly with regard to domestic affairs, including the Kennedy civil-rights program. In short, President Johnson's time in office must be viewed as the fourth year of the Kennedy administration, and like all fourth years, it will be essentially a period of defending that administration's record and campaigning for re-election.

As the strangest Presidential election year in American history begins, Lyndon Johnson has a number of advantages. First of all there is, fortunately, no foreign crisis which demands an immediate Presidential response; nor is there a domestic emergency calling for decisive Executive action. Moreover, it is likely that foreign adversaries will display restraint for a longer period of time than will Johnson's political foes at home, and it is even possible that the murder of a President will calm the atmosphere of violence which has gripped the nation for the past year. Secondly, President Johnson inherits a complete governmental program and a tested administration. The Kennedy policies cover virtually all the major problem areas of our national life; and though many of those policies are not yet operative, all have been formulated in some detail. The officials responsible for designing and administering the Kennedy program are experienced and competent. Thirdly—and most important—the new President himself has a broader and deeper background in government and politics than any successor in history. A member of the House of Representatives for eleven years and of the Senate for twelve, Majority Leader in the Upper House for eight years and Vice President for three, he has had vast experience in both of the political branches of government, and has held and exercised formidable power.

The lack of time left to create his own Administration is not the only problem that confronts the new President. He is also identified as a Southerner and, by many, as a conservative. His manner, speech and style of operation differ from Kennedy's to such an extent that comparision will be inevitable. As a candidate to succeed himself he will not have the full advantage of incumbency. And his commitment to the Kennedy legacy may not be convincing to all elements of the national Democratic Party.

His greatest specific campaign problem will clearly be the civil-rights issue, as it would have been for President Kennedy. Johnson must stand on the Kennedy civil-rights program, but more significant will be the manner in which he pursues that program. It may well be this issue on which Lyndon Johnson's bid for his own term as President will depend; the way he deals with it will be the most significant indication of his capacity for leadership.

The crisis that the nation faces in the wake of John F. Kennedy's murder is a crisis of politics, partly because the tragedy occurred in the third year of our quadrennial political cycle, and partly because it removed from the scene the leading political figure of the day. But another dimension of this crisis involves our entire political system and our claim to freedom as a nation; for we also face a crisis of conscience. The act that took John Kennedy's life was an act of anarchy, and it came out of a climate of disregard for the orderly processes of government. Violence in domestic affairs means death, a truth made stronger because the victim in this instance was so full of life.

Kaiser: Model for Latin America . . . David Smyth

The day the last United States company is wiped out in Latin America there will really be only one comment left to make: They asked for it.

American businesses currently have about $9 billion invested in the score of republics south of the border — a sizable stake to lose. And they may well throw it all down the drain unless some drastic company policy changes are pushed through in the next few years.

There has been no lack of danger signals about their present policies. The first big alarm went off in the 1930s when Mexico closed in on foreign oil companies there. Another warning flashed in the 1950s when Guatemala installed a Red-tinged government—a move widely considered in Latin America as a legitimate national rebellion against the United Fruit Company of Boston, crushed by the Central Intelligence Agency of Washington.

In 1959 came Fidel Castro, and out went the United States sugar and mining companies from Cuba.

It is now legitimate to ask whether the same fate is not in store in the near future for other American interests throughout Latin America.

Even the Red light of the Castro revolution, however, has apparently failed to ruffle the serene complacency of the board rooms in New York. Here we are one-third of the way through the 1960s—with Red terrorists dynamiting American-owned oil pipe lines in Venezuela every two or three weeks; with local governments moving to expropriate United States-owned utilities in one Brazilian state after another; with Argentina threatening to annul all the oil contracts signed by American firms and a former Argentine government; with ominous rumblings of discontent in Chile against American-owned copper mines; with trouble looming ahead for American economic interests in Peru, Panama and elsewhere.

Can most of this trouble be staved off, and if so, what is American business doing about it? The answer is it can be staved off, and American business is doing practically nothing about it.

Heedless of the storm signals, ludicrously indignant when it gets hurt, United States business in Latin America continues stubbornly on

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David Smyth, an Argentine journalist, has written extensively on problems concerned with Latin America.

its way toward extinction, like the mastodon. One day its corpse may be dug out of a glacier, the lush grass of once-sunny pastures still half-chewed in its mouth, and exhibited in a historical museum as an example of what can happen in swift changes of climate. Meanwhile it plods heavily toward disaster, sluggishly clinging to practices of fifty years ago through a continent caught up in violent change.

Curiously enough — for a country where public relations has become a billion-dollar business — the dilemma of United States business in Latin America is largely a public relations problem. Here and there, one or two pioneering American companies have grasped this fact and have made themselves almost impregnable against the anti-Yankee tides.

The rest, however, do not, or will not, see that it is not enough to pump capital and know-how into Latin lands; that it is not enough to boost the local economy with new industrial activity; that it is not enough to pay their workers higher wages than local employers; that it is not enough to give their employees housing, medical care, pension plans and other fringe benefits that were previously unknown in the country.

United States businesses have pioneered all these advances in Latin America, but if they expect gratitude—as their local advertising almost invariably suggests — they delude themselves most thoroughly. No matter what benefits United States companies bring with them, to Latin American eyes they are foreigners, they are rich and they are powerful. For these three reasons they will be resented and feared no matter what else they may do. The bigger they are the more they will be resented; the more vital their operations are to the country's economy, the more they will be feared.

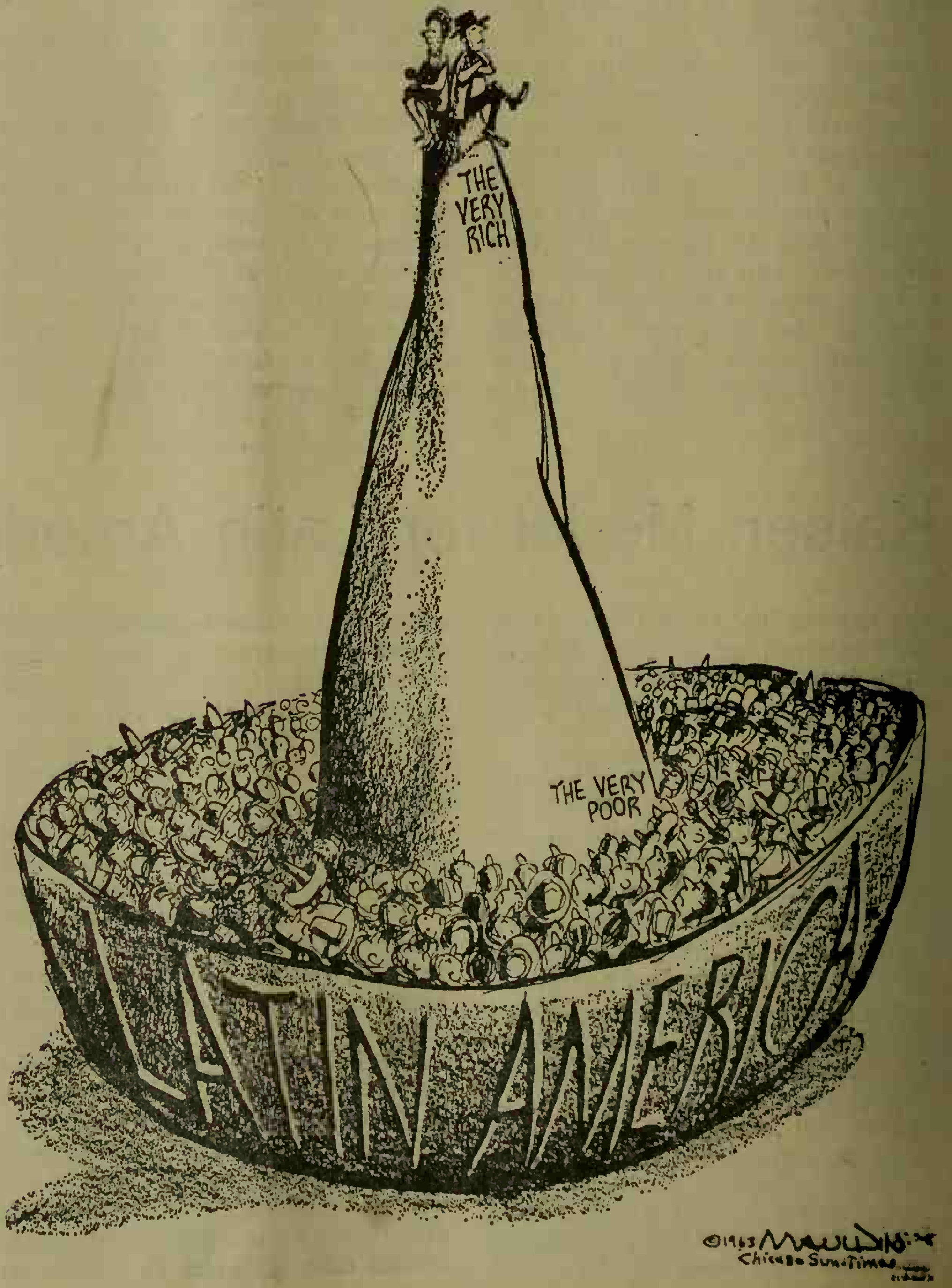
United States companies account for practically all of Chile's copper exports — the country's economic life line. They are in the same position a group of giant German or Japanese corporations would be if they controlled the United States steel industry.

Imagine Germany and Japan to be nations twenty or fifty times more powerful than the United States and consider whether political troubles could conceivably be avoided by big steel being controlled from Tokyo or Bonn.

American-owned companies dominate Venezuela's oil industry and are in the process of dominating the country's burgeoning iron and steel industry—the twin pillars of the Venezuelan economy. It so happens that their installations are being bombed by left-wing terrorists. They could just as plausibly be dynamited by right-wing nationalists.

With the two dominant political forces of Latin America ranged against them, just what chance does United States business south of the border have under its present system of operation? When trouble strikes, the outraged American firm usually appeals to the State Department which may then put pressure on the Brazilian Government to insure that United States utilities are expropriated at a fair price, or on the Argentine Government to respect its predecessor's oil agreements—or whatever the problem is in each country.

This immediately creates a new and worse complication: the United States is accused of "political domination" in addition to the original charge of "economic exploitation." The question then becomes a red-hot political issue, and even a pro-American regime finds its hands tied against inflamed public opinion. Or else an anti-American regime takes power. In either case, the result is approximately the same.



With or without the acquiescence of the State Department, the Latin American government in question moves against the hateful "Yankee monopoly."

The dilemma *does* have a solution. It consists in taking the Latin nation on as a full partner in capitalism, while the United States firm itself takes out its naturalization papers and becomes a respected citizen of its adopted land. The solution is best illustrated by a specific example.

In the early 1950s, the firms of Mercedes Benz of Germany and Henry Kaiser of the United States decided to put up automobile factories in Argentina. It was an entirely virgin field and they had no other competition. Mercedes Benz set up the classic old-style operation: a wholly German-owned subsidiary in Buenos Aires. However, to make sure of continued political cooperation they cut dictator Juan Peron and his henchmen in on the deal.

Kaiser also made the Argentine Government a partner; but the company did something else as well. It offered its stock to the general Argentine public. Shares in *Industrias Kaiser Argentina* (rapidly abbreviated to the familiar IKA) were snapped up by local investors. IKA was soon one of the most heavily traded issues on the Buenos Aires Bolsa, and ownership spread to thousands of small shareholders throughout Argentina.

In 1955 Peron was overthrown by a military revolt, and his numerous misdeeds were thoroughly investigated. One of the first targets for suspicion was Mercedes Benz. It was foreign, it was big business and it seemed to have been involved in some kind of backstairs dealings with Peron's straw men. The Mercedes plant was shut down for months while the investigation dragged on. Public opinion ranged from indifference to active suspicion of the big German firm. Support there was none.

Kaiser meanwhile—its shares and quarterly reports up for daily scrutiny on the local stock exchange—was not touched by the new authorities, and barely missed a day's work. Today, almost a decade later, IKA's public image is that of a native Argentine company. Any political move against it would incur the instant hostility of thousands of small Argentine investors. Not a word has been raised against it in several full-scale political campaigns.

The Germans have apparently learned their lesson in Argentina. A couple of years ago, Rheinstahl Hanomag moved into the automotive field in the country. Going one step further than Kaiser, the big West German outfit went into partnership with Cura Hermanos, a local firm, and launched its shares on the local stock market. With German thoroughness, due note was taken that Buenos Aires is widely resented in the rest of the country as a sort of internal center of "economic exploitation." The new plant went up in Rosario, Argentina's second city—and headquarters of Cura Hermanos.

Unfortunately, the United States oil companies had apparently learned nothing from Kaiser and Rheinstahl. In 1958, President Arturo Frondizi, weary of the bumbling inefficiency of the Argentine state oil monopoly, called in foreign firms to prospect and drill for oil. Aware that public opinion was heavily against letting in the "foreign oil monopolies," he signed contracts with the United States companies without bothering to get the approval of Congress.

Last year Frondizi was overthrown by the military. Last July 7, Arturo Illia replaced him—largely on a platform calling for the annulment of Frondizi's oil contracts as unconstitutional.

So the United States firms now find themselves in the same nasty predicament as Mercedes Benz in 1955. If they appeal to the United States Government for help they will probably still find themselves in the same ugly jam as did the United States utilities in Brazil after they had had similar pressure from Washington.

How long will it be before the copper mines in Chile, the petroleum and steel firms in Venezuela and other companies throughout Latin America get themselves into similar crises with their adopted countries?

They had better wake up to the fact that floundering in the past is no way of insuring the future. The seething waters of historical change in Latin America are sweeping them perilously close to Niagara. The year is 1963 and the place looks perilously like the point of no return. Latin America will now cooperate willingly as a full and active partner in capitalism. What sticks in its throat is being treated forever like a remote and troublesome satrapy of Wall Street—with the ultimate threat of reprisals from Washington in the event of outright rebellion.

American corporations are rightly proud of the way their ownership has spread to millions of American investors at home. They have made practically no effort at all to cultivate this people's capitalism abroad.

From Mexico and Guatemala to Brazil and Argentina, many of these economic battles, skirmishes and wars would not arise at all if there were only a legion of small capitalist allies on the spot.

Just a few hundred thousand stockholders south of the border might well tip the balance between a capitalist Latin America and a Communist Latin America in the years ahead. At any rate, it is something that is worth thinking about.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Private Words and Public Art

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST TO LOUIS UNTERMEYER. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 388 pp. $7.
THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. Edited by Andrew Turnbull. Charles Scribner's Sons. 615 pp. $10.
QUEEN VICTORIA'S EARLY LETTERS. Edited by John Raymond. The Macmillan Co. 310 pp. $4.
THE LETTERS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. Edited by Mark Roskill. Atheneum Publishers. 351 pp. $1.95 paper.

Hayden Carruth

The question of the place of letters in literature—letters meaning private correspondence — crops up regularly, for the reason simply that people continue to be interested, avidly, morbidly, in the things which famous men and women have written when they believed themselves safe from public scrutiny. In itself, the question is unimportant. It arises, generally speaking, from a desire to dignify curiosity by referring it to scholarly or aesthetic standards. Even so, one may sharpen one's general view of life and art by considering the problem of discrimination that emerges when somebody's private letters are brought together in a book and offered to public inspection.

Recently, there has been a spate of such books. In addition to those I am reviewing, we have a new and extraordinary edition of Michelangelo's letters, selling at $45 a copy; a book of Wyndham Lewis' correspondence, which was to have been included here but was held up by a snag in publication; and a number of others, equally enticing. I say "enticing" because these titles certainly do make an attractive array, and you might think the books themselves would be enjoyable reading. Yet my experience has been that almost all are dull, corrosively dull. Only a dull reader, I imagine, could read them through, cover to cover.

This does not mean that letters do not belong to literature, although many people whose minds are attuned to literary fashion will argue that such is the case. It depends on what you mean by literature. If literature is art, then letters cannot be literature, since they are composed without regard — primary regard, at any rate — to considerations of artistic form and technique. Better to abandon altogether the word "literature," saying that some writing is art and other writing is incidental. Yet we know that some incidental writing is quite as moving as any artistic writing. The letters of John Keats are one example, or the diaries of John Woolman and of Anne Frank.

In consequence, some people say that the authors of good incidental writing conform intuitively to the criteria of art, and that there is, therefore, such a thing as unconscious art; but this seems to me a contradiction in terms and a shabby sentimentality. Other people say that art moves us aesthetically, but that incidental writing moves us in actuality; and this seems closer to the truth, although how I can be moved by the actuality of Anne Frank without myself being a little girl in a hide-out remains uncertain.

The books do not help much. Robert Frost's letters to his friend Louis Untermeyer, written during the course of forty-eight years, will disappoint many readers who are devoted to his poetry, even though Untermeyer has done an intelligent and attractive job in presenting them. Frost was no prose writer. He knew it, and had the good judgment not to publish much prose during his lifetime; he was even, apparently, unhappy about this book of letters, which was in progress before he died. Some people, blinded by Frost's ingratiating manner, will think these letters well-written, just as some people used to think Will Rogers a comedian. But the style is coy and ponderous, rather like that of a trained bear, and the jokes and puns are appalling.

Frost himself tells us why. In 1915, when he was, though it is hard to believe, forty-one years old, he wrote to Untermeyer: "Remember, all I say is said in character. I urge nothing." Then for forty-eight years he urged; but "in character," he couldn't get out of it. Frost was a great poet, a national idol, and, as I say with complete affection and no sense of disloyalty whatever, a horrible old frump. This was what Frost made of himself and for himself, his mask, his persona, a far more adamantine poetic character than those of his juniors, Pound and Eliot, who used the concept of the persona so flauntingly that you might think they alone had invented it. It worked brilliantly in his poems, but less well in his public attendances, and least well, I expect, in some of his private relationships. Perhaps this was Frost's tragedy.

Scott Fitzgerald's tragedy was unmistakable: his "crack-up," as he called it. And the aftermath. The letters of Fitzgerald's last five years produced in me exactly the feeling of a fourteen-year-old sitting through the end of a sad movie: a futile necessity of tears. Scrounging in Hollywood to send his Zelda $25 a week! — after all that had gone before, the revelry and splendor — he, Fitzgerald, who should have been happy, who *was* happy, in his writing, a blithe talent if ever one lived. The trouble lay elsewhere. Fitzgerald needed all the courage he had, which was a good deal. But courage can be tedious too, especially in the bubbly form that Fitzgerald gave it, slangy good cheer and "literary" kidding, all hollow, even with his closest friends. Six hundred pages of this is too much, and it is best to begin at the end.

Victoria is another case. Her letters lack the suavity of the trained writer, yet they show her to be a lively, likable, sensible woman, not the genteel bogy we were brought up to think — not entirely, at least. This volume contains her letters up till 1861, the year Albert died. Her strong and justified love of her husband dominates the personal letters; but most of the letters are not personal, they deal with day-to-day politics, relations with ministers, etc. Readers minutely acquainted with English political history may get more out of them than I did. Yet some of the letters are charming, even amusing. Those written during the first year or two of her reign, for instance; they show her struggling to retain the dignity of third-person discourse but continually, in anger or excitement, slipping into more familiar terms. Following an interview with

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Hayden Carruth's first novel, Appendix A *(Macmillan), is just published. His most recent collections of poems are* The Norfolk Poems *(Prairie Press) and* Journey to a Known Place *(New Directions).*

Sir Robert Peel, during which she asked him, with some reluctance, to form a cabinet, she wrote to Lord Melbourne: "The Queen don't like his manner."

Van Gogh is the best of the present group, the only one whose letters are worth general attention. I wish I could quote from them, but without space for long passages the quotations would not be representative. His letters, too, lack suavity, but are, even so, more eloquent than Frost's or Fitzgerald's. As a painter, Van Gogh was not under the necessity that ruled Frost and Fitzgerald, namely, the necessity to put every really usable idea into professional writing. And he had many eminently usable ideas. Chiefly, they sprang from his painting, but were always converted to larger ends, and his letters to his brother, Theo, written out of pitiable solitude, are a treasury of nineteenth-century thought and sensibility at their summit. Victoria, in her letters, scarcely appears to be living in the same age. Thinking, Van Gogh wrote at one point, made him feel less alone, and some readers will recognize the depth of feeling in that quiet cry. His tragedy was something like Fitzgerald's, but far worse; and yet it is not the tragedy that remains with us in these letters, but the intelligence, the passion, the wisdom and the totally conscious man.

Van Gogh's letters have been in English for many years, but principally in expensive editions. This paperback, in which the letters have been newly edited and the translations revised, is a splendid selection and contains an insert of black-and-white reproductions of the paintings which are discussed in the letters. One cannot help noticing again, incidentally, how well the force and *raison* of Van Gogh's oils are retained in ordinary inexpensive half tones.

In my opinion, the letters of Frost and Fitzgerald could better have been published on microfilm for the use of scholars. Good incidental writing will not, generally speaking, come from writers, but from other sensitive men: Delacroix, Berlioz, Marco Polo, Julius Caesar, our own Sam Sewall. Is it literature? Of course. Is it art? I should think not, strictly speaking. The mistake lies in permitting art to arrogate all of literature to its own self-sanctified purposes, an arrogation which, it must be said to their credit, the best writers have seldom made on their own account.

The Purpose in Life

A MAN AND TWO WOMEN. By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. 316 pp. $5.

Webster Schott

Doris Lessing has the advantage of having never laid eyes on the British Isles until she was thirty years old. She arrived from a colonial environment (Rhodesia) with her sensibilities fully developed by the shocks of racism, and she confronted modern British society with the innocence of first embrace. Everything was new, and she learned about it quickly. She married, had a child, was divorced, became involved in radical causes and the British Communist movement, and she published novels, plays, stories, poetry, essays and reportage with the regularity of assertive talent.

After fourteen years in England and thirteen books — six of which have been published in the United States — Mrs. Lessing still sees new. Permanently afflicted with a social conscience and a feminist's sense of a man-made world, Mrs. Lessing has by now become fully acquainted with the British social milieu and its attendant personal problems and conflicts. But she has been able to keep sufficient emotional distance between herself and her material to see that, while individual experience occurs in isolation, it always contains social implications.

The suicide of Susan Rawlings in "To Room Nineteen," the longest and loneliest of the nineteen stories in her new collection, takes place in a dumpy London hotel. The meaning of the act, however, reverberates to the plump upper-middle-class British life that denies women of awareness a purpose beyond the pleasuring of men and the begetting of children. The conquest of a rising theatrical designer by a B.B.C. hack who interviews her in "One Off the Short List" suggests, among other things, the ugly confu-

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Webster Schott is literary editor of Focus/Midwest *and reviews for the* Kansas City Star, *the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch *and* The Christian Science Monitor.

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FOCUS/Midwest is in consequence a genuine and substantial contribution to the culture of our midland region and, through it, of our country. Because it has convictions and speaks them, it is likely to raise howls of dissent. Because it is more than a little abrasive, some of the howls may be anguished. But whether one agrees with everything it says or with little or none, it is well worth reading, and we wish it a long life, with many a fine battle.

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sion in "civilized" societies of status and sexual prowess. In the metaphorical "A Letter from Home" an intimidated African poet, displaying the first signs of paranoia, writes an epic of South African tyranny in a fantastic Gothic script so "they" won't be able to read it, and then pins his pages to a tree in a windy night. Portraiture, one of Mrs. Lessing's startling gifts, dominates this story, but its overtones speak of the real and imagined conspiracies against the artist who attempts to say the truth about his society. "Notes for a Case History" and "England Versus England" depict more than the emotional destruction of a young scholarship student from the mines and the demoralization of a physically endowed shopgirl in the forward grind of society on the make. Mrs. Lessing lays before us the denial of integrity necessary to survival in a mobile system.

If Mrs. Lessing's stories represent her present views of society, perhaps she has concluded that political action and public agitation for social reform are not first-order factors in determining human affairs after all. She has been tending that way for some time. Political zeal turned to self-immolation in her novel of last year, *The Golden Notebook.* Anna Wulf, Mrs. Lessing's alter ego, found herself representing a generation that had sacrificed their inner selves to revolt and were left to live in personal shells. The activist young woman of the essays in *Going Home* (1957), who asserted buoyantly that "during the last three years the great words liberty, freedom and truth have again become banners for men to fight under," assumed in this crushing novel the character of a psychically wounded realist forced by disillusionment to sort out the possibilities of life from the anxieties of womanhood. *The Golden Notebook* may be one of the moral landmarks in contemporary Western literature.

For Leslie

For you there ought
to be words as something
at least to say

of what couldn't be
then, the whole
sense crowded, almost

a comfortable agony
so full
I felt it.

Two years go,
the same wide sky
sits over us.

We feel it
the same, being
always here.

There, the grave is
I cannot
even go to

under some trees
in the grass
of someone's cemetery.

What argument can be
used now, the light so
strikes in,

so blonde you are,
so different from our darkness,
your eyes such blue.

Robert Creeley

The woman behind *A Man and Two Women* is tougher and wiser than the facile political agitator of Mrs. Lessing's fiction of the 1950s. All her new stories, even those placed in Africa, deal with purposefulness and determination. Her characters set out to achieve goals — to train dogs, to acquire husbands, to conquer women, to clarify personal relations, to assert authority. But action leads to failure and frustration or to rejection and self-diminution.

When the hot-blooded rain-gutter worker in "A Woman on the Roof" finally climbs up the building to stammer out his appreciation to the near-naked sun-bather who has been driving him out of his mind all week, she tells him to take a six-penny bus ride to the Lido where he can see a dozen women in bikinis without scaling mountains. The love affair of brother and sister in "Each Other" gives pleasure only if it stops short of consummation; completion in Mrs. Lessing's stories supposes disenchantment. The spinster borrowed from Somerset Maugham in "Our Friend Judith" says after her affair in sweaty Italy, "The whole thing was a mistake from start to finish. . . . But if one cannot rely on what one feels, what can one rely on?" Emotion denies intelligence. The laboring dung beetles in "The Sun Between Their Legs" struggle instinctively against rain and wind to lay their eggs. They lose, as people lose.

Life is immutable in Mrs. Lessing's stories. Her characters fall before glass walls when they attempt merely superficial changes in their personal affairs; and to try for fundamental reorganization or to tinker with the social order is to pursue disaster. Sex figures so importantly in these stories because sex is the last individual resource of intense personal encounter in a highly structured society. For the women who cry their need to break through to an on-going connection with life, sex is the only lever against men. While they require definition outside the sexual experience, they cannot attain it without using the attribute that locks them into the system they would escape. Contemporary life is filled with ironics of this sort and Mrs. Lessing must reveal them.

Dealing substantively with adult situations, instead of pursuing the bizarre or fantasizing with symbols, Mrs. Lessing infuses her people with vitality and places them in contexts and situations we can believe in. Her method is exactly right for her purpose and uncommon among thoughtful writers; Doris Lessing's realism is a fictional revelation of the social chemistry of modern Britain. We have no one like her in the United States. Our most perceptive writers still furiously explore the self and take only an occasional sally at the larger realities of the social condition.

Cummings' Daisy

73 POEMS. By e. e. cummings. Harcourt, Brace & World. 73 pp. $4.50.

Lionel Abel

One day our Latin teacher shouted at us his own definition of poetry. With a touch of exultance, a trace of exaltation, but much more stern than ecstatic, he yelled at us: "Do you know what poetry is? Of course not! I'll tell you. Poetry is exultation, exaltation and ecstasy!"

I think the definition an excellent one and I have never forgotten it. But of how many poets in our times can it be said that in writing poems they intended poetry? Certainly cummings was of the small company of those who wanted to be something more than skillful manipulators of verse forms. Did cummings then seek exultation, exaltation and ecstasy? To bring it into closer accord with the kind of poetry cummings actually wrote, I shall have to change my old Latin teacher's remark. What cum-

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Lionel Abel is a playwright and critic. His most recent book is Metatheatre *(Hill & Wang).*

mings aimed at was ecstasy, ecstasy and ecstasy.

What but ecstasy is expressed in the following?

who are you, little i
(five or six years old)
peering from some high

window; at the gold

of november sunset
(and feeling: that if day
has to become night

this is a beautiful way)

Cummings' poems do not exalt nor do they make one exultant. But they do distribute—often by their scattered syntax — the poet's raptures. Some poets have insisted on a special distinction in their language; some poets have insisted on a special distinction in their experience and tried to reflect this in the words they used. Poets of the latter type have tended to disappear, for reasons about which no one can be certain, and we are now left almost entirely with lovers of their own words rather than with lovers of life's. Poets of experience, as distinct from experienced poets, have always been rare; this is especially the case today. Now cummings demanded poetry of his experience.

But even cummings is not always ecstatic in his poems. When he is not, though, he is arguing for ecstasy and against its opposite. For example:

nobody could
in superhuman flights
of submoronic fancy
be more not
conceivably future than mrs somethingwitz
nay somethingelsestein.

And again:

Mostpeople have been heard
screaming for international

measures that render hell rational
—i thank heaven somebody's crazy

enough to give me a daisy

But I think such attacks — there are many in cummings' poems: attacks on science, scientists and modern ideologies — are really meant by the poet as creative warm-ups in the striving for the ecstasy he wanted, and felt so often. Cummings is sometimes a moralist of ecstasy, and in this role he can be quite foolish. Also proud of being foolish; for folly does lead to ecstasy much more immediately than does thought. So let us not make too great a point of cummings' foolishness, which may have been necessary to him. There is nothing foolish about his delighted fancy. He writes:

a great
man
is
gone.

Tall as the truth

was who: and
wore his (mountains
understand

how) life

like a (now

with
one sweet sun

in it, now with a

million
flaming billion kinds
of nameless

silence)sky;

In this last book cummings is, I think, at his most unfoolish and poetic best. There is more ecstasy in this tiny volume, and there is less argumentation for ecstasy, than in most of his earlier books. Not that cummings became more mature as death approached, but that his need for ecstasy became, if anything, more powerful; his dislike of those without it less important to him. He could even call on death ecstatically:

autumn has gone: will winter
never come?

o come, terrible anonymity; enfold
phantom me with the murdering
minus of cold
—open this ghost with millionary
knives of wind—
scatter his nothing all over what
angry skies and

gently
(very whiteness: absolute
peace,
never imaginable mystery)
descend

Fewer and fewer are the exquisites of this earth. Can anyone replace cummings? I wonder if among all the young men now writing verse there is even one who is really bent on exultation, exaltation or ecstasy in any sphere of life other than that of the written (printed) word.

Vietnam Between the Poles

THE TWO VIET-NAMS: A Political and Military Analysis. By Bernard B. Fall. Frederick A. Praeger. 493 pp. $7.95.

Francois Sully

One suffocating hot afternoon of July last year, Bernard Fall with his typewriter and tape recorder walked into Hanoi — the gray, unkempt capital of The One Who Enlightens. Ten years had elapsed since Dr. Fall's first stay in North Vietnam. In 1953, the French Expeditionary Forces and the Vietminh were gathering their strength and filling their war stores for what General Vo Nguyen Giap, as well as the hard-pressed French, knew was going to be the final round of the drawn-out struggle for Indo-China. Dr. Fall quickly discovered that the Hanoiese of

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Francois Sully, Vietnam correspondent for Newsweek, *left that country a year ago on the orders of the Ngo family. He is shortly returning to Saigon.*

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1963 were almost reluctant to talk about their victorious battles of 1953 and 1954. They had won their freedom from colonial rule, like men: "out of the barrel of a gun," and at the cost of about 250,000 Vietnamese lives. But they are today painfully aware that their peace and their freedom require more arduous efforts and greater sacrifices than their victorious war. With great insight, Dr. Fall attributes this attitude to "the plight of a valiant people that happens to find itself, no doubt much against its will, at one of the focal points of a worldwide struggle." In lonely Hanoi, Bernard Fall found nearly all official doors open to him. The evident reason was that the pragmatic North Vietnamese leaders had something to tell the outside world about their position toward the war in South Vietnam. Some, like Premier Pham Van Dong, even recorded their views "for the record" on Dr. Fall's tape recorder. The Hanoi leaders are aware of their country's vulnerability before a United States military action that would come in retaliation to their own involvement in the guerrilla war of South Vietnam. For this reason, Hanoi shuns any direct participation of North Vietnamese troops in the conflict and shows some willingness to compromise and be "realistic" about South Vietnam.

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I like particularly Dr. Fall's analysis of North Vietnam's position in the world:

> *The brutal truth is that for so small and exposed a country as North Vietnam, the number of policy choices is not infinite and that the present Hanoi leadership is painfully aware of the fearsome consequences of even a small miscalculation in a situation where it must play the brinkmanship game with as enormous an adversary as the United States.*

In laconic and almost humorous manner, The One Who Enlightens predicted doom for Ngo Dinh Diem and the ultimate failure of any attempt to find a purely military solution to the civil war in the south. But it is not certain today that Ho Chi Minh has been elated by the dramatic demise of the House of Ngo; certainly, he is not as joyous as the Saigonese themselves. With Ngo Dinh Diem gone, North Vietnam has lost the best asset of its propaganda in the south. Dr. Fall told me later that he found the seventy-three-year Ho (the peasant de Gaulle of Vietnam) in excellent health and spirits — and much preoccupied by his own image in the Western press.

The Two Viet-Nams is an informative analysis of not so distant and complex events: from the emergence of Ho Chi Minh to Dienbienphu; then on to the French military withdrawal from Indo-China, the rise and crushing fall of Ngo Dinh Diem and the new American involvement in that area. The author's evaluation of the forces — Nationalist and Communist Vietnamese, uncommitted bourgeois, suffering peasants and meddling foreigners — is still valid after the November coup. It is just that another chapter has opened. Dr. Fall's book is the obvious choice for anyone seeking the relevant background to the dilemma the West now faces in Vietnam, and a clearer understanding of the traditional problems of Vietnam and the sometimes obscure developments that have shaken its admirable people. But to the reader more particularly concerned with the military aspects of a revolutionary war, I would recommend another book by Dr. Fall: *The Street Without Joy* (Stackpole; revised, 1963). This account of the Indo-China war may well be a preview of the non-nuclear wars of the future, the "Wars of Liberation," as Peking already calls them.

Incidentally, the grave of Ho Chi Minh's father was recently discovered at Cao Lanh, in the heart of the Mekong Delta, during a military operation conducted by South Vietnamese forces against Viet Cong guerrillas. The Vietnamese officer who made this find reported, without great surprise, that the old tomb was kept tidy as a site of pilgrimages for the local peasantry. This little fact suggests that, in Vietnam as elsewhere, the present is merely the logical continuation of the past. To know this past, I recommend Bernard Fall's book.

What Happened?

A SINGULAR MAN. By J. P. Donleavy. Little, Brown & Co. 402 pp. $6.

Nelson Algren

Where did mad Dangerfield go and madder MacDoon? What happened to Cocklan, Malarkey and O'Keefe, that fantastic host of *The Ginger Man*? When Dangerfield, dressed as a kangaroo cuffed along by MacDoon with a shepherd's staff and followed by Parnell beating an empty tin with a spoon, entered a public house in *Soho ho* and the kangaroo sang—

No joy no juice
You pigs no use
I want to know
How you Britons like it
In Soho ho? —

— "*Dangerfield lives!*" was then the cry. And Dangerfield did.

As the same author's Singular Man, George Smith, pursued, put upon and preoccupied, does not. Bullied by his housekeeper, ministered to by his secretaries, attended by his doorman, alienated from his wife and transported by his chauffeur, Smith exists solely by literary devices.

Where a Joycean prose was so richly befitting to Dangerfield especially when frying borrowed sausages —

Nelson Algren is the author most recently of Who Lost an American? *(Macmillan).*

. . . the little sausage fell neatly, hissing in the fat. Dont know what to tell this Lilly. Could tell her life is a matter of resistance. Been telling too many people that. I have an esthetic. Tell Miss Frost to get one. My, look at that sausage swell. A spout of richness coming out of there will drown the whole lot of us, esthetics and all. —

— the same device when employed by George Smith comes out in a voice flattened like a ventriloquist's —

Lock the door. Draw the curtains tightly. Sit. Take a sip of punch. Close eyes. What you want so much you lose. Die and carry me away. Once at college I thought I'm dying. And tried to run. From the terrible loneliness. Bereft in those university rooms, cold and tall-ceilinged, late at night. I fell to my bed. Said I'll never make enough money to live. . . .

Dangerfield, a tragic yet dangerous clown, asked questions worthy of a saint —

What good is it to God, Dear Miss Frost, for a child to be born pure, live purely and die purely? Where is the grace in that shallow, white sterility? You dont want that stuff. No, get down in it, down. The greatest whiteness is touched with black. The righteous are a sneaky bunch anyway . . . they're ruining Jesus with publicity.

But Smith has no questions to ask—

"You know what I want to say, George."

"Beep beep."

"What's that funny noise you're making?"

"You mean, beep beep."

"Yes, beep beep."

"O that's just beep beep."

"I know I deserve it, George."

"Beep beep." —

to the point of unreadability and a bit beyond. The author seemingly is determined to be indirect. "Spaghetti" becomes "wiggling whiteness"; wine becomes "the red sublime . . . as we go bow wow together into the future." Life just isn't like that.

This unhappy alteration of Dangerfield into Smith is repeated in the figure by which each man is pursued. Dangerfield's pursuer, Skully the gombeen man, in his white starched collar and black chesterfield dripping from the rain, is both pathetic and terrible; and his cause is plain. But Smith's nemesis, Bonniface, is no more than a name. And neither do Miss Martin nor Dizzy Darling Tomson possess the reality of Dangerfield's Lilly Frost, Mary or Chris or Marion. The sexuality of Dangerfield rings true; the Singular Man is about as sexual as Charlie McCarthy.

For such a falling-off only the author may account. Yet one wonders whether, in a civilization so affluent that it is no longer necessary to think, there may not be an indication here that, to be a writer, it has become equally inessential to write.

LETTER from POLAND

Maria Kuncewicz

In September, 1939, as I was leaving our country house in Kazimierz on Vistula in Central Poland, there stood in a second-floor window a little girl of ten, her dark, solemn eyes fixed on the sky where the German Heinkels glistened and buzzed, shedding their bombs on a nearby village. She was the daughter of Joseph, the gardener. The car had already started when she leaned out, and called, "Don't worry, I'll bury your notebook; Hitler won't get it!"

In August, 1963, I came back to stay in our Polish home for the first time in twenty-four years. Secluded and on the outskirts of the little town, this house had not had a typical war story. It was not destroyed by enemies, nor—because of Joseph's presence—was it dismantled, bit by bit, by industrious neighbors.

Since in the Polish People's Republic real estate not exceeding 123 acres can be privately owned, we remain the proprietors of the villa, built in the local style of stone and wood, and of the nine acres in which it stands. But, because of the acute housing shortage, we are entitled to use only a few of the rooms.

The car drove up, and I saw in a window on the second floor a little girl of ten, her dark, solemn eyes fixed on me. Never before had I experienced a more perfect illusion. However, I soon learned that Wanda, the ten-year-old of 1963, was the daughter of Zosia, the ten-year-old of 1939; both mother and child were now visiting the grandparents, our former gardeners. The next day, Zosia, now a biologist employed by the Warsaw waterworks, handed me a yellowish notebook that bore traces of a long interment. Hitler had not found it.

Joseph could not move; neither could he say much. Shoved around by so many different authorities, he had suffered a stroke. Now he sat in his kitchen and growled at the world for rocking under his feet, a slippery globe. But his women moved and talked. After the first transports of meeting, we walked through the rooms as in a trance, I remembering the things that used to be here, Mrs. Joseph wagging her head in wonder. "That German doctor, he was a general. He shipped

Maria Kuncewicz is the editor of The Modern Polish Mind *(Little, Brown) and author of the novel,* The Olive Grove *(Walker & Co.). She is a visiting professor at the University of Chicago.*

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We are approaching the season when the words "peace on earth" come glibly to the tongue. But the events of the past weeks prove—if proof were needed—that peace will not come as a Christmas gift. It is something that has to be worked for, day in and day out. There are many people, in this country and elsewhere, who are making the effort. It is doubtful whether any national weekly can match the space *The Nation* gives to reporting their varied activities.

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the sideboard to Hamburg. . . . Then one night, as he was away, our night people came. They took that round mirror from the dressing table." "Who were the night people?" I asked. Shamefacedly, she shrugged. "I don't know. They had guns." "And what do you think happened to that violin I had buried in the trunk?" Here she frowned." "Uh, that's the German soldiers. They crept in through the side entrance. . . . They wanted the draperies, but they took the violin, too." Amazed at the unlikely objects people with guns grab from other people's homes, I could not resist mentioning the toilet bowl missing from the bathroom. At this, Mrs. Joseph, decorative in her gay babushka, became pensive. "You know, we were not here all the time. When the Russians turned up, we were driven out. They said they needed the whole place for a very important person. The park was swarming with troops. . . . They even dug up the tennis court and made it into a picture." Zosia, a tall, handsome woman wearing shorts, laughed. "A picture indeed! It was a relief map of the battle." Now the 1963 ten-year-old piped up. "I know who took your desk, though! It was our militia. They were right, weren't they? Since it was abandoned property; wasn't it? And the Waceks built themselves a cowshed out of your cottage because their cow had nowhere to live, and she is beautiful, you know!"

At last I walked down the ravine to the town. It was even more beautiful than the neighbor's cow, and as much of a stranger to me.

Before the war, Kazimierz on Vistula, a Polish beauty spot, was haunted by artists, but mainly inhabited by humble Jews, making a living from a variety of trades which the less imaginative natives, fishermen and laborers, had neglected to consider. In my memory the market place—part jewel-like, patrician residences carved in stone, part colorful shacks—was filled with peasants selling geese and chickens, horses neighing, men's pants and women's kerchiefs fluttering in the breeze on lines over the stalls, painters busy at their easels and buses hooting, while the Jewish guides chattered, fought for a tourist's bag and lauded the artists' efforts.

That memorable Polish square, celebrated by poets and painters, is no more. The awed locals still speak in whispers of the "black Wednesday" when the Germans slaughtered the Jews of Kazimierz. Of about 2,000, only one was left; he sticks to his prewar job in the timber yard. Fires have raged here, and not only Jews have disappeared. A schoolmaster, a solicitor, almost all the notables, marched here, handcuffed, to their death.

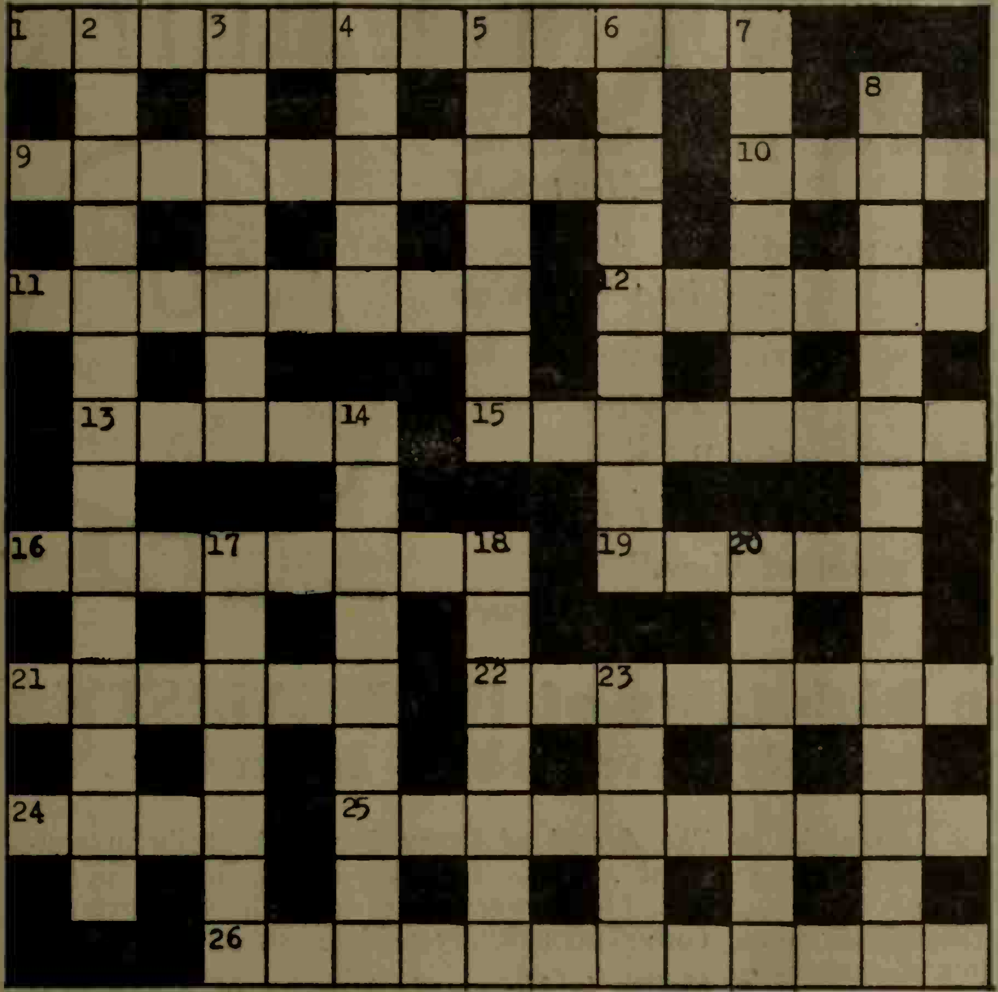
The present-day market place shines. No shacks; the destroyed buildings have been re-created in accordance with eighteenth-century prints. Three of them, now converted into one, serve as the Architect's House, a place antique and modern at the same time, where architects, as well as writers, painters and professors, can spend their holidays in inexpensive luxury. An ancient well stands in the middle of the neat emptiness where all that hubbub had been. On a promonotory, the Catholic parish church, recently redecorated, admits crowds from the neighboring villages; but although the historic synagogue was raised from its ashes, it now houses a movie theatre.

You can buy a frigidaire in a shop under the arcade; there is some underwear in another, and some modish furniture in still another, but at the grocery store women often queue for butter. Delicatessen items are unreliable, and the butcher is moody. Only the fruit stalls and a newspaper booth relieve the dignified grayness of the square.

The dead were buried. The old stage holds up, repaired, embellished, set for a top performance. But the new play does not meet with enthusiasm. Watching those responsible try to solve the common problems, the man in the street, the urban type, marks time. Without trying to help, he upbraids "them" for his low wages, poor housing, the scarcity and bad distribution of goods. The so-called peasant, the small farmer who, in contrast to those in other Communist-ruled countries, owns about 90 per cent of the Polish arable land, sounds more cheerful. The administration helps him modernize his agriculture, it encourages mechanization and co-operative farming. A peasant now eats his own chickens and geese. He is better dressed than before the war; he enjoys collecting crops from the long-coveted fields of his former neighbor, the big landlord, and he builds better homes for his family and his beasts. Schools are free at all levels. But people like the Josephs resent it that their educated offspring leave home for the factory and the office. Except on weekends, the market place in Kazimierz is beautiful and empty.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1036

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What a bookkeeper has to go through periodically is probably on the wire. (9, 3)
9 What's the word for quiet when the speaker and I are inside? (That's what some politicians declare!) (10)
10 See 3 down
11 Officer, he spells danger to me! (8)
12 Almost a point ahead of time. (6)
13 Birds in their summer nests. (5)
15 Where the actor Maurice seems to be putting on weight? (8)
16 What they give you on board is taken as a matter of course. (8)
19 Fares badly, but becomes less dangerous. (5)
21 What's the good word, Pierre? (3, 3)
22 Appears on the surface to be something other than grain exports! (8)
24 Spring is healthy, to a considerable extent. (4)
25 Startled into activity. (10)
26 Modeling's too much trouble for one with the spirit to study. (12)

DOWN:

2 A word of warning casually brought up and referred to earlier. (14)
3 and 10 Most liners have, if the passengers like music—but hope not to. (7, 4)
4 Any of the nine orders of the celestial hierarchy. (5)
5 Associated with the gull, possibly. (7)
6 An other than straightforward manner is a characteristic of certain people. (9)
7 Not only Romans Brutus can seem to hold in spell! (7)
8 Authorities of the volume content. (14)
14 Such a plan does not necessarily include inlaid jewelry. (9)
17 Having something about the features of the spirit, in a rather lewd way? (7)
18 Bread illegally obtained, by the sound of it. (7)
20 The occupation of distant China? (7)
23 Train to follow? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1035

ACROSS: 1 Imposing; 5 Nurses; 10 and 11 Extreme unction; 12 U-boat; 13 Light blue; 14 and 23 down Trade school; 16 Sardonic; 19 and 4 down Knitting needles; 22 Event; 24 Counselor; 26 Tiara; 28 Occiput; 29 Leakage; 30 Larval; 31 Identify. DOWN: 1 Inequity; 2 Patio; 3 Sweetmeat; 6 Uncut; 7 Still life; 8 Sinker; 9 Hunger; 15 Announcer; 17 Overtrain; 18 Strategy; 20 Islets; 21 Garbled; 25 Sepia; 27 Amati.

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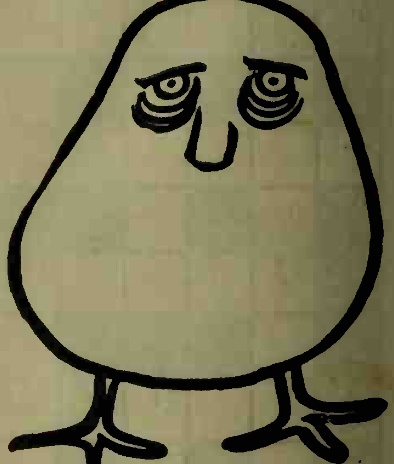

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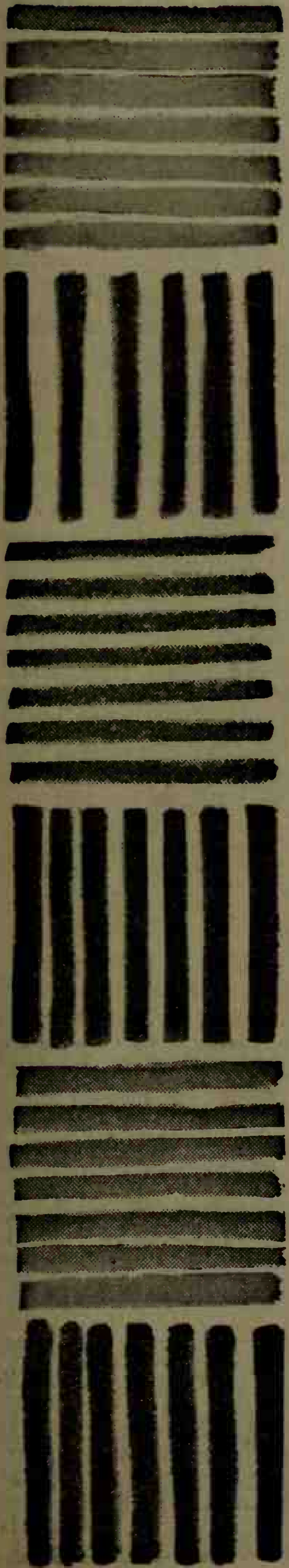

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'November 26, 1963'

A Poem by Wendell Berry

LETTERS

Justice and Oswald

Kingston, Canada

Dear Sirs: Apart from the great shock of the President's assassination, we Canadians have suffered a further shock in seeing over our television the murder of justice.

We have been watching for the last few days certain press interviews by the Chief of Police, the District Attorney and everyone who apparently had any knowledge at all of the assassination. If this had happened in Canada, we would have jailed for contempt of court the Police Chief, numerous reporters, several publishers and the operators of the broadcasting stations. . . .

There is a striking difference between American and Canadian procedure with respect to contempt of court. By our law any comment that tends to prejudice the fair trial of the action is contempt and punishable in a summary way by the court trying the case. In the last ten or twelve years we have had a number of cases that illustrate this point. . . .

In each of these cases, the offense was publication of matter or opinion which was no part of the public record and which was likely to prejudice the fair trial of the accused. It is no offense to publish a fair and accurate summary of public judicial proceedings, including a preliminary hearing, no matter how damning the evidence may be. . . .

From this you can see that your views and ours on this subject are radically different. I submit to you the following propositions:

1. The right of the press to information is no higher than the right of the public.

2. The right of the public to be informed is to some slight degree in conflict with the right of the accused to have a fair trial. This conflict can be resolved by postponing the right of the public until the time of the hearing.

3. If the conflict cannot be resolved, then the right of the accused to have a fair trial should take precedence over the right of the public to be informed.

4. In the circumstances of the Oswald case, and considering the coverage given, it would have been impossible within the United States to find an unprejudiced jury. It follows then that the right of the accused to a fair trial was destroyed.

5. I understand your Constitution provides that no person may be condemned except by due process of law. How can you say that due process has been observed when the mind of every juryman and judge has been effectively brainwashed by coverage such as this? . . .

H. L. Cartwright
Barrister and Solicitor

CORRECTION

Jack C. Rothwell's article on "The Shorter Workweek" (*The Nation,* Dec. 7) should have carried a note indicating that the article expressed Mr. Rothwell's views only, and was not to be taken as an index of the views of the Federal Reserve Bank.

—Editors.

The assassinations

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Two points that the editorials on the Kennedy tragedy thus far seem to have overlooked:

1. The failure of our affluent society to support decent public services is underscored again, this time horribly, by the incompetence of police services. The police of Dallas, underpaid and lacking pensions (according to *The New York Times*), are probably little worse and little better than the average. And so when the monstrous events in that city shock us to the realization of police incompetence too late, many still try to say, "the poor people of Dallas are not responsible." Of course they are responsible. But so too are the people of America responsible. We have never learned to support the public welfare with anything like our support of private welfare. Just as our health services, education and all other public services suffer from paltry support, so do those concerned with public protection against violence. The death of Kennedy is another commentary on America's distorted values and its consequent public irresponsibility.

2. The trigger that killed Kennedy and produced world repercussions that we cannot yet begin to estimate dramatizes a terrible danger of our time that no other time knew. It is just as possible that another trigger, pulled by an equally sick individual whose sickness has never been recognized enough, could blast the world apart. *Theodore Brameld*

Misplaced poem

Oneonta, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In his review of the book *Apollinaire: Poet Among the Painters* by Francis Steegmuller (*The Nation,* Nov. 30), A. Hyatt Mayor quotes two lines of poetry:

Remember me when I am dead.
Simplify me when I am dead.

Reviewer Mayor gives no source for the two lines, but in the context the assumption would be that they were by the poet being considered, Apollinaire. Actually they are by the British poet, Keith Douglas, who also died while serving in the First World War. I am sure the accreditation was merely an oversight, but it is misleading.

W. F. Roberts

THE
NATION

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The Nation, Dec. 21, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 21

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JAN 3

EDITORIALS

The American Condition

The "American character" is at best a nebulous notion — which is one of the reasons for setting up committees on "un-American" activities to enshrine and defend it. Thus it was inevitable, in the wake of the Kennedy assassination, that our national make-up should be examined and found wanting by one set of diagnosticians, while another would focus on our ancient virtues and describe the act as one of isolated lunacy. Better still, Lee H. Oswald was not really an American at all, and America emerges pure and strong, the victim of a foreign invader. "We think," the New York *Daily News* editorialized on Thanksgiving Day, "most Americans are going to go right on hating Reds — and the more so because one of these rodents killed a much-loved young U.S. President."

In more parliamentary language, this is the stand taken by Senator Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky. "It was not a flaw in the American system or the American character that struck down John Kennedy," Mr. Morton declared in the Senate. Oswald was "a stranger to the American heritage" and his "mind had been warped by an alien violence, not by a native condition." Therefore: "let us not mourn for the American soul — for that soul is stout and lighted by truth and faith. . . . What happened was not America's fault."

A comforting declaration — but we cannot wash our hands of Oswald so easily. Assuming that everything happened as the FBI says, he was still a product of Texas (and of New York City), of the American lower-middle class, of the U.S. Marines, and so on. All these places and associations are as American as baseball. He defected, to the extent that he took up residence in the Soviet Union and married a Russian woman, but he was surely the weirdest character that ever avowed himself a follower of Marx. In this phase, moreover, his life followed a predictable cycle; when he returned to the United States he began writing a book denouncing the Soviet Union. Nor was he the self-martyring type of political assassin; like any gangster, he tried to escape and, in trying, he committed a second murder.

No, Oswald, as much as America, had a soul, or character, and it was a part of the vast collective soul of America. Nor was Oswald alone: millions of Americans disliked John F. Kennedy to the point of frenzy. Those millions are inescapably part of the American character. They are not predominant — who ever said they were? But they exist and must be reckoned with. It is no service to the country to ignore them.

There is violence in the American character, probably more than in any other national character. Looking at TV or at our children's toys, who can doubt it? Oswald expressed that violence in his own fashion. Violence can change from the potential state to the kinetic in any part of the country; but the tensions are greatest, and the transitions most likely, in the South. Thus, with all the good will that we know must exist in a city as large as Dallas, there is a kind of social determinism in the fact that the three crimes — the assassination and the subsequent murders — were committed there. It could have been Jackson or Montgomery or New York but, on the record, as Reece McGee demonstrates (p. 427 of this issue), it almost had to be Texas, and in Texas, Dallas.

Rather than rush to the defense of the American character, Senator Morton and other apologists might first try to understand it. They can get some help, if they choose. Two days after the President's assassination a great and good American, John LaFarge, S. J., died, almost unnoticed in the tumult. In 1960 he had said: "I am seriously concerned about the moral fiber of America. I'm more afraid of internal decay than I am of external danger. . . . I see in this country a moral erosion which is the result of our great affluence, our comfortable living, our preoccupation with personal security and our lavish expenditure on luxuries, stimulated by the ever-increasing pressure of advertising." Father LaFarge knew quite a lot about the American condition.

What Now in Vietnam?

Under President Kennedy, American policy in South Vietnam was getting nowhere. It amounted to little more than an indefinite prolongation of failure. No more important matter awaits President Johnson's decision than America's future role in Southeast Asia. It remains to be seen whether he can bring fresh thinking to bear on our problems abroad, or whether he will pursue the old futilities. What he does in Vietnam will be an indication.

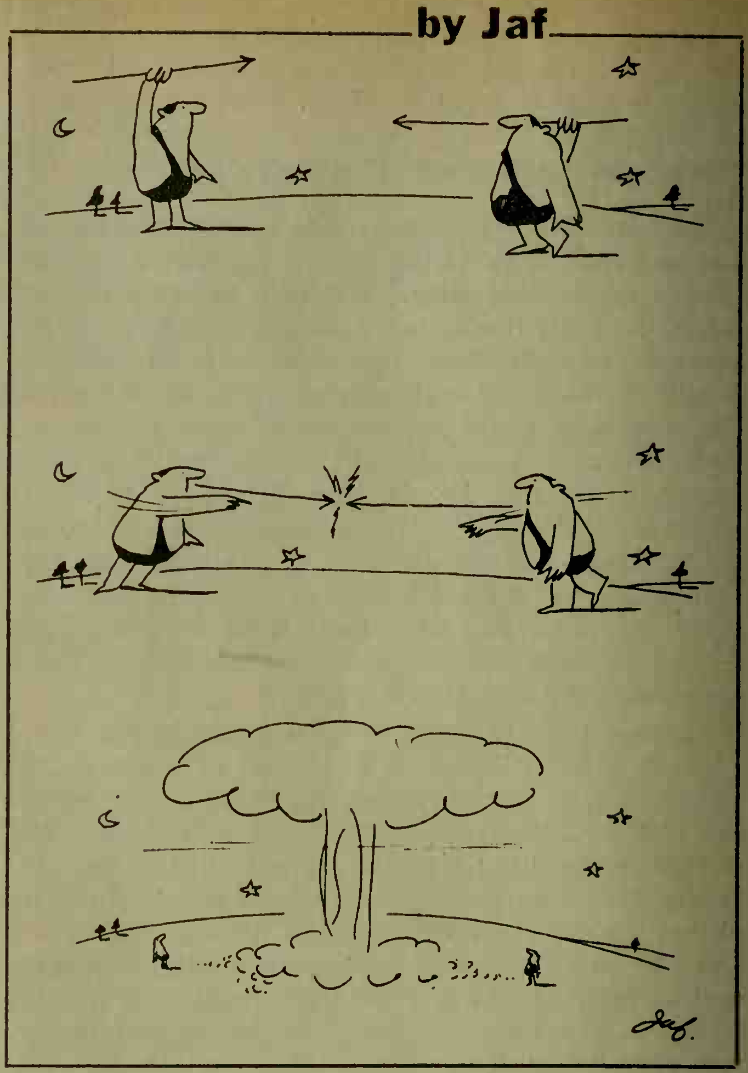
But it is not a problem for the President alone. In his interview with J. Robert Moskin of *Look* magazine George F. Kennan reveals that he resigned as ambassador to Yugoslavia because "I don't like to serve an Administration that has been told by Congress it can't aid a country if it wishes to." The aid Kennan had in mind was simply normal commercial intercourse. When, later, he talked to Congressmen, they told him they agreed with his views, but couldn't afford to go back to their constituents and face right-wing charges of being soft on communism. If President Johnson takes steps to end the war in South Vietnam, he will confront the same problem.

In line with his general policy of disengaging in areas where it may be to our advantage, Kennan thinks that getting out of South Vietnam is a policy to be considered. "Let's not overdramatize the results," he says. "Let's look at it realistically. It will be bad, but not as bad as we sometimes think." Evidently Kennan is not frightened by the falling-dominoes bogy.

The situation in South Vietnam should be reassessed in the light of Kennan's experience and advice. The Ngo family tyranny is ended, but *The Nation* pointed out repeatedly before the Ngos were overthrown that their removal would be only a first step toward a solution. What we have now is the same police state, the same secret police and arbitrary arrests, the same controlled press, with a military junta directing these operations—and still losing the war. The strategic-hamlet policy is toppling. During November, Viet Cong "incidents" averaged 745 per week, double the rate for the preceding ten months, and the Viet Cong units were larger (*Time,* December 6). The ratio of weapons captured has been running three to one in the Viet Cong's favor. And Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, a perspicacious observer and prognosticator of Southeast Asian events, has ordered us to end our aid to his country and get our military mission out of there. And our casualties continue to mount.

Hanoi is under Chinese pressure to continue the war. Like Sihanouk, Ho Chi Minh is no fool. He knows the Viet Cong cannot win the war. Nor can we. Both sides have the power only to continue the stalemate. Ho certainly has no liking for the role of a Chinese cat's-paw. He is putting out peace feelers, but the South Vietnamese military junta, coupled with our equally obtuse military administration in Saigon, is deaf, dumb and blind. They continue to pursue a victory that recedes as fast as they pursue it.

There must be a negotiated peace, or worse will befall. President Johnson is in much the same position as President Eisenhower was with respect to Korea in 1952. The ensuing peace has been unsatisfactory to both sides—but not as unsatisfactory as war. However, President Johnson must act quickly: this is not a static situation. And he must set an example of fearlessness for the Congressmen who, as Kennan says, are so concerned with keeping themselves out of trouble that they are in effect betraying the interests of the country.



The Mystique of Paper

Remember Samuel Insull? Remember McKesson & Robbins, the drug company whose inventories vanished? If you do, you are old—this and much more of the same occurred in the depression of the thirties. But in any case you remember Billie Sol Estes, who borrowed millions on tanks of fertilizer which did not exist. In the Allied Crude Vegetable Oil Refining Corporation case the tanks exist, but the vegetable oil doesn't. It is nonexistent in such amounts that Billie Sol is made to look like a piker. *The Wall Street Journal* headlines the salad-oil sensation as a "100 Million Swindle—Commodity Dealers, Storage Firms, Banks Duped at Big Tank Farm in New Jersey." At least this once, Texas is not leading the country.

The *modus operandi* of swindling in pseudo-commodities affords some fascinating glimpses of the fetishisms of American business. We all accept the image of the U.S. businessman as hard-headed, hard-working, hard-bargaining. And honest. He may be all of these things, and have many other virtues besides. But he can also be taken, and a good time to take him is when prosperity reigns. You don't need a depression.

The trouble is that the businessman deals in paper, which is supposed to represent things more tangible. Paper is vital in any financial transaction. If a banker's mother came in and asked for an unsecured loan, he might give her the money out of his own pocket, but never out of the coffers of the bank. But if somebody with an extremely dubious past asks for a few million dollars on the strength of a warehouse receipt for a few million pounds of something or other, the bank gladly lends, locks up the receipt, and assumes that it is holding valuable something-or-other. It may, however, be holding only a paper bag.

In the Bayonne, N.J., case the largest tank facility in the East is involved—some 200 tanks. Inside some of the tanks there are—or there are supposed to be—vegetable oils, fish oils and the like which, when refined and retailed, contribute to gracious living and health. Salad oil, margarine, vitamin extracts, paints are only a few of the applications. Different companies own or control various configurations of tanks. To make matters more interesting, the tanks are connected by pipes, suitably interposed with valves and pumps. Thus, even if a lender holds a warehouse receipt attesting to the contents of a tank, and he should have the tank opened, personally climb to the top and sip a spoonful of the contents, he could not be sure that his collateral would be there the following day.

Somebody might have transferred it to another section of the tank farm and might be borrowing on it anew.

Most of the Bayonne tanks that supposedly contain these good oils do contain something, but it may not be good. At present six surveying companies are checking the contents, but the inspectors find it a confusing job. In some cases charts are forty years old and capacities may have been changed. One surveyor reported to its client, an agent for a foreign bank, that solid materials like lard and tallow were not level and the gauge readings were confusing. Beneath the solid material there might be liquid and the liquid might be water, which is a poor material for collateral. And most tanks in this section appeared to contain sludge which, likewise, is not negotiable.

The question now is who will lose what portion of the $100 million worth of commodities alleged to be missing? Given time, the courts and lawyers will decide. In the meantime, paper may be regarded with suspicion. Eventually, it will be restored to its high place in the scheme of things. It always has been.

The Vicissitudes of Politics

That politics makes strange bedfellows is one of the hoariest of truisms. But it also creates strange optical effects. Things clearly seen one day may be opaque the next; what looks like a clearly charted course is seen as through a glass darkly. After the death of President Kennedy, that is the condition Washington finds itself in, and it may prove fortunate for some corporations and individuals and unfortunate for the public.

The Bobby Baker case is one instance. Not that the Congress can drop Bobby; once started, an investigation of this magnitude can't simply be sidetracked and forgotten. But, with a change in Presidents, a rainbowlike halo may be observed forming around the white light which was beating down on the hapless Bobby only a few weeks ago. Even before Lyndon Johnson became President, the Senate was not eager to bear down on Bobby, who was a kind of powerful office boy for the most exclusive club in the world and had done favors for many members. Investigating Bobby, the Senate would be investigating itself. Now, to complicate the problem further, it would in effect be investigating the new President as well—everyone knows that the Baker success story did not reach its climax until Mr. Johnson moved up. There is only a tenuous connection, but something might rub off from Bobby onto his friend who was Vice President and is now President, which is a different thing entirely.

Consider also the TFX investigation, which in one aspect is Texas versus the state of Washington. The high will and stern investigative resolve of Senator McClellan are well known, but will the Senator wish to excoriate the TFX award as he might have done had Mr. Kennedy lived? Mr. Kennedy was from Massachusetts, Mr. Johnson is from Texas, and Texas got the contract. Now that he is President, Mr. Johnson may be scrupulously neutral in these wars between the states, but will Mr. McClellan want to tangle with him if Mr. Johnson should turn out to harbor a sentimental attachment for his native soil?

Such are the questions that arise in the aftermath of an assassination. The bullet that struck down a young President may possibly win a reprieve for a young man who was rising in the world and then seemed to be falling out of a depressurized airplane. One thing is certain: the public, which loves a good show, is much less likely to get it now. TFX was too technical to make much of a splurge, but the Bobby Baker review would have been a wow, [illegible] with girls, hotel glamour, influence peddling and big names. Now it looks like a foreordained flop but, in the Senate, no one is crying.

Texas

THE ROOTS of the AGONY . . . .

Reece McGee

A lady in Dallas said, "They ought to put this place under martial law and keep it that way forever." A man there told a commentator, "I wouldn't blame them if they sent a regiment in here and wiped the city out." My own first reaction was that it couldn't be true, that even in Texas they didn't shoot Presidents. Curiously enough, a number of my students, natives of the state, had identical reactions. Reflection on these stunned and unbelieving first responses, however, convinces me that they were naive, and that barring the probability of Mississippi, in a doomed and fated way it had to be Texas and, in Texas, Dallas.

To truly understand the necessity of Texas, and this strange land itself, one must live here awhile. The time required is indeterminate. In the November, 1963, *Harper's*, Barbara Solomon wrote a moving and perceptive evocation of the place after a year's residence in it. On the basis of my seven years here, I found it generally accurate and surprisingly unprejudiced. It was greeted by the local press, both student and commercial, as a vitriolic and harshly biased attack upon the state and city. Had Mrs. Solomon lived here fifty years, the reaction would have been the same. Texans are immensely touchy with regard to criticism of their state, especially from outsiders; they hunger for visitors' impressions, but want to hear only favorables ones.

Something Mrs. Solomon learned here, but that escapes most visitors

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—and, indeed, most natives—goes far in explaining Texas and the recent tragedy in Dallas: behind the verdant fields, magnificent highways and looming skyscrapers, Texas is still a harsh and violent land, in climate and in culture not so far removed from the savage wilderness it was only 130 years ago when the early "Texians" wrested it away from the dominion of Mexico and the perhaps greater authority of the Comanche. That history and that hardness has done much to determine the present nature of the state and its people. The climate alone breaks weaklings in a year. Air conditioning and central heat have done much to make it tolerable, but "tolerable" is the best that can be said for it. A hundred years ago the immigrants wrote home that Texas was hell on women and dogs. It still is.

These conditions, when ratified and exacerbated by an overlay of twentieth-century America — which is to say urbanized and essentially *Northern* America — explain that great agony begun here such a little while ago, and which still continues. Fortunately for the future of the state, and indeed for any hope for the future of mankind at all, the same conditions will in time yield sweeter fruit. But now let me attempt to explain why it had to be Texas.

President Kennedy could, of course, have been assassinated in any other state. In our frantic society lunatics abound, and everywhere and any time a President is in the presence of the public he is in danger. But I believe that (again and always barring Mississippi) the probability of that danger's actually striking may have been maximized in Texas by five elements either peculiar to the state at this time or peculiar in their unique intensity here. These are, in the order I will discuss them: (1) the absolutistic nature of local thought; (2) the institutionalization of personalized violence; (3) the proliferation of firearms and the habit of carrying them; (4) the political respectability of the radical Right; and (5) the nonexistence, publicly, of a radical Left.

A Land of Moral Absolutes. The mores of Texas are more absolutistic than those of any other state I know. In politics, ethics, civic morality and individual taste, relativism is unknown to or suspect by the general public. One is a Texan or a Yankee; there are no other kinds of people. One is good or one is evil, honest or criminal, a booster or a knocker, a patriot or a Communist. Most students at the university expect their instructors to reveal to them The Truth about any subject in question, want the One Right Answer to their queries and, in my own case, expect sociology to offer them quick solutions to the social problems with which they are confronted in their society. When I give my classes the suggestion that there may be no general solution to such problems as the arms race, but only shifting accommodations, they become frustrated and often hostile.

This habit of thought seems best explained by the religious fundamentalism still dominant in the state. Texas is, for all practical purposes, a Southern Baptist community (despite the large number of Catholic Mexicanos whose culture has in so many other ways influenced its society). Though the cedar-shake churches in the hollows have everywhere given way to great edifices of brick and stone, the simple moral imperatives of the old-time religion yet dominate Texas life and thought. I think it is significant that my students always use the phrase, "see *both* sides of an argument," never "all" or "the." (There can be but two, one of which must be the *right* side since the other, clearly, must be *wrong.*) This same basically Baptist orientation has been particularly visible in the organization of the two churches in town which I have occasionally attended. One, of the "liberal" theological bent, has little general difficulty between minister and congregation because it adheres closely to the congregational mode, but is deeply rent within the congregation by factional schisms, often following political adherences. The other, of episcopal form, has a unified congregation which, consisting largely of converts, experiences great difficulty in accepting the minister's authority.

This fundamentalistic absolutism (which, again, may be supported by the frontier heritage) easily categorizes men and ideas and movements as "for" or "against" the values Texans hold most dear. And since being "against" such ideas is equated with sinfulness and the devil, in effect if not actual reason, hate breeds free and dies hard. I am sure many Texans sincerely, if unconsciously, associated John Kennedy with Sin (his religion may have been relevant here), and with Sin there can be no compromise and no solution save destruction.

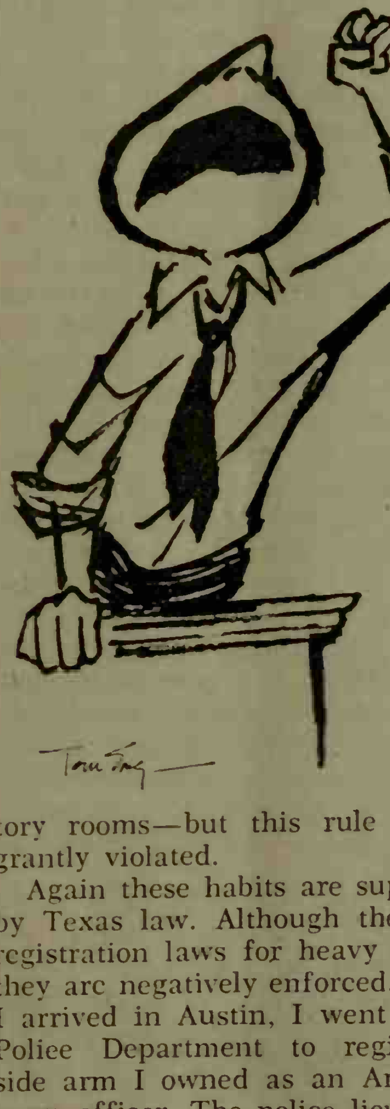
The Habit of Personal Violence. "Taking the law into one's own hands" is not unique to Texas. Americans are a violent people and they live in, and have created, a violent society. (Our custom, for example, of insisting that we hold human life in high regard ill matches our flat failure even to attempt to curb the carnage on our highways through concerted action.) Nevertheless, in the South in general, and perhaps in Texas in particular, this custom reaches levels unknown elsewhere, maybe because violence is more commonly accompanied by gunplay here, and arguments that might be settled with an exchange of blows in Minnesota end in homicide in Texas. Houston and Dallas are widely known as the murder capitals of the nation and have been so for some time. That Chicago no longer maintains that unenviable reputation does not signify the migration of its organized crime to Texas. The Texan homicide rate—both vehicular and personal — is largely a consequence of individual efforts by normal citizens, not professional criminals. Much of this, I think, must be a simple matter of tradition. The nation is by now amply aware of Texans' touchy pride and of the pride they take in it. This is in part a heritage of the frontier (not really long removed here: a friend of mine, a recently retired professor in the university, can recall students fresh off the Western ranges appearing in the classroom wearing six-guns). In part it is an Anglo adaptation of an ethic known by its Mexican name: *machismo.*

The frontier ethic is the easier to comprehend: Texans, to hold their land, had to fight the Mexicans, the Indians, the climate and one another. They fight the climate still and they do not always win. *Machismo* is more tenuous. In Mexicano culture in Texas it is connected with, and signifies, masculinity, virility, courage and the ability to "take care of oneself." The Anglos have adopted it in a cultural diffusion noticeable with regard to a great variety of customs and ideas. (An engineer friend of mine, a native, nearly started a brawl in a beer joint when he got a wisecrack from a group of lounging oafs. When I asked him why he had not simply shrugged it off, he was nonplussed that I would expect him to ignore such an affront to his honor.)

These elements of an ethic that holds the individual personally responsible for the solution of quarrels are further institutionalized by Texas law. "Self-defense" is a common explanation of homicide and suffices to excuse the act if the defendant even believed himself to have been in danger of attack and can scrape up some evidence that the belief was reasonable. In cases of murder resulting from actual or suspected adultery, the "unwritten law" is scrupulously observed by many Texas juries. The law of trespass, as it is applied in practice, similarly reflects the customs of violence. A man's property in Texas is first of all his to defend (in custom), and if you are ordered off and do not go you may pay for your recalcitrance with your life. Thus in history and tradition, and supported by law in many instances, violence is expected as the natural reaction to many situations. Sufficient provocation is often sufficient excuse.

The Proliferation of Firearms. The wide diffusion of firearms among the general population is again not peculiar to Texas; but the manner of their diffusion and the types of weapons commonly owned and carried seem unique in local custom. Any adult who is not a felon may buy any common type of weapon in Texas, and no registration or adequate record is usually made. Cheap guns are sold in department and sporting goods stores, and I know of drug and liquor stores that carry them. Ammunition may be purchased at the supermarket or the drive-in.

Texans do not find this surprising. A series of censuses of my classes has revealed that, on the average, about half the boys and perhaps a third of the girls have weapons with them at the university. Normally about 25 per cent of the gun owners in my classes admit to keeping pistols. When I have asked the students why they feel the necessity for firearms in their rooms or glove compartments, they have universally replied that they need them "for protection." When I have asked what they have that needs protecting at the hazard of their own lives or another's, they have become confused. As a result of a number of unfortunate incidents the university now prohibits the keeping of weapons in dormitory rooms—but this rule is flagrantly violated.



Again these habits are supported by Texas law. Although there are registration laws for heavy pistols, they are negatively enforced. When I arrived in Austin, I went to the Police Department to register a side arm I owned as an Army reserve officer. The police lieutenant who interviewed me, called by a flabbergasted secretary, was immediately suspicious and seemed little reassured of my intentions by my AGO card and identity as a professor at the university. I was later informed by an attorney friend that no honest citizen brings his weapons to the attention of the police. The law also permits one to carry a weapon in the glove compartment (in most states stringently prohibited as "concealment") on trips of a distance greater than a hundred miles—again, for "protection."

The Radical Right and Its Respectability. Another peculiarity of the state is that rightism of the most radical nature, explicit fascism, is politically respectable here. This was particularly borne in on me this year when I left the state to spend the summer in Berkeley. Although Southern California is as hot a bed of Birchers and allied fanatics as is Texas—and the breed appears to be even more virulent there—the newspapers of the Bay Area and the state government were unanimous in their condemnation of them as irresponsible lunatics. Not so in Texas, where reaction of the most extreme sort is, or was until November 22, entirely respectable. This fact of local life is probably not unrelated to the cultural absolutism described earlier. The *responsibility* of a candidate's or a party's politics is seldom an issue in Texas, where public alignments seem to take place largely on the basis of personality and ideology.

The respectability of the reactionary radicals surely comes in part from the identification of their ideas (it is impossible to say "their program") with patriotism, and with their flamboyant rhetoric. Texans are intensely patriotic and like their loyalties to state and nation loud and clear. Thus the same drives which have given the nation in all its wars unit after unit of magnificent Texas fighting men ratify and give respectability to the ultranationalistic politics of the far Right.

It is impossible to judge the actual strength of the extreme reaction in the state, or its actual power. Its political effect is not at all proportional to the noise it makes, however, which suggests its strength is often overestimated. When former General Walker entered the gubernatorial primaries two years ago, he ran a poor last in a field of six or seven candidates. Senator Tower's election is often viewed by the rest of the country as a measure of reactionary strength, but is interpreted in Texas as being largely a function of the Democratic Party's having fielded a candidate so reactionary himself that no real Democrat would vote for him. (A number *did* vote for Tower, in protest.) Not long ago members of the Birch Society and their allies succeeded in attracting a great deal of attention by attacking the state's selection of texts for the public schools, but after weeks of legislative hearings and state-wide interest most of the books objected to were adopted anyway.

The textbook controversy became so acrimonious that a joint committee of the state legislature was appointed to look into possible Communist influences in the books available to and adopted by the state. I attended most of the hearings as an observer for the local chapter of the Civil Liberties Union, which eventually felt itself forced to appear before the committee itself. Hostile witnesses most often identified themselves as simply representing themselves, but were given to quoting from publications of the John Birch Society, the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade and some local organizations such as Texans for America and the National Indignation Convention (Peter O'Donnell, the instigator of the latter, is now Chairman of the Republican Party in Texas and the initiator of the national "Draft Goldwater" movement). Members of the Constitution Party, a local extreme right-wing third party, were also present. I was struck in hour after hour of these witnesses' testimony by the almost universal recurrence of three themes that characterized their orientations to the world: (1) a hostility to and incomprehension of the twentieth century, coupled with (2) the erection of a psuedo-history of the nineteenth century and its characterization as a Golden Age, plus (3) a ubiquitous and generalized fear. Their comments upon the present were replete with words and symbols of danger, conspiracy, threat, attack and broad-gauge hostility. Their ideas about the current state of the world and its recent history were confused, to say the least, and unrealistic to a remarkable degree. Their views of the nature of the American society of the past were a jumbled mass of inaccuracies, falsehoods, misinformation and nostalgia.

Primarily from this experience I began to formulate a hypothesis to explain the existence of the radical Right and which, in awful hindsight, explains also why it had to be in Dallas that the President lost his life. From all reports the far Right has its greatest strength in two rather well-defined areas of the general Southwest: in Texas and in Southern California. Its membership, like that of the original Nazi Party, seems concentrated in the middle class. There are not many "Rednecks" in the local Birch Societies and there were none at the textbook hearings. These facts in the context of the history of this century and of the areas involved suffice, I think, to let us understand the phenomenon.

There are remarkable parallels between Texas and Southern California, reaching even into climate and recent modes of urban development. Their populations also have some similarities in nature and experience. Until quite recently both areas were essentially rural and agrarian, and both have been subjected to sudden, radical social change in the form of immense urbanization, immigration and industrialization. Both have significant segments of their population characterized by Protestant fundamentalist polities (in California, in large part through immigration), and both have seen the sudden emergence and expansion into domination of a middle class with rural origins. Both have been beset with the problems of a new wealth widely distributed into the hands of a population unused to it. Both have suffered population explosions. All of these phenomena precipitated widespread social change and dislocation of former tranquillities. These facts taken together suffice to explain the radical Right: it is the irrational and often frankly paranoid reaction to sudden social change on the part of a segment of the population ill-equipped to deal with or adjust to it.

In Texas, certainly, the majority of the newly monied middle class springs from rural origins. It has no experience of wealth or liberal education and has not been middle class long enough to have adopted the general cultural values and attitudes of the established members of that class elsewhere. Its historic culture has been radically disturbed by an invasion of Eastern and Northern people, ideas, capital and outlook. The century-long accommodation of the races has been upset, and for perhaps the first time since Texas won its independence from Mexico, the wide world has begun really to intrude upon it. For a people with a culture in many ways that of the nineteenth-century American agrarian, the twentieth century as it impinges upon them must be a terror-filled place. The old certainties of their traditional religious securities are patently absurd; their old sovereignties of state and nation have been overthrown or subjected to fundamental dislocation from without; their new, first wealth seems threatened by the entire pattern of domestic politics since Theodore Roosevelt.

It is no accident that while many professional men are members of the John Birch Society, few of them seem to be from the scholarly professions. Most are in fields characterized by technical training. The professionals who are members heavily represent medicine, accounting, the military, engineering and the illiterate clergy; there are few lawyers, professors, writers or educated clergy from the major denominations among them. Neither does it seem an accident that the "Communist Conspiracy" they define is exclusively internal to the United States, (i.e., a projection rather than a reality), and that their program, to the degree it can be called that, for dealing with the international reality of Communist states is nonexistent. (We have only to withdraw from the UN and ignore them and somehow they will cease to have any significance for the United States.)

This terrible fear and incomprehension of their present reality quite naturally culminated, for the radical Right, in a personalized hatred of John F. Kennedy and everything his administration represented. For Kennedy and his New Frontier maximally symbolized exactly those features of their lives most disturbing to this segment of the population. He was urban and urbane, Eastern and educated, aristocratic and international, Catholic and pragmatic, welfare-minded and racially liberal.

By the same token it is not surprising that his assassination occurred in Dallas. For Dallas more than any other major Texas city seems to have been captured by the radical Right and to have fewer balances against it. The rightists are a vociferous, although small, minority in San Antonio, and that international and cosmopolitan city has taken them in stride. They have considerable apparent power in Houston but are balanced by its working class and organized labor, for Houston is a seaport and manufacturing city. Dallas is almost exclusively middle class in its ethos, functions and dominant population, a business city par excellence. It has little industry or farm-service function and is the headquarters for the financial and oil interests of the state. It is, further, and unlike either of the others, a *newer* city, without a hereditary local aristocracy to mind the civic welfare and without, really, any particular reason for existence except as a financial headquarters. (Excepting Denver and Indianapolis, it is the only major American city not located on a navigable waterway.) It has for some years now been the center of rightist activity in the state. General Walker and Peter O'Donnell both live there. The Hate-Kennedy Cult of Texas headquartered there. (Shortly before his final, fatal visit, placards had been distributed bearing the President's photograph and with the legend: Wanted for Treason.) *Thus, even though the assassin does not appear to have been a rightist, if there were a climate anywhere in America that permitted assassination to become conceivable, to be defined as something that might in fact be culturally legitimate, that climate obtained in Dallas.*

The Destruction of the Left. One more grim strand to the peculiar fabric of contemporary Texas completes the weave: there is no Left in Texas. The actual political alignments might be given something like this: reactionaries are "conservatives" here; conservatives, "moderates" and moderates, "liberals." Actual liberals are "radicals" and suspect. True radicalism does exist, but has been forced entirely into hiding and is incapable of participating in or even communicating to the normal political dialogue. To illustrate again from the textbook hearings: a number of university professors testified before the committee against the proposed censorship of schoolbooks. The chairman of the committee, almost without exception, opened the committee's questioning of each by asking him if he was a church member. (Anti-censorship = liberalism = atheism = communism.) The same chairman had, a year or two earlier, narrowly been prevented from introducing a law requiring anyone teaching in a state-supported school to swear his belief in the existence of a Supreme Being as a condition of his further employment. Under such circumstances a true radical literally has no place to go politically, and nothing to do but hide. Unlikely as it first appeared (in Dallas), it may be that the President's assassin was a leftist: in its mute frustration the Left there may have no other recourse than violence.

To summarize: a congeries of events and qualities of contemporary Texas combined November 22, if not to predetermine the assassination of the President, at least to maximize that terrible possibility. The combination of moral absolutism, the habits of violence and the use of arms, the respectability of political irresponsibility and the — for all practical purposes — absolute repression of the Left together have created a climate in this strange and mythical state where this frightening rejection of the American political discourse could occur. Given the madness abounding in our lunatic society, it *could have* occurred anywhere; but where it did—where, in this nemesis of hindsight, somehow it had to—was in Texas.

The Hope for the Future. These admittedly speculative conclusions do not mean that I feel the nation need give up hope for Texas; quite the contrary. For the same forces of the past which in part explain the Texas present will, modified by that present, shape the future. Judging from my students and my city here, Texans overwhelmingly were stunned by that Friday's horror; and the first shock of incredulity soon gave way to open grief. Austin had all but closed down to greet the President in an arrival timed for only three hours after the fatal shots were fired. On the weekend of his death the city was like a raw and rained-on grave. As late as the following Wednesday, university students still wept unashamed as they walked past the half-masted flag.

More important by far than the fact that the vast majority of Texans are good and decent people, like most Americans anywhere, is the nature of the land itself and the men it breeds. For the same land and the same cultural forces that produce men who carry weapons and who hate hard determine that those same men love as hard and guard the things they love. The real Texas is not the glass and neon of Dallas and the wheeler-dealer Cadillac owners of the (quite empirical) stereotype and their gilded women, nor is it the loud-mouthed lunatics. It is that hot land, black dirt and timber in the east; and to the west, sand and rock and prickly pear, that harsh land that demanded and bred strong men to break it and to make it yield. Those men live here now; I know a number of them, white and black and brown, and they are not the diamond-studded millionaires. They are soft-spoken men, honest men, men of courage and of patience and high humor. Their friendship is hard to earn but, once won, is legendary, and they have a toleration for individuality and a love of freedom for themselves and for others that is a main stream in the American myth, but is a reality here and only a myth in most of the rest of America. Sam Rayburn was one of them; Lyndon Johnson is one of them. There will be more. They are legion in Texas and they are its splendor; like its earth, they endure.

The Price of the Azores . . . . . Henrique Galvao

Henrique Galvao told in The Nation *of April 15, 1961, how he captured the liner* Santa Maria. *In the February 3, 1962, issue, he told of his second escapade: engineering the hijacking of a Portuguese airliner, en route from Casablanca to Lisbon, to drop anti-Salazar pamphlets over Lisbon.*

Galvao is expected to appear before the UN's Fourth (Trusteeship) Committee on conditions in the Portuguese colonies which he once administered, despite State Department warnings that Portugal may, as a result, press for his extradition.

This article has been translated from the Portuguese by Gregory Rabassa.

—The Editors

The year 1961 saw a succession of events, beginning with the capture of the liner *Santa Maria*, that brought to the fore the question of Salazar's colonialism in the light of the universal movement in the United Nations against economic colonialism, and which coincided with the expiration of the lease of United States bases in the Azores. It was inevitable that the opportunism of the United States Government, which had given such substantial help to the Portugese dictatorship, should come face to face with the consequences of a policy that was more concerned with following along and adapting to circumstances than with trying to anticipate them. The United States felt that Salazar would, of course, once more place himself at its disposal and not raise any difficulties over the renewal of the agreement.

But he found himself in tremendous difficulties, external and internal. So that he would not be brought down by the sins and errors of his policy in Africa, Salazar demanded that the aid he had already been enjoying as dictator be made permanent and be broadened in order to include support of him in Africa and in the United Nations as he pursued his course as colonial despot. At this point, relations with the United States, which had been maintained for so many years, ceased to be "cordial" — even to the point where there were anti-American demonstrations in Lisbon. They could only have taken place through the connivance of the Portuguese Government and at the same time that anti-American items began to appear in the regime's organs of propaganda to a degree that could only be matched by the pro-Communist forces. The fact is that the United States Government — which, without ideological guilt or preoccupation over the fate of the Portuguese people, had managed to follow a policy unfaithful to its own ideology and to its mission as leader of the West — could now no longer seem unfaithful in the same cavalier spirit to the constantly expressed idea that it was an anti-colonialist power without endangering its policy of influence and expansion in Africa, no matter how much this anti-colonialism had managed to stand apart from the personal, aggressive and racist extremes which already seemed to have gravely wounded the United Nations. The fact that this policy would not allow any agreement with the colonialism of the Lisbon Government is enough to render difficult all those relations that were easy so long as the question was "only" one of the fate and liberty of the Portuguese people.

As of now, the relations between Portugal and the United States are based on negotiations in which the latter has not yielded to Salazar's blackmail, and in which the Portuguese dictator still insists on support for his African policy. The terms of the old agreement expired in December, 1962.

Salazar

Have we come to this? How will we get out of this situation?

A debate goes on in what are called "international channels of information" about this question, and it drags on and goes against all basic ideas. The debate has done little or no good, based as it is on tireless hypotheses, rumors set out to run about and attract attention, pieces of propaganda with little bits of interest in them and deductions drawn from news items having little concrete basis in fact. Everybody with the most direct or indirect interest has had his say — *everybody except Portugal.* This country, which is one of the most interested parties and should certainly take part in the debate to propose, counter-propose, speak and be heard, continues mute and in bondage, its only interpreters being the very jailers who have isolated it from all international contacts. The situation is all the more grievous when one notes the obvious signs of decomposition about the regime and the fact that the time for the exercise of foresight is growing short. We must pay close heed to the texture of the national and international obstacles now being woven so that in a very near future, when Portugal will have recovered her voice — the voice of her legitimate representatives — it will exercise its right of disagreeing with all the acts of a discretionary dictatorship that compromised it while acting in its name.

In this "tomorrow" (in which the continuation of Salazarism without Salazar seems to be the most foolish of solutions), two different systems of thought and action will try to make effective their points of view concerning the question of Azorean bases and other correlative problems. They will be more or less infected with the resentments contracted in opposition, and more or less determined by the ideologies that they profess. One group will be a pro-Communist movement, headed by the Communist Party, which the Portuguese Government, on one hand, and the United States, on the other, have unconsciously favored. The other will be a democratic and anti-totalitarian group, resentful of the fact that it has been ignored and demeaned by the great Western powers that have been willing to compromise with the dictator, but a group of people, nevertheless, irrevocably Western, democratic and as anti-Communist as they are anti-Fascist.

There is no mystery about the plans of the pro-Communist elements in Portugal for the military bases. They have all been outlined in the propaganda these elements euphemistically call "democratic" and "popular." Agents as they are of the world design that envelops them, the least they would pretend is the substitution of Soviet for American bases.

Obviously this is not what the democratic, Christian and unquestionably Western majority wants. As legitimate as their resentments might be, the majority, perfectly conscious of the responsibilities incumbent upon Portugal in the defense of the West, will certainly attempt to maintain the traditional position of friendship which has existed between the Portuguese and American peoples for 300 years. Naturally they would like to see the terms of the treaty reviewed and renegotiated for its adaptation into the system of national rights and duties within the Western defense system. Heretofore this has all been hindered by a dictatorship that seeks only survival and the survival of its myths as the basis of its policies.

All that remains to be known is the attitude of the United States. Will its policy be to opt for a greater conformity between its acts and its basic philosophy? Or will it continue to prefer putting out fires which, hindsight has shown us, it took little care to avoid?

Television

STIMULANT TO VIOLENCE . . . . Jerome Ellison

Is the violence depicted on television translated into real life? Until recently this question might have been regarded merely as the space-age version of a literary discussion that has been simmering pleasantly along for centuries.

The question has lately become more ominous. Certain grisly events, accumulated into certain grim statistics, suggest a more attentive hearing for those who claim that irresponsible television programing has become a serious national concern. The recent bloodshed in Dallas—which is the second most murderous city (the first is also a Texas town) in the most murderous industrial nation in the world — has drawn national, even international, attention to a situation that has been a long time in the making. I cite the following episode:

> *Last September a young man sat calmly telling New York policemen how he came to commit murder. "I was sitting there watching TV and all of a sudden I wanted a woman." He walked over to a nearby high-rise apartment and began riding the automatic elevator. A young divorcée got on at one of the upper floors. He seized her and directed the elevator to the basement. There he beat her to unconsciousness, raped her, beat her some more with a steel bar until he was pretty sure she was dead, and left the building. Then he began to wonder; maybe she was still alive. He went back and slit her throat.*

This horrendous crime was not isolated. Such things happen several times a day, and with increasing frequency.

Among all the industrialized nations, only the United States is producing such horrors on such a scale. We commit more than 8,600 murders a year for a rate of around 4.8 per hundred thousand. This is three-and-a-half times the rate of Canada, twice that of England, France and Japan, each, seven times that of Belgium, nine times that of Denmark and five times that of "sinister, Oriental" Hong Kong. We murder twenty-five times as many people per capita as do the tempestuous Irish, four times as many as the West Germans, sixteen times as many as the Dutch, seven times as many as the Swedes and six times as many as the fiery Spaniards.

It is sometimes said that countries having a high suicide rate have a low murder rate; they take their violence out on themselves. But the United States is high in both: about twice as many Americans kill themselves as kill other people. Assault cases are up 18 per cent; rape is up 22 per cent, per capita, over the last five reported years.

Law-enforcement people observe that not only the amount but the nature of crime has changed. There is more gratuitous cruelty, more sadism. In many cases the motivation seems simply to be cruel, rather than to gain anything. Robert V. Murray, on retiring after thirty years of police work in Washington, D.C., expressed a feeling shared by many public officials: "In the old days they didn't have the vicious type of crime we have now. Then they would snatch a purse and run, or go into a store and take the money. Now there's a great deal of assault, both on the street and in the business places. A lot of these assaults are without reason."

Another peculiarity of the new look in crime is the youth of the offenders. One-fifth of all the murders, two-fifths of the rapes and three-fifths of the burglaries are committed by persons under twenty. Over two-fifths of all arrests for the most serious crimes—murder, rape, robbery, assault, burglary, larceny and auto theft—involve persons under eighteen. Population has grown about 7 per cent in the past five years; crime has risen five times as fast. Again citing the Dallas outrage, it is significant to note that

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Jerome Ellison speaks with some authority on the mass-media mentality, as he has been the editor in charge of two mass-circulation magazines and a responsible editor of a third.

the assassin Oswald was reported as being a horse-opera fan and the vocabulary of the Dallas police was replete with the verbiage of the standard TV western: cases were "clinched," men were "gunned down."

It would make a tidy case if one could simply point to the crime curve and to the increase in television sets, and show a direct correspondence. The statistical picture is not that neat, but is suggestive. Murder—chosen because it is the most accurately recorded of crimes—showed a consistent twenty-year downward trend in 353 American cities between 1937 and 1957. In 1958, for the first time, television reached a near-saturation figure of 50 million sets. The murder rate began to rise in that year, jumped to an unexplained peak in 1960, and the following year resumed a steady climb that still continues. It is not a clear-cut case. Taken with other evidence, however, it stimulates thought.

Prof. William C. Kvaraceus of Tufts, who is an expert on delinquency and has served as consultant on some of UNESCO's commissions, says imitation of United States television is not only a national but an international problem. "Standardization of delinquent behavior can be attributed in large measure to our mass media—films, radio, TV, magazines, and the newspapers," he reported in the NEA *Journal*. "There is no doubt that we are setting the style for delinquency and that New York City is the style center." Delinquents of other countries ape the American mode of dress, coiffure, stance and jargon, "à la *West Side Story* and *Blackboard Jungle*." The juvenile delinquent is a good imitator, and what he imitates is "usually attributable to adult inspiration."

Students of the matter believe that direct imitation, though important, does not wholly account for today's slashing destructiveness. Criminologist Lloyd Ohlin told *Science Service* in a 1962 interview that frustration is the main ingredient of present-day violence, and that television, "the most direct and massive influence in the history of communications," is the main producer of frustration. The usual delinquent comes from a disadvantaged home. The parents, typically, are functionally illiterate. The father is brutal, or drunken, or out of work or gone. The mother is waspish, or alcoholic, or sick, or employed or exhausted from too much childbearing. The ordinary pre-delinquent never had a book in his hands before going to school. From the beginning, the other kids could read better than he could. He flubbed his lessons, so the teachers admonished him, so he didn't like them, so they didn't like him—with increasing intensity as the grades progressed.

Meanwhile, he had absorbed enough of the American dream to get the idea that he's as good as anybody else. Everybody is equal. He has a right to what he wants, including the pleasures enticingly displayed on the television screen, from which he derives most of his scanty understanding of the society outside his block. He is told he should go to college, but he can't even get through high school. He is told he should get a job, but nobody wants to hire him. He's not in with the crowd that's getting what it wants. He can't even get into the rackets; they have all the help they need. All right, if he can't have nice things, nobody can. If he and the other neighborhood losers see a nice car parked on a dark street, they may take baseball bats and smash its windows. If they catch a well-dressed boy unprotected they beat him up. Drinking is standard, and the worst ones become the rapists, torturers and killers.

Frustrated youths of this general design are in the millions. Of the 26 million young people who will apply for work during the 1960s, 7.5 million will be school dropouts. They have no important skills and, in a labor market already glutted, most will be rejected. A million new arrivals a year join the hiring lines and are turned down, a massive disappointment on a mass scale.

With neither inward restraints nor outward example, the poor and frustrated young man of today lives at so low an exasperation point that he is dangerous under stress. One of them beat an old man to death on a New York subway the other day in daylight and in full view of other passengers.

It will soon be three years since Newton N. Minow, then the incumbent chairman of the FCC, made the "wasteland" speech that sent broadcasters scurrying to beef up the public-service content of their output. If there has been a change, it has been slight indeed. I have just been over our Sunday paper's listing of TV programs for the current week. Violence begins at 5 P.M. on Sunday with a murder mystery. That evening there are two more murders, two blood-and-guts westerns, a juvenile hoodlum thriller, a crook show, a war drama and a horror flick. Monday morning starts the week off with a horror show at 9:30 A.M. By 6 P.M. there have been two combat dramas, two murder shows and three gun-fight westerns — one blurbed "bloody with violence and terrorism." That evening things really pick up: two horror shows, two war films, two westerns, four crook stories and six murders. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday strike an average of four murders, three crook "mellers" and one or two each in the combat, hoodlum, horror and western categories. The week winds up on Saturday with five westerns, five crook plays, two horror films and a hoodlum drama during the evening hours alone. Each of these productions displays a man of ready violence and a woman whose demeanor suggests available sex. The medicine show is interrupted at intervals with enticements to acquire cars, beer, cigarettes and the rest of the output of our commercial cornucopia. The same bloody, sexy, bellicose, tantalizing agony grinds on hour after hour, night after night, week after week, pouring fear into the national mind year after year. School children spend ten to seventy hours a week gazing on this screen as through a window to a bigger world.

This pattern is not accident but design. In winning and holding a mass audience, sadistic violence and provocative sex are dependable box office. The show with the biggest following commands the biggest advertising fee.

Television is not the only craft involved in this game. Magazines and newspapers feature whatever sex and violence may be found within reach of their publishing formulas. Comic books, according to psychiatrist Frederic Wertham, are the worst of all. Dr. Wertham's book, *Seduction of the Innocent,* published in 1953, documented a wide assortment of instances of torture, assault, sexual delinquency, truancy and mayhem triggered by comic books. There are several cases of school-age boys who had hanged themselves and died by strangulation with a comic book in the room, opened on a scene of hanging.

The situation has improved hardly at all in the decade since Dr. Wertham's book appeared. I have on my desk several comics just purchased at our country general store—a grisly display of bloodletting, mass killing, mental and physical agony, crude sex, crooked dealing and rampant sadism, and all piously labeled "Approved by the Comics Code Authority." "By the time he's sixteen," Dr. Wertham said in a recent newspaper interview, "a boy may have seen some 20,000 homicides on TV and in the movies. He hears talk of five, ten and fifteen million deaths in case of nuclear attack. This symbolizes the devaluation of life which has resulted in an increasing number of murders among juveniles, and at an earlier age."

Dr. F. C. Redlich, Chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at Yale University's Medical School, is concerned about the effects on the public of the "steady undermining of authority, the tacit approval of brutality, the romanticizing of violence" that characterize so much of the mass-media output. Among families lacking in effective countermeasures — social skills, education, family stability, parental authority—such incitements would be particularly likely to cause trouble. When I interviewed him, Dr. Redlich made short work of the stock defense that "even fairy tales contain violence." Fairy tales are set in a separate world of magic, wonder and fantasy. No child really expects a small animal to eat a big girl in one bite, as did the wolf in Red Riding Hood, or a woman to make a carriage out of a pumpkin with one wave of a stick, as did Cinderella's godmother. The classics of literature are similarly vague about the time and place of violence; Shakespeare and the Greeks set their wars and murders in remote times and far-off places, clothed their rulers in power and laced their works with moral admonitions. Moreover, the Greeks considered direct portrayal of violence (but not of sex) to be obscene, and hence in Greek plays the actual murders, etc., always take place off-stage. The tone of immediate reality set in today's mass-media thrillers, the crimes committed almost casually by recognizable types of our own time and place in disregard of authority and morality, all tend to break down vitally important restraints, Dr. Redlich says.

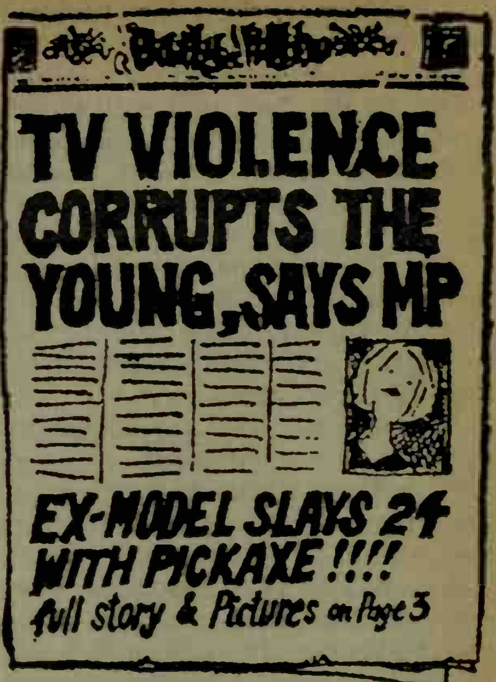
The television industry, of course, has not been silent in the face of these charges. Mr. Max Wylie, New York advertising man in the employ of the Lennen & Newell agency, has become a sort of semi-official apologist for the industry through having written a 400-page eulogy of television called *Clear Channels,* published in 1955. Mr. Wylie is the father of Janice Wylie, the victim of a dreadful knife slaying. Mr. Wylie discovered the crime on a visit to his daughter's apartment and called the police. I know the Wylies. I have extended the sympathy that can only be felt by a father who has also felt the sting of loss due to insane violence. My comments on his book are professional, not personal.

Mr. Wylie feels that the industry frequently is unfairly picked on by writers.

> *There is a whole battery of articulate and powerful men who have wrenched their way into print . . . so prefixed in their ideas, so nonpersuadable in the narrowness of their quest, so mentally blocked off . . . that even if the ghost were finally laid, they would take it off the ash-heap of dead causes and revive the corpse if only for the purpose of sending off another magazine article.*

Mr. Wylie doesn't have much use for psychiatrists, either:

> *Most metropolitan psychiatrists are daily practicing the most shameful glass-hearted cynicism that is appearing in any of our professions, and are protected from the law by vocabulary, by spectacles, unpressed pants, Viennese accents, joyously self-pitying patients, impermeable moral carapaces, and greed. I think the metropolitan psychiatrist is the biggest swindler in this country today. It is my own belief that the world would be better off if we segregated all the psychiatrists and made them all treat each other, leaving the rest of us alone with our "normal abnormalities."*


TV VIOLENCE CORRUPTS THE YOUNG, SAYS MP
EX-MODEL SLAYS 24 WITH PICKAXE !!!!
full story & Pictures on Page 5

Ben Roth Agency

Clear Channels is dead against people who hurl accusations at other people without adequate scientific evidence. He finds Dr. Wertham's material criticizing television "unargued, presumptive, convenient and visionary." His own answer to the problem is hardheaded and straight from the shoulder: "All the shooting and rough-riding and fist-fighting in all the westerns and kid shows in the whole history of television never hurt a flea."

Despite Wylie's dislike of the psychiatric profession, *Clear Channels* is, on points of central importance, in surprising agreement with psychiatrists who have given thought to our national propensity for crime. First—as has already been pointed out—we have no conclusive scientific proof that television causes crime. Second, the ideal response to both problems—television viewing and juvenile delinquency—is better parental supervision.

On the first point, I quote Dr. Redlich: "To design a really scientific research project to establish that the mass media influence behavior would be an enormously difficult and expensive undertaking. But such research is not necessary; that the connection exists is obvious."

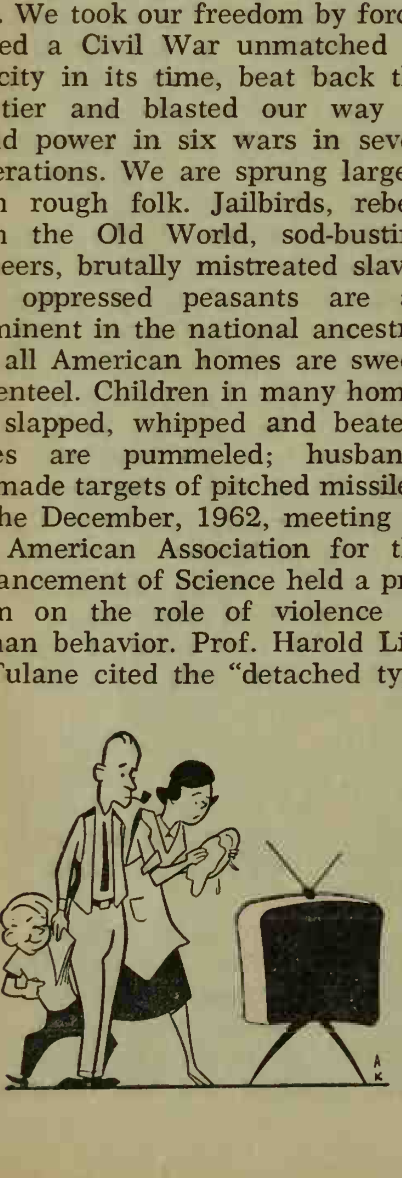
The second point appears to me to beg the whole question. Obviously, if all parents were well-to-do, well educated, emotionally well adjusted, in proper authority over their children and well qualified in child guidance, the crime problem, with or without television, would be negligible. The problem consists precisely in the fact that millions of parents are desperately poor, emotionally at their wits' end, semiliterate, vague about how to manage children, roughly reared and crude.

No one suggests that television is responsible for all our social ills. The question is, rather, whether the industry is acting responsibly *in the kind of society we have.*

Our population is not homogeneous. We are an affluent nation of 180 million, with an "underdeveloped country" of 40 million living inside it as an "internal proletariat" (Toynbee's term). The same story may have different meanings to the two audiences. In a genteel home, fighting is seen to be just-pretend, as in a story book. In a disadvantaged home, where parents are always ready with the belt and where every kid on the block carries a knife, it's real life. Here, further violence in make-believe reinforces a deadly reality and diminishes the margin of public safety.

America has had a violent history. We took our freedom by force, staged a Civil War unmatched in ferocity in its time, beat back the frontier and blasted our way to world power in six wars in seven generations. We are sprung largely from rough folk. Jailbirds, rebels from the Old World, sod-busting pioneers, brutally mistreated slaves and oppressed peasants are all prominent in the national ancestry. Not all American homes are sweetly genteel. Children in many homes are slapped, whipped and beaten; wives are pummeled; husbands are made targets of pitched missiles.

The December, 1962, meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held a program on the role of violence in human behavior. Prof. Harold Lief of Tulane cited the "detached type of violence" known to millions "in the form of the movie gangster, the western gunman, the violent gang member." This "increasing dehumanization" leads to an increase in such violence, Prof. Lief said, and concluded that "there is obviously an urgent need for societal controls which will prevent detached, dehumanized violence from being carried out." Prof. Lewis A. Coser of Brandeis University pointed out that crime, particularly murder, is socially patterned.

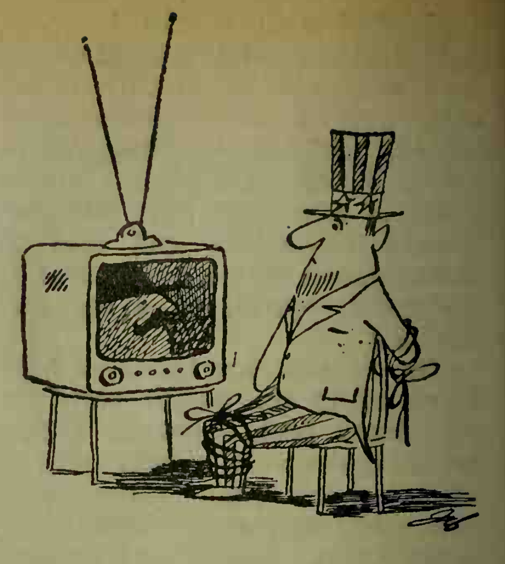


> *Lower positions in the status hierarchy* [*and its attendant frustrations*] *lead to higher homicide rates. Not only is aggressive acting out in general, and the rate of homicide in particular, connected with the relative deprivation of various status categories, but there are differences in the built-in barriers within the various groups. In moments of particular stress the lower-status person experiences a lower degree of internalized restraint against the acting out of violence.*

The preponderance of political power in the United States is held by merchants. They hold it by historic right. The American Revolution was fought, not to eradicate British mercantilism, but to exploit it to local advantage. The ballast in our tradition is, of course, that when mercantilism endangers the public welfare, the government may intervene on behalf of the people. Such intervention must not too sharply limit the merchant's right to make money, or to hoodwink people if he can. It can only set reasonable bounds. The crucial question is: What is within reasonable bounds?

In the case of edibles, it was decided that the merchant's privilege to trade sharply was exceeded when he sold poisoned tinned beef for the consumption of soldiers during the Spanish-American War. A great deal of research was put into finding out exactly what poisoned people's bodies and determining precisely what kinds of materials would not be permitted to be sold.

We need similar federal research into what poisons people's minds. Obviously, there is a difference in audiences and in their tolerances. What may be quite suitable in a book one reads by oneself, or in a play witnessed by a well-to-do, educated audience, may be unsuitable for display before 150 million television viewers, some of them managing themselves by a thin margin of safety.



There should be a Viewers' Lobby, supported by our dimes and quarters, to hammer home to Congress this vital need. It is useless to address mass-media editors, writers and producers; they are hirelings and must conform or be fired. The ad-men foot the bills and call the tune. All of them know what's happening. The better ones are deeply concerned. A few have quit the business, unable to effect reform and unwilling to continue in a corrupt conspiracy.

As a last recourse there is, of course, the big stick. If it wanted to, television could set a tone worthy of emulation and thus make the great contribution of a powerful medium of persuasion in shaping a new and more livable society, as indeed it does on occasion. If it fails, television will unquestionably be regulated. "It is not enough to cater to the nation's whims, you must also serve the nation's needs," Newton Minow told the industry. "The people own the air, and you owe them something for the use of it."

Merchants have captured control of the most powerful image-making devices our society possesses. They are using these devices single-mindedly to sell merchandise, regardless of destructive side effects. At some point, the cost of this license—the cost in human life and social values—becomes too great. At some point, the merchant must be divested of his control of social imagery, held socially accountable for what he does, tamed and assigned to his proper subordinate role in the total society.

Santayana and the Task Ahead

Arthur Danto

I do not follow in the footsteps of
the Masters:
I seek what they sought.
Matsuo Basho

A man might be a good, and even a great physicist or chemist without ever having read a page of Newton or Lavoisier; for the discoveries of scientists are taken up into the body of science itself, while the writings in which they first appeared are relegated to the archives and retain an interest chiefly for the historian of science. By contrast, it is unlikely that someone could be a good, much less a great, philosopher without having read in Aristotle and Hume. Creative philosophers, even in the present era when philosophy has become a technical and highly professionalized discipline, are typically informed deeply in the history of their subject.

This information is not academic ornament, nor is it acquired in the spirit of discipleship or of scholarly curiosity. There exists an intimate, internal relationship between the practice of philosophical investigation and the understanding of the great philosophical writings of the past which has few if any parallels in other domains of inquiry. As fresh techniques of analysis are evolved, they are applied, almost as a matter of course, to the theses and arguments of the past, to see if perhaps a fantastic conclusion might be evaded, or a paradox dissolved. Descartes' proof of his own existence, Aristotle's rebuttal of logical fatalism, Anselm's ontological arguments, the paradoxes of Zeno, Hume's demonstration that induction cannot be justified, Socrates' contention that men cannot knowingly do evil — these and many other amazing proofs and conjectures touch upon the fundamental elements of our conceptual schemes. And since it remains the task of philosophy to examine systematically our basic concepts, one cannot do responsible philosophical work without making one's way through the dialectical thickets which the great thinkers planted, and which are their main intellectual legacy. Hence we find, side by side with the meticulous conceptual analyses and the logical explorations which make up today's professional journals of philosophy, equally meticulous and logically sophisticated reconstructions of the arguments of the masters, very much as though they were our contemporaries from whom replies might be expected in forthcoming issues of the *Philosophical Review* or *Mind*.

If we judge the vitality of a past philosopher by the measure of explicit interest in him on the part of our best philosophers today, one is obliged to conclude that Santayana, in his centennial year, is all but dead and forgotten. To be sure, there is Santayana scholarship, and here and there a Santayana specialist. Books and articles devoted to him continue to appear, and reference to him occasionally is found, typically as a matter of piety or as evidence of a kind of exotic scholarship. Because of his remarkable style, with its stunning images and poetical tone, his own books go on being read by a literary audience. And perhaps because of his detached, ironic voice, speaking forth on high matters of life and love and art, he enjoys a certain status as a philosopher for non-philosophers, who expect such utterances, instead of mad puzzles and displayed formulas, to be the essential substance of philosophical books. Some of his writings are classics of a kind, and are read in connection with philosophy courses, thus touching the minds of the young, and he has an unquestioned place in the history of at least American philosophical thought. But for a philosopher, even one who wrote beautifully and claimed only the allegiance of the common man, the sort of immortality

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Arthur Danto is the co-editor (with Sidney Morgenbesser) of Philosophy of Science *(Meridien); his* Analytical Philosophy of History *will be published by Cambridge in 1964. Mr. Danto is Associate Professor of Philosophy, Columbia University.*

November 26, 1963

We know the winter earth upon the body of the young
President, and the early dark falling;

we know the veins grown quiet in his temples and
wrists, and his hands and eyes grown quiet;

we know his name written in the black capitals
of his death, and the mourners standing in the
rain, and the leaves falling;

we know his death's horses and drums; the roses, bells,
candles, crosses; the faces hidden in veils;

we know the children who begin the youth of loss
greater than they can dream now;

we know the nightlong coming of faces into the candle-
light before his coffin, and their passing;

we know the mouth of the grave waiting, the bugle and
rifles, the mourners turning away;

we know the young dead body carried in the earth into
the first deep night of its absence;

we know our streets and days slowly opening into the
time he is not alive, filling with our footsteps and
voices;

we know ourselves, the bearers of the light of the earth
he is given to, and of the light of all his lost
days;

we know the long approach of summers toward the
healed ground where he will be waiting, no longer the
keeper of what he was.

Wendell Berry

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which might suffice for a merely literary figure cannot compensate for the neglect of his true peers.

It seems a mistake to consign so deep a thinker to the scholars, the students, the literati and the enthusiasts. Santayana thought profoundly and with originality upon many of the issues which activate philosophical research today, and it is fitting that we pause a bit before acquiescing, finally, in his irrelevance and oblivion. There are, of course, shifts of philosophical fashion, and it is rash to write off a thinker with finality when we have so many examples of philosophers who are seanted or misjudged by their contemporaries only to be revived to give form to the thought of a whole later generation. There is that rise and fall of eminence, but I am concerned, not with what Sanatayana might come to mean to philosophers of the future, but with what he can mean to philosophers today. And I should like to suppose that current philosophy, in its technical aspect, and with its linguistic and logical preoccupations, is not a transient phase and deviation, but a permanent contribution to the conduct of philosophical query, whatever its problems may become. I do not wish merely to emphasize that Santayana influenced some of our best philosophical practitioners, nor that his own thought, or some of his most characterisite doctrines, were influenced by the ideas of the same writers, Russell and Moore, who were so critical in effecting what sometimes is referred to as the revolution in philosophy. Nor do I wish, again, to point out that he was really a better philosopher than he was a stylist, and that behind the mannerist façade of his sometimes cloying prose there is a remarkably structural armature of logical architecture. He was a powerful arguer and a cunning analyst, but I feel that there is between his achievement and procedure and those of today a rather more fundamental sympathy even than this.

Since the time of Galileo and Newton, and incipiently since long before their time, many thinkers have been persuaded that if science correctly describes the way the world is, then many of the beliefs we are most inclined to regard as true must be based upon illusion, for the scientific description is incompatible with the descriptions which would spontaneously be offered by common sense. It is impossible to summarize the reasonings which lay behind this view, but illustrations of the attitude may be found in Keats's celebrated toast to the confusion of Isaac Newton for "having destroyed the rainbow" — "How all charms fly at the mere touch of cold philosophy!" — and, more recently, in Eddington's troubled conclusion that the desk he leaned on was not really solid if science is to be believed. In Santayana's era, one or another version of materialism recommended itself as the only plausible philosophy a reasonable man might subscribe to, since materialism alone seemed compatible with science, and science seemed too strongly supported to be rejected. But this was then felt to invalidate, not merely common sense, but any claims based upon art, or religion, or morality, or even philosophy itself, all of these having come to be regarded as vagrant productions of human fantasy with neither point nor application in the ultimate scheme of things. The pessimism and disillusionment of late nineteenth-century thought, as well as the Rotarian belief in scientific progress which accompanied it, were direct consequences of this view, and so, too, are the flights into irrationality so unfortunately typical of twentieth-century intellectual attitudes.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Santayana: the Later Years. A Portrait with Letters. By Daniel Cory. Braziller. $7.50.

The Essential Wisdom of Santayana. By T. N. Munson. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

Persons and Places. By George Santayana. Scribner's. $7.50.

The Life of Reason. By George Santayana. Collier Books. Five vols. 95c. each, paper.

Santayana was himself a materialist. But he felt no need to jettison the imagination and its expressions, for he developed a remarkable view in accordance with which the imagination itself was a wholly natural thing, so that matter and spirit might be connected in such a way as to salvage the human enterprise in its entirety. Imagination, he contended, springs from material conditions, and is an ideal commentary on them, and science, no less than religion and poetry, metaphysics and morality, is an ideal fulfillment of material conditions and processes. The question is only to chart the limits of these various ideal modes of reflection, but since everything ideal has a natural and material origin, reference to origins can validate or invalidate none of them, and justification must be sought elsewhere. These views were elaborated in *The Life of Reason*, his masterpiece in many ways. Uninterested in or simply unequipped to scrutinize science in any depth or detail, his remaining philosophical volumes are primarily concerned with religion, art and morality, though he produced, in addition, a metaphysical system in the grand manner, a four-volume work called *Realms of Being*, in which the philosophical presuppositions of his specific investigations were articulated and justified. But it was the *Life of Reason* which earned for him the admiration of many philosophers who found its central teaching a liberation.

It is sometimes said that Santayana brought materialism and idealism together in a naturalistic way. But these words, the catchwords of historians and text writers, have little currency in philosophical discussion today, where philosophers tend increasingly to be, in Nelson Goodman's words, "known by the topics they study rather than the views they hold." Divided, perhaps, on such questions as the value of symbolic logic as a tool of philosophical research, or on the adequacy of ordinary language as a vehicle for analysis, and hence in disaccord at times over the cogency of solutions reached by either of these means, today's philosophers are nevertheless disposed to regard as empty the labels which once identified the partisans of philosophical strife. Yet it seems to me that the recent history of analytical philosophy recapitulates in a way the intellectual crisis which Santayana helped overcome, and that it has broken through to a view of things not dissimilar to the one he achieved. I should like briefly to sketch both that history and that view.

There has been a continuous preoccupation with the concept of meaning ever since it impressed philosophers that it was not their office to compete with or anticipate the sciences by making positive pronouncements of an ordinary, factual kind. Rather, it was their task, in part, to analyze and rationally to reconstruct the significant discourse in which such pronouncements are made. When, then, is discourse significant? An early and influential answer was that unless a sentence is tautologous, it is significant only if it is verifiable, and its meaning simply is its mode of verification. By this criterion, whole bodies of discourse were rendered meaningless, including religious and poetic utterance, moral evaluations and imperatives and, in particular, philosophical statements which do not in any obvious way admit of decisive verification or falsification in terms of experience.

This, apparently, left only scientific language as meaningful, but the Verifiability Criterion of Meaning, once warmly endorsed by a number of uncompromisingly tough philosophers, has few adherents today. It has been abandoned, not as a result of the outraged protests of the metaphysicians and literary men who found it frightening or appalling, but rather because it could not be formulated in a manner which did not require an exclusion of considerable parts of scientific discourse along with the "meaningless" or only "emotively meaningful" sentences of poets, prophets, moralists and speculative philosophical theorists. To have relinquished the Criterion as a result of the sustained criticism which the Criterion's own proponents submitted it to is as impressive an instance of rational surrender as one can find outside of the history of science, and a revealing sign of philosophical maturity.

By itself, however, the collapse of verificationism entailed only the negative consequence that nonverifiable sentences were not automatically meaningless. It remained unclear how they could be appreciated as meaningful. Meanwhile, philosophers began to work with a fresh account of meaning, developed by Ludwig Wittgenstein, in accordance with which the meaning of sentences is bound up with their use.

In this inquiry, no particular category of sentences, and no special sort of use, enjoys any privileged status, nor is there any attempt to assimilate all forms of discourse to a given type. Sentences have different logics in different forms of discourse, and in connection with different forms of life. These views have, in a sense, not so much liberated philosophers from a fixation with scientific language, as they have liberalized the manner in which scientific language might be understood. And at the same time the distinct "logics" of poetic, moral, religious and, pre-eminently, philosophical, discourse are being marked. There is, accordingly, an immense expansion in the subject matter of analytical philosophy, and current explorations, disciplined by the tempering immersion in modern logic, exhibit a catholicity and circumspection, a breadth and virtuosity, which is, in many

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ways, singular in the history of this subject.

In a preface to a late collection of some of his fragments, Santayana wrote: "A philosophy that has touched bottom and has once stripped itself naked, by either a thorough skepticism or a fearless self-scrutiny, when it gathers its forces together to face the world, will not stint the imagination." Seldom, I think, has a philosophical movement stripped itself quite so naked, or gotten quite so close to bottom, as has analytical philosophy. Indeed, it was once prepared to write itself off, together with the whole philosophical tradition, as nonsense and a disease of grammar. Now, however, as it moves forward into old territory with fresh techniques, it might come to recognize Santayana not merely as a precursor but a guide. For it is entering upon terrain he once explored, and his writings might be charts, drawn by a congenial temper, of the varieties of utterance once more validated as fit for philosophical examination. They might, indeed, be found sufficiently engaging to be taken up and given, as all important philosophical work must finally be, the status of contemporaneity. Whether this will in fact happen, no one can say. Philosophy must determine its own history, revitalizing whom it will. I have meant only to suggest the possibility of a connection with the present.

'The Arena Where We Fight'

SELECTED POEMS. By Chairil Anwar. Translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam. New Directions. 48 pp. $1 paper.

Denise Levertov

I pitched a tent in the twilight
By morning who knows where it had flown off

My house is built of heaped-up poems
Here is where I married and had children

Chairil Anwar lived only twenty-seven years and left only about seventy-five poems behind him. Yet he has been a major force in Indonesian poetry. Open this selection almost anywhere, and one knows at once that this was a pure poet; that is, not one who chose to be a poet and earnestly and with more or less ambition cultivated a talent — a way of life that accounts for about 95 per cent of contemporary poetry — but one who could not help himself, who did not choose but (even though he wrote little and not easily) was chosen; a poet as Garcia Lorca was a poet, or Hart Crane.

This by itself might not have made his work influential in the development of other young poets; but it seems that Anwar's brief years of literary activity coincided not only with the social and political ferment preceding and immediately following the end of Japanese rule in Indonesia, but also with a period of flux and development in the Indonesian language, so that in his stripping away of flounces, his brilliant use of what he found in foreign poets, his searching candor and technical courage, Anwar was "purifying the language of the tribe" with special pertinence.

Anwar was born in Sumatra in 1922, moved to Java as a boy, and for financial reasons was unable to continue his formal education beyond the second year of high school. He fought as a guerrilla against the Dutch, consorted with sailors and prostitutes, and died in 1949 from the combined attack of typhus and tuberculosis upon a system already weakened by syphilis. Certain Dutch writers — "Multatule" ("an eccentric breaker-of-images," and "the one exciting writer in the doldrums of the Dutch nineteenth century," says James Holmes in his introduction) and Henrik Marsman, whose poetry of the early twenties perhaps gave Anwar his first example of the possibilities of organic form; and after the war the contemporary English and American poets whose books he found in the libraries of the British and United States information services in Djakarta—these seem to have been nourishing influences, as was the folk poetry of the archipelago. But even in translation one can feel that Anwar was continually absorbing anything and everything into his *own* life, his *own* poetry. "I'll dig down," he had written to a friend during the war, "and root out every word until I've gone deep enough to find the germinal word, the germinal image."

Burton Raffel, whose work as a translator is always notably intelligent and artistic, has collaborated here with the Indonesian writer and scholar Nurdin Salam to make us feel the fascination of Anwar's poetic presence. In a prefatory note, Mr. Raffel points out that he has adhered to Anwar's "seemingly erratic" punctuation, use of omission of initial capitals, etc.; he has understood that Anwar knew these things as integral parts of the poem. "A line," writes Raffel, "that begins with a capital letter has for him a different weight than one beginning with a lower-case letter; a line ending with a period or a comma has a different speed and flow than one ending of its own motion alone." This is still something generally unrealized or misunderstood, and every intelligent restatement of it is important. In the process of translation these nuances can rarely be reproduced with validity, but I surmise — despite my complete ignorance of Indonesian — that Raffel has written his English versions in the spirit of the original and created equivalent effects, so that the best ones stand on their own feet in the new language, and even those that fall short of that autonomy give one a keen sense of what the tone of the original must be.

At the Mosque

I shouted at Him
Until He came

We met face to face.

Afterwards He burned in my breast.
All my strength struggles to
extinguish Him

My body, which won't be driven, is
soaked with sweat

This room
Is the arena where we fight

Destroying each other
One hurling insults, the other gone
mad.

I hope that having introduced Anwar to American readers with these thirty-six poems, the Asia Society, which commissioned the translations, will go further and give us the rest of Anwar's work, including any prose (stories? criticism?) that may exist. The introduction by James S. Holmes is useful and interesting, but in its brevity inevitably leaves one with many questions. How long did Anwar spend as a guerrilla fighter? How did he live the rest of the time? Which American poets, besides those mentioned (Emily Dickinson, Eliot, Auden) is he known to have read? (Williams? Cummings? Pound?) Had he made a beginning on the Lorca translations he mentioned in a letter shortly before his death? A larger volume would supply the answers to these questions; and no doubt — since Anwar was essentially dynamic — would raise others. Meanwhile, we have encountered briefly a representative of "the real thing." Fierce, casual, bitter, tender, these are the poems of a man vividly present, careless of order in his living, uncompromisingly engaged in the order and life of the poem.

RECORDS of the YEAR

Benjamin Boretz

The records listed below (a few of them reissues of famous performances) are selected from the year's production either because they are superior renditions of major works or because they offer at least adequate performances of important music not hitherto available. Where several works are involved, the record is listed under the item of greatest interest.

AREL: Electronic Music No. 1 (1960); DAVIDOVSKY: Study No. 1 (1962); USSACHEVSKY: Metamorphosis (1957). Realized at Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center. Son-Nova 1988 (S).

BACH: Cantata No. 76, "Die Himmel Erzählen." Heinrich Schütz Chor of Heilbronn, Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra; Fritz Werner, cond. Epic LC 3851; BC 1251 (S).

Cantata No. 80, "Ein Feste Burg"; Cantata No. 87, "Bisher Habt Ihr Nichts." Fritz Werner, cond. Epic LC 3857; BC 1257 (S).

The Six Partitas. Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia M2L 293; M2S 693 (S).

The Well-Tempered Clavier (Book I, Nos. 1-8). Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia ML 5808; MS 6408 (S).

BARTOK: *Bluebeard's Castle.* Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Jerome Hines, bass; Philadelphia Orchestra; Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia ML 5825; MS 6425 (S).

BEETHOVEN: Sonatas for Piano, complete. Artur Schnabel, piano. Angel GRM 4005.

Symphony No. 6. Chicago Symphony; Fritz Reiner, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2614.

BELLINI: *La Sonnambula.* Joan Sutherland; Nicola Monti; Sylvia

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Stahlman; Fernando Corena. Orch. and chorus of Maggio Musicale Fiorentino; Richard Bonynge, cond. London 4365; 1365 (S).

BRAHMS: Alto Rhapsody, Op. 53. WAGNER: *Liebestod;* Wesendonck Lieder. Christa Ludwig, alto. Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Kemperer, cond. Angel 35923 (S).

Ein Deutsches Requiem, Op. 45. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. Philharmonia Orchestra and chorus; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel 3624 (S).

Liebeslieder, Op. 52. *Neue Liebeslieder,* Op. 65. Irmgard Seefried; Raili Kostia; Waldemar Kmentt; Eberhard Waechter, vocal soloists; Erik Werba and Günther Weissenborn, pianos. DGG 18792; 138792 (S).

Symphony No. 3, Op. 90. *Tragic* Overture, Op. 81. Vienna Philharmonic; Herbert Van Karajan, cond. London CM 9318; CS 6249 (S).

BRUCKNER: Mass No. 3, f-minor. Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Christa Ludwig, alto; Josef Traxel, tenor; Walter Berry, bass. Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin, Berlin Symphony; Karl Forster, cond. Angel 35982 (S).

Symphony No. 9. Berlin Philharmonic; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. DGG 18854.

BYRD: Mass for five voices. Ave Verum Corpus: *Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis.* Choir of King's College, Cambridge, David Willcocks, cond. London 5725; OS 25725 (S).

CARTER: Piano Sonata. Charles Rosen, piano. Suite from *Pocahontas.* Zürich Radio Orchestra; Jacques Monod, cond. Epic LC 3850; BC 1250 (S).

CHANLER: *The Pot of Fat.* Dixie Stewart, soprano. Arthur Burrows, baritone; Bruce Abel, baritone. CRI Chamber Orchestra; Jorge Mester, cond. CRI 162.

CHOPIN: Mazurkas (Vol. 1, Nos. 1-21). Alexander Brailowsky, piano. Columbia ML 5802; MS 6402 (S).

COPLAND: Clarinet Concerto. Benny Goodman, clarinet; Columbia Symphony; Aaron Copland, cond. (with Old American Songs. William Warfield, baritone). Columbia ML 5897; MS 6497 (S).

DVORAK: Symphony No. 4, Op. 88. Philharmonia Orchestra; Carlo Maria Giulini, cond. Angel 35847 (S).

HAYDN: Nelson Mass. Sylvia Stahlman, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Wilfred Brown, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone. Choir of King's College, Cambridge; London Symphony, David Willcocks, cond. London 5731; 25731 (S).

Next Week

Art Books of the Year.
Round-up of Paperbacks.
Books Written by
Contributors in 1963.

The Paris Symphonies. L'orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond. London CMA 7306; CSA 2306 (S).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 1. Columbia Symphony; Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia ML 5794; MS 6394 (S).

MARTIRANO: *O O O O That Shakespeherian Rag* (1959). Thomas Hilbish, cond. (with Rochberg: Quartet No. 1). CRI 164.

MILHAUD: *Les Choéphores.* Vera Zorina, McHenry Boatwright, Irene Jordan, vocal soloists. Schola Cantorum; New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 5796; MS 6396 (S).

MOUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godounov.* Boris Christoff; National Opera, Sofia; Paris Conservatoire Orchestra; André Cluytens, cond. Angel 3633 (S).

MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 24, (c-minor), K. 491 (c-minor). Glenn Gould, piano. CBC Symphony; Walter Susskind, cond. SCHOENBERG: Piano Concerto, Op. 42. Glenn Gould, piano. CBC Symphony; Robert Craft, cond. Columbia ML 5739; MS 6339 (S).

Cosi fan Tutte. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, Alredo Kraus, Giuseppe Taddei, Hanny Steffek, Walter Berry, soloists. Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus; Karl Böhm, cond. Angel 3631 (S).

Don Giovanni. Teresa Stich-Randall, Anna Moffo, Suzanne Danco, Antonio Campo, Nicolai Gedda, Marcello Cortis, Raffaele Arie, soloists. Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire; Hans Rosbaud, cond. Vox OPBX 162/3.

Complete Wind Music, in 5 vols. London Wind Soloists; Jack Brymer, cond. London CM 9346-47-48-49-50/CS 6346-47-48-49-50.

ROCHBERG: Symphony No. 1. Louisville Orchestra; Robert Whitney, cond. Louisville LOU-634.

SCHOENBERG: The Music of Arnold Schoenberg, Vol. 1 (*Erwartung,* Op. 17. Helga Pilarczyk, soprano. Violin Concerto, Op. 36. Israel Baker, violin. *Pierrot Lunaire,* Op. 21. Bethany Beardslee, soprano. *Die Glückliche Hand,* Op. 18. Robert Oliver, bass. *A Survivor from Warsaw,* Op. 46. John Horton, narrator). Robert Craft, cond. Columbia M2L 279; M2S 679 (S).

The Music of Arnold Schoenberg, Vol. 2 (*Verklärte Nacht,* Op. 4. *Pelleas and Melisande,* Op. 5. Three Little Orchestra Pieces (1910). Variations for Orchestra, Op. 31. Prelude to the *Genesis* Suite, Op. 44). CBC Symphony, Robert Craft, cond. Columbia M2L 294; M2S 694 (S).

SCHUBERT: Piano Sonata in A, Op. Posth. MOZART: Rondo, K. 511. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3855; BC 1255 (S).

SCHUMANN: *Davidsbündlertänze,* Op. 6. *Carnaval,* Op. 9. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3869; BC 1269 (S).

STOCKHAUSEN: *Gesang der Jünglinge* (1955-56). *Kontakte* (1960). Realized at the Electronic Studio of the Westdeutschen Rundfunk, Cologne. DGG 138811 (S).

STRAVINSKY: *Oedipus Rex* (1927). Washington Opera Society; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 5872; MS 6472 (S).

STRAUSS: *Metamorphosen* (1945). Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. (with *Tod und Verklärung,* Op. 24). Angel 35976 (S).

TCHAIKOWSKY: Symphony No. 5, Op. 64. Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel 36141 (S).

VERDI: *Il Trovatore.* Antonietta Stella, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Bergonzi, Ettore Bastianini. Teatro Alla Scala, Milan. Tullio Serafin, cond. DGG 18835/7; 138835/7 (S).

WAGNER: *Siegfried.* Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Hans Hotter, Gerhard Stolze, Gustav Neidlinger. Vienna Philharmonic; Georg Solti, cond. London 4508; 1508 (S).

Die Walküre, Act I. Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, Emmanuel List. Vienna Philharmonic; Bruno Walter, cond. Angel COLH 133.

Götterdämmerung: Siegfried's Rhine Journey; *Parsifal:* Prelude; *Das Rheingold:* Entrance of the Gods; *Siegfried:* Forest Murmurs; *Tannhäuser:* Prelude to Act III; *Die Walküre:* Ride of the Valkyries. Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel 35947 (S).

WEILL: *Lady in the Dark* (1940). Risë Stevens, Adolph Green, John Reardon. Lehman Engel, cond. Columbia OL 5990; OS 2390 (S).

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

J. P. Donleavy is a gifted writer. The play he has made from his novel *The Ginger Man* (Orpheum Theatre) is well worth seeing.

Some may say that it is not a play, that it lacks progression, that it doesn't conform to the canons of dramaturgy as determined by the academies. All this is unimportant. A play is anything that conveys an experience of life when acted in a theatre. *The Ginger Man* has a form befitting its content.

The content itself is odd. It is not in the usual sense a "character study." Its central figure, Sebastian Balfe Dangerfield is, like the author himself, an American of Irish extraction, a student of law at Trinity in Dublin. He is in flight from virtually everything. Though Dangerfield makes the gestures of preparing for exams, it is evident that he has no serious intention of becoming a barrister or even of going through with the curriculum. He speaks of having been a "naval man," but this strikes one more as fantasy than as fact. The sea connotes freedom for him, but even this is uncertain. For we might ask, if we are so minded, why does he not become a sailor?

He marries an English Protestant girl (he himself has Catholic antecedents), he has a child by her, he drinks, he beats his wife, he lives in squalor, he does not pay his rent; he expects money from home, but it is clear that he despises his presumably wealthy father. He borrows money which he has no thought of repaying. He has only one friend, Kenneth O'Keefe, another Irish-American student at Trinity, a Harvard graduate with a knowledge of Greek and Latin. O'Keefe is a virgin at twenty-six, unattractive, penurious, sex-obsessed and as uncommitted to any specific objective as Dangerfield himself.

When Dangerfield's wife, Marion, leaves him and returns to England he casually seduces a Miss Frost who has come to stay at Marion's newly rented apartment. Dangerfield leaves for London with no particular goal in mind.

None of this is "explained." The play contains very little "psychology." How and why did Dangerfield become the foulmouthed, blasphemous, aimless, dream-ridden person he is? Because he hates his father who, for all we know, is an affluent Boston Irish politician? It doesn't matter. "I only want peace," Dangerfield says, "not ownership of even women and, I hope, not men. I just don't want to be watched and trailed."

He is a loose end. He is not justified, not made "sympathetic," though Miss Frost, to whom he reaches out for comfort, senses that he is a "gentleman." He is that part of our civilization which has fallen away from family, religion, marital ties, profession, country. He is a lone ego which nothing in our world is able to hold. Kenneth O'Keefe is the same; he says: "Perhaps I'll join the Jews and fight the Arabs. Or join the Arabs and fight the Jews. It doesn't matter." Yet we discern in him a gentle soul whom we know to be without prejudice or malice. Both men are amoral without being evil, destructive without sin.

We recognize the mood and the symptoms from literature, if not from life. But in Donleavy there is no program, no preachment, no pretension. Even such surprising strokes of portraiture as Dangerfield's constantly wrapping himself in a blanket to keep out the "cold," his desire to be placed inside a loaf of bread, his indifference to the reality of physical objects or his hostility to them (he breaks furniture inadvertently and poisons a plant deliberately) are applied to the play's canvas as comic *non sequiturs*. Donleavy isn't proving anything.

The genteel and frightened darling, Miss Frost, is part of the same picture. She is thirty-four, spinsterish, a communicant of the Church, and has had an "affair" previous to her falling into Dangerfield's clutches. She is appalled by her mortal sin, gratified in her senses, undemanding and bereft of any help in an Ireland which she remarks is a difficult country for women. (Ireland is tangentially created, and seems peculiarly right as a background for this essentially poetic piece reflecting a world without shape or compass.) Only Marion, Dangerfield's wife, establishes a norm and in this atmosphere strikes one as the only alien, just as the child she bore to Dangerfield is presented as a creature of no consequence.

Donleavy's writing has great naturalness and humor and a muscularity apparently unaware of itself.

The play has been admirably directed by Leo Garen. The cast, despite occasional lapses from clear articulation on the part of the men, is excellent. Everyone must be cited in praise: Patrick O'Neal, a fine face, figure and manner for the part of Dangerfield; Stefan Gierasch, pathetically funny as O'Keefe; Margaret Phillips, exactly right as Dangerfield's wife, and Marion Seldes, adorable in a real characterization as Miss Frost.

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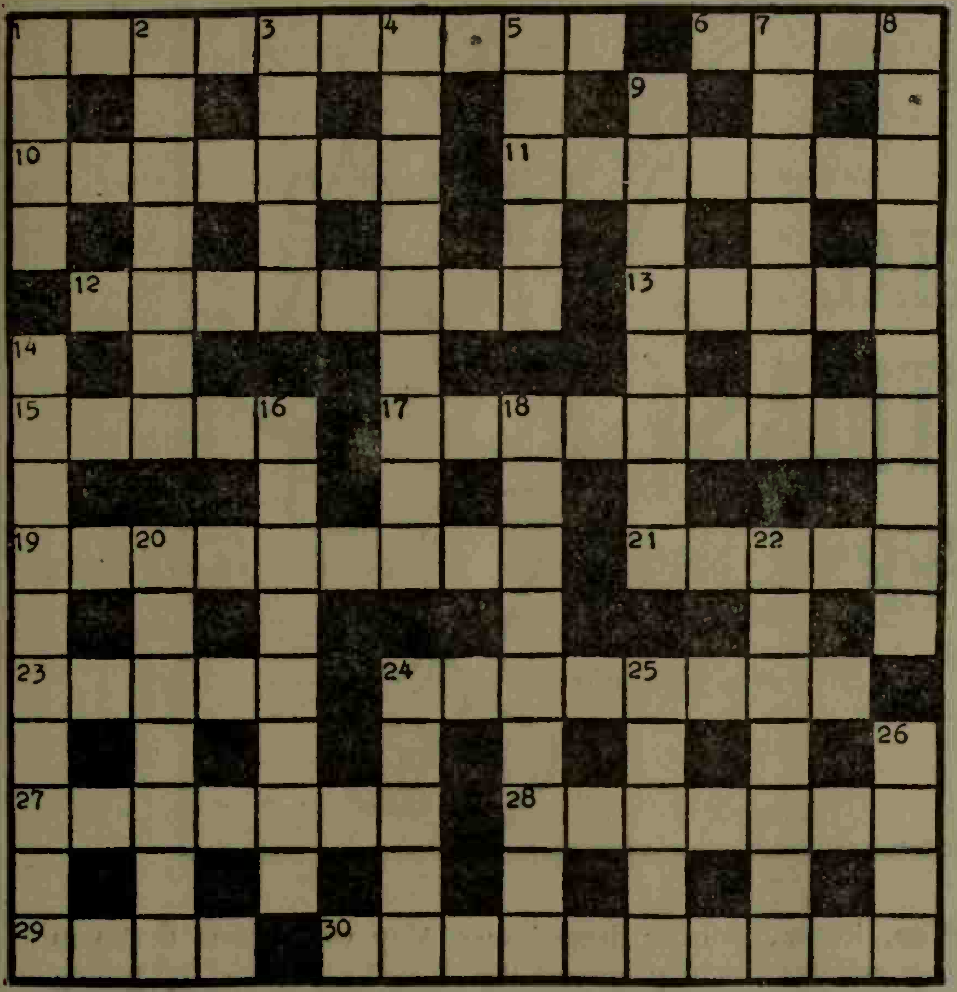
Leaving for Buenos Aires

Do not go John said
you will regret
the sun the lack of contact
the sun and buildings like
the sun a cube of salt and
the sun dried army blood on
the sun white walls where she
the sun sits weeping beside
the sun a door; this
the sun is a mistake
the sun the net is still in
the sun your mind; you and
the sun she cannot excise
the sun the dream; there is
the sun no humming bird but
the sun a London sparrow
the sun dead on
the sun dead ground
do not go said John.

Alex Neish

Crossword Puzzle No. 1037

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 There should be a point to such a telegram — possibly protecting an investment in stock. (6, 4)
6 To proceed in a faulty way isn't descriptive of the firm. (4)
10 Eisenhower's was in Europe, as it should be brought back in the raw.
11 See 14 down
12 How one imagined what the gallery halls should be like. (8)
13 Novel, or name of a heroine in it.
15 Undisguised overtone, lacking unity. (5)
17 You don't have to swear to be one.
19 Strata where coal might be found? Drops from it might be dangerous.
21 One might make a good jack-knife. (5)
23 Scotland and the Brooklyn Navy?
24 Return one aspect of the man of carriage. (4, 4)
27 If so, never a long story, nor this. (2, 5)
28 How to dream up something in the way of the Hindustani magi, necessarily. (7)
29 He could be looked up in either a Bible or a thesaurus. (4)
30 Where the water might go when towns get rebuilt in vain fancy.

DOWN:

1 and 18 down Grovel or sidle, for example, to a grammarian might be something like a split-T. (4, 9)
2 It's not unusual to find it here, or far out in emptiness. (7)
3 Is it strictly correct to compel payment? (5)
4 See 14 down
5 Equipment I would consider quite the opposite of 6. (5)
7 It's not well to have an airy sort in the old country. (7)
8 People like to receive notes from them, but businessmen reputedly do more than Bachelors. (10)
9 Some fronts are like medicine to a radical type. (8)
14 4 down and 11 across Dewey line? (3, 3, 4, 4, 5, 7)
16 The office of speaking? (Wives hate to have their husbands do so.) (4, 4)
18 See 1 down
20 She had to wait for her lawyer. (7)
22 A couple of hundred are found in a trailer, as a preventive measure.
24 Headgear to fit a Bishop. (5)
25 The nicest thing about a critter?
26 Initial stage country, if it had any.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1036

ACROSS: 1 Balancing act; 9 Moratorium; 11 Gendarme; 12 Nearly; 13 Ernes; 15 Evanston; 16 Stewards; 19 Safer; 21 Bon mot; 22 Outcrops; 24 Well; 25 Galvanized; 26 Demonologist. DOWN: 2 Aforementioned; 3 and 10 Abandon ship; 4 Choir; 5 Naivete; 6 Armenians; 7 Tuscans; 8 Bibliographers; 14 Stratagem; 17 Wimpled; 18 Stollen; 20 Farming; 23 Trail.

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THE NATION

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'Manchurian Candidate' in Dallas

Richard Condon

THE BIG ATOM

SOLVING THE WATER SHORTAGE

Carl Dreher

Ordeal in Okanogan

Grace Bassett

Art Books of 1963

Max Kozloff

LETTERS

Army ethics

Eugene, Ore.

Dear Sirs: William H. Boyer's article on military education *(The Nation,* Nov. 30) has painfully reminded me of the days I spent at Fort Lewis as an enlisted man. Most of the political indoctrination done by the Army is carried on by chaplains, and consists mainly of meaningless platitudes and hackneyed clichés. . . . One session stands out in my mind as an example of what Boyer is complaining about. The particular chaplain, after delivering the usual military line on how immoral it is to be a Communist, stood before 500 enlisted men and said profoundly ". . . and remember men, evil is not good." *John A. Nylander*

What Eisenhower deserves

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: In reviewing Eisenhower's recent book, George G. Kirstein states: ". . . no American alive today deserves better at the hands of his fellow countrymen than the victorious General of the Armies. . . ." If this is so, then all my political thinking must be cockeyed, and my sense of social values terribly distorted. I wonder if Mr. Kirstein would give us a bill of particulars justifying his judgment. I would be interested to learn why Linus Pauling, for one, does not "deserve better," or Earl Warren as another of a possible list of living Americans.

A. Kaplan, M.D.

[*The first words of the sentence from which Dr. Kaplan quotes above are "My own conviction is that. . . ." By these words Mr. Kirstein clearly indicated that his statement was a matter of personal opinion and value (rather than demonstrable fact) with which others, obviously, would disagree.—The Editors.*]

Cigarettes and cancer

New York City

Dear Sirs: May I say a word on your Nov. 30 editorial in which you say "The American Cancer Society has been conducting a cautious campaign against smoking, mainly on the theme that athletes don't, or shouldn't, smoke." I wince at your word "mainly."

Since 1960, we have been actively presenting programs in high schools and junior high schools on the risk of cigarette smoking. Our approach, based on a year's research with 22,000 high school youngsters in Portland, Ore., is factual and medical: our Portland data indicates that what is most persuasive to teen-agers is a straightforward statement of the evidence that cigarettes cause lung cancer. . . .

I would like to recommend to your readers who teach or have children in grade schools our new film strip "I'll Take the High Road," which is a smash hit in sixth grades, and a pamphlet, "Cigarette Smoking and Cancer," which discusses the evidence and the most frequent arguments against the causal relationship. The pamphlet, film strip and other materials can be obtained without cost from local units of the American Cancer Society.

Clifton R. Read
American Cancer Society

Murder rate

Dear Sirs: Sybille Bedford in her review of Christopher Hibbert's *The Roots of Evil: A Social History of Crime and Punishment (The Nation,* Dec. 7) paraphrases the author as saying that the murder rate among foreign-born American citizens is 5.8 murders per 100,000 born in Denmark, to 17.5 born in Ireland and 58.1 in Italy. . . .

For what year or years are the figures valid? If they are valid for recent years, a great many Danes, Irishmen and Italians of fairly advanced years are committing an inordinate number of murders, since immigration from Europe has dwindled to almost nothing since 1921. . . .

Harold J. Enrico

Cars for CORE

New York City

Dear Sirs: The Louisiana Committee on Registration Education (the CORE Task Force) has been conducting a voter registration campaign among the Negroes of this Deep South state for several months now. . . .

Recently, the local police confiscated all of our cars for "improper registration." After much legal and illegal red tape we succeeded in reacquiring one of the five impounded cars. This car, a 1959 Ford, was worth about $1,000 when impounded, but it had to be sold for junk after the police got through with it. We have been much less successful in getting the other four cars back, and we fear that they too will be useless if we ever do get them back.

We are almost powerless without automobiles. This is a rural state and there is no way to contact local people without transportation. . . .

We are, therefore, trying desperately to acquire five new cars as quickly as possible. . . . Contributions should be sent to the CORE National Office at 38 Park Row, New York, N.Y., 10038, and clearly designated as for the La. Comm. on Reg. Ed. This is urgent; every day without cars is to a large extent wasted. We are crippled, and if we can't be healed we need at least a wheel chair.

Brendan John Sexton
CORE Task Force

THE
NATION

Saturday, December 28, 1963
Volume 197, No. 22

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The Nation, Dec. 28, 1963, Vol. 197, No. 22

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

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EDITORIALS

The Warren Commission

The tragic happenings in Dallas have succeeded in wildly activating the latent James Bond that is in everyman. From all points on the compass, letters, unsolicited manuscripts, queries and telephone calls have poured into this office since November 22. The hypotheses are varied and ingenious, including the suggestion that President Kennedy's death was not an assassination but a prearranged, ordered suicide! *The Nation*, too, has been curious about the obvious discrepancies, inconsistencies, gaps and unexplained aspects of the three murders, but has resisted the temptation to enter the lists until an "official" version of the facts is available. The intensity and scope of public speculation is understandable, but it also has an unpleasant aspect. As Arthur Hoppe, columnist of the *San Francisco Chronicle* has pointed out, "Now that he is dead, we all ask, who did it? Who really did it? How important it is to all of us who failed in our duties in some small way—and all of us sometimes fail—to find some vast conspiracy to blame. How very important. And how very sad."

All the same, the public should maintain an alert, skeptical, wholly critical attitude; nor should public concern abate merely because the Warren Commission has set to work. For one thing, the role that the FBI played, according to its own account, in relation to the Dallas police and to the Secret Service, is itself a subject of legitimate public concern, and the FBI—according to its past record—is not to be trusted to pass judgment on its own activities. The public is entitled, specifically, to an explanation of the motive which led the FBI to "leak" aspects of its report before it was even delivered to the Chief Justice, much less released to the public. By clear inference, some publications have been permitted to "see" the report, if not to study it. This is both irregular and highly objectionable.

Nor should the public give a blank check of credence and confidence to the Warren Commission. While the diligence and skill and integrity of the Chief Justice is not to be questioned—although it has been editorially questioned by the New York *Daily News*—the commission is not as well balanced in make-up as it should have been; it is heavily weighted in favor of the "official" or Establishment view. A majority might be inclined, for example, to seal off further inquiry with a brisk "official" report and to ignore sensitive aspects of the matter, including the role of the FBI, of the Secret Service and of the Dallas police.

Newsweek has suggested that the Warren Commission is the "jury" in this matter, but that is inaccurate. At best the Commission is the petit jury or, more accurately, the coroner's jury; the grand jury consists of the American people. Precisely because of the worldwide scope and intensity of public speculations about the facts, nothing short of the earliest possible full disclosure—and verification wherever possible—of all the known facts, will suffice. The public is entitled to nothing less. For our part, we intend to make an independent assessment of whatever "official" report is eventually issued.

Political Punditry

With the flags still flying at half-staff for President Kennedy, and during a period of remarkable political fluidity ("it's a new ball game" is the phrase), the political commentators have reached a set of absolute conclusions with a speed and finality that is breathtaking.

Item: President Johnson is formidable, invulnerable and invincible. On the basis of a few spot interviews, one pundit assures us that the President will carry all the Southern states; another soothsayer, having surveyed one precinct in Philadelphia, informs us that Mr. Johnson is certain to hold the vote of the Northern urban Negroes.

Item: Senator Goldwater's chances, which the commentators themselves had grotesquely inflated in recent months, have now been damaged, we are promised, beyond repair. Yet it is quite apparent that Senator Goldwater, without waging much of a campaign, can take to San Francisco a block of pledged delegates, from the Southern states alone, large enough to make him a real power in the convention.

Item: Richard Nixon's chances, we are told, have now been vastly improved—despite clear demonstrations, in the same columns which announce his resurgence, that a Republican nominee should be able to carry New York and California, in neither of which states is sentiment for the former Vice President exactly overwhelming.

Item: Governor Nelson Rockefeller remains hopelessly disqualified by reason of his divorce and remarriage, despite the concession, again made in the same columns, that he would be the strongest Republican nominee in California and New York. If these commentators are right, and a major part of the electorate actually votes on the basis of togetherness and lifelong monogamy—at a time when the problems confronting the President must tax the powers of the ablest incumbent—all one can say is that such a public deserves not only the President they get, but the commentators who inform them. Actually, the effect of the Governor's remarriage was aired initially by Republican bigwigs who, convinced that President Kennedy was unbeatable, wanted to cut Rockefeller down to size, the better to make Senator Goldwater appear ten times larger than life. Nor is it only the commentators who have jumped to conclusions; spokesmen for major political interest groups, under the stress of recent events, have made rash pledges which—once the existing political moratorium is over, and it will be very soon—they may well regret. Wisdom at this juncture is to forgo pat prophecies and firm commitments until the ball game is a bit further advanced.

The Handwriting on the Wall

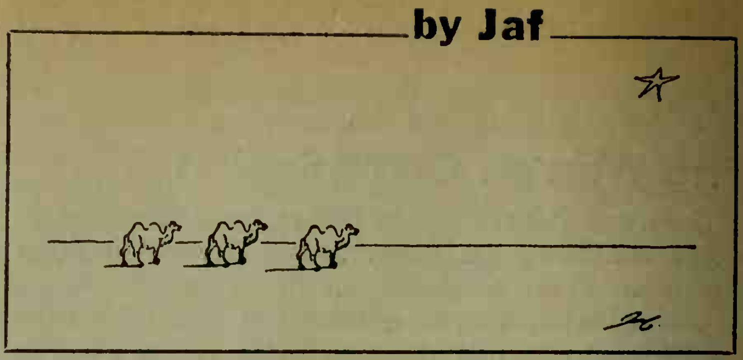
What has now happened at South Bend was forecast by B. J. Widick in *The Nation* of February 17, 1962—"Tragedy at Studebaker." Widick called attention to the fact that Studebaker and South Bend were once synonymous with the American dream—friendly community feeling, good labor relations, technological progress and pride of workmanship. And yet, he pointed out, just one decade later the dream had begun to turn into a nightmare: "The middle-class dream world of South Bend began to come apart after the Korean War." Why?

One reason is the dominance of duopoly in the automobile industry. The giants, Ford and especially General Motors, set the prices. General Motors figures that it will never be engaged more than 75 per cent of the time; in other words, they expect, and are able to show, a 20 per cent profit with 25 per cent unused capacity. The smaller companies are tempted to take advantage of this generous price umbrella. Instead of pricing their products to undercut Ford and General Motors, thus creating a market for themselves, they try to compete in a market where they are defeated in advance. Bigness reaches a point where, unless one strikes out into new ground, it is irresistible. For example, the trade-in value of a GM or Ford car is established. New parts and reasonably efficient service can be had anywhere. The very names inspire confidence, and this confidence is constantly amplified by massive injections of advertising.

That an automobile company can survive—provided it comes up with a new idea—is shown by the Volkswagen. This car provides the cheapest transportation since the Model T Ford. It is assembled in the United States from parts imported from West Germany. The demand for it exceeds the supply. Caught in the middle, Studebaker could not compete with Volkswagen any more than with GM-Ford.

From a technological standpoint this is most unfortunate, because at times Studebaker has made a good car and contributed to the health of the industry as a whole. George Romney and others testified at the administered-price hearings that Studebaker-Packard had been among the leading technological innovators of the industry. They introduced torsion-bar suspension, separate rear-wheel traction, greater driver visibility front and rear, and other functional and stylistic innovations. The giants are not necessarily the innovators—often the contrary.

The South Bend shutdown is tragic for the workers at the plants and for some of the dealers, but the worst is yet to come. Those economists who predict that 1964 will be a "vintage year" may be right, but joblessness will be part of the harvest. Ralph McGill, editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*, writes that in ten years U. S. manufacturing has not added—net—one new job. In transportation, not one new job—net—has been added since 1929. In the ten years from 1950 to 1960, seven of eight new jobs have been outside the profit economy, i.e., paid for out of taxes, as in defense and space exploration. The economy is one which can produce increasing profits, but these gains will not be reflected in a proportionate increase of jobs. South Bend is merely one syllable in the handwriting on the wall.



Lone Crusader

In his brief visit to the United Nations, Henrique M. Galvao, the sixty-eight-year-old Portuguese firebrand, did not succeed in pleasing the African nationalists who had urged that he be heard. He did not try to please them. He has the habit, almost intolerable in the modern world, of saying what he believes to be true and right, not what he supposes people want to hear.

His argument is that Portugal, not being free herself, cannot confer freedom on her colonies, that the Salazar regime must be overthrown before either the people in the homeland or those in Angola and Mozambique can exercise their right of self-determination. As he sees it, the Portuguese themselves are under the equivalent of a colonial yoke and their liberation must be given priority. Moreover, since unity is lacking among the rebel leaders in the colonies, precipitate liberation might result in a situation "worse than the Congo," which three years ago was set adrift by the Belgians without preparation for self-government.

Galvao's view is that after democracy has been established in Portugal, the people of the territories can choose, presumably through plebiscites, between independence, a federation among themselves and federation with the democratic Portugal of the future. This last suggestion was not well received; understandably, the Algerian delegate was the least enthusiastic. When Galvao went on to observe that the existing African states had failed to achieve unity, he was told to limit his remarks to the question of territories under Portuguese administration.

It was hardly to be expected that Galvao's thirty-six hours in the United States should turn into a triumphal tour. For one thing, he is an individual with scant political power—only what he exerts as one of the leaders of a group of Portuguese democrats in exile, and from exploits of personal daring like the seizure of the *Santa Maria*—and the visit to New York in the face of extradition threats. But, more than that, Galvao has an old-fashioned liberal-humanist-idealist quality, larded with a streak of romanticism and a touch of Don Quixote, a combination not calculated to appeal to the working politicians of the new African states any more than to those of the Soviet or Western blocs. So he struck a lonely note.

Just the same his visit was not in vain. He did not get the attention that the American press lavished on Madame Nhu; his age and sex militated against any such orgy of publicity. He did, however, remind Americans that one of our most stalwart allies is a dictatorship of seeming stability, but not without opposition and quite possibly nearing the end of its long tenure.

His visit served, also, to show that our State Department was not hand in glove with the Portuguese dictatorship when it came to such delicate matters as the visit of a dissident Portuguese to the UN. The Salazar regime asked for Galvao's extradition, but he was not touched; no doubt the State Department was relieved to see him on the airplane en route to Brazil once more. Here and there, at the UN, in Washington, and among the reporters, there may even have been a spark of admiration for the indomitable old man who thinks that principles are important, and is ready to risk his life for a cause whose triumph he may never see.

Senator Lehman

It is a measure of the character of Senator Herbert H. Lehman, and his achievement, that his death has evoked deeply felt tributes from the most diverse quarters, from all walks of life, from opponents and critics no less than from friends and allies. For Senator Lehman never hesitated to tackle the thorniest issues, to align himself in support of measures and causes that were bitterly opposed, and to take timely and courageous positions on issues that other honorable men artfully avoided. McCarthyism is only one example.

The universality of the tributes tendered to Senator Lehman was more than a measure of the man and his achievements: it was a measure of the capacity of the American people to recognize goodness and courage and wisdom when they find these qualities exemplified in a public figure.

Politics of German Wheat . . .

David Schoenbaum

Bonn

For the first time since the days of the *Reichsnährstand* (Hitler's AAA) — excepting for a brief but memorable postwar period when butter was worth its weight in marks — West German farmers are blinking uncertainly in the spotlight of public interest. A group whose problems have for several decades been left to the practiced and discreet professionalism of lobbyists and politicians from rural districts, has been pushed on stage and subjected to the conflicting direction of newsmen, housewives, politicians, trade unionists, farmer representatives and professors of economics.

While interest has been rising at least since the 1958 Stresa conference of the six European countries that established their plan for an agricultural common market, and while the recent Chicken War between the United States and the Common Market pointed to the dramatic possibilities, it was a Dutchman, Sicco Leendert Mansholt, who set the present scene in motion. Mansholt, vice president of the Common Market Commission in Brussels, proposed early in November to cut West German grain prices 12 per cent and to introduce a low common price for grain during the 1964-5 season; he thus raised a clamor focused on the December Common Market debate and destined to go on until all participants reach a mutually acceptable position.

Mansholt pointed out in a recent interview that while the transition to the industrial Common Market is in full swing, common progress in agriculture to date is "zero point zero." He continued: "Without a common grain price that will determine the general level of agricultural prices in the Common Market, successful negotiations at the GATT conference in January are out of the question —as the Americans have pointed out at every opportunity." Failure to accept his proposal, Mansholt is convinced, will lead to a stalemate, not only in the development of the Common Market, but in the relations to countries outside the Common Market that are so important to the Federal Republic.

The most prominent role in the Brussels conference has undoubtedly fallen to Ludwig Erhard. But whether the new chancellor is to appear as a conquering Siegfried advancing implacably over the sprawling body of the West German Farmers Union, or in the role of a Flying Dutchman, swept before the gale of domestic political interests, only time will tell. In any case, his actions will unavoidably be influenced by these leading protagonists:

First is the Farmers Union, which estimates that the reduction of West Germany's towering grain prices will cost its members $250 million a year. (The Common Market commission estimates the loss at a bit more than half this amount and, according to the Mansholt plan, is prepared to make good the loss in direct annual payments of $140 million over a three-year transition period.)

Second is Erhard's Christian Democratic Union (CDU) with its traditional support in rural areas and its understandable sensitivity to recent polls showing that it is now running neck and neck with the opposition Social Democrats

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(SPD). Particularly disquieting to the CDU have been strong SPD gains in recent state elections in Schleswig-Holstein, Bavaria and the Rhineland-Palatinate, not to mention an SPD victory in Lower Saxony, the home of Farmers Union leader, Edmund Rehwinkel, and the center of the most vocal rural protest.

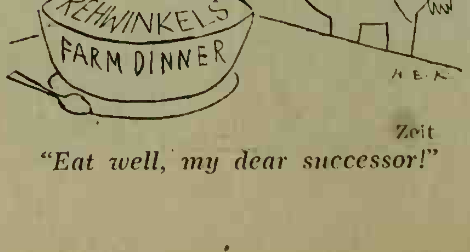
Third is the pressure of the CDU's autonomous sister party, Franz-Joseph Strauss' Bavarian Christian Social Union (CSU). Representing a kind of German solid South, the CSU is capable of bolting, and has proved very skittish in recent debates about ratification of the Moscow test-ban treaty and Erhard's proposed bill to delay the increase of pensions for war victims. CSU support is crucial if the governing coalition is to survive. Since Bavaria is at once the Federal Republic's biggest agricultural producer and the CDU/CSU's most reliable electoral reservoir, the CSU's preoccupation with cushions — or better still, no blow at all to the present farm structure — is a pressure that can't be ignored.

But there are counter-pressures. The first of these comes from German industry. In 1876, Bismarck could resolve the conflict between German industry and German agriculture to the benefit of both by erecting a protective system around both. Today, West Germany is an industrial country and there is no alternative to the most efficient, if merciful, accommodation of the price structure to this basic economic reality. One of the foundations of the Common Market is the French willingness to buy German industrial wares in return for French agricultural products. At the point where the French lose patience with Germany's delay in solving its farm problem, the Common Market is in trouble. And at the moment when Common Market agricultural surpluses might block Germany's capacity for farm imports, German industry — which does 70 per cent of its trade with countries outside the Common Market — is in a crisis. And so is the Federal Republic.

This leads to the second source of counter-pressure, foreign affairs. The farm problem is connected ineluctably with Germany's relations to two of its major allies, the United States and France, and indirectly to its relations with the third, Great Britain. Both Erhard and Mansholt are determined to assert their belief in an outward-looking Europe by demanding a junction between the Brussels talks and the General Agreement on Tariff and Trade (GATT) meeting of thirty-five countries that follows. The object is to reduce the grain price, and with it the farm price level in general, to a point where neither French farmers nor any others in Western Europe will be tempted to produce American-style surpluses. This in turn reflects on Germany's relations with the underdeveloped countries and, still more importantly, on Germany's first overtures since the war toward Eastern Europe.

Foreign Minister Schroeder's initiative is necessarily directed at the economic interests of the Federal Republic's eastern neighbors, and the success of the venture is vitally connected to the Federal Republic's capacity for, among other things, Polish eggs and geese, Hungarian grain and fruit, and Yugoslavian wine. The farm *status quo* threatens both West German initiatives, toward Atlantic partnership and toward Eastern Europe, as surely as do the problems of the European bomb. But whether the Mansholt proposal is going to loosen the present jam or freeze it solid is also something only the next months will show.

The last of the chancellor's counter-pressures is the housewife or a better organized form of consumer protest, the trade unions. In both Bavaria and Schleswig-Holstein, unions have already staged symptomatic if quantitatively insignificant milk strikes. German housewives aren't likely to march on Bonn, but they vote. Hitherto the majority of them (and in percentages higher than German men) have voted CDU/CSU. But party officials are uneasily aware this needn't go on forever. German women have voted CDU/CSU as much from prosperity as from piety, and there is reason to doubt their willingness to identify the steeply climbing pork, milk and bread prices of recent weeks with either the one or the other.



Zeit

"Eat well, my dear successor!"

Seen from any one of these positions, the problem has the attractive simplicity of "buy cheap and sell dear" and, on the farmer side, is disingenuously infused with the last vestiges of *Blut-und-Boden*. But seen from Bonn it has the quality of a Parkinsonian inverted pyramid. At the bottom is the West German grain price, at the top a vast frieze including the future of the Common Market, the survival of the Atlantic partnership, the prospects of reconciliation with Eastern Europe, with all this could mean for the eventual reunification of Germany, and the stability of the Federal Republic itself. Small wonder that the interest quickens.

Three routes point to a way out from under before the whole structure collapses on the 52 million West Germans crouched beneath it. One of these is institutional. From 1966 on, West Germany will no longer have a veto in the Common Market Commission. Decisions will be taken by majority vote, and it is to be expected that the majority will be opposed to high-priced German grain. All Germans realize this, farm lobbyists included. "We don't expect what we ask any more than a union negotiator does," says one privately. "What we want to do is win time, and prevent any rash decision. You can't reorganize a farm overnight, and anyway the present trend in the other Common Market countries is to prices closer to ours. If we can hold out till 1966, we will at least be able to negotiate a price close enough to ours to prevent much damage."

The second escape is political. The farm spokesmen realize that from now until 1965 they are in a strong position. Erhard must go to the polls then; the CDU/CSU is afraid of losing farm votes and the SPD would like to win them. But after that some decisions have to be made. A farm party was out of the question as a practical alternative as early as the twenties; it is still less a possibility today. If it turns from the CDU/CSU, the farm vote has no place to go but to the SPD, which is as friendly to an open Common Market and the Atlantic Community as is Chancellor Erhard. Protest in the form of direct action would be at best a dead end, abstention would be practically a vote for the SPD.

The third route is structural. The farmers can remain on the farm as long as they please, as political leaders like Bavaria's CSU Minister-President Alphons Goppel tell them in every speech. But this is double-edged. "What it means," as one farmer says, "is that I can stay as long as I like if I'm willing to drink two beers at night instead of three, and then one beer instead of two." This farmer, with his twenty acres divided in six different strips and distances up to a mile and a half between them, is determined to stick it out. He is in his fifties, likes his independence, has mechanized his operation and negotiated the switch from grain to milk and meat production, and is willing to get along without the comforts he knows he's missing. But his sons may see it differently, not to mention his daughters. The Bavarian Catholic youth press already carries articles on the scarcity of farm girls.

"The last time I was home," says one Bavarian SPD official, "I talked to the little girl next door. 'I don't know what I want to be when I grow up,' she told me, 'but I don't want to be a farm wife.' Think of it. And she's only twelve."

What this means is that Germany must reconcile itself to the move toward the cities that began in the nineteenth century in America and has continued in all industrial countries to the present day. Politics can ease the process but cannot stop it, can hasten the concentration of larger and more productive units, encourage the formation of cooperatives, aid the shift to more profitable lines — meaning butter, eggs, meat, milk — and retrain those who fall by the wayside. Re-employment is certainly no problem in a country that has already had to import 700,000 Italian, Spanish, Greek and Turkish industrial workers.

Since 1949, the number of farms operating in the Federal Republic has fallen by nearly 25 per cent, and 700,000 farm workers have left the farm. Every day 250 more leave for the city — "a trend that can only be applauded so long as it causes no structural damage," Minister Schwarz says. But current estimates of up to a million farm workers, mostly owners and their families, consciously living on a substandard income in the world's second largest trading nation point to the social problem left to be dealt with before the farm problem solves itself. And this involves the patience of a France beset by inflationary pressures, and of a new U.S. Administration even closer to an election campaign than Chancellor Erhard's.

It is the inefficient, inadequately competitive German farmer who has up to now caused the main trouble. The problem in the future will be that of a potentially efficient and competitive farmer. Intensive mechanization and application of fertilizer have doubled production within the Federal Republic since 1938-39 and the continuation of the American-style farm migration with more American-style technology and American-size units will logically lead someday to American-style surpluses. The December decisions in Brussels will also attempt to influence the direction these surpluses take. As Mansholt said recently: "The United States will have to realize that we can't buy both American grain *and* American broilers." And one farmer, the owner of a 375-acre dairy farm at the foot of the Alps, summed up for his side: "If only we had a model. But nobody else has one either. It's not that we don't realize what a mess we're in. But at least we know our way around this one. If anything happens to the grain price, we'll have to deal with a new mess. And then there's no telling what might happen."

Asked what he expects will be decided in Brussels, he could only reply carefully: "I imagine there will be a compromise."

'Manchurian Candidate' in Dallas

Richard Condon

Paris

I was reading about how Senator Thruston Morton of Kentucky absolved the American people from any guilt in the assassination of the President when a reporter from a South African press association telephoned from London to ask if I felt responsible for the President's killing, inasmuch as I had written a novel, *The Manchurian Candidate*, on which had been based a film that had just been "frozen" in the United States because it was felt that the assassin might have seen it and been influenced by it. I told the reporter that, with all Americans, I had contributed to form the attitudes of the assassin; and that the assassin, and Americans like him, had contributed to the attitudes which had caused me to write the novel.

The differences between Senator Morton's views on this and my own are vast. The man who shot John Kennedy, Senator Morton said, "was a stranger to the American heritage" and "his mind had been warped by an alien violence, not by a native condition."

Brainwashing to violence and assassination is the line taken in my novel. On its melodramatic surface, the book is a study of the consequences of "a mind warped by alien violence," but I had also hoped to suggest that for some time all of us in the United States had been brainwashed to violence, and to indicate that the reader might consider that the tempo of this all-American brainwashing was being speeded up.

I meant to call attention, through example, to the proved brainwashing to violence shown by the increased sale of cigarettes after they had been conclusively demonstrated

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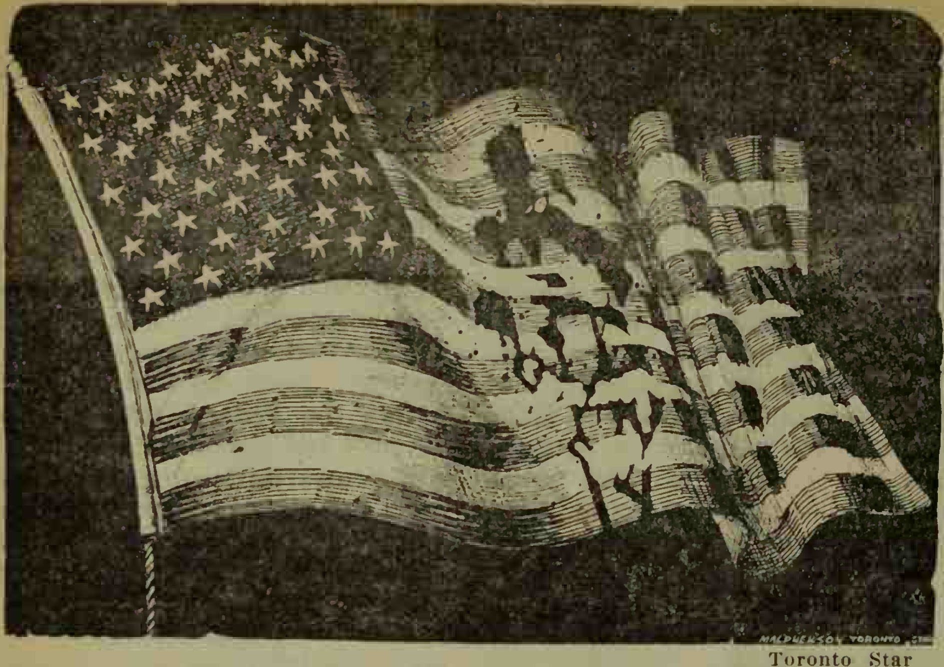

Toronto Star

to be suicide weapons. I meant to show that when the attention of a nation is focused upon violence — when it appears on the front page of all newspapers, throughout television programing, in the hundreds of millions of monthly comic books, in most motion pictures, in the rhythms of popular music and the dance, and in popular $5 novels which soon become 50c paperbacks; when a most violent example is set by city, state and federal governments, when organized crime merges with organized commerce and labor, when a feeble, bewildered set of churches cannot counteract any of this and all of it is power-hosed at all of us through the most gigantically complex over-communications system ever developed — we must not be surprised that one of us bombs little girls in a Sunday school or shoots down a President of our republic. We can feign surprise, as we did with the murder of President Kennedy, but none of us seemed either surprised or moved by the murder of Medgar Evers, who was also a brave leader of his people, also a man who had a young wife and children, and whose assassin most certainly matched the basic, American psychological pattern of the killer of our President.

I was not surprised at the similarities between the two American products, Lee Oswald and Raymond Shaw, one all too actual, the other the fictional leading character of *The Manchurian Candidate*. Oswald's wife has said she married him because she felt sorry for him; absolutely no one had liked him, "even in Russia." The novel says, "It was not that Raymond was hard to like. He was impossible to like." Oswald spoke frequently of the hardships his mother had experienced in the depression, before he had been born, and his mother had been quick to say that "they" had always been against her boy. In the novel, I quoted Andrew Salter, the Pavlovian psychologist. ". . . the human fish swim about at the bottom of the great ocean of atmosphere and they develop psychic injuries as they collide with one another. Most mortal of these are the wounds gotten from the parent fish." The Associated Press dug up a truancy report on Oswald which said his resentment had been fixed on "authority." On the surface he was calm, but inside there was much anger. "The resenters," says the Chinese brainwasher in *The Manchurian Candidate*, "those men with cancer of the psyche, make the great assassins." Raymond Shaw's account of his past was confusingly dramatic, as was Oswald's. It all seemed to revolve around his mother, as did Oswald's.

The brainwasher who was describing Raymond Shaw to an audience in an amphitheatre might have been describing the murderers of John Kennedy and Medgar Evers. "It has been said that only the man who is capable of loving everything is capable of understanding everything. The resentful man is a human with a capacity for affection so poorly developed that his understanding for the motives of others very nearly does not exist. They are men of melancholic and reserved psychology. They are afflicted with total resentment."

Lee Oswald's indicated murder of Mr. Kennedy seems motivated only by his resentment against the most successful man in the world; resentment against a wonderfully intelligent, puissant, healthy, wealthy, witty and handsome man who was so rich in spirit that he made no effort to conceal his superiority, who dominated the world and outer space, and who had an inexpressibly fine wife and two lovely children. From the view of this resentment, as long as this fellow stayed out of Lee Oswald's path he would be all right, but when he came laughing into Dallas, and the newspapers printed a map that showed he would drive right past where Lee Oswald worked for a lousy fifty bucks a week, it was more than this classical resentment could bear.

It takes time to achieve such resentment and to fire it there must be careful nurturing by constant, unrelenting conditioning to violence. Oswald was not the only violence-packed American who was capable of murdering President Kennedy. The assassination was a wasteful, impersonal, senseless act, but the United States has undergone such a massive brainwashing to violence that such a senseless waste is *à la mode*.

Ralph Gleason wrote in the *San Francisco Chronicle* after the President's murder: ". . . we bred his murderer, our society produced him and he is, in one sense, a part of us all." Then Senator Morton said: ". . . let us not mourn the American soul . . . let the blame be on him who actually committed the crime . . . what happened was not America's fault."

John Hay Whitney, publisher of the New York *Herald Tribune* and thus a leading figure in the over-communications industry, most hotly denied that the American people must share the guilt for President Kennedy's murder. He amplified his defense by saying: "It's true that there is hate in America, and violence, and brutality. There always has been. But violence has not been and is not now a dominant strain in our character."

To me, it seems certain that Mr. Gleason is right and Senator Morton and Mr. Whitney are mistaken. Neither saints nor assassins appear among us fully grown and wholly developed. All of us are nothing more than the result of our conditioning.

When the fanatic is a ruler, rather than the assassin of a ruler, the people who permitted him to take power must be blamed — whether they be the Germans of 1933-35 for Adolf Hitler, or the people of Chicago, Illinois, for their local government. But when the fanatic is the assassin, he emerges from the very fabric of the people. In answer to Senator Morton: if the American people are encouraging a mass educational system — the overcommunications industry—which instructs for the production of the highest crime rate and the most widely shared violence dependencies of any country in the world, is it not time to say, most particularly by our government, that each American is responsible for that state of affairs because he does nothing to change it? We are not, as some well-meaning European newspaper put it, a violent and unstable people because such "toughness" was required to tame the wild frontier 125 years ago. We are violent and unstable because we have been so conditioned to these responses that civilized, thoughtful conduct has become impossible for us.

It is a hell of a spot for a country to be in. Who, the least brainwashed among us, will cast the first redemptive thought?

The Big Atom

SOLVING the WATER SHORTAGE

Carl Dreher

From the cradle to the grave, about half of mankind is never free from hunger. Tens of thousands die of starvation and deficiency diseases every single day. We have heard this so often that the enormity of it leaves us unmoved. We also know that even if something is done right away to retard the population growth rate (and obviously nothing is going to be done very soon), before the end of the century the population of the world will have doubled — there will be another three billion mouths to feed. Long before that time the chances are that the pressure of deprivation and desperation will have brought on another kind of explosion. The problem will have been solved, in a manner of speaking, by the elimination of all or a large part of the human species.

Why is there so much misery on a planet that could be a paradise? The multiplicity of answers covers the whole spectrum of human behavior and misbehavior—political, biological, psychological and so on. But there is also a single physical fact — not enough fresh water where it is needed. About 9 per cent of the earth's land surface is cultivated; 36 per cent is cultivated but arid. Men are available, machines might be, but water is not. Given low-cost water, the world's food supply could potentially be quadrupled on the basis of area alone.

Let it not be supposed, however, that water scarcity is confined to the underdeveloped two-thirds of the world, where the benighted natives engender more offspring than can be fed with the means at hand. When Los Angeles obtained its first major upland water supply in the Owens River Valley, a civil war was fought between the Valley ranchers and the city, with recurrent dynamitings of the aqueduct. That was in the 1920s, but the war goes on still, minus the dynamiting but on a larger scale: between Arizona and California; between the two Californias, one north of the Tehachapi, the other south; between the United States and Mexico. Nor is water scarcity peculiar to the arid and semi-arid areas of the Southwest, where the metropolitan sections are nothing but reclaimed desert. The motel proprietor in Texas may have to go down 1,800 feet for water, with unconscionable drilling and pumping costs, and always the specter of further lowering of the water table. Despite proximity to the Great Lakes, some sections of the Middle West are said to be heading for a water shortage. Even the Northeast, where water is usually so plentiful that something like a third of it is wasted down the sewer, had an acute problem in 1948, and has another one now that will probably last into 1965. The late President Kennedy was not exaggerating when he described water shortage as a national problem of the greatest urgency.

In the Southwestern struggle for water the thirty-year, five-state Pacific Southwest Water Plan, proposed by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, has been characterized by California's Attorney General Stanley Mosk as a plan "to make Northern California the waterhole for the entire Pacific Southwest region, and without adequate compensating benefits." Stung by California's setback in litigation with Arizona over Colorado River water, Mr. Mosk wants Northern California to be the waterhole for Southern California via the Feather River Plan, which involves construction of a system with a 500-mile aqueduct at a cost of some $2 billion. But the end is not yet. According to Department of the Interior figures, the Southwest will need 60 million acre-feet (almost 20 trillion gallons) per year of *new* water by the year 2000. A large part of this impressive amount will be needed by Southern California. When Lotusland outgrows the Feather River system, rivers near the Oregon border will presumably be tapped. Skeptical, like Mr. Mosk, of the Udall plan, Samuel B. Nelson, general manager of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, advises Arizona to try to get water from the Snake River in Idaho right now. The Southwest will be after water from Canada at this rate.

The farther you go, the more the water costs. There is another solution, but it has been defeated by fuel costs. The Pacific Ocean laps Los Angeles and San Diego, and Phoenix is not too far from the Gulf of California, but current desalination processes make sea water about twenty times as expensive as the price charged for Colorado River water. Small quantities of desalted Pacific Ocean water are being fed into the San Diego system from a plant operated by the Interior Department's Office of Saline Water at Point Loma. The 1.4 million gallons of distilled water which this plant can produce daily sounds like a lot but is actually very little: San Diego consumes 80 million gallons a day. The cost of water from the Point Loma plant is about $1.50 per 1,000 gallons. It is not that the plant is inefficient, but that the cost of the heat energy required for distillation is high.

The situation is the same abroad. Large-scale distillation of sea water has been dreamed of for centuries —for reclamation of the Sahara Desert, for instance. The cost of energy has likewise made these schemes impracticable. Now, by the use of atomic power, the prize is within reach. Only, as big businessmen like to say, one must think big. Justice Holmes said that to think great thoughts one must have a heroic mind, and indeed considerable courage is required to think of nuclear power on the scale required.

The particular solution I shall describe is the work of Dr. R. Philip Hammond of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Dr. Hammond is a forty-seven-year-old chemical engineer. He was a nuclear engineer at Los Alamos, primarily a weapons center. When his ideas came to the attention of Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory and one of the country's leading scientists, he borrowed Dr. Hammond from Los Alamos and set him up at Oak Ridge as head of the Saline Water Conversion Reactor Program. The studies are carried on by a small group of physicist-engineers under the auspices of ORNL and Union Carbide Nuclear Company, which operates the laboratory for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Hammond reasons that nuclear fuels can show an advantage over fossil fuels (coal, oil, natural gas) only when energy is generated in very large blocks. The jump is one that startles even the engineer familiar with the largest existing power plants and systems. Grand Coulee, which holds all records for production of electric energy over a period of time, has a capacity of slightly under 2 million kilowatts, or 2,000 megawatts (mw). The Soviet Union has a hydroelectric plant at Bratsk, Siberia, on the Angara River, which is supposed to have a capacity of 4,500 mw firm (power always available). The Consolidated Edison system, which supplies all of New York City and most of Westchester, can generate 6,000 mw with every available unit rolling. TVA has a generating capacity of some 12,700 mw, both hydro and coal-fired, in fifty-six plants, the largest of which is rated at 1,440 mw. Hammond envisions single nuclear plants up to 8,000 mw, or about two-thirds the capacity of the entire TVA system. (All the above are reckoned in terms of electrical output which, in a steam plant, is about a third of heat delivered to the turbines. (Thus an 8,000 mw plant, electrical, would be rated at 25,000 thermal.) Speculation extends to even larger plants.

The economics of the big atom is similar to experience in other enterprises, such as chemicals, aluminum, etc. A few items are "scale-sensitive," others are not. A plant will burn fuel, whether uranium or coal, pretty much in proportion to the energy it produces: this is an example of a component not radically affected by scale, once the design has been set. On the other hand, the cost of manufacture of nuclear fuel elements, the reclamation of spent fuel, the engineering and construction of the plant, the instrumentation, shielding and other safety features—none of these goes up in proportion to size. The bigger you make the plant, the less each megawatt of capacity will cost and the more efficient the operation will be.

For producing electricity alone, plants on such a Gargantuan scale as 25,000 mw thermal, 8,000 mw electrical, are out of the question at present. If a power station of ordinary size—a few hundred or at most a couple of thousand megawatts—should suffer a sudden failure, the other plants in the system would take over the load. Electrical eggs cannot all be put in one basket; besides, there are few localities that can use such huge blocks of power. There must be another outlet for the heat energy drawn from the reactors. The Oak Ridge program is to study dual-purpose nuclear plants which would wholesale both electricity and distilled water, the distillation being carried on by the low-pressure exhaust steam from the turbines (mostly heat that is useless for power generation).

It is estimated that usable water could be produced in this way at the rate of 1 billion gallons per day for 15c or less per 1,000 gallons. One can begin to irrigate at this price and save heavily on municipal use: cities distribute water at 30-80c per thousand gallons, in some cases higher. The cost might be further reduced by designing the reactors to breed plutonium. With fast breeder reactors, which are in an early stage of development, under favorable conditions water costs might fall as low as 5c per thousand gallons. In the Snowy Mountain scheme of Australia, the electricity pays for the water, which is distributed free.

Substantial savings in residential and industrial heating would be a by-product of large dual-purpose plants, since low-cost electricity would compete with price-fixed oil and gas. Any section of the country in which such plants were located would become a low power-cost area. In such an area, as exemplified by the TVA region, practically everyone heats with electricity.

Low-cost electricity also means low-cost fertilizer. The original purpose of the Muscle Shoals plant, the nucleus of TVA, was to produce nitrates for the manufacture of explosives in World War I; later the nitrates were to be used in the manufacture of fertilizer. Fertilizer plus water is the formula for increased agricultural output. Other chemical and manufacturing processes would also benefit. One envisions great industrial complexes growing up about the dual-purpose nuclear plants.

All these benefits are within reach. In five years a prototype reactor of intermediate size, say 3,500 mw thermal, could be built; in another five years, a plant of 25,000 mw thermal, and so on up. The cost of the big plant would be about a billion dollars, of which a third would be for water, two-thirds for power — this two-thirds being divided between heat for the water section and for the turbines to generate electricity. Such a plant would operate with three reactors, each about twice as large as the ones used for production of fissionable material for weapons at Savannah River and Hanford. No "breakthroughs" are needed in distillation, nuclear power or electrical generating technology. All that the development calls for is an extension of present practice. Difficulties must be expected in any ambitious program of innovation, but the nuclear water-electricity project is in contrast to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's unsupportable claim that the moon project falls within the state of the art. There is no question that mammoth dual-purpose nuclear plants can be built; and the benefits will be realized here on earth, to fill vital human needs.

Large-scale nuclear energy has revolutionary political implications. In the November 16 *Nation*, Jerome Ellison ("Our Quaint Political Folkways") pointed out that the only kind of change that is stubbornly resisted is the political. Under present circumstances, there is no chance of any of Mr. Ellison's proposals getting a fair hearing, much less being put in practice. Socio-economic adjustment lags behind the atom even farther than it lagged behind pre-atomic technology. But perhaps, at what may be the last opportunity, politics will manage to catch up with technology after all, or at least speed up enough to avert catastrophe.

Alvin Weinberg cites John von Neumann's observation (*Fortune*, June, 1955, "Can We Survive Technology?") that modern science and technology have become so big that in many cases they have rendered our geographical and political units, fragmented by what Veblen called "use and wont," obsolete or worse. Weinberg emphasizes that "not only our *political* organizations are being rendered obsolete by the march of *military* technology, but also our *economic* organizations are being rendered obsolete by the march of *civilian* technology; and that, hopefully, our science as well as our technology are driving the world toward an unaccustomed unity."

The scale of the proposed nuclear plants is too large to be accommodated by existing economic organizations and institutions, yet the potential benefits are enormous.

Typically, society does not adapt its habits and institutions to a new technology massif until adjustment becomes a matter of life and death for a sizable proportion of the population, and involves qualms of conscience, as well as danger to life and property, for the more fortunate. We now find ourselves in such a situation. It is quite plain that birth control, revolutionary socio-economic changes and large-scale application of nuclear energy will *all* be needed to avert global disaster within the lifetime (if indeed they live) of today's school children. Whatever we do, risk is involved. The risk is greater if we do nothing. It is minimized, in my opinion, if we grasp the nettle and, by adopting the great technology, force ourselves to learn to live with it.

Just as it makes the traditional polity obsolete, modern technology makes obsolete some of the lesser conflicts that distract us from the serious issues. The contention between public and private power interests may be resolved more readily in an age of power plenty than when, by comparison, power was scarce. Public and private power can coexist as long as both are surpassingly efficient; provided, also, that savings are passed on to the consuming public which, through the AEC, has subsidized the atomic power industry to the tune of about $1.3 billion to date, and proposes to contribute at least another $2 billion during the next decade. Reduction of 1 mill in power cost will save nearly $1 billion yearly in power costs now, and ten times as much in a decade. A pattern for the future may be discerned in the joint operation by the Los Angeles Bureau of Water and Power and Southern California Edison of the U-shaped power plant below Hoover Dam. Together they are amortizing the dam, the reservoir and the machinery. One generates and amortizes on the west side of the U, the other on the east side. The difference is hardly more important than whether the dam should be called Boulder or Hoover — a question which had symbolic importance in the thirties. And Hoover Dam is a modest project compared with the proposed nuclear plants.

Strangely, at this juncture, David E. Lilienthal comes out against nuclear power in general in *Change, Hope and the Bomb* (Princeton University Press) and in lectures and magazine articles. We owe Mr. Lilienthal a great deal, and to quarrel with him is reminiscent of the story in which the would-be borrower reminds his friend of the boons he had conferred on him in the past, only to be asked, "But what have you done for me *lately*?" The fact is, just the same, that in the nuclear line Mr. Lilienthal has done nothing for us for thirteen years. He does not seem to be aware of the developments at Oak Ridge; at any rate there is no mention of them in the book. When, however, he argues against the "peaceful atom" on the ground of potential hazards to life and health, he must be shown to be wrong or the projects cease to be attractive. The risks, both in large-scale application and in the present range up to 1,000 mw, will be discussed in a forthcoming article.

ORDEAL IN OKANOGAN . . . . . . **Grace Bassett**

A Far Right matching the ardor of the Far Left of the 1930s is on trial in a little county courthouse of a mountain valley in the state of Washington.

Parties to the dispute in the Okanogan Valley are out of the American dream. On the Right are two members of the John Birch Society, plus a private investigator of Communists and a newspaper editor. These four found in the remote Washington valley what conservative "study groups" are stalking but rarely sight all over the West — a state legislator they could link to communism.

He is John Goldmark, forty-six, rancher, lawyer, a three-term state representative, honor graduate of the Harvard Law School and nephew of the late Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis. His wife, Sally, joined the Communist Party in Washington, D.C., in 1935.

Her Party membership and his liberal legislative record were woven by the Birchers, the redbaiter and the newspaper man into a web that paralyzed the Goldmark re-election campaign in 1962. Weeks later, Democrats voted John Goldmark out of politics, three to one, in a three-way primary.

The Goldmarks were condemned by publicity of a tie they said they had broken twenty years ago. They were stunned at having been judged guilty by their neighbors in 1962 of a disloyalty they denied. Once characterized as tools of communism, they could never convince some people that they were the useful citizens they believed themselves to be.

John and Sally Goldmark sued their four accusers. They asked $225,000, charging their reputations had been libeled and slandered "with malice and permanently." The trial is under way.

Plaintiffs don't expect to repair the damage. By their suit, they do hope to discredit the rightists. They want to dramatize how zealots, by lodging false reports of Communist activity, unfairly destroy by this simple charge the social usefulness of citizens—temporarily at least.

Defendants insist their reports on the Goldmarks are true. Defense lawyers have said they will prove that John and Sally Goldmark are under Communist discipline today. If jurors imply agreement by throwing out the suit, the rightists expect not to be discredited but reinvigorated.

The very existence of the trial symbolizes the startling power of rightists' strategy against their political opponents in the West. In the Goldmark campaign, the assault had an impact on far more people than extremists. Moderate Democrats, after all, rejected John Goldmark rather than risk a possible Party taint. Throughout the West, a new, intense conservatism appeals to voters past the logic of many professional politicians.

Why? Some of the reasons are unfolding in the Goldmark story. It has become more than a trial; it is now a case study.

John and Sally Goldmark adopted the Okanogan Valley in 1947. They have puzzled the natives ever since. He was born in Scarsdale, N.Y., she in Brooklyn. He is handsome and intelligent; she, calm, efficient and about ten years older than her husband. He belonged to the New York state bar and left a job as government lawyer in Washington, D.C. He and his wife said they went West in 1946 because they preferred country to city living.

A year later, they bought a ranch on an Indian reservation, across the river and behind the mountains from Okanogan (population 3,000), county seat of the state's least populous and most landed county. They raised cattle, grew wheat and bred horses. Their two boys grew up on the ranch and went to public schools in town.

He was elected to the legislature and became a leader of the liberal faction in the House. He worked for funds for schools (which are supported 80 per cent by the state), he helped extend highways and won $337,000 for four parks in his constituency, Okanogan and Douglas Counties. He blocked legislation to cripple public utilities and dedicated himself to the public, as opposed to private, power program. In 1960, he fought a losing battle to hold the Washington Democratic delegation for Adlai Stevenson against John Kennedy at the Los Angeles convention. His wife was president of the Okanogan Parent

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Grace Bassett is a reporter on The Washington Star. *She is a former resident of the community where the incidents she describes are taking place.*

Teachers Association and ran the county fair.

More in humility than suspicion, their neighbors still kept asking, "Why did they come here to live?" The Goldmarks in sixteen years of ranching never outgrew their brand as dudes. What was unknown made them different. In the Valley, people in the towns along the river may not see nor like lots of people, but they know about almost everybody. But when Mrs. Goldmark came to town to shop, she bought groceries instead of visiting with other housewives on the sidewalk. Guests nobody else knew flew in and out of the Goldmarks' mountain retreat. He owned a plane and had both a commercial and private pilot license.

As the Goldmarks continued to enjoy their privacy and contribute to their community, more volatile political forces pervaded the state in the 1960s. The John Birch Society beckoned to citizens. Watch out for subversives in the state legislature, advised Don Caron, a state president of the Society. He warned that Communists penetrate Statehouses to prepare for a takeover because the average American ignores what goes on in his own legislature. Don Caron lived in the Okanogan Valley.

Another Bircher was Loris Gillespie, sixty-three, proud to claim he was "one of the first white children" born in a valley where the white man warred with the Indian for land. Mr. Gillespie was a moneymaker — in newspapers, theatres and utilities. He helped finance two friends, Albert Canwell and Ashley Holden, on a trip to Washington, D.C., in 1961 to "look into the Goldmark case," it was testified at the trial.

Al Canwell has set up the "American Intelligence Service" in Spokane, market center for vast rural suburbs including Okanogan. Ashley Holden, former political writer for *The Spokesman Review* in Spokane, edits a valley newspaper in Tonasket (population 1,000).

The Canwell Service is a second-floor walk-up equipped with a library for books and taped speeches by such conservatives as deposed Salt Lake City Police Chief W. Cleon Skousen, actor Ronald Reagan and social evangelist Billy Hargis. Mr. Canwell sits at a desk flanked by pictures of former Senators Joe McCarthy, William Jenner and Herman Welker. They were his heroes in 1940 when his own Little Un-American Activities Committee in the State Legislature threw a Red scare into schools and led to the firing of some University of Washington professors.

The University is sensitive still. When Dr. Giovanni Costigan, history professor, last year protested inaccuracies in a film crediting communism with world domination, he became the object of a smear campaign intimating his own disloyalty. The Canwell library furnishes books and tapes to the "Freedom Fighters," husbands and wives in Spokane whose study groups grew to a membership of 20,000 in their first six months. Mr. Canwell testified that he farmed and worked most of the day and often part of the night, seven days a week, operating his investigating service. "Some people play golf in their spare time," he explained. "I investigate Communists."

These were the men—Don Caron, Loris Gillespie, Al Canwell and Ashley Holden—sued by the Goldmarks. The John Birch Society was dismissed as a defendant by the judge who found no evidence that the Society directed anti-Goldmark plots. The couple claimed damages primarily for:

1. Publication in September, 1962, of Mr. Caron's warning. The "clear innuendo" was that the Goldmarks had been sent by the Communist Party to infiltrate the Statehouse, the suit claimed.

2. Accusations at a public meeting in August, 1962, that Mr. Goldmark belonged to a Communist-front organization. The organization so identified was the American Civil Liberties Union. Mr. Goldmark is a state officer.

3. Publication and circulation of a tape of an interview with Al Canwell asserting that Mrs. Goldmark had joined the "second highest Communist cell in Washington" and had failed to give the House Un-American Activities Committee any valuable information about it.

The disclosure that Mrs. Goldmark had been a member of the Party rocked the Valley. Both the Goldmarks and their accusers are relying on her own testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1956, released to the court just last month. The transcript will prove Mrs. Goldmark joined the Party as a naive girl and that her husband John detested communism, according to the Goldmark lawyers. Defense attorneys lean on the same document to try to show that Mrs. Goldmark neither left the Party nor exposed its activities.

She had testified that her family, in the depression, couldn't afford to send her back to medical school. She gave up ambitions to be a doctor and went home from the University of Wisconsin to New York to find work in 1929. Mrs. Goldmark went on:

> *Unemployment in New York City at that time, thinking about it now, was a horrible thing, and I was both curious and appalled at my own lack of information, although I thought I had studied at college, because I never had heard of socialism. I heard of The Workers' School and enrolled on my own in a class at the School in New York.*
>
> *This was an honest attempt, I think, on my part to understand what was happening in the world as well as in the field of interna-*

tional relations which I was employed on on my job.

She found work with a Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. Later, she worked for the AFL Teachers Union Auxiliary and, in Washington from 1935 to 1942 in youth and recreation programs with the Works Progress Administration, a White House Conference and the National Youth Administration.

"The pressure was extreme from people I'd met at the School to join the Communist Party," Mrs. Goldmark continued. But she didn't join in New York. After she went to Washington, one of the people at the School urged her repeatedly to become a Communist. "I said to myself that perhaps there was something I could do that would be helpful to the unemployed, and I joined the Communist Party in the fall of 1935 in Washington," Mrs. Goldmark testified. She was twenty-eight years old.

Since 1949, she said, she'd given the FBI information it wanted about members she'd known. She met Committee demands for the names of her friend who had put such pressure on her to join the Party, and of members of her Washington cell including two she said were leaders.

"Most of the people who belonged were artists and writers who had an almost entirely theoretical interest in communism and no occupational interest," Mrs. Goldmark said. It was so long ago, she found the experience "not easy to remember." But there was a sculptor, a man interested in folk music, an elderly musicologist.

Asked why she broke with the Party, Mrs. Goldmark said:

> *My husband was not sympathetic with it. He was a person with whom I could talk about it. He was both reasonable and logical and I agreed with him.*
>
> *He knew when he married me that I had been a member of the Communist Party. I told him directly when he asked me to marry him. And I told him I didn't think he should become involved.*

She met John when he was a lawyer with the Office of Price Administration and married him in 1942 when he was a Naval officer. Now, he is a commander in the Naval Reserve.

"He said it didn't make any difference to him because he trusted my honesty completely," Mrs. Goldmark added. "And I decided I was going to leave the Party."

In 1942 and 1943, her "relationship with the Party was less than it had been," and she "left Washington in 1943." At another point in the questioning, she said she'd had no contact with any of the people she'd met in the Party after she left Washington, D.C.

Her Congressional inquisitors clearly were not satisfied with her descriptions of cell meetings. Eight to ten people met in private homes — never her own because she lived in the country, even then, at Accokeek, Md. Members discussed the arts. They talked about what the "government was trying to achieve in aid to foreign countries and . . . production here to meet the needs of future allies."

"The thing I want you to tell — and I earnestly beseech you to do so — are the activities of the cell in furtherance of the objectives of the Communist Party," the Committee lawyer persisted.

"We did no propaganda work," Mrs. Goldmark answered. "We did no solicitation of members."

"It was not just a Marxist study group, was it?"

"In part it was, largely, yes," Mrs. Goldmark told him.

"Was there any action program?"

Mrs. Goldmark remembered a request that she draw up a pamphlet suitable for use in the Party on education and recreation. "But I never did write it." She said members did try to get jobs for their friends in government. She never had a Party card, she said.

At the end of the questioning, Mrs. Goldmark told the Committee how much she appreciated the private hearing.

> *I have tried as much as possible to make good on what I consider now might have been regarded as a breach of faith with my own country. At the time which I did it I did not believe it was so. But subsequent events have proven it to be so, and I very much regret it. And, because I do, I would like to be helpful to you.*
>
> *. . . My future is in the state of Washington and I would like to continue that future as a good citizen without having things which I did so long ago prejudice people against me.*

John Goldmark was defeated at the polls because his wife had joined the Communist Party thirty years ago during an economic depression. The Goldmark suit protests this easy judgment of the electorate.

The campaign attack was shrugged off as "politics." John Goldmark's guilt was assumed when his wife's Party experience was publicized. The rightest assault was not considered a smear, but a patriotic duty well done. The couple's sixteen years of family and civic decency were blurred by an ancient indiscretion. That any political opponent would expose a John Goldmark and end his political career anywhere in the country was taken for granted.

The Goldmark suit defies the condoned attitudes as ethically lax. The general indifference to individual rights in Communist hunts may have been conditioned by years of crying treason without finding a traitor. The Goldmarks went to court to remind Washingtonians they had forgotten the accused in the proliferation of study groups, taped speeches and anti-Communist films dedicated to applauding the accuser.

The protest is a single voice. And John Goldmark may not be the most persuasive champion of a social ethic. A liberal who identifies with John Goldmark must ask himself, Would I have run for public office? Having been elected, would I have made a secret of my wife's past until my enemies exposed her? Having been defeated, would I have sued?

No matter how he answers, he returns to one uncomfortable certainty — there was nobody but the Goldmarks to challenge the breakdown of ethics implicit in the reception given the rightist attack. The Goldmarks were its only live victims.

Easier for the fresh crusading conservatives of the West to understand is defendant Ashley Holden's interpretation of the suit. Mr. Holden, who wears a "Goldwater in '64" button, said: "It's to knock the daylights out of conservatives all over the country." Strangers have sent him money and messages, "God bless you," and "Keep up the fight."

The Goldmark voice deserves to be heard beyond the wilderness of his mountain home.

The Varieties of Love

Emile Capouya

In an old book we are told that it is better to marry than to burn. Undeniable; and yet it is the kind of truth that puts a cloud over the sun. In that twilight, Benjamin Franklin resolves to "rarely use venery, but for health and offspring"—as it were, St. Paul cut to Poor Richard's purse. No wonder many people find that sort of prudence morally offensive. And is it only the ribald who will be tempted to ask, "What's he saving it for?"

The Western tradition appears to regard sexual energy as a scarce resource, to be managed according to the prescriptions of that characteristic Western science: economics. Frugality, abstinence, careful husbanding of one's means, cautious investment of the same—that is what is wanted. The big spenders we always have with us, of course, but we are taught to look upon their way of life as at best vulgar and at worst sinful, like lighting cigars with banknotes. In our economy of sexual scarcity the thoughts of love are gray or lurid. Yet our natures are older than the Western tradition, and struggle to be neither gray nor lurid.

What is it men in women do
require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.
What is it women do in men
require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.

Quite. But if our sexual economics were not so gray, Blake would not have to be so magnificently and so pathetically insistent.

An economic good is well on the way to being a commodity and, sure enough, under certain conditions, love comes on the market. The material, physical kind is bought and sold, and so is the abstract, literary variety. At this point the distinction between production for use and production for profit is apposite. Everything being equal, commercial love, physical or literary, is likely to be of inferior quality. Love is peculiarly a field for the gifted amateur. The artist does better work than the hack because he has love on his mind rather than cash.

Generally speaking, publishers and law courts cannot tell the difference. Or rather, publishers favor the article of commerce, and in a commercial society the law smiles on it too. Most of the books that an intelligent and cultivated person would find offensive in their treatment of love will never run afoul of the law. Falseness, sentimentality, displaced emotion of the filmy negligee school—none of that is thought likely to impair the morals of a minor. But if evil communications do, in fact, corrupt good manners, the young have more to fear from the books that are freely available to them than from those the postmaster has been impounding since Mrs. Grundy first took the job. Nevertheless, in an industrial society that depends for its life upon a strict and galling discipline, the felt danger is that the tastes and manners of the young may *not* be corrupted to the point where they will accept what that society can best provide; against that danger the law and public opinion are vigilant. For, unfortunately, real love, like real art, is subversive. The one is, and the other hints at, an ideal state that swears at the imperfections of our working arrangements, conventions, codes of conduct. Art and love are revolutionary in their essence, and must be tamed or suppressed.

Such, at any rate, is the general rule, and we need to frame the rule in order to account for the astounding fact that what is most patently cheap and corrupting in our literature does not in the ordinary course attract the censor's attention.

But having examined the foundations of the subject, it is time to look at the superstructure, and here the rule needs to be amplified. When, as in our society, a traditional moral code starts to fall apart, and gives place to an ignorant eclecticism and an ignorant nihilism, two previously proscribed views of love begin to be acceptable, and two very different kinds of books emerge from under the counter. The subversive love denied by St. Paul and Benjamin Franklin, by the temple and the money-changers, the love that would wreck the assembly line and give the time clock a fit, that love and its book—say *Lady Chatterley* — are adjudged licit and mailable. And the book that out-Herods Herod, the mirror-image of the sick suppressions and denials of church and counting-house, the book of the ersatz and surrogate love expressed in the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of purple petticoats — say *Fanny Hill* — comes out of hiding too. *Can* publishers and law courts tell the difference? Well, the publishers need not, since both books are bought in quantities that testify to our hunger. As for the courts, they are partly demoralized by the crisis in manners and partly shamefaced over their past excesses—having at one time or another suppressed every good book dealing with love from the *Arabian Nights* to *Ulysses*.

When our traditional moral code was on the job, it helped focus obsessive attention on the organs of reproduction by forbidding mention of them, at least under their real names. The obsessive concern extended to other parts of the body that our customs and our climate persuaded us to keep covered, even women's ankles. The very anatomical terms were covered over with more abstract, more elegant, words. In nineteenth-century novels, the hero clasps the heroine to his breast, bosom or heart, all of which are to be understood in their moral and not their physical sense; to this day, he does not press her to his chest, not in novels. Again, my mother still says "limbs" for legs, and "extremities" for what's below the knee. Occasionally—but this is jocular—she says "unmentionables" where we racy moderns say underwear. And yet "unprintable" is a strict analogue of "unmentionable." It is such fashions in speech that make the serious artist and the hack pay special tribute, each in his own way, to the sexual organs. Lawrence sings out the forbidden English names for them, and lesser men find a hundred cute or suggestive or merely Latin paraphrases. Strictly speaking, the sex organs are not indispensable to the erotic novel. Everyone understands quite well that they are the physical ground of love-making. We don't have to keep referring nervously to the air we breathe or the food we eat, simply because those good things have not

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yet fallen under a ban. But what a nuisance when a great writer wants to talk seriously of love! He has first to shock his readers into considering openly what inveterate pretense has made them cherish furtively, the thought of those covered-up things.

So D. H. Lawrence writes a straightforward polemic against industrialism and the kinds of political order founded on industrialism, and he mentions the sex organs now and again, but never calls them anything so foolish as sex organs. His book is astonishingly free of gush, the signature of embarrassment. It must have seemed very wicked thirty years ago. It seems quite innocent now, and so said Judge Frederick Van Pelt Bryan in 1959, when the Postmaster of New York City banned *Lady Chatterley's Lover* from the mails. Judge Bryan's written opinion wears an air of courteous surprise at the Postmaster's finding offensive the book that Lawrence had thought of naming *Tenderness*, and that very well deserves the title. W. C. Handy once told an interviewer, "The blues regenerates a man." Lawrence thought it just possible that our dying society might find its regeneration in love, and near the end of his life he wrote the modest and beautiful book that shocked the Postmaster.

We referred earlier to John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, alias *Fanny Hill*, and called it hard names. With perfect justice. It bears the same relation to love that an all-girl orchestra does to music. It is something for the tourists. Perfervid, exclamatory, abounding in ready raptures, *Fanny Hill* is the kind of enthusiastic sham that makes you want to avert your eyes because of the strong likelihood that the author is carried away by his own fakery. And it contains an unadvertised special, an unmistakable strain of homosexuality.

Unmistakable is a manner of speaking. To my knowledge, no critic has mentioned the matter in print, though M. L. Rosenthal refers to it in an unpublished article. Where is everybody? The variety of phallus-worship that is poor Fanny's substitute for religion makes her unique among females. Women will admit readily enough that the male organ is useful, even necessary; they do not, as a matter of experience, think it beautiful. But Fanny does, which is to say, Cleland does. It is quite clear that for him the penis is terrible as an army with banners. It is as false a note as Stanley Kowalski's description of erotic ecstasy—"Getting those colored lights going." As if anyone genuinely interested in women felt the impulse to decorate them with colored lights. The decorative impulse, very willingly indulged, is what betrays Cleland's concealed preoccupation—concealed, perhaps, from Cleland too. And unfortunately for his readers, even his taste in decoration is bad. It is not merely that he enjoys a spot of rape or flagellation—sports that an austere judge might censure—but chiefly that his book is a chaplet of swoons, transports, paroxysms and suchlike tomfoolery, telling us plainly enough that Cleland's interest in love-making is all in your eye and Betty Martin. Not to mention the consummate vulgarity of supposing, throughout a longish book, that prostitutes adore their customers.

If we were all perfect, humor would be an impertinence; no doubt our funnybone will atrophy as we approach perfection. But for the long nonce, a third attitude to love and sex is bound to persist—that expressed in bawdry. The astonishment that love inspires because it is our most immediate experience of the sacred is the normative fact for understanding the other possible views, perverse or hilarious. That is, the decorative impulse bespeaks insensibility to the sacred or else guilt before it, boredom or self-contempt, and as one or the other is preponderant it shows itself in sexual tastes that range from the whimsical to the pathological, from colored lights to whips and shackles. (The documentation is copious. The hair shirt and scourge of Christian asceticism have their creepy analogues in Cleland, Sade and Balzac, not to mention such up-to-the-minute instances as André Pieyre de Mandiargues' *The Girl Beneath the Lion* or Pauline Réage's *Histoire d'O.*)

Bawdry too is best understood in terms of its relation to the sacred. There would be little point in making fun of sexual love if it were not a great mystery. Irreverence at its highest pitch must make a butt of what is holy—hence the popularity of jokes about religion and sex, and the universal currency of folk poetry that is comically obscene and blasphemous. The most naive order of obscene, popular verse depends on parody, repeating ritualistically the half-dozen forbidden words to a tune that is famous in another connection, often as a hymn or a love song. Sometimes the parody reproduces the original rhyme scheme, particularly if it is a pretentious or tricky one: "When They Beguine to Clean the Latrine," and the obscene version of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which matches the internal rhyme of the original with great skill, are well-known examples. More sophisticated, more forceful, burlesque also turns naturally to religion and sex, like the fine old ballad whose one quotable verse ("printable," "mentionable") catches both themes at once:

The Dominie's wife was also there
Backed agin the wa',
Crying to the laddies
Hey, hey, come one, come a'.

By definition, spirituality is what bawdy discourse doesn't have. Its level is very neatly suggested by Chesterton's aphorism on maintaining a mistress: "The position is ridiculous, the expense damnable." How much can be made of a philosophy of love that locates it somewhere between situation-comedy and slapstick? Ordinarily, not much. The dirty story is commonly its highest flight. But there are exceptions — Lucian and Petronius in classic literature, and in Chinese the incomparable *Jou Pu Tuan*, recently published in English for the first time. Those old Chinese knew a thing or two. They knew enough to be graceful when they were being gross. The pretensions of the *Jou Pu Tuan* ("The Prayer-Mat of Flesh") to being a moral tale are agreeable moonshine — the author protests that he is detailing the amorous adventures of his hero, the Before-Midnight Scholar, solely as a warning and a caution to the rising generation. Sure. In any case, until the human race grows up, it will find good-natured bawdry entertaining when it is presented with a certain finesse.

The three categories of erotica that we have been discussing seem to me to cover all the possibilities. The recent output of ban-able books can be classified adequately by reference to one or more of the varieties: love as religious experience; love as a cosmic joke; love as the banal canvas on which, in Baudelaire's phrase, those who wish may embroider the piquancies of rape, arson, poison and the knife. *Lolita*, for example, which sometimes masquerades as bawdry, and sometimes enters a tacit plea to be considered religious, is mostly decoration, and really not worth serious attention as literature. Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves* is unconscious comedy, *de facto* bawdry, amusing us at the author's expense. (I am thinking here only of the erotic content of the book and its breathless promises to reveal wonders — promises that from volume to volume are not redeemed. Anyway, Harris' literary standing cannot be based on this unfortunate book, whose judgments on men and letters, fragmentary and often idiosyncratic in the extreme, suggest merely that he was a well-intentioned egotist, a bright, stupid man not readily distinguishable from our happy era's dominant type.)

It is an excellent thing that publishers are making modest fortunes these days by openly publishing books that talk persuasively or stridently of the varieties of love. It is an excellent thing that the courts, on the whole, are shamefacedly endorsing both the pure and gamy specimens of the genre. Why inquire minutely into the motives on both sides? Pioneering zeal, greed and moral confusion are all discernible in the publishers' choices — the same mixture of laudable and unavowable motives that underlies most human conduct. And recall that we owe the availability of *Ulysses* to a decision by Judge Woolsey, proudly quoted in and out of season, that contains much bad literary criticism and, I believe, some bad law. The judge admits that he was guided by the opinion of two literary friends who acted as an unsworn jury and advised him that to their minds Joyce's masterpiece was not obscene. A reversible error, perhaps? I present it, gratis, to the reigning postmaster.

The case against censorship is always that the best books are the most controversial and therefore the first to be suppressed. Paris is worth a mass, and *Lady Chatterley* a library of irrelevancies like *Fanny Hill*. Let us wish the publishers success in their efforts to rehabilitate the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary and turn a penny. As for our Daniels come to judgment, let us applaud indiscriminately each failure of theirs to interpret the obscenity laws in the deplorable spirit in which they were enacted.

Art Books of 1963

Max Kozloff

Monographs

DELACROIX. By Lee Johnson. W. W. Norton. 117 pp.; 24 color plates. $3.95.

In the spate of publications occasioned by the Delacroix centennial this year, Lee Johnson's little monograph is exceptional. It is a documented, historical study on the most optical and subjective of problems: Delacroix's color. If Delacroix earned his enormous place in modern art by his chromatic imagination, Johnson is the first to go past mere recognition of this fact to a close examination of the artist's range and restrictions, as well as to give an account of his impact, great though misunderstood by Signac, et al. Without the slightest pedantry, Johnson tallies every one of his observations with a color plate, the while building up a moving and cumulative story of Delacroix's internal conflicts, his nostalgia for tradition, his observation of the color components of shadows, his relation to contemporary scientific color theory, and his anticipation of much in Impressionism and Post-Impressionism. In addition, such Delacroix concepts as *liaisons* and *hachures de sentiment* are illuminated, while much new material, iconographical and biographical, is brought concisely to light. Best of all, this art-historian knows how to see, think and write; his *Delacroix* is a model of intelligence and responsibility.

SCULPTURE AND CERAMICS OF PAUL GAUGUIN. By Christopher Gray. Johns Hopkins. 330 pp.; 19 color plates, black-and-white photographs. $22.50.

Building on earlier researches, but going much beyond them, Gray shows the genesis of Gauguin's sculpture in the French ceramic industry, and traces its sources through all the complexities of Symbolist aesthetics and Polynesian theology. His text is a well-annotated compilation of technical explanations on ceramic procedures, commentary by Gauguin himself, ethnological lore and a number of very brave interpretations of difficult subjects. The second part of the book is a *catalogue raisonné*, impeccably researched and beautifully photographed.

What emerges of scholarly value is by far the most comprehensive picture to date of the relation of Gauguin's sculpture to his painting (in which it is frequently portrayed) and to the processes of his mind. Unfortunately, Gray writes rather stiffly, and his approach falls short of a stylistic analysis as sophisticated as the art he discusses. Gauguin's reliefs and ceramics had no effect on modern sculpture, but gathered together here they wildly raise one's admiration for him as a creator. In fact, they are haunting to behold, and it is perhaps no discredit to Gray that their enigma remains.

CAMILLE PISSARRO. By John Rewald. Abrams. 159 pp.; 48 tipped-in color plates; 74 black-and-white illus. $15.

The latest in a series of big monographs by Abrams, this one suffers from the physical shortcomings of its predecessors: clumsy production, shamefully blurry, false color reproductions (with no side margins), and a format that obliges a long commentary on every plate and threatens the inventiveness of any author. Rewald's coup is to present us with a number of rarely seen and unexpected Pissarros. But he has either not cared, or simply not been able, to provide relevant critical insight into Pissarro's work, and this underrated master needs it. Description is not analysis, and culling from a really vast knowledge of primary biographical sources is not art-history.

JASPER JOHNS. By Leo Steinberg. Wittenborn. 45 pp.; 4 color reproductions; many black-and-white. $3.50.

Originally published as an article in a magazine, *Jasper Johns* now appears in amplified form as an independent monograph. It is a classic of American art criticism, one of the few essays to redeem hope in this needlessly languishing field.

Everywhere one senses an extraordinary affinity between author and subject, an affinity that is expressed as a kind of reverie, or a thinking out loud, about ambiguity (of truly Empsonian proportions). Steinberg begins with an account of criticism on Johns, but the body of his work is an inventory of the possible alternatives for interpreting the artist's subjects. In eight propositions, samples of which are that "Johns's subjects are whole entities or complete systems" or that "Johns's subjects are associable with sufferance rather than action," there ensues a sustained inquiry into the nature of *metaphor* at the core of a vision which has made the most important step away from Abstract Expressionism. At the end, a section asks whether it is proper to find poetic content in Johns's work, and provides some remarks, the shortest of all, in which Steinberg offers criticism of what he has written.

In point of fact, the whole essay is a self-criticism, a tissue of the most ingenious doubts, of which his remarkable organization is the merest reflection. The more ways Steinberg is able to "read" an image-ground relationship, or an opposition between flatness and illusion, the more the work baffles him, and leads him on to an interrogation that increases his, and I think the reader's, embarrassment. But in the shadow of this embarrassment, practically every other American critic is revealeld as incapable of asking the most revealed questions. As for answers, Steinberg implies, rightly for Johns, that the elaborate introspection and kindling of mind that the artist elicited is its own reward. Here Steinberg's method grows quite naturally out of experience, and in the couching of the problems and the finding of a vocabulary, it is not so much his technical brilliance as his most authentic and personal encounter with works of art that earns respect.

VELAZQUEZ: A CATALOGUE RAISONNE OF HIS OEUVRE. By José López-Rey. Faber and Faber. (Available through Wittenborn.) 367 pp.; 465 plates. $40.

Its author would undoubtedly put greatest stock in the accuracy and comprehensiveness of this catalogue (a critique of the up-to-now standard work by August Mayer), but for lay readers his study introducing the list will have a far more abiding interest. It is an extended effort to put Velázquez's work into an understanding of his world, and it is abetted by recent radiographs of paintings, and a fiercely Hispanic intelligence. On such matters as Velázquez's intention and change of brushwork in portraying divine and human figures, on his stoic attitudes in the portrayal of dwarfs, and the socio-iconographical background of the great masterpieces, López-Rey is not merely convincing, but authoratative. But I found his use of words such as "carnal," "cloddish" and "sentient," confusing, while the monotony of a text that covers much of the same ground as the catalogue has not always been avoided. Inasmuch as the black-and-white illustrations are poor, $40 seems a bit much.

Movements

THE FAUVES. By Jean-Paul Crespelle. New York Graphic Society. 351 pp.; 100 color plates. $25.

Because it is visually as handsome and exciting as it could possibly be, and textually a pastiche of chitchat and anecdotes, Crespelle's *The Fauves* is the saddest missed opportunity in art publishing this year. Interspersed with tufts of large, clear color reproductions, are remarks about such things as the uses to which Vlaminck put his wooden cravat. The tone is breezy and relaxed, and the criteria of scholarship tolerant enough to include misinformation. Furthermore, Crespelle still sees *Fauvisme* tiresomely as a break with "traditional conventions," and as essentially "the untrammeled expression of the artist's personality." Apparently, he also does not consider himself obliged to look at or talk about a painting. Instead, we are given a saucy evocation of the period, with chapters on the academics and the gallery dealers; and for the rest, some very lush things to see.

MANNERISM: The European Style of the Sixteenth Century. By Franzepp Würtenberger. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 246 pp.; 32 tipped-in color plates; many black-and-white illus. $30.

A glimpse of the erotic, but frustrated, hanky-panky in Bronzino's "Allegory of Venus," reproduced on the cover of this Gargantuan tome, anticipates its intellectual contents. For, scattered throughout these rough, pulpy pages are sometimes the shortest of historical blurbs, hundreds of them, giving one the most varied of flavors in Mannerism, but seldom any enduring nourishment. The approach is cosmopolitan and cinematic, the interplay of text and illustration a dialogue of focus and swift cut. Translated execrably into English, Würtenberger at first makes a bad impression; but in the long run his plucky insistence and organizational prowess win the day. However, if one values pocket essays on such provocative subjects as "Turning the Human Figure into Matter" or "Contrasts Between Physical States and Environmental Tensions," it's the devil to find them again in the inadequate table of contents. Further, given his method, there is no causality or chronological cohesiveness. A general reader will find all this material hard to put together, and a scholar will be irritated by its mercurial breathiness, but both will put it down with reluctance. Mannerism appears more perverse and relevant than ever.

FUTURISM. By Raffaele Carrieri. Edizioni del Milione. (Available through Wittenborn.) 190 pp.; 56 color reproductions. $32.

Were it not for its painting, the rant that accompanied Futurism, however titillating, would have lost its interest long ago. Caffieri, serving up huge gobs of contemporary polemics with a relish that makes one look anew at the

Cells Breathe in the Emptiness

1

When the flowers turn to husks
And the great trees suddenly die
And rocks and old weasel bones lose
The little life they suddenly had
And the air quells and goes so still
It gives the ears something like the bends,
It is an eerie thing to feel
The senses racing in the emptiness.

2

From the compost heap
Now arises the sound of the teeth
Of one of those sloppy green cabbage worms
Eating his route through a cabbage,
Now snarling like a petite chainsaw, now droning on . . .

A butterfly blooms on a buttercup,
From the junkpile flames up a junco.

3

How many plants are really very quiet animals?
How many inert molecules are ready to break into life?

Galway Kinnell

whole phenomenon, contributes one of the juiciest books to have appeared on a twentieth-century movement in a long time. It is probably just as well that he lets the story tell itself, for his viewpoint is poetic, and not too far removed from the very manifestoes he discusses. Besides, it is nice to have in such comprehensive form a batch of lesser-known material (which complements the Futurist Archives and the recent study of Taylor) in English for the first time. This book, useful as a reference, also confirms Futurist priority in a number of inventions of which we have by no means seen the end.

Surveys

HISTORY OF ART. By H. W. Janson (with Jane Janson). Abrams. 572 pp.; 928 illus., including 80 color pages. $18.50.

The latest in a long line of books which have attempted to provide students with the most synoptic knowledge of the history of art, the Janson volume (which is conceived, characteristically of the author, as an inquiry into the discipline as well as its subject) is a prodigy. Its scope (all of the world's art from Altamira to Pollock) is matched by its talent, its erudition by its lightness, and its predictable organization by its unexpected insights.

Hitherto, the major problems of such an enterprise have been twofold: to avoid cataloguing and catchwords on one hand, and on the other to suggest some kind of organic relationship of historical traditions, and of the power of individual works of art to the reader. Here, there is a simply written introduction on "The Artist and His Public" which broaches the problem of the nature of the work of art—as distinct from, say, works of craft and copies—and the variables in experiencing and judging it. The intellectual coherence of the text depends upon, and yet constantly expands beyond, this subtle and reasonable prelude. In addition, the narrative, which strikes just the right tone between enthusiasm and authority, gains historical continuity by the most deft cross-references of style and culture. Above all, one is impressed by the latest sense of discovery in many of the author's observations, so that, if only brought out by condensation, an intuition of Delacroix's "Chopin" as a blend of Gros's "Napoleon" and Gericault's "Madman" can take the specialist's breath away.

The page design sparkles, and is continually inventive. The typography is attractive, and the illustrations are especially bright. A bibliography and first-rate index round out this, the most successful of surveys.

ITALIAN ART. By André Chastel. Yoseloff. 527 pp.; 128 illus., 4 in color. $20.

Since its theme and format are not in the least imaginative, the quality of André Chastel's text must bear the brunt of judgment. A preliminary discussion of the characteristics of Italian art is incisively handled, indeed scintillates with well-compressed ideas, but the rest is a letdown. Not that one is in untrustworthy hands—these of the French humanist are eminently learned. Yet behind the drone of eloquence there is a desire to include everything of factual consequence, which is eventually self-defeating. While the commentary is judicious, it is also breathless, unfocused and not felt. For all that, Chastel is recommendable as a handy, if conservative, source of information. A large bibliography and section of biographical notes are included.

GRAPHIC ARTS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Wolf Stubbe. Praeger. 317 pp.; 40 color plates; 446 black-and-white illus. $30.

What is one to do with an author who says: "Very soon the new realism . . . came to be opposed by the opinion that realism should be rejected on principle, as it offered no scope for imagination and would therefore never be in a position to represent pure thoughts"? Even allowing for the vagaries of translation from the German, the intellectual caliber of this survey of twentieth-century prints is low. In particular, Stubbe has made the mistake, destructive of any potential value in his study, of considering twentieth-century art as incidentally manifested in graphics, rather than showing how the twentieth century has altered the character of graphic arts. One wonders, too, why their condition today is so decrepit; their decline is illustrated here rather attractively.

AMERICAN TRADITION IN PAINTING. By John McCoubrey. Braziller. 128 pp.; more than 65 black-and-white illus. $4.95.

One can get very nervous at the numerous possibilities of conjecture and prejudice in this thematic view of American painting. If you attack the problem of what in particular distinguishes our pictorial production from others (and sooner or later this must be asked), you risk chauvinism and a certain anti-historical attitude. McCoubrey's approach is psychological and stylistic; it also appears to benefit from the findings of literary criticism. His thesis is that there has always been something profoundly alienated, ill at ease and passive in its attitude toward the outside world, about our painting. American realism, he thinks, is a styleless response to nature, and to the intimidating actualities of living in this essentially unpossessable land. Whether it be a "hard" transcription of things, or a "soft" and poetic flight away from them, there is a discomfort with picture construction and paint handling. Moreover, one discovers a theme of loneliness, isolation and moral asperity in our pictures—in considerable contrast to, say, French painting.

So far, much of this has a striking pertinence. I would take issue with it, however, in its tendency to confuse

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subject matter with content, as if the portrayal of ennui necessarily indicates that the artist is listless. In addition, McCoubrey probably overestimates the apparent, but not decisive, degree of American puritanism—for Abstract Expressionism, at least, is a marriage of a native restrictiveness with an extraordinary sensuous pleasure. Finally, possibly because they are a little awkward for his argument, the American expatriates are brought rather too low.

But one must admire an author who can say of a two-dimensional portrait of a Colonial woman that "She is an early flower of the wilderness pressed under glass"; or criticize the regionalists because "none of them realized that, particularly in America, the modern industrial world they could no longer neglect demanded to be treated in some form of abstraction, precisely in order to protect pictures of it from its inherent, swift obsolescence." Besides being a pithy book, this is also a tendentious one. But its polemics will considerably enhance one's understanding of the past and present in American art.

General

ART AND ANARCHY. By Edgar Wind. Faber and Faber. (Available through Wittenborn.) 194 pp. $5.95.

Malraux and Huyghe, Gombrich and Wind: these are the writers who have most overtly addressed themselves to the problem of our fluctuating consciousness of art. But if the French have been poetic and speculative, the Anglo-Germans are historical and psychological, and thus bring their readers infinitely closer to an awareness of the reciprocal paradoxes of their aesthetic experience. The "anarchy" of Wind's title (which brackets a series of lectures turned essays) has no political meaning, but refers rather to the discomfort and the insecurity traditionally implied in the consumption of art ever since the idea of Plato's "sacred fear." Today, Wind says on the contrary, "We are much given to art, but it touches us lightly, and that is why we can take so much of it, and so much of so many different kinds."

Few dissect more acutely than Wind the cultural factors which have brought about this genial indifference. The dehumanizing of art-historians, the growth in pressures of mechanization, the overemphasis on intuition, the taste for fragments, sheer diffusion, categorical resistances and expectancies: these are the dangers to which the pungency of art often falls victim. But Wind also insists that art is a fiction, and that it obliges us to be detached as well as engaged with it. This is an alarmingly vital area to discuss, and the quality of mind which refuses to prescribe any attitude, or slip into any imbalance, is as exasperating and provocative as the anarchy of the book's theme. When, in speaking of Expressionist forcefulness in painting, he comments that "You can blow the trumpet of the Last Judgment once; you must not blow it every day," an outrageous discretion makes itself felt. Rather than a propagandist's, his is the voice of a humanist who also knows what is going on. He withdraws and advances, not out of cynicism (although there is irony in his approach), but because of his respect for artist and spectator, and an enlightened uncertainty.

Incidentally, half of this book is a section of notes: testimony of its double life. Here the scholar plays with his learning in a tour de force, swarming with urbanities, that is the most charming I have read. An engaging and important book.

Second Impressions

REVIEW OF PAPERBACKS

Robert M. Wallace

Criticism

The Decline and Fall of the Romantic Ideal by F. L. Lucas (Cambridge, $1.45) remains one of the most stimulating discussions of the distinctions and general character of the traditions labeled Classic and Romantic. Professor Lucas begins with a large and illuminating collection of touchstones which would be acceptable to most readers. With the necessary refinements in details he then explains the decline of romanticism in terms of control and censorship of dreams, or emanations from the unconscious mind, by reason of the reality principle of Freud. His own tastes throughout are eclectic.

The Visionary Company: A Reading of English Romantic Poetry by Harold Bloom (Anchor, $1.95). A searching but sometimes difficult study of similarities and differences in the modes and products of imagination, Blake to Keats, often with reference forward to Yeats, Wallace Stevens and Hart Crane. Also *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry: Psychological Studies in Imagination* by Maud Bodkin (Oxford, $1.95).

Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory: The Development of the Aesthetics of the Infinite by Marjorie Hope Nicolson (Norton, $1.95). A readable, far-ranging study of the changes in literary conventions beginning in the 1680s and involving new views in science, theology and popular taste.

The Death of Tragedy by George Steiner (Hill and Wang, $1.95). Explores the effects of the Christian demand for poetic justice and the loss of man's sense of an inescapable chance, unreason and human miscalculation.

Art and the Social Order by D. W. Gotshalk (Dover, $1.50). An absorbing investigation of the creative processes and the aesthetic experience in relation to particular works of art and the society where they best flourish.

The Business of Criticism by Helen Gardner (Oxford, $1.25). Six lectures on the profession and limits of criticism emphasizing common sense, historical perspective and a desire to lead readers to appreciation of literary excellence.

Salinger: A Critical and Personal Portrait, Henry Anatole Grunwald, editor (Pocket Books, 50c). An introductory survey of the critical reception of Salinger's work, with twenty-four widely varied essays by prominent critics.

National Music and Other Essays by R. Vaughan Williams (Oxford, $2.25). First collected edition of the twenty-seven vigorous and perceptive essays from *National Music* (1934), *Some Thoughts on Beethoven's Choral Symphony* (1953) and *The Making of Music* (1955). Also *What To Listen For in Music*, revised, by Aaron Copland (Mentor, 60c).

Biography and Autobiography

Child of the Dark: The Diary of Carolina Maria de Jesus, David St.

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Clair, translator (Signet, 60c). A sensitive, intelligent Negro woman's struggles to survive, with three illegitimate children, the hunger, filth and dreadful joblessness of the Sao Paulo, Brazil, shantytowns, 1953-1959.

Trial Judge by Justice Bernard Botein (Cornerstone Library, $1.50). Revealing, anecdotal accounts of juridical problems and procedures by the presiding justice, Appellate Division, New York State Supreme Court.

The Lion and the Throne: The Life and Times of Sir Edward Coke by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Little, Brown, $2.65). An exceptional combination of lively narrative and legal and political analysis of the liberal jurist's work under Elizabeth I and James I.

The Life of Henry Clay by Glyndon G. Van Deusen (Little, Brown, $2.45). Vivid, authoritative, balanced narrative and assessment.

The Great American Gentleman: William Byrd of Westover, Louis B. Wright and Marion Tinling, editors (Capricorn, $1.65). A compacted version by the original editors of Byrd's secret diary, 1709-1712, of his vastly energetic and varied activities.

A Life in the Theatre by Sir Tyrone Guthrie (McGraw-Hill, $2.45). The vivid and rich memoirs of the Old Vic director, promoter of the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespeare Festival and initiator of the Minneapolis Tyrone Guthrie Theatre.

Jane Austen and Her Art by Mary Lascelles (Oxford, $1.65). One of the most perceptive and enlightening studies of the novels, with a short biographical sketch.

Voltaire by H. N. Brailsford (Oxford, $1.50). A standard, readable, brief life of the great champion of eighteenth-century tolerance and freedom of thought and expression.

The Journal of John Wesley, introduction by Bishop Gerald Kennedy (Capricorn, $1.85). The Methodist leader's record of his unbroken campaign for religious reform and political and social justice, 1735-1790.

Alexander Pope by Bonamy Dobree (Oxford, $1.50). A just and sanely appreciative brief life and critical estimate.

Naked to Mine Enemies: The Life of Cardinal Wolsey by Charles W. Ferguson (Little, Brown, $2.45). A sympathetic, searching life of Cardinal Wolsey with extensive background; excellent throughout.

Handel by Percy M. Young (Collier Books, $1.50). The mercurial citizen of eighteenth-century Europe in his setting, with useful analyses of his chief music; useful appendices. Also in the Great Composers Series: *Tchaikovsky* by Gerald Abraham ($1.50).

Haydn: A Creative Life in Music by Karl Geiringer in collaboration with Irene Geiringer (Anchor, $1.45). A biography with charm and vitality; studies of the works emphasize the later periods. Valuable revisions.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Poems of Richard Wilbur (Harcourt, Brace & World, $1.95). Poems of great virtuosity, insight and feeling from four volumes, 1947-1961.

The Affluent Society by John Kenneth Galbraith (Mentor, 75c). One of the notable works in economic theory of this generation; examines the implications of material abundance for the masses.

The Variorum Walden by Henry David Thoreau; Walter Harding, editor (Washington Square Press, 60c). Tichnor & Fields' 1854 edition with Thoreau's corrections and voluminous, useful notes.

The Brain Watchers by Martin L. Gross (Signet, 75c). An analysis of personality testing in business and education; perceptive, informed and disturbing.

The High Cost of Dying by Ruth Mulvey Harmer (Collier, 95c) and *The Loved One* by Evelyn Waugh (Dell, 50c). A study of funeral customs and costs and of nonprofit burial societies, and a brilliant satirical novel by Mr. Waugh.

The Diplomats 1919-1939, Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert, editors; two volumes (Atheneum, $1.65 ea.). Twenty-one studies by specialists on the role and value of diplomats and changing methods and views of diplomacy between World Wars.

A Company of Heroes by Dale Van Every (Mentor, 75c). The bitter frontier war of the Revolution; it held the country to the Lakes and the Mississippi for the new nation.

The Founding of New England by James Truslow Adams (Little, Brown, $2.65). A brilliant analysis and narrative (1921) assessing the varied motives for the settlement and seventeenth-century development of the area.

Jubal's Raid: General Early's Civil War Attack on Washington in 1864 by Frank Vandiver (McGraw-Hill, $2.45). A rapid, imaginative, well-documented narrative of Lee's countermove defending against Grant's campaign against Richmond.

FICTION PACKET

Lyubka the Cossack and Other Stories by Isaac Babel; *Bread and Wine* by Ignazio Silone; *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man* by Thomas Mann (Signet, 75c ea.). *The Master of the Day of Judgment* by Leo Perutz (Collier, 95c). *Three Famous Short Novels* by William Faulkner (Vintage, $1.65). *The Sibyl* by Pär Lagerkvist (Vintage, $1.45). *The Journey and the Pity* by Pawel Mayewski (Scribner's, $1.65). *American Contemporary* by Curtis Zahn (New Directions, $1.95). *The Inheritors* by William Golding (Harvest, $1.65). *The House of Mirth* by Edith Wharton (Houghton Mifflin, $1.45).

Books by NATION Contributors

Listed below are books published in 1963 by writers who also contributed to The Nation *in that year: also a few books a substantial part of whose contents first appeared in this magazine. This compilation has become a year-end feature of the magazine — a service to readers and authors. Books published in England are listed for the record. However, they are available on special order from most booksellers.*

Lionel Abel. *Metatheatre.* Hill & Wang. $3.95.

Heinz Abosch. *The Menace of the Miracle: Germany from Hitler to Adenauer.* Monthly Review. $5.

Nelson Algren. *Who Lost an American?* Macmillan. $5.95.

Never Come Morning. Harper & Row. $1.75 paper.

Editor. *Nelson Algren's Own Book of Lonesome Monsters.* Bernard Geis. $4.95.

George T. Altman. *Invisible Barrier: a Tax Specialist's Analysis of the Business Cycle.* Tilden Press. $4.

Wayne Andrews. *Germaine: A Portrait of Madame de Stael.* Atheneum. $5.75.

Elisabeth Mann Borgese. *Ascent of Woman.* Braziller. $5.

Harry Braverman. *The Future of Russia.* Macmillan. $5.

Edward Cain. *They'd Rather Be Right.* Macmillan. $5.95.

Hortense Calisher. *Textures of Life.* Little, Brown. $4.75.

Hayden Carruth. *Appendix A.* Macmillan. $4.95.

John Ciardi. *Dialogue with an Audience.* Lippincott. $5.95.

W. E. Le Gros Clark. *The Antecedents of Man.* Harper & Row. $1.95 paper.

David Cohen. *Breakfast Rum.* Seven Poets Press. $1.

David Cort. *Social Astonishments.* Macmillan. $4.95.

Norman Corwin. *Overkill and Megalove.* World. $3.50.

George Cuomo. *Jack Be Nimble.* Doubleday. $3.95.

Leslie Dewart. *Christianity and Cuba.* Herder & Herder. $5.50.

Bernard B. Fall. *The Two Viet-Nams: A Political and Military Analysis.* Praeger. $7.95.

King Gordon. *The United Nations in the Congo: A Quest for Peace.* Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. $1.95.

PERSONALS

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Allen Guttmann, editor. *American Neutrality and the Spanish Civil War.* Heath. $1.50 paper.

Leo Hamalian, editor (with Frederick R. Karl). *Short Fiction of the Masters.* Putnam. $3.95.

Editor (with E. L. Volpe). *Essays of Our Time II.* McGraw Hill. $2.95 paper.

Norwood R. Hanson. *The Concept of the Positron.* Cambridge University Press. $5.95.

John Higham. *Strangers in the Land: Patterns of American Nativism, 1860-1925.* Atheneum. $1.95 paper.

Daniel Hoffman. *The City of Satisfactions.* Oxford. $3.

Edwin Honig. *Garcia Lorca* (revised edition). New Directions. $1.45 paper.

Irving L. Horowitz. *The War Game.* Ballantine. 75c paper.

Daniel Hughes. *Waking in a Tree.* Clarke & Way. $3.75.

Le Roi Jones. *Blues People: Negro Music in White America.* Morrow. $5.

Frederick R. Karl, editor (with Leo Hamalian). *Short Fiction of the Masters.* Putnam. $3.95.

Milton Kessler. *A Road Came Once.* Ohio State University Press. $3.75.

Martin Luther King. *Strength to Love.* Harper & Row. $3.50.

Maria Kuncewicz. *The Olive Grove.* Walker. $4.95.

The Modern Polish Mind. Grosset & Dunlap. $2.95.

William M. Kunstler. *. . . And Justice For All.* Oceana. $3.95.

John Logan. *Spring of the Thief: Poems 1960-1962.* Knopf. $4.

Michael McClure. *Meat Science Essays.* City Lights. $1.35 paper.

Vivian Mercier. *The Irish Comic Tradition.* Oxford. $6.75.

W. S. Merwin. *The Moving Target.* Atheneum. $3.95. $1.95 paper.

Josephine Miles. *Eras and Modes in English Poetry.* University of California Press. $2.45 paper.

Stanley L. Newman (with Arthur I. Waskow). *America in Hiding.* Ballantine Books. 60c paper.

Frederick Nossal. *Dateline-Peking.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.

Charles E. Osgood. *An Alternative to War or Surrender.* University of Illinois Press. $1.45 paper.

Editor (with M. S. Miron). *Approaches to the Study of Aphasia.* University of Illinois Press. $5.

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Saturn Over the Water. Heinemann. 7s.

Adrienne Rich. *Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law.* Harper & Row. $3.50.

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Dan Wakefield, editor. *The Addict.* Fawcett World Library. 50c paper.

Gerald Walker (with others). *Consumers Union Report on Smoking and the Public Interest.* Simon & Schuster. $3.50. $1.50 paper.

Vernon Watkins. *Affinities.* New Directions. $3.50.

Maurice Zeitlin (with Robert Scheer). *Cuba: The Tragedy in Our Hemisphere.* Grove. 95c paper.

the twist

a dancer's world
is walls: movement
confined: music:

god's last breath,
rhythm: the last beating
of his heart. a dancer moves

toward sound, blind
to its source, with others
(she cannot dance alone.)

she thinks of thought as
windows, as ice around the dance.
can you break it? move.

A. B. Spellman